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ERRATA.

Page 88, first column, lines 14, 15. For "Samuel Longfellow" read "Robert Lowell."

Page 106, 107. For "Towle" read "Fowle," wherever the name occurs.

Page 107, under the title "The Magnolia," line 14. For "poems" read "forms."

The Nation.

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E. L. GODKIN & CO., PUBLISHERS, 130 NASSAU STREET, N. Y.

The Week.

MR. JOHNSON has at last found what he imagines to be a snug and safe harbor for his "policy." The Supreme Court has come to his aid, and has already declared military commissions illegal—thus putting an end to military interference with the action of the local authorities at the South—and it is fully believed will take strongly conservative ground in several cases now before it. Mr. Phillips's mode of meeting this difficulty is to impeach Mr. Johnson, and in some way, which we do not well understand, get at the court, and remodel it so as to make it a help and not a hindrance to radical policy. We have discussed the matter elsewhere. But in the meantime Mr. Johnson is easier in his mind than he has been for many months.

◆

THE ocean yacht race has been won by the *Henrietta*, and Mr. James Gordon Bennett, Jr., who certainly, as the only one of the owners who *yachted* as well as raced, by being on board his own craft, richly deserves his success. The passage made by the winning yacht—thirteen days and twenty-three hours—is, we believe, the shortest ever made by a sailing-vessel, and few incidents of sea voyaging, if we except the late race of English tea clippers from China, have been more remarkable than the shortness of the interval between the arrival of the three yachts. The yachtsmen have been received with open arms by their brothers in England. The New York *Herald* draws from the race a moral favorable to the settlement of the *Alabama* question.

◆

SUMMARIES of Mr. David A. Wells's report on the Tariff are finding their way into the newspapers, and from them it appears that he takes very much the same ground as Mr. George Walker in his recent letter, namely, that relief for the troubles from which manufacturers are now suffering is to be found not in higher duties, but in the reform of the currency and the lowering of the internal revenue taxes. In other words, he thinks the true remedy for our present ills is to increase the purchasing power of the community, while an increase of duties would only cause a general rise of prices, leaving everybody just as he is at present, and leaving manufacturers just the same arguments for more protection that they use now. There is a point at which protective duties, on any theory about them, cease to be a tonic, and become simply an unhealthy stimulant. You give the patient a dram to stiffen him up against the foreigners; its effects pass, and he feels weaker than before, and calls for another, and so he goes on, his craving increasing as his strength and endurance decline.

◆

A SHARP and very interesting letter in the New York *Evening Post* last week, in reply to some harsh strictures of that journal on the management of the great New England mills, contains a good deal of novel information about these establishments. The most important fact revealed by it is, that the workers are now nearly all foreigners, the native Americans having gone into higher and lighter occupations, and that their "manners and customs" are, therefore, very perceptibly lower than those of their predecessors. As might have been expected, the French Canadians are the best cooks, and have the most varied bills of fare in their boarding-houses. Mr. Atkinson comments with deserved severity on the ridiculous practice now so common, both among protectionists and free-traders, of associating particular opinions on the tariff with moral depravity. Some of the best and purest men and deepest thinkers in the world are free-traders, and have reached, through deductions both from the principles of human nature and from the facts of history, the conclusion that free trade is the best thing for all the nations of the earth, one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of civilizers and enrichers, and, nevertheless, it is the fashion with the *Tribune* and a certain set in Congress to treat all free-traders as "scoundrels," "knaves," "cheats," designing fellows, and if Americans they are denounced as hired with "British gold." In like manner, some of the free-trade organs insist upon it that all attempts to raise the tariff are the result of a deep-laid scheme on the part of manufacturers to live on the public and escape hard work and competition, and grind the faces of the poor. It would, however, be impossible to show that there is one whit more selfishness at the bottom of protectionist arguments than at the bottom of free-trade ones. Of the millions in this country who believe in protection, only an infinitesimal fraction have any *direct* interest in keeping out foreign products. But in the months of December, January, and February, the debates in the newspapers on this point are apt to be more amusing than instructive.

◆

THE letter-carriers of New York are out for the fourth time with their annual poetical address to the public, printed in a neat little pamphlet, which contains besides the verses a good deal of information on almost all points relating to the mail service in this city. We find, for instance, that, during the first nine months of 1866, the total number of letters from abroad delivered by carriers in this city was 7,683,222, and of city letters the number was 2,926,507. To this total of 10,609,729 letters must be added 1,008,778 of newspapers. For the same time, between January 1 and September 30, there were collected from the lamp-post boxes 9,609,646 letters, a much larger number than one would have expected. It may be ungracious to say so, but we do not find among the puns in Col. A. J. H. Duganne's freely given appeal any specially strong reason why the carrier, more than other respectable people with a light employment, should have his customary claim to a pecuniary remembrancer allowed.

◆

THERE has been another beautiful shipwreck—this time in the Sound. The ship was the *Commodore*, a splendid old boat, which the first heavy gale of wind smashed, disabled, and sent adrift. The crew were a highly disciplined body of men, who got gloriously drunk on the approach of danger. The captain and pilot were, however, kind enough to remain "cool," and after tossing about for some hours, in a snow-storm, the boat went ashore, on a convenient beach, and the passengers were landed, with their life-preservers carefully and neatly buckled on. Nothing more symmetrical and well arranged has been exhibited on the stage. One of the passengers, Mr. Duncan, of Philadelphia, examined some of the hog-frames of the ship after the wreck, and found them thoroughly rotten. This circumstance is of some value, as it saves much wearisome discussion on the cause of the accident.

THE Washington correspondent of the *Tribune* declares that the President "*is said* to have conferred with the judges of the Supreme Court in regard to the position assumed by Congress towards the Southern States." Statements of what "is said" are of little value unless we know who "said it." It is very unlikely that President Johnson knows anything more about the way in which the Supreme Court is likely to decide on any of the great questions of the day than anybody else. The judges may not be "sound" on the reconstruction question, but most of them, at least, still retain a strong sense of judicial propriety, and find better occupation than talking over their decisions with Mr. Johnson.

THE Excise Law, which Judge Cardozo succeeded in practically abolishing for some months, having gone up to the Court of Appeals, has of course been declared constitutional, and will now be strictly enforced by the police. What effect it may have on the minds of the Legislature, that the Republican majority last fall was decidedly diminished by the prohibition of Sunday lager-bier to the Germans, it is too soon to say. That consideration will, perhaps, be of force when others would not; but it is certain that, unless the Legislature shall modify the law, residents in the metropolitan district will have quiet Sundays, and residents of neighboring towns within easy reach will suffer from a weekly invasion of the roughs of New York and Brooklyn. In any event, Judge Cardozo's remarkable theory that a license was a contract has been exploded.

THE colored people of Philadelphia offer their fellow-citizens this winter a lecture course, which it is safe to say is surpassed by no other in the country in point of ability and respectability. Nor is this the first season they have put to shame the prejudice which still insists on their exclusion from the street-cars, and the bench which, as only the other day, refuses to punish those indecent assaults which one may look for in vain even in the city of New Orleans, in its public conveyances. It is an unfortunate satire on this unchristian proscription, that Philadelphia stands quite alone in compelling its city cars to suspend running on Sunday. The churches, we know, are strong enough to oppose the popular demand for Sunday cars. Are they also responsible for the prevailing spirit of caste, which is certainly not more at war with our notions of democracy than with the religion which they profess?

WE suppose the School Committee of Boston, Dr. Ordway, Rev. Dr. Lothrop, and the rest, are not afraid of being charged with want of delicacy, or, indeed, of being considered as dreadful brutes by a number of their constituents. But they seem to us to have settled, for the time at least, the question of corporal punishment in schools, which has long vexed the Bostonian mind, in a very sensible way. "The use of corporal punishment," says the Mayor, "has been abridged, and though it could not be entirely abolished without giving up that idea of force which must lie behind all authority of government, yet more attention has been given to less repulsive modes of discipline." The teachers of primary and grammar schools under the new rule, are not to be allowed to whip girls, except when whipping is deemed necessary by the supervising master of the district. What the less repulsive modes of punishment are to be we are not informed, nor to whom the new modes are to be less repulsive.

THE recent decision of the Supreme Court in the Indiana cases, discharging persons condemned to death by military courts during the war, is likely to have, in some ways, serious consequences. Dr. Mudd, who is now enjoying himself in the Dry Tortugas, has already been moved by it into applying for a *habeas corpus*, but the application being made before Chief-Justice Chase, who dissented from the opinion of the majority of the court in the recent case, has been denied.

WE will make any necessary retractation if news of another Slievegammon comes before 1867 is forty-eight hours old, but meantime we feel pretty safe in pronouncing Mr. James Stephens the most impudent of all the famous blatterers and swindlers who have ever crossed the water to ply their vocation on American soil. Thousands and thousands of dollars, we suppose, he has stolen from poor women who really need new calicoes to their backs and whole shoes to their feet; he has inflamed the hearts of thousands of deluded men by speeches that he must have known while he was uttering them were tissues of absurdities and falsehoods, and he has done all that in him lay to disgrace the people he belongs to and to put off the day of such deliverance as they need. We hope sincerely that the cable may bring us, "before the beginning of another year," news of his capture by the British Government, for he is either a rogue on whom sympathy would be wasted, or he is so remarkably good an imitation of one that respect for honesty ought to lead to his imprisonment as much as if he were a confessed criminal. But we suppose that he has really no defence of himself to offer and is what he seems. Meantime, in default of any open outbreak, we have thrilling accounts from the special correspondent of the *Herald* of secret machinations and complots. Stephens's agents, "working from the river Liffey, have undermined Dublin to a very great extent," and will soon blow up the whole city. The scheme formerly adopted by an Irish conspirator would have been less laborious, and would, no doubt, have toppled down as many domes of the oppressor as Stephens's mine; we refer to the device of boring a hole in a London gas-pipe and touching off the jet of gas, the result being a sudden illumination by which the borer's arrest was secured, but no explosion. Further, we are told that "the revolutionists propose to blow up the castle and kill or carry off the Lord Lieutenant."

GOVERNOR ORR has recently sent word to Brigadier-General Scott that the negroes in the neighborhood of Kingstree, South Carolina, have been forming military organizations, and has demanded that a stop should be put to their proceedings. General Scott, who, we believe, is not a Northern radical, unless, indeed, a residence of some months in South Carolina has made him one, sent up a commission, who reported that the negroes had done nothing of the kind charged against them, and seemed to have no disposition to do so; but that they had met together to consider whether they had better emigrate to Florida or stay in a district where the landholders had agreed to pay no more than six dollars a month to laborers. There has been a good deal said, some of it truly, about the manufacture by Northern men, by means of false reports, of opinion hostile to the South. This correspondence is a sample of the way in which Southern men continually manufacture opinion hostile to the negro, and, in the South, lying against the negro not seldom means neither more nor less than murder. Several negroes, we make no doubt, will be killed and others maimed in South Carolina in consequence of this accusation; for the governor will be held to have told the truth and the Bureau officers to have made wilfully a false report; and every South Carolinian will feel sure of two things, that no nigger has a right to a gun, and that niggers are getting so "sassy" that they must be kept under somehow—which means shooting on small provocation. Meantime, Rhett's paper, the Charleston *Mercury*, welcomes the New Year with the old chant, "A furore Normanorum libera nos, O Domine!"

THEY have been having a sensation trial in Chicago. A woman named Cosgriff murdered her paramour in a liquor saloon. The victim was a gambler, and very rich. The woman was found guilty of manslaughter only, and got off with a year's imprisonment. The remarkable part of the proceeding was the address of the prisoner's counsel, who completely outshone Mr. Rogers of New Jersey. In his opening he made the following declaration: "I knew George Trussell [the murdered man] well. As I shall one day stand with him in judgment before the God that made us both, I will say that there were many things about him that I liked. His smile was fascinating, his powers wonderful. They were fatal to the unfortunate prisoner." The jury, of course, could not stand this kind of thing very long, and having heard of Trussell's "smile" and "the many things about him" that Mr. Asay "liked," nearly let the woman off.

The news of the week from England is meagre and unimportant. It seems to be proposed by the leaders of the reform movement to make up for the shortcomings, in point of numbers, of the last demonstration, by preparing one still more imposing for the opening of Parliament in February, and to line the streets leading to Westminster Hall with great, and, it may be, threatening crowds of would-be electors. Perhaps the most remarkable incident of the agitation is the confession of "Blackwood's Magazine," the Tory organ *par excellence*, that if reform is to be supported by physical intimidation, Lord Derby had better bring in a reform bill at once. That he will bring one in, though doubtless very unwillingly, seems probable. Disraeli is said to insist upon it, and the Conservatives, little as they like him, cannot do without him. Should they fairly commit themselves to an extension of the suffrage, the sole point of difference between them and the Liberals would be in the length to which each party was willing to go. All other distinctions have long ago disappeared, and this one fairly established and recognized, of course the end would be certain and not distant. There is no defensible line between ten-pound suffrage and manhood suffrage on which either party can take its stand. All restrictions short of this are purely arbitrary, and can have no basis but the views of expediency held by a privileged minority. That Mr. Lowe thinks a man whose house is rated at five pounds a year better fitted to vote than a man who lives in lodgings, is of course no argument.

The diets of the various Austrian provinces continue to attack the Government savagely, but Von Beust, the new minister, seems to be a man of sense, and is going steadily on, apparently trying to establish constitutional government over the whole empire. We say "apparently," because there is nothing more uncertain than Austrian policy. One of the curious signs of the times is the call of the Viennese city council for the banishment of the Jesuits.

The French scheme of military organization, the only thing now talked of, still hangs fire. The Emperor seems to hesitate before public opinion; but if the plan fails he cannot maintain his position in any future complications with Prussia, and everybody expects complication of some kind before long. A great military disaster following the blunders of the last two years would be fatal to the dynasty.

There appears to be little question that the Pope will remain at Rome. The liberation of Venetia, the disappearance of foreign troops from Italian soil, and the smallness of the area which now constitutes "the patrimony of St. Peter," appear to have disarmed the national hostility to the Papacy. The Roman national committee have announced that peace is to be maintained, and the ultimate disposition of the Eternal City left to negotiation, so there has been no symptom of disorder since the French left. Moreover, the Italians want to keep the Pope. They may not consider him useful, but he is highly ornamental, and, even if he were nothing but a relic of the olden time, they would like to preserve him like any venerable ruin or work of art. A pamphlet has appeared, supposed to be either written by Ricasoli or "inspired" by him, which points to a peaceful solution of the whole difficulty, and the Pope, it is said, agrees to receive an Italian envoy. His Holiness, also, as we said last week, does not want to go. Poor Admiral Persano is to be brought to trial for misbehavior at the battle of Lissa. The fault has been clearly shown not to have been his, but the public demand a victim, and the Government is doubtless not sorry to furnish one. Parliament has a terrible job before it in filling up the deficit in the treasury, but with peace established and the kingdom consolidated, no great trouble on this score is apprehended.

THE FREEDMEN.

The grand jury of Calvert Co., Md., have indicted a colored man, named John Lox, for harboring his own children. It appears that in 1865 it was sought, through the Orphans' Court, to get these children apprenticed from their father, who, however, satisfied the court of his ability to support them. On the strength of a former property in John's wife, Dr. James Duke shortly made a second attempt, which succeeded, in spite of the renewed protestation of the father. Lox then appealed to the Criminal Court of Baltimore, and Judge Bond ordered the children delivered to him. Upon this the suit first mentioned was based. Numerous cases like this have occurred in the same vicinity, and the conflict of authorities is very distressing. Indeed, Gen. C. H. Howard reports that it is estimated "there are *six hundred* cases of unjust apprenticing in Calvert, and almost as many in Anne Arundel."

—That mediæval legislation (the phrase is true in spirit if not as to the point of time) which we remarked in the Carolinas a short time since, is constantly obtruding itself. A few days ago, Colonel Bomford interfered to prevent the sheriff of Raleigh from flogging a negro, whereupon Judge D. D. Fowle ("a Daniel come to judgment") ordered the indictment of all the military officers concerned in the rescue, and called upon the governor to carry out the laws of the State. On the 21st December two negroes were hung for highway robbery, as whites would have been in a similar case.

—Mr. Wilson's bill instructing the President to prohibit corporal punishment in the States lately in rebellion, though ostensibly in the interest of the freedmen chiefly, is really of the highest beneficence to the whites, upon whom their own barbarity towards others has (as the universal law is) rebounded. That the President needs instruction is evident from his suspending the order of Gen. Sickles, which forbade the use of the lash in his department.

—The "Storrs School" is the name of a house just erected for the education and religious instruction of the freedmen in Atlanta, Ga. It cost $6,000, and is very complete in all its appointments. The society of the Rev. Dr. Storrs, of Cincinnati, were the chief contributors towards its erection.

—In Maryland, Virginia, and Kentucky, the Civil Rights act is practically annulled by the decision of the State courts denying its constitutionality. In Tennessee, General Grant's order is defied or evaded. It is absurd to call that society "restored" or "republican" in which, if the judge be right, the sheriff and the constable or the jury will probably be wrong, and all are commonly united in refusing to execute equal and exact justice between blacks and whites; while if, by a miracle, arrest, conviction, and just sentence overtakes the white offender, the governor himself, or perhaps the President, makes haste to pardon him.

—General Ord reports the same old story from Arkansas, under date of December 19, 1866. In the remoter districts the life and rights of the freedman are at the mercy of brutal whites and indifferent courts. In the cotton districts the laborers are kindly treated, and schools are desired and encouraged. On the poor lands the farmers who have been disappointed in their crops avoid paying their dues to their hands by driving them away with violence.

—Five thousand freedmen have been removed from the District of Columbia during the year, and still some 26,000 remain. The demand for help from the North is greater than the willing supply.

—The freedmen of Louisiana have 144 schools (40 private), and support entirely the 139 teachers whom they engage. The Bureau is about to provide a building and school furniture for a colored school, to be opened by the Catholics in Carrollton, for the accommodation of 500 or 600 pupils. Bishop Wilmer, the new Episcopal bishop of Louisiana, is said to be deeply concerned for the religious instruction of the freedmen.

—General Wood reports a general improvement in the relations between employers and employed in Mississippi. The negroes are exposed to much hardship on account of the unfavorable crops, but are preparing to work vigorously during the coming year. The interest in education is growing among both whites and blacks.

Notes.

LITERARY.

An international copyright law would have at least the good effect of diminishing the wrangling among American reprinters over English books. There are some two or three small firms that always republish in cheap form a popular book, such as "Griffith Gaunt," in violation of the moral rights of those who have paid the author for advanced sheets, and have first printed it. It is complained now that Messrs. Harper & Brothers have again used their great resources to endeavor to crush a minor rival. Messrs. Littell, Son & Co., of Boston, published in the "Living Age" as serials "Miss Marjoribanks," "Sir Brook Fossbrooke," and "Madonna Mary," with the expressed intention of issuing them afterwards in book form. Whether they had paid for them, we do not know, but by the courtesy of the trade they were entitled to them by priority. Just before the concluding numbers were published, the house just mentioned published the whole in book form at much less than the usual rates. Taking warning by the two earlier novels, Messrs. Littell, Son & Co. offered Messrs. Harper & Brothers their stereotype plates of "Madonna Mary" at manufacturer's prices. They preferred, however, to refuse that offer, thus depriving Messrs. Littell, Son & Co. of even that slight chance of profit.

—Not the least interesting of the recently published English books is "Notes on the Folk-Lore of the Northern Counties of England and the Borders," by William Henderson and S. Baring-Gould. Curious traditions and relics of popular superstition abound in the border-land of England and Scotland, though they are rapidly getting effaced by the influence of railways and large cities. They are almost always found to be pagan in their origin, and even those that relate to Christ and the saints and the customs of holy-days are proved by comparison with their various forms in other countries to be derived from heathen sources. There is, perhaps, a relic of the Saturnalia in the custom by which St. Stephen's Day in Cleveland is devoted to hunting and shooting, it being held that the game-laws are not in force on that day. In Devonshire the same day is selected to beat the apple-trees, in order to produce a good crop. Heathen sacrifices even existed for a very long time in Scotland. The old records of the Presbytery of Dingwall show that, down to 1678, bulls were sacrificed on August 25 at the little island of Innis Maree in Loch Maree, and milk poured on the hills as a libation. The 25th day of August is the festival of St. Malrubius, now called Mourie or Maree, the patron saint of the district. As he is often called the God Mourie, the worship paid to some Celtic divinity has probably been transferred to the saint. In the County of Moray, within the last fifteen years, during a murrain of cattle, one of them was sacrificed by being buried alive as a propitiatory offering for the rest. Mr. Baring-Gould, in the appendix, makes an interesting and useful comparison between several North-country stories and the forms which the same tales have assumed in other lands. He gives two Yorkshire editions of a story found in Germany, Italy, the Tyrol, Greece, Holland, Russia, Poland, Hungary, Sweden, Denmark, Wallachia, and even in India. This is the familiar one of the poor boy, who receives, as the reward of his labor, an ass who brayed gold out of his mouth when his ears were pulled. He loses this to an innkeeper, and then gains a table which will cover itself with food. Losing this also, he gets a stick that of its own accord will beat any one that it is commanded to, as long as the owner pleases. By this the boy recovers back his former property, and even, in the ungallant West Riding version, belabors a crowd of young ladies with their laps full of money, who wish to marry him because of his riches, and portions his own true love with the gold thus won from them. The four most different versions are those of Russia, Greece, Ireland, and Languedoc. In the Irish story the first magical instrument is a bottle, out of which spring little men, who spread a table; and the second is another bottle, out of which come men who recover the first from the cheating landlord. In Irish tales the "villain" is always a landlord. In the Russian story the peasant obtains a miraculous basket from the south-wind in payment for some flour stolen by it, and afterwards a jar out of which come five men, who first beat his shrewish wife, and then the thief—here a nobleman—who steals the basket. In the Greek form the stick knocks the wife on the head and kills her, and the story says, "*so* the man lives in happiness ever after." The Russian story seems a parable of the powers of nature, for the fertilizing south-wind gives the fulness of bread in return for the stolen flour—perhaps sown grain. In the Languedoc version, told by the author of "Denise," the same ultimate meaning is suggested. "Azure Blue," the lovely bird, is a symbol of the love of heaven, "which fills the earth with the music of spring while it is preparing the bounty of autumn; and the grey bird with yellow eyes," which kills the cruel tyrant, "a symbol of the deadly winter blight and famine which falls on ungrateful and covetous souls."

—In the quarrel over Mr. Martineau at University College, London, a requisition was made to the council by twenty proprietors, asking for the summoning of a special court of proprietors to consider the course taken by the council in declining to appoint the candidate recommended as best qualified. The council raised a technical legal difficulty about the requisition, referred it to the law officers of the Crown, refused, by the casting vote of the chair, to wait for their decision, and meanwhile made the appointment in question. They appointed to the chair Mr. J. Croon Robertson, a young man of promise, and an adherent of the ganglionic school of Prof. Bain, for whom it is said he has acted in the capacity of sub-professor.

—The candidates for the lord-rectorship of Aberdeen University this next year are Mr. Grote, historian, and Mr. Grant Duff. In point of scholarship and literary eminence Mr. Grote is far superior to his rival, but his recent imperious leadership of the faction in University College against Mr. Martineau will injure him with a university constituency. It is a good thing to have a lord rector in the House of Commons, and there no more accomplished man than Mr. Grant Duff can be found.

—The *Augsburg Gazette* (*Allgemeine Zeitung*) has followed the example of its rival of Cologne, and is about to issue a weekly edition, containing the principal news, correspondence, and editorials of the daily issues, and an additional *feuilleton* for literature and criticism. In England Miss Braddon's new magazine, "Belgravia," seems a success. In appearance and contents it is about the same as "London Society" and "Temple Bar." The "Fortnightly Review," in spite of its name, will hereafter be issued monthly. Mr. G. H. Lewes is obliged to relinquish the editorship on account of continued ill health—at least, that is the reason publicly given—and will be succeeded by Mr. John Morley. The New York fortnightly magazine, the "Galaxy," has, on the contrary, been so successful that it has been enlarged and printed in clearer type. It has a new cover, printed in colors, in place of the old chocolate and gilt one, the making of which was found to injure too much the health of the workmen.

—A new book has appeared on the old subject of the verification of dates, and not only a new book, but one that says something new, at least to most readers. We find that some of our most accepted dates are only to be received after certain explanations. We are all taught that James the First came to the throne in 1603. Yet an Englishman living in England, if writing the day of James's accession, would have dated his letter March 24, 1602. Both are correct, though at first puzzling, for from the twelfth century to the end of 1751 it was the custom in England to date all documents according to the English legal year, which began on the 25th of March. Historians usually preserve a uniform system and ignore the legal dates, but some have forgotten this, and have got themselves and their readers into great confusion about this very reign of James I. Another confusing thing is the use of the old and new styles. which is a frequent cause of error, especially as different countries adopted the Gregorian calendar at different times. M. Guizot falls into some errors of this kind in his "History of Cromwell and the English Commonwealth." All these mistakes are corrected and all these difficulties explained in the "Handy-book of Rules and Tables for Verifying Dates," by John J. Bond, Assistant Keeper of the Public Records. It contains all the valuable matter of Sir Harris Nicolas's "Chronology of History," and much that is new, being also much more correct.

JAMESON ON CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTIONS.*

THE universal adoption of written constitutions throughout the United States, the far-reaching influence of their provisions, and the difficulty of amending them, make the process by which they are framed a matter of deep interest to every American who studies either politics or law. The rival theories as to the power of the bodies which originate constitutions—it being held by some that they are supreme, while others deny to them any powers whatever—add to the importance of the subject. The appearance of Judge Jameson's treatise is therefore to be welcomed, and is peculiarly opportune at this time, when New York is about to hold a convention to revise its constitution, and when it seems likely that many States will be soon called upon to do the same.

In preparing the volume now under our consideration, Judge Jameson has very carefully examined into the origin, organization, debates, and final action of all the conventions held in the United States since 1775. He has thus succeeded in giving an amount of information upon the subject which can be found in no other one book; and this information is, with rare exceptions, extremely accurate and trustworthy. After discussing the general principles of sovereignty and the relative merits of written and unwritten constitutions, he goes very fully into the question of the proper mode of calling conventions, whether by official action or by the spontaneous decision of the people informally expressed. The Rhode Island case of course furnishes the principal text for this discussion, and the author takes decided ground against the validity of spontaneous conventions. He maintains, however, the right of a legislature to summon a convention without express authority in the constitution of the State; though he denies the validity of a convention called in a manner forbidden by the constitution. The mode of proceeding in conventions, their powers, and the necessity of submitting their action to a vote of the people, are very fully considered; and the last chapter is devoted to the subject of amendments to constitutions, made either by legislatures or conventions.

As we have already intimated, the work bears internal evidence of having been executed with great care, and after much research. It is also very well written, in a dignified but easy style; and is very far from being dry or tedious. To a lawyer, it is almost as entertaining as light reading; and no one who cares to study the theory of our government can fail to be interested as well as instructed by it.

Of course, upon questions so difficult to determine as those which relate to constitutional conventions—questions, moreover, which rarely are or can be decided by judicial authority—it is impossible that there should not be much variety of opinion. The adoption of a constitution by the people puts an end to all practical discussion of its validity, no matter how irregularly it was prepared; while the objections made to it are renewed whenever similar questions arise again.

These questions were frequently the subject of local issues between the Whig and Democratic parties, in past years; the former party generally denying the right of the people to act outside of their written constitutions, and insisting upon the superiority of law to the popular will; and the latter party generally claiming for the people a right, by means of conventions, to override all laws and limitations of their power. Peculiar circumstances nearly reversed the attitude of the two parties in New York, when the question arose here in 1845; but as a rule, their relative position was as we have stated, especially in Massachusetts, Maryland, North Carolina, and some other States.

On this issue, Judge Jameson unequivocally adopts the conservative view; and it is here that we differ most radically from him. He holds that State conventions can be called only for the purpose of framing written constitutions, and that they can have no legislative or executive powers. But in order to reach this conclusion, he is obliged to disregard a multitude of precedents, especially in the Southern States, to rely upon the action of conventions called expressly for limited purposes, and to invent a theory concerning the division of legislative power which will not bear investigation.

The people of a State cannot be under the necessity of always acting under the restraints of a written constitution. If they choose to dispense with one altogether, they surely must be able to do so; and how can they do it except by means of a convention? No other method is known to American political law. It is admitted that a convention may change the constitution in any manner that it pleases. Can it not, then, remove all checks upon the power of the legislature, and leave it supreme? Or can it not adopt a constitution making itself the sole governing power of the State? If it can do this, surely it can do less, and may assume less powers than these. That such acts would be an abuse of power is no argument against the existence of the power itself.

The *moral* right of revolution is admitted by our author as fully as by any reasonable American. But should not our ideas of the common law conform to our ideas of moral right? This is a question of common or unwritten law, as must be every question lying behind a written constitution. Why should not this common law recognize a peaceful mode of transcending the restrictions of a written constitution, and thus obviate, to a great extent, the necessity of falling back upon the moral justification of a violent change? It seems to us clearly wise to encourage a resort to peaceful and orderly methods for reconstructing the government, rather than to leave no method but violence within the power of the majority.

If precedents are to be regarded as settling anything, the fact that a large majority of all the conventions thus far held have been summoned without constitutional authority should be decisive. It is true that Judge Jameson, on the authority of an observation of Judge Paige in Barto *v.* Himrod (8 N. Y., 483), denies that the maxim *expressio unius exclusio est alterius* applies to constitutions, but it is certain that that maxim is commonly so applied; and Chief-Justice Ruggles's opinion, in the same cause, turns mainly upon that principle. A decision of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, directly in point and applying the maxim to the constitution of that State, is also cited by Judge Jameson. The extra-judicial opinion of the Supreme Court of New York, given at the request of the legislature in 1846, adopted the same view. We agree with our author in regarding the two last opinions as practically overruled in respect to the main questions involved, but we consider them to be quite unshaken upon this particular point. That which we conceive to be settled by the action of the people and the submission of the courts is that the power of the legislature to call a convention cannot be fettered by any constitution. That this *should* be the law seems to us clear, upon the ground that the people cannot abnegate their own sovereignty nor tie themselves up in such manner that through no possible agency can they change the form of their government; and that such *is* the law seems equally clear from the precedents.

Judge Jameson has failed to deal satisfactorily with the question—just now of vast importance—as to what persons are entitled to vote at the election of a convention. His attention does not seem to have been directed to the fact that in the early days of the Republic most of the States prescribed different qualifications for the electors of different branches of the legislature, and that there was thus no body of "qualified electors" embracing all who were competent to vote for any office. In New York, for example, the electors of the governor and senate, prior to 1821, were far less numerous than those who were allowed to vote for the assembly and for local officers. If the legislature was bound to confine the right of voting for delegates to a convention to the existing electoral body, it still remains to be asked, Which of these two classes is the electoral body? If it was unconstitutional to allow all male citizens to vote, why was it not equally unconstitutional not to confine the privilege to those who could vote for senators? Is not a convention at least as important a body as a State senate?

The author's statements of fact upon this point are also slightly inaccurate. We know that he has overlooked the act calling a convention in New York in 1801, which provided for its election by a much broader suffrage than that of the existing constitution; and we think he has erred in respect to one or two other States in the same way. He concedes that delegates to the New York Convention of 1821 and the Rhode Island Convention of 1842 were voted for by a larger number of persons than were entitled to vote for members of either branch of the legislature.

The author notices briefly the clauses contained in many State constitutions, declaring the right of "the *people*" to change their form of government, but argues that by the "people" are meant the qualified electors. Unfortunately for this argument, the same constitutions speak in several places of the "qualified electors," and would not have failed to use the same phrase wherever they meant the same thing. We discussed this subject in THE NATION of March 8, 1866, and endeavored to show that these clauses were inserted in these constitutions for the very purpose of asserting the doctrine which Judge Jameson thinks they do not assert. An article in the "Democratic Review" for July, 1842, written by David Dudley Field, maintains the same view with great ability.

We are thus obliged to consider this treatise of Judge Jameson as framed upon an erroneous theory in respect to these two questions; and as these are really the most important of any which arise out of the subject, especially in their practical application at the present time, we fear that the political tendency of his labors will be injurious. Nor can we approve of his easy disposition of the conventions called in the Southern States in 1860–61.

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* "The Constitutional Convention. By John A. Jameson." New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1866.

He denies their validity entirely, on the mere ground that they were *intended* to destroy the Union. We know of no principle of legal or political science which will avoid the acts of a legislature, externally regular and constitutional, on account of the motives of the legislators individually. We hold the "secession conventions" to have been just as valid, up to the time of their passing ordinances of secession, as any conventions that were ever held. By *that act*, more than by war or overt acts of treason, they destroyed their State governments, and left their States in anarchy.

While differing thus widely from Judge Jameson upon vital points of law, we take pleasure in saying that the labor which he has bestowed upon this volume, the learning and discrimination which he has brought to its preparation, and the fairness with which he has treated those who differ from him, notwithstanding his obvious bias in favor of a particular theory, make this work one of the most valuable contributions which have been made to political or legal literature within the last few years.

"VIGNETTES."*

We would gladly do whatever it may be in the power of our good word to do towards putting a copy of these "Vignettes" into the hands of every thinking and reasoning person who reads the English language. They make up a portrait-gallery of very various women, most of them apparently more remarkable than famous, all of them directly or indirectly interesting, and some of them both mentally and morally noble.

The first of these in place, and in few respects the second, is the Russian court-lady, Madame Swetchine, lovely, learned, able, hospitable, and incessantly beneficent abroad or at home, who went from Paris to St. Petersburg to plead and win with the angry Czar the cause of her aged husband, and made a winter journey back to the poor old man, though it cost her the dangerous illness of a quarter of a year.

Next—"decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honor"—comes "*La Sœur Rosalie,* Superior of the Maison de la Rue de l'Epée-de-Bois," who, "according to her own whimsical assertion," endeavored, "up to the age of five years, to commit as many naughtinesses as possible, in order to exhaust the list of faults and be quite good when she grew up," but at the age of fifteen knelt at her mother's feet to pray for leave to join the Sisters of Charity, and adopted, in the words of St. Vincent de Paul, "for a monastery, the house of the sick; for a cloister, the streets of the town; and instead of a convent-grate, the fear of God." "She," we are informed, "took hold, one by one, of every nature which approached her sphere, and never missed an opportunity." "She told everybody the truth, and made them ashamed of themselves, and then found some excuse for not punishing them." But her pretty traits and sayings seem to have been as innumerable as her beautiful and good works and deeds, and our readers, if they will go to her biographer for more, will be well rewarded.

Next we make the acquaintance of Madame Pape-Carpantier, the zealous teacher and counsellor of infant and normal schools, and author of poems which obtained "the silver medal of the Congrès Scientifique de France," and of works on education, three of which were "crowned by the French Academy."

Next in succession, and perhaps the first of our own favorites, is Madame de Lamartine, the gracious hostess of the ministerial *salon*, the ministering "Madame Dumont" of the hospitals and garrets of sick and starving Paris, the artist who modelled "the beautiful *bénitier* of the Church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois," and out of her motherly heart surmounted it with the images of such charming little children "that the describer doubts if the '*eau sainte que l'on prends dans ce bénitier-là, peut faire peur aux démons*'"—the mistress who dressed the burns of the lightning-scathed old peasant with her own tender hands, and the admiring wife who copied for her husband, within a few days, a poem of two thousand lines, and thus preserved his own sacred manuscripts to future worshippers.

Finally, we cannot forbear to call the particular attention of those who promise themselves the pleasure to which we invite them to one sketch more—that of the Signora Mojon, the high-born but indefatigable girl and woman in indolent Italy, whom Manzoni called, from her matronly exertion for the good and the happiness of the young, "the mother of her country."

Such stories as several of the above-mentioned are likely to leave upon the reader the impression that, contrary to the prevailing notion—with those who have not tried—an industrious youth and a good education may have much the same effect on a female as on a male mind—if minds really are male and female—in strengthening and widening its powers of action and enjoyment; and accordingly that, in order to a large, rich, blessed, and blessing life, girls should not, any more than boys, be idle, frivolous, or needlessly desultory. The last word, we fancy, hits the eye of the target—the very cipher of feminine nonentity.

Many of our young gentlewomen know something of the art of packing a trunk. They would laugh at their brothers for putting in practice the traditional manly method of throwing into it pell-mell whatever happens first to come to hand, and then dancing in it to tread it down. They know that thus their best things would stand a sad chance of being left out or crushed. How many of them are ever taught, by themselves or their parents, the art of packing a day? This is, however, an almost indispensable elementary lesson, if they would learn how to fill their lives with the largest possible amount and variety of services to their families, their country, and their God.

Those men and women who do the most commonly do it in the morning. "These [my] morning haunts," says Milton, "are where they should be—at home." In like manner, we remark in the book before us that Madame Swetchine "reserved the morning to herself. . . . At eight o'clock she had already been to church and had visited the poor; and the hours were her own until three in the afternoon." "In the first place," writes the young Bianca Milesi (afterwards Mojon), when she had been, during a sleepless night, planning several reforms, "I will refuse all visits . . . during my morning's occupation." And La Sœur Rosalie seems, to say the least, to have worked from morning till night.

If Christian women desired to organize themselves into an association for the diffusion of idleness, how could they devise a better *modus operandi* than lies ready to their hand in our present system of conventional *visitations*. To get some *data* for an estimate of the amount of time which a woman of fashion is expected to waste in this way in the course of a year, we have just called for a reckoning of the number of houses—not individuals—on the visiting-list nearest. It amounted to "nearly five hundred;" and the registrar reported it to be by no means complete. Would not many good-hearted ladies under this *régime*, if called on to give account of the services rendered by them to society, be obliged to answer, as the Marquis de Valdegamus feared that he should "at the judgment day, 'Lord, I have paid morning calls?'" It is considered a standing hardship to pay and to receive them; but civilized women do it, as Hindoo widows burn themselves, because "it is expected," and because, oddly enough, they take it for granted it is their duty.

Mrs. Brown sees her large children comfortably off to school; takes, like a good housekeeper, a survey in person of her whole establishment, gives the orders of the day to her servants, and seats herself to read. Presently she looks up at the clock and says, "Eleven! Oh dear! I must dress and go to see Mrs. Green. I hope she won't be at home." "Oh dear!" echoes Mrs. Green an hour later, just as her small children are ready for their walk, "I must wait and see Mrs. Brown. I hope she won't stay long." Mrs. Green continues to be caught and kept in by a succession of similar nomads. She loses her exercise and has a bad headache; the minds and manners of the little Greens go forth without her to expand and be fashioned in the society of Erse nurses and their cronies; and Mrs. Brown suffers a just, though inadequate, retribution in that her intellectual progress is at a stand-still for the day.

Now, if all the Mrs. Browns and Mrs. Greens, who very properly desire to be civil, but, being merely accidental acquaintances, very naturally do not much care how seldom they meet, could only come to an agreement to leave off incommoding themselves and one another in this manner, and to content themselves with leaving cards—which might have kind messages written upon them, upon occasion—at one another's doors, how many precious hours they might save for themselves, their families, the sick, and the poor!

At any rate, if the mode of life of our young gentlewomen is to be to dance all night, and visit or be visited through the better part of the day, what can come of it but a most plentiful crop of sickly ignoramuses and *petites maîtresses?* And just so far as such as these are to be partners of the manhood and guardians of the childhood and youth of the nation, alas for the nation! A sensible man may sometimes amuse himself well enough in the company of good-humored dunces and dandies of his own sex; but what dunce or dandy of them all would he choose for his own most confidential privy-counsellor, or for the most constant companion and influential guide of his young son or daughter? How much more judicious or serviceable is a she-dunce or a she-dandy likely to be? A wife's or mother's love, indeed, does a great deal; but when it is a foolish and ignorant love it sadly often does a great deal amiss—a great deal to cramp, narrow, and impoverish the lives of its objects.

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* "Vignettes. Twelve Biographical Sketches. By Bessie Rayner Parkes, author of 'Essays on Woman's Work,'" etc. Alexander Strahan, Publisher, London and New York. 1866.

Our maids and matrons may well thank Miss Parkes for affording them many glimpses of other possible modes of refined womanly life in her generous and womanly book.

GIFT BOOKS OF ACTUAL VALUE.*

THE constantly renewed demand for gift books has led to some results which it would not have been easy to foresee. Very good things have come out of foolish and ignorant buying of books for presents. The Landscape Annuals, the Annual Tours, the Annuals called by the names of Emerald and Pearl and Violet, the illustrated editions of popular poets with delicate vignettes,—these gift books of forty years ago were the means of developing and making known the powers of David Roberts, of Clarkson Stanfield, of D. O. Hill, of Stothard, and of Turner. The fancy has been different of late; wood-cut illustrations have long been in vogue and engravings almost abandoned as a means of illustrating books, and there is a long line of square octavos containing sometimes complete poetical works and sometimes collections of poems, with designs on wood, of which the Tennyson of 1859 was the first and remains the best, and of which the Jean Ingelow, noticed last week, is the latest. But another interest has appeared, and one which lends itself so easily to the production of elegant and costly books that it has naturally been welcomed by the publishers—the very modern regard for the Fine Arts as matter of history and theme of discussion. Books on the history, the principles, and the practice of art encumber the market nowadays, and of the great amount of investigation and labor employed in this direction a fair proportion has gone to the making of "books suitable for presents."

The three books before us are of that character. The "Great Works of Raphael" is a collection of thirty photographs, very carefully taken from good impressions of celebrated engravings after Raphael, accompanied by Vasari's Life, in translation, and descriptions after Passavant. Now, the value of all this is very limited and its rank very low, and that for many reasons. Thus, the engravings are, however technically interesting, generally wholly inadequate as representations of the works they pretend to introduce; the photographs lose even much of the beauty of the engravings, and have actually no value except that of being memoranda of the arrangements and characters of the pictures; the life by Vasari is wholly uncritical, and is little more than an interesting biographical sketch, and the notes after Passavant are only mere documentary matter, helping out the history of the pictures. Its value is limited and its rank low, but it has a certain value, and its rank is with biographical dictionaries.

The "Book of Rembrandt's Etchings" is very much better. In the first place, the etchings are much more easily and completely reproducible in photography than the large Raphael engravings. The photographs are exactly or nearly the same size as their originals, and the look of a Rembrandt etching is not so impossible to be rendered in the copy. The letter-press is of value, particularly the notices of the plates, each containing an account of the different state of the plate of which impressions are known to exist. There is, therefore, in this moderate-sized book, and for twenty dollars, more or less, an opportunity to learn a great deal about a great artist, his life, his works, and their character. It has a certain value even for students of art, for in this country there cannot be many Rembrandt etchings, and the rare and precious proofs from which some of these photographs are made will probably never be brought here. Such photographs from such originals are better worth possessing than prints taken from worn or retouched plates, or from transfers.

Sir Joshua's pictures of children are a good subject for a Christmas gift book, and the quarto before us, which offers photographs of them and an interesting essay, is a very good book. Mr. Ruskin has spoken of "the grace of Reynolds," and has defined his meaning to be "grace consummate, no painter having ever before [Frère] approached Reynolds in the rendering of the momentary loveliness and trembling life of childhood; the great Venetians were too great to do it: their lines were always grave and severe in their grace; and all other men but Reynolds have been too mean to do it." And, although there is no color here, and half of Reynolds's ineffable charm is gone with it, these children are such as, perhaps, no living man can draw in black and white. The selection is very good, and the photographs excellently well taken. The essay seems to be full of matter and usefulness.

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* "The Great Works of Raphael Sanzio of Urbino. A Series of Thirty Photographs from the best Engravings of his most celebrated Paintings. With a Life, etc." Edited by Joseph Cundall. London: Bell & Daldy.

"The Life and Genius of Rembrandt. The most celebrated of Rembrandt's Etchings. Thirty Photographs, etc." Edited by Joseph Cundall. London: Bell & Daldy.

"English Children, as painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds." An Essay by Frederick G. Stephens, illustrated by fifteen photographs. London: Seely, Jackson & Halliday.

CONSERVATIVE SURGERY (SO CALLED).*

WE do not like the name which Dr. Davis has seen fit to give his book. It is a bad name, and, as a rule, those who call themselves conservative surgeons are very far from being ornaments to their profession. The whole science of surgery is conservative in the highest and most noble sense of the word. Its first object is to save life. If this end can only be attained by the sacrifice of a limb, it does not hesitate a moment more than is necessary to render the fact evident. If both life and limb can be preserved, it is imperatively required of every surgeon to leave no means untried calculated to ensure their safety. Surgeons who rejoice in the designation of conservative rarely look beyond the local difficulty they are called upon to treat. If an arm is injured, all their efforts are directed towards its preservation, they being oblivious of the possible fact that the life of the sufferer is, in the meantime, slowly but surely coming to an end. Such conservative surgeons are very much like certain conservative politicians, who, in their efforts to preserve a portion of the nation, are in danger of losing the whole.

With real scientific conservatism that looks not only at the palpable local disease, but also at the effects produced upon the whole system, and is as anxious to obviate the latter as to cure the former, Dr. Davis's book is no more replete than any other acknowledged treatise upon surgery, whilst, in our opinion, it is just as free from the fictitious and charlatanic conservatism which, under false pretences, has done a great deal more harm than good to those who have been so unfortunate as to come under the charge of its professors.

With the title of the volume before us, almost all our fault-finding comes to an end. When we add that there is a little too much controversialism; that there are many errors in the writing of Latin prescriptions; and that the index is scarcely worthy of the name, we have finished all we have to say of an adverse character. The body of the book, both in its spirit and practice, is admirable, and reflects much credit on its author, who is certainly entitled to be regarded as an original thinker and practitioner in that department of surgery which especially relates to diseases of the joints and the rectification of deformities. Even if Dr. Davis had done nothing more than point out the true method of treating hip-joint disease, he would have accomplished enough to entitle him to high consideration as one of those who have added important facts to surgical science. That the credit for this great improvement upon the old practice belongs to him, and to him alone, is not a matter about which disinterested persons can disagree, and is one which the medical profession has long since settled in his favor. It was scarcely necessary, therefore, for Dr. Davis to introduce his quarrel into a work which should have been devoted solely to more important subjects.

The great advances which have been made during the last few years in the treatment of surgical diseases by mechanical means are scarcely yet appreciated, either by the mass of the medical profession or by the public. To such an extent have they reached and so complicated are many of the appliances required that it is almost out of the question for surgeons in general practice to give the requisite amount of skill or time to the subject. It is clearly, therefore, their duty to send those of their patients who are suffering under diseases requiring lengthened mechanical treatment or careful adjustment of a complicated and special form of apparatus to practitioners who have given particular attention to such affections. The medical and surgical sciences are too extensive for any one person to do them justice in their entirety. As knowledge extends, divisions and subdivisions of labor must take place in all sciences, and perhaps in no other can they be made with so much advantage both to the physician or surgeon and to the public as in the medical profession. We are glad, therefore, to see what may be regarded as mechanical surgery taking its proper place as a specialty, and practised by honorable and scientific men. Dr. Davis has written a work of which neither he nor the profession at large need be ashamed, and one which we are satisfied will do a great deal of good. It is concise, practical, and sensible, and, though not expressed in very finished diction, is written in sufficiently perspicuous language. The publishers have done their work in a manner which reflects great credit upon them. It is beginning to be understood that physicians are as fond of elegant typography and are fully as willing to pay for it as other people.

NOTES ON THE NEW EDITION OF WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY.

NO. X.—FORM AND ARRANGEMENT OF DICTIONARIES CONTINUED.

THE number and the size or form of the volumes of a book of reference are, to a certain extent, relative quantities, but they are not absolutely dependent on each other; for if the number be fixed, there is still great latitude of choice in regard to the length, breadth, and thickness of the volume or volumes. In other words, the large octavo, the quarto, or the folio may be preferred. But these designations are of variable meaning according to the size of the paper, and the octavo of one sheet may be equal in measurement to the folio of another. Hence, in discussing the question of the form of dictionaries, we cannot make ourselves clearly intelligible without stating actual dimensions in inches. Apart from this element, the octavo and folio are alike in shape; the length, or rather the height, of these forms, as the books stand on the shelf, being considerably greater in proportion to the breadth than that of the quarto, which does not vary much from a square figure.

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* "Conservative Surgery, as exhibited in remedying some of the Mechanical Causes that operate injuriously both in Health and Disease. By Henry G. Davis, M.D." New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1867. 8vo, pp. 314.

Referring again to the cardinal principle of convenience, we may lay down the rule that the volume should be of such thickness, length, breadth, and weight, that a person of ordinary strength can grasp, unshelve, hold, or carry it with one hand; and here, of course, the number of the volumes is conditioned by the size, as, reciprocally, the size is by the number. What, then, are the most convenient, or, to use a better word, *handy*, size and shape for this purpose reconcilable with the first rule, that the volume contain the whole alphabet, or as many letters of it as are allowable?

The weight being given, the thinner the volume, the more easily it will be handled, provided always that the expansion of the page be not carried to such a size as to require another hand, not merely to lift, but to steady it. A dictionary of the atlas quarto or the elephant folio size, for instance, however thin, would be difficult to manage with one hand, and, besides, the painful strain upon the eye in running over a very large page would be a decisive objection to such a form.

This brings us to another rule, which is, that the dimensions of the page must be such that, at the ordinary reading distance for the type employed, the whole letter-press shall be embraced in a single *coup d'œil,* and every word upon it be legible without moving the position of the head.

The attainment of these conditions is not matter of theoretical *à priori* calculation, but as purely a question of experience as the best shape and size of an axe-helve. As the result of a good deal of practice and experiment, I can affirm with some confidence, that the form and size now very generally adopted for the lexicon in Italy and France, that is, what is generally called in the United States and England the modern or small folio, with a letter-press page of from 10 to 11 by 7 to 8 inches, is greatly preferable to the square quarto so generally employed in England and the United States, and, unfortunately as I think, by both Worcester and Webster. The folio, having an appreciably greater length than breadth, is much more easily balanced in the hand than the almost cubical quarto, and it has the immense advantage of greatly reduced thickness and consequently increased facility of grasp with a given weight and a given amount of letter-press surface.

Let us compare the new edition of Webster with some French and Italian lexicons which are now lying before me. Excluding the catch-words at top, which occupy substantially the same space in both forms, Webster's quarto page measures 9·13 by 6·92 inches, which gives nearly 63·2 square inches; Fleming and Tibbins's folio, 10·04′ by 7·3′=73·3 sq. inches; Littré's, 10·3′ by 7·3′=75·2 sq. inches; Tommaséo's, 10·5′ by 7·62′=80 sq. inches. Accordingly, disregarding small fractions, eighty pages of Tommaséo, eighty-four of Littré, and eighty-six of Fleming and Tibbins, are respectively equal to one hundred of Webster. My Webster is three inches and one-tenth thick between the boards, or exclusive of the binding. The adoption of Tommaséo's form would have reduced the thickness by more than three-fifths of an inch, with the same quantity of matter, and the volume would have been handier in proportion. Including binding, my Webster is three inches and six-tenths thick; Littré, Vol. I., as I have divided it (A, B, C, D), very nearly half-an-inch thinner. The weight of the two volumes is exactly the same; but while the cubical Webster is an awkward lift for one hand, I handle the oblong and thinner Littré with perfect facility, and, at the same time, the pages of the latter are not so much larger than those of the former as sensibly to increase the labor of consultation.

I do not know whether the London Philological Society has decided upon the form of its lexicon; but the specimen pages of the Concise Dictionary I have seen are very much smaller than even those of Webster. If this size is adopted, the Concise Dictionary must fill several volumes, and the larger, a greater number than there are letters in the alphabet. I should look upon this as a grave mistake, and I trust the editors will seriously consider this point before going to press with either dictionary.

I may here observe that the objections I have urged against the division of dictionaries into an unnecessary number of volumes in strictness apply only to the regular alphabet. Between this part of a lexicon, the introduction and the appendixes, cross-references are comparatively rare, and there is no serious evil in binding this supplementary matter by itself. In Webster the alphabet occupies 1,538 pages, the introduction and appendixes about 300. The latter, bound separately, would make a thin and, as some might think, an unsightly volume; but the reduced thickness of the alphabetical volume would much more than counterbalance the disadvantage.

Connected with this point of compression are other questions, some of a purely mechanical, some of a more philosophical nature. Of the former class are the color, thickness, and texture of the paper, and the size, form, and arrangement of the type. Neither in a dictionary nor in any other book is a dazzling whiteness of paper desirable; for the sharp contrast between the intense blackness of printing-ink and a very white ground is painful to the eye. This, too, is particularly sensible in a dictionary; because in looking out words and forms the eye must scrutinize the details of orthography much more closely than in reading a volume of continuous narrative or discussion. The paper, of course, must be thin, in order not to swell the bulk and weight of the volume; but it must be so thick and so stiff that the finger can feel and catch the edges of the leaves in turning them over one by one. A dictionary printed on what is called India paper, upon single leaves of Chinese, or even upon bank-note paper, would be as good as useless, from the difficulty of turning the leaves page by page. It is probably for this reason, as much as on account of the difficulty of printing on both sides, that the leaves of Chinese books are doubled. The paper, as indeed in all other cases, must be opaque, so that the letter-press will not show through on the wrong side, and it must be as light in weight as is consistent with this and the other essential conditions.

The size, form, and spacing of the type are all matters difficult to determine, for in using a dictionary so much of the ease of reading depends on the habits of the individual and the state of his eyesight, that general rules are hard to hit upon. On this point, I shall content myself with saying that, though I find the wider spacing and larger type of Worcester considerably easier for the eye, yet I do not think that the closeness of distribution and reduction of letter in Webster are carried further than is necessary to bring the matter within the necessary limits of space. The substitution of full-faced—I have heard it called *fat* by printers, though Webster gives no such meaning to the word—*small* letter for capitals in the general alphabet is an important change for the better. To everybody but a sign-painter or a book-binder, small letter is more readily legible than capitals, and, of course, a word printed in the latter character is more easily found and recognized than if printed in the former.

Great distinctness of letter, in point of form, size, and collocation, is a condition far more important in dictionaries and other books of consultation than in ordinary literature, because in the latter the context aids us in divining a word we do not clearly make out, just as it helps us to deduce a meaning. If I were required to name the modern book of reference known to me in which the plainest rules of clear and well-discriminated *visibility* are most completely ignored, I should refer to the much-praised Royal Atlas of Modern Geography, by Keith Johnston. This work is very laboriously got up, and apparently constructed with conscientious accuracy, but in point of topographical delineation and facility of consultation it is one of the worst specimens of cartography that has ever fallen under my observation. Not only are the land and the water not distinguished, but the boundaries between neighboring provinces, and even kingdoms, are most obscurely marked, the lettering is confused and illegible in a high degree, and the indications of mountain surface are scarcely discernible. Let a geographical pupil be asked to point out, on the map of France, what portion of the empire is bounded by sea and what by land; to trace, on that of Belgium and the Netherlands, the boundary between the two kingdoms; or, on that of England, the line which divides the principality of Wales from the rest of the island, or to find on any of these maps the name of a town, a river, or mountain which has not been already shown to him; let him, in short, try to learn from this atlas anything he did not know before, and, in general, he will be unable to answer any of these questions without turning to another page and availing himself of the clumsy device of an index.

Of the higher problems of arrangement which have divided the opinions and practice of lexicographers, I shall mention but one or two. The most important of these is whether the words should follow each other in regular alphabetical sequence, or be disposed in groups according to etymology, all derivatives being placed under their primitive or radical. In languages where the roots are comparatively few, and the laws of derivation so simple and regular that the form of the word spontaneously suggests the radical, the etymological arrangement is both convenient and philosophical, and it has consequently been adopted extensively, not only in the Oriental languages, many of which lend themselves readily to this treatment, but in comparatively homogeneous European tongues, as German and Dutch, especially in their earlier dialects. Richardson has partially employed it even in English, to which the miscellaneous character of our vocabulary renders it very ill adapted. A person ignorant of any language but English—and many very intelligent readers, as well as many excellent English writers, are and have been in that condition—habitually thinks little of etymology, and but a small proportion of our words suggest to such a student a significant radical form from which they can be deduced by known rules of derivation. In a majority of our words, orthographical changes have disguised or affixes have smothered the radical, and besides, when stripped of its appendages and restored to its primitive spelling, it is found to belong to a foreign or a forgotten tongue, and to be wholly without significance to the mind of the mere English scholar. In an English lexicon, therefore, a strictly alphabetical arrangement is a matter not only of general convenience, but, for a large share of those for whose use it is designed, of absolute necessity.

Some languages—French, for instance—abound in what are popularly called *phrases;* that is, idiomatic combinations of words the signification of which is conventional and cannot be inferred from the meaning of the individual vocables which compose them. It is very important that a dictionary should contain all the authorized phrases occurring in the language, but it is by no means easy to decide how to dispose of them so that they shall be readily found by the seeker. It is sometimes difficult to determine under what word in the alphabet the phrase shall be placed, and often still more so to hit upon a clear and convenient arrangement of the many phrases which are collected under the same word. As to the first point, it is pretty clear that the word whose conventional differs most widely from its normal meaning rightfully claims the phrase as an illustration of one of its uses, and, of course, the combination should be placed under that word. In the popular expression, "to raise the wind," or, to procure the pecuniary means to effect a given purpose, the verb, to *raise,* is indeed employed in a figurative sense, and so it is in the more usual "to raise money;" but *wind* is used not in a figurative but in an absolutely conventional meaning. The phrase, therefore, should be placed under *wind,* not under *raise;* but it would be an error to say that *money* is one of the meanings of *wind.*

The collocation of phrases, as between each other, is much more embarrassing, and some lexicographers, Fleming and Tibbins for instance, seem to have given up the point in despair, and printed their exemplifications of these forms of speech just as chance brought them to the hands of the compositor, except in the cases where the phrase consists of a couple of words only, as a verb and a noun. Thus, when the verb *faire* is used phraseologically with a substantive, they follow the alphabet; in the numerous other combinations of this verb, no discoverable rule of arrangement is pursued. Littré relieves himself, in some measure, of the difficulty by giving to leading words a vast variety of meanings, and thus finding, or rather making, places to suit all possible phraseological combinations. But this method does not much facilitate to the student the search for a given phrase, for it is not an easy thing to find the conventional signification in so great a multitude, themselves almost arbitrarily arranged. Thus, to *donner* Littré assigns thirty-eight, to *faire,* eighty-two distinct senses, each with its definition. The latter verb occupies more than seven of the large closely printed folio pages of that dictionary, and a given phrase containing that verb is more readily found in the chaos of Fleming and Tibbins than in the apparent order of Littré. In like manner, Tommaséo ascribes to the substantive verb *essere* upwards of twenty principal meanings, and more than two hundred limited or conditioned senses, many of which are merely conventional uses occurring only in a single phraseological combination.

In following this method, the lexicographer is constantly tempted to divide, subdivide, subtilize, and distinguish meanings between which there is no real logical difference, to invent signification for the sake of the phrase, and to ascribe to a single word a sense which really belongs to the combination. This was one of the frequent errors of Webster in his own editions, and Littré and Tommaséo, with all their philological learning and acumen, have sometimes fallen into it.

The arrangement of the catch-words at the top of the page may seem a small matter to dwell upon, but if such helps are to be employed at all, it is important that the right principle be adopted. In all the older dictionaries the first syllable of the *last* word on the page or column was put at the head, and in lexicons so late as Richardson, Fleming and Tibbins, and Andrews, this method is still followed. Webster and other recent lexicographers place the *first* word at the top of the *first* column, the *last* word at the head of the *last.* This is a real, though perhaps a trifling improvement, for in opening a volume the eye falls habitually on the top of the page, and the two catch-words, disposed according to the modern rule, show you at a glance the whole range of the alphabet contained in the page, while the old method, which gave you only the end of the page or column, obliged you to take a second look to ascertain where in the alphabet the page or volume began.

As a student of the Anglo-Saxon and English languages, I take this occasion to protest against the extreme inconvenience of the English index to Bosworth's dictionary of the former tongue. The purpose of the index is to point out the A.-S. equivalent to the modern English word. The method of the index is this: The pages of the A.-S. dictionary are divided into several sections, each indicated by a microscopic letter in the margin of the column, and the seeker of a word in the index is referred not to a *word* in the alphabet, but to a page and letter. Thus, *Rotation* sends him to 97, s; *Scarlet* to 96, l, and so of the rest. In some cases, as, for instance, under *Rough,* there are more than a dozen of these references. Now, nobody wants to know what the Anglo-Saxons called *rough* for the sake of using the word in writing or in speaking, and in nine cases out of ten the index is consulted to know whether the modern English word is etymologically connected with the A.-S. An English scholar might possibly doubt whether *rough* is from an A.-S. root or from Latin *rudis* or Italian *ruvido* or *rozzo.* If the corresponding A.-S. words were printed in the index at length, a single glance would show whether a form probably related to *rough* was found among them; but in the present index the student may have to run through fifteen sections to find what he is in search of. It is true that printing the words would swell the book, but with a proper size of volume there would be abundant space for this purpose.

The use of pictorial illustrations in word-books has been much, and as I think unjustly, censured. There are material objects of which verbal description can give no clear notion, and there are other cases where an engraving will save space by substituting an image for a long definition. To me it seems a mere piece of pedantry to insist that every word shall be explained exclusively by other words, and it would be just as reasonable to object to the use of the arithmetical symbols in numbering the different meanings. To assume that the only office of a dictionary is to construct verbal equations, is to beg the question, and I have never met with anything which deserved to be called an *argument* against this useful improvement.

I have had no experience in the compilation of dictionaries, and these suggestions of mine are but the random thoughts of a layman. They are therefore subject to control by the professional hierophants of lexicography, to whose better judgment I submit them with due deference. G. P. M.

Nature and Art. Nos. 1 to 4, June to September, 1866. (London: Day & Son.)—This is a new monthly, published by the great lithographic establishment which does nearly all the better English work of that kind. The object of the journal is announced as being, first and principally, pictorial illustration, especially in color. Accordingly, there are five full-page chromolithographs in No. 1, with another full-page illustration and some woodcuts; and the other three numbers have each four or five of the large colored pictures and numerous other illustrations. But let no one suppose that it is an art journal which we are describing. "Nature" decidedly carries it over "art" in the making up of each number. In No. 1 there is a regular botanical plate of the *Raphanus Caudatus,* a new table vegetable, of which the seed-pod is the edible portion, and which looks not wholly unlike okra, although we are told that it is a "newly introduced *radish,* . . . and is certainly a novelty, inasmuch as the edible portion of the plant is the seed-vessel and not the root." It must be a novelty. Then we have African landscape with a herd of striped quaggas; then a plate of the ailanthus silkworm (*Bombyx Cynthia*), a proposed substitute for the common silkworm, which latter is dying off with an incurable disease; then a landscape illustrating the first of a series of papers on Sketching from Nature; and, finally, a *bonâ fide* fashion plate of young ladies' heads in "Parisian chapeaux." These plates are in full color; the two scientific ones, those of the plant and the insect, are very satisfactory, being of subjects easily rendered. The others are very feeble, and vaguely sketchy. These are the chromoliths; but the sixth full-page illustration is capital: it is a photo-lithographic copy of a drawing by R. Dudley, and is very spirited and full of character.

In general, the first number of a periodical is not to be taken as a fair example of what the periodical will be. But in this case No. 1 is the best of the four numbers, having as many plates and as good as the others, and the very good illustration we have spoken of.

The natural history illustrations are all of interesting subjects, and worthy of a careful look, though feeble enough as works of "art." No. 3 is worth its price on account of the plate and description of that most marvellous vegetable, *Welwitschia Mirabilis,* a plant which looks like a kind of orchid, but is of enormous size, and has, strangely enough, a long tap-root.

We have said that this is not an art journal. In each number is a feeble flash of art-criticism—"Art Notes from France" by a Mr. Yapp; "Fine Art Auctions," "Music at Home and Abroad," etc. But the matter is very small, and the manner often flippant and always trifling. The criticism is about on a par with that in the eminently uncritical "Art Journal;" and as yet there is none of the notes-and-queries style of learning which has given that monthly a sort of value. Moreover, the chromoliths must be vastly better than these to compare in interest and merit with some of the large line engravings in the older journal.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION *should be addressed to the Editor.*

THE THREE PLANS FOR REORGANIZING THE SOUTH.

LITTLE doubt remains that Mr. Johnson, powerless though he be to help his friends, is powerful enough so to mislead them by his unwise counsels as to induce the Southern *soi-disant* "States" to reject the Constitutional Amendment. Nor does there seem to be much reason to doubt that a large majority of Congress is fully determined to adopt some plan for the reorganization of the Southern State governments as soon as the rejection of the Amendment is definitely settled. The most conservative Republicans agree that the North can neither afford to receive the Southern States without their submission to the Amendment, nor yet to allow them to remain out of the Union in their present half anarchical condition. In some way the South must be provided with legitimate governments, and that speedily.

Three different plans have been suggested in various quarters. The first, which may be called Mr. Stevens's original plan, is the reduction of the South to the condition of territories, to be governed as such by the direct exercise of the Federal power. The second plan, newly broached, is for Congress to frame new constitutions for these States, and to reorganize their governments upon this basis, without consulting the people at all. The third plan is for Congress simply to provide for the prompt election of a convention in every disorganized State, and for the government of the States meantime, as a purely provisional measure.

One objection to both of the first two plans is the moral certainty that if the question came before the courts, and especially before the Supreme Court of the United States, they would hold the action of Congress in accordance with either of these projects to be unconstitutional. Mr. Phillips recognizes this fact, as far as the Supreme Court is concerned, and therefore wages war upon it. But in what court does he expect to fare better? We know of no tribunal before which the question would be likely to arise in which the power of Congress would be recognized as extending to such a length. Mr. Phillips would no doubt be willing to override all the courts and all legal principles which stand in the way of immediate practical justice; but here we differ essentially from him, and rejoice to believe that the mass of the American people will reject his advice. Whether the decision of a court notoriously corrupt or partial should be accepted as final or not, may admit of a doubt; but the decision of the great majority of the courts, when the integrity, learning, and impartiality of the judges are all conceded, must and will be submitted to by any sensible community, however unpalatable it may be. There is a legal way to almost every desirable end; and although it may be longer and more tedious than the short roads which are proposed by those who despise precedents, it does not open the way to usurpation and violence, as all even well-meant violations of the law do.

The legal objections to the territorial plan are that it assumes the right of Congress to govern for ever, if it chooses, and in the most absolute manner, provinces which have been States; that it assumes that these States have permanently lost all right to the protection of the Federal Constitution, or to a republican form of government; and that it raises the question in the plainest manner for the decision of the courts, since upon a collision of authority it could not be said that there were two conflicting *State* governments, of which Congress had recognized one, and which recognition the courts would be bound to follow.

The creation of State constitutions by the direct action of the National Government would not present quite so clear a case for judicial interference; yet it is so plainly opposed to all precedent, notwithstanding the opportunity has been frequently open to Congress to make such precedents on the admission of new States, that we think it probable that the Supreme Court would deem the question a judicial one, and certain that, if it entertained the question at all, it would deny the power of Congress to adopt such a course.

It is said, both by partisans of Mr. Johnson's policy and by those who favor the harsher methods of proceeding, that the Supreme Court would decide against the validity of Congressional action through the medium of State conventions as certainly as it would against the validity of any other method. But this is far from being the case. The court is bound by its own repeated decisions to the doctrine that, in determining between conflicting claimants to the government of a State, it must follow the decision of Congress. This may not bind the court to recognize a government appearing upon the records of Congress to have been forced by it upon a State, without the consent of any part of its people; but it does clearly preclude the court, where the only rival governments appear to have been created by conventions, both elected by only a portion of the people, and both summoned by Federal authority, from giving a preference to a convention summoned by the President, without law, over one summoned by Congress through the regular form of law. Neither can there be the least doubt that the court will interpret the clause of the Federal Constitution guaranteeing to every State a republican form of government, as imposing that duty upon Congress, and not on the President independently of Congress. And this, we are confident, covers the whole case, and secures the sanction of all the courts to any action of Congress which looks, in good faith, to the immediate reorganization of the Southern States *as States*, and through the voluntary action of their own people.

For although there are many different theories as to the continued existence, suspension, or total destruction of the rebel States and their governments, on one central fact all are agreed. Thus we hold that the State governments of the South were destroyed by the action of their conventions, in 1860–61, in abolishing their loyal governments, which we maintain they could do, and substituting governments avowedly independent of the United States, which we hold to have been nullities. Many able men hold that the conventions accomplished nothing, but that the act of war with the Federal Government obliterated the States engaged in it. Others hold that the States existed intact until actually conquered by the United States. Others hold that the rebel governments were perfectly valid through and after the war, and that Presidents Lincoln and Johnson were guilty of gross usurpation in ignoring those governments. But there is entire unanimity upon the facts that all these governments were obliterated in 1865; that ever since not a single officer has pretended to act under them; and that for several months all public business in these States was carried on by men appointed, directly or indirectly, by Andrew Johnson, without any regard to the forms of republican government.

Now these admitted facts show, to our mind, an indisputable ground for Congressional interference to secure to each of these States a republican government. And it being once conceded that Congress has a right to interfere, there can be no doubt that the Supreme Court will not look further into its action than to ascertain, at the most, that the people were really left to frame a government, and that the government which they were required by Congress to frame was one which could, by any definition, be called republican in form.

The other considerations which affect these questions are also, as we think, decisive in favor of a reorganization by means of State conventions. The territorial system would involve an intolerable accumulation of power in the executive department at Washington. It could never be carried out until after Mr. Johnson had been removed from office, since the appointments must be made by him or his officers. It would grievously retard the progress of the South in material prosperity, and alienate it more than ever from the Union. It would be a precedent full of danger, since upon the smallest insurrection it would justify Congress in reducing an obnoxious State to a territorial condition. The proposition that Congress should frame and impose constitutions upon the States is too completely unrepublican to be worth discussing, until at least some effort has been made to secure the adoption of republican constitutions by the people themselves. The summoning of State conventions, to be elected by the universal suffrage of loyal citizens, though not without its difficulties and dangers, especially with such a President as we have just now, is the most truly democratic method of restoring order to these disorganized communities, and promises, upon the whole, the most beneficial results; while it has the immense advantage of being perfectly constitutional, and of avoiding the possibility of conflict between the legislature and the courts.

MR. BEMIS ON GENERAL BANKS.

Mr. George Bemis, of Boston, who is well known for his discussions of questions of international law during the past four years, has just published a review of Mr. Banks's report on the neutrality laws, which formed the basis of the famous bill that the House of Representatives passed unanimously at the close of the last session.

Mr. Banks stated in the "report" that our early neutrality—that of Washington's day and of the era of the law of 1794—was the result of the defenceless condition of the country; that, in other words, it was forced upon the country by fear of Great Britain. Mr. Bemis shows that this assertion has not the smallest foundation in fact, and cites abundant proof that American neutrality was enforced with as rigid a hand against France as against England—that everything done by this Government in support of it was well calculated to excite the rage of one or other of the two greatest powers in the world; that at its inception, and for long afterwards, American relations with England were in a high degree unfriendly, and that the policy of neutrality, in short, so far from having been the result of timidity, was proof of the most extraordinary courage. We are sorry we cannot make extracts on this point from Mr. Bemis's pamphlet, but the examination of the various cases with which he supports his position will well repay perusal. Mr. Bemis, in the opening pages, endeavors to treat Mr. Banks with great respect, and although, towards the close, his honest indignation gets the better of him, he generally avoids drawing the inferences which his argument suggests. But he doubtless hardly expects his readers to display the same self-restraint, and, in the interest of public morality, we must state frankly that it is impossible for any candid person to avoid the conclusion either that Mr. Banks framed his theory of the origin of our neutrality laws in complete ignorance of the history of the time of which he was treating, or that, knowing the facts of the case, he framed his theory without any regard to them.

Says Mr. Banks, in the debate on his bill:

> "The object of the committee has been to scale the [United States] neutrality act of 1818 to the standard of the foreign-enlistment act enacted by Great Britain in 1819. The provisions of the bill which has been read are essentially the same as the provisions enacted for the same purpose in the foreign-enlistment act of Great Britain. With the exception of the section giving citizens of the United States authority to sell vessels, the material of which they are made, and munitions of war, to governments or citizens of governments with whom the United States may not be at war, there is nothing in this bill which is not contained in that act, and there is no provision in that act which is not substantially embraced in this bill."—*Globe*, July 30.

Says he, in his report:

> "Its restrictions [those of the British act] are nominal, compared with those of the American statute."

Says Mr. Bemis:

> "When the chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs of the House of Representatives asserts that 'the restrictions of the British statute are nominal, compared with those of the American,' he hazards a statement which I shall be sorry to have meet the eye of any English jurist or statesman. So far is it from being true that we shall have to *make a descent* in our legislation on this head, in order to come down upon a level with that of England, that I venture to affirm that in many, if not in most, respects the English statute is decidedly the more high-toned and comprehensive of the two."

Mr. Bemis proceeds to give "ten important points" in which the British act is more stringent and comprehensive than the American act as it now is, to say nothing of what Mr. Banks would make it: (1) It is more comprehensive in its prohibition of enlistments; (2) it is more complete in its prohibition of hiring or retaining *any person whatever* by way of recruiting for foreign war vessels; (3) it is more comprehensive in forbidding British subjects from enlisting or engaging in warlike operations anywhere whatsoever, while the American act limits the prohibition to the territory or jurisdiction of the United States; (4) in providing for the detention of vessels having on board persons who have enlisted or engaged to enlist; (5) in forbidding the use of any transport or store-ship for belligerent use; (6) in containing the famous words, "equip, furnish, fit out, *or* arm," the misinterpretation of which by the Chief Baron caused the failure of the *Alexandra* trial, and which Mr. Banks proposes to copy, substituting *and* for *or*, and thus giving the clause the very operation which we sought to show in the *Alexandra* case, that it had not and ought not to have; (7) in inserting the words "or in order that" after "intent," so as to make it of no consequence what the equipper's intent was, as long as the ship was designed by somebody for belligerent use; (8) in designating, by a phrase of wider scope, the persons or powers for whom vessels of war may not be fitted out; (9) in prohibiting the increase of the armaments of foreign ships of war in harbors which they have entered already armed; (10) in prescribing severer penalties for violations of the law.

Mr. Bemis then goes on to show that the present troubles with Great Britain arise not out of the insufficiency of her statutes, but out of failure to enforce them. He deals very tenderly with Mr. Banks and his committee on this portion of the case; but again broadly suggest the very disagreeable inference, that when Mr. Banks drew his report and made his speech, he had either never read the British act, to which he proposed to "scale down" the American act, or he had read it, and grossly misrepresented its provisions, trusting to the ignorance of the public to escape exposure.

Mr. Banks's report closes with a few paragraphs about Ireland which are a fine specimen of buncombe, in which he tries to show by a muddled and thoroughly incomprehensible process that, because Ireland has been grossly misgoverned for six hundred years, the United States ought either to have no neutrality laws or have such as could not be enforced, making it, in fact, as plain as a pikestaff that the chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations of the House of Representatives of the United States was desirous of altering the laws of the country, and in such a way as to change its relations to the rest of the civilized world, for the purpose of obliging a band of ignorant foreigners who were at that time engaged in organizing piratical expeditions. Fancy Washington or Hamilton reading the "report" and "the bill" and Mr. Banks's "great speech"!

Says Mr. Bemis:

> "For would General Banks contend, on his responsibility as an American lawyer and legislator, that it is lawful for any set of native born—or, if he prefers, *naturalized*—Irish-American citizens to make the United States a basis of hostile operations, whence to carry on war against a friendly power, because the parents or ancestors of those citizens—or, if he prefers, because *those citizens themselves*—have suffered political grievances when residing at a former period in Ireland? If they have quitted that country and cast their lot here, what right have they to stir up strife in their new domicile, and embroil the hospitable republic which has so kindly received and sheltered them? If they are *not* naturalized or domiciled American citizens, but are merely emigrant British subjects, transiently resident with us, *à fortiori*, what right have they to be carrying on war from our territory?"

We call attention to this matter once more at the risk of confirming the suspicion of some very acute people that we have some deep-seated private grudge against General Banks, not because we think there is any danger that the bill will pass. We look on his performances during the last session as important mainly because of the illustration they afford of the defects and dangers of the existing mode of legislation—that is, legislation by secret committees. We have said a good deal on this topic, for too much cannot be said. With a committee to draw "bills" up, and a reckless majority to force them through without debate under the "previous question," the restraints usually imposed by public opinion on dishonest or ignorant legislation are completely destroyed, and the character, and it may be the happiness and peace, of the community are placed, every time Congress meets, at the mercy of any unscrupulous body who has an "axe to grind," and is ready to do it with such recklessness as Mr. Bemis shows to have marked the course of General Banks on this occasion. If "President" Roberts of the Irish Republic did not heartily despise Mr. Banks and his helpmates when they were uproariously legislating for his benefit, he must differ greatly from all other foreign potentates who have succeeded in getting the government of a free country to make laws to suit their convenience.

THE DWIGHT ACCIDENT ON THE JERSEY RAILROAD.

Our readers doubtless remember the accident on the Jersey Railroad last October, by which Mr. Theodore Dwight was killed. The accident was a peculiarly painful one. Mr. Dwight was nearly seventy years old; his daughter, Mrs. Kennedy, had two children with her, one of them a baby, and was on her way to the South, and her father accompanied her to the cars to see her off. On taking leave of her, he found the door of the car locked, and the train started before he could alight. On attempting to do so while the cars were in motion, he fell on the track and was fatally injured. The coroner's jury acquitted the employees of the company of all blame, but recommended some change of arrangement as to the locking of the doors. On the 18th of October, an official "card" was published by the company in the New York *Evening Post*, giving a version of the accident, in substance very much like the above, but adding that the conductor of the train was not present when it occurred and knew nothing of it till after it was over. On the following day, the 19th, Mrs. Kennedy, Mr. Dwight's daughter, furnished, we believe, through her husband, to the *Evening Post*, October 19th, the following account of the accident:

> "We waited for a long time; father rapped on the glass and spoke to those near—especially to one man who seemed to be an official—stating that there were persons locked in who did not wish to go. At last we saw the passengers from the last boat coming; and when a lady and gentleman entered who could not find seats, I said to them: 'You shall have these as soon as we can get out.' The gentleman said: 'It is time you were going—I will have the door opened.' The door of another car was opened, and we went in. I had just taken my seat when I said, 'Father, are not the cars moving?' Some one said, 'They are. If you want to get out, you must do so at once.' Father did not even wait to say 'Good-by.' A girl that was with him went out first, then he.
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> "I called, 'Father, don't go!' At that moment I heard a succession of awful shrieks, and some one said, 'The lady is hurt.' The car partly stopped and I sprang to the door. Instantly a group stepped in, crying out, 'She must not see it!' A man then came in, saying, 'The old gentleman is killed—they are both dead.' I found that we were moving on, and besought them to let me out in vain, until a kind gentleman pulled the check and the train stopped. Another gentleman insisted that they must back down.
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> "A man came in who seemed to be a conductor, and in the roughest manner asked who checked the engineer. He turned to me and said, 'D—n you! do you mean to get off? I'll go on if you don't step quick.' I asked what I could do if put off in the road. He went on cursing and ordering me off, and many voices were urging him to take me back. In the midst of all, I found myself in the road, with my son of twelve years, and a baby in my arms. I complain that there was no signal given before starting; or, if any, one that gave us no warning, for I was listening attentively so as to get father off in full time."

So far as we have been able to learn, no notice of this statement was taken by the company or any one connected with it, although the *Post* or its correspondent enquired, as it seemed to us with unnecessary violence, whether the company was "not censurable in employing *as conductor* on their most important train a creature so devoid of human instincts as to leave a woman under such circumstances, with an oath on his lips, by the side of the road, to grope her way back," etc. On the 25th of October, a week later, THE NATION noticed the affair in the following terms, taking Mrs. Kennedy's statement in the *Post* as the basis of its comments:

> "Mr. Dwight and Mrs. Kennedy get to the station some time before the hour for departure, and try to find some one to ask for information. They wander up and down and at last find a lantern-man, who tells them they are to stand on the platform and wait till the cars come. They do so, and, when the cars are run in, go with the rush to find a seat. After great difficulty Mr. Dwight gets his daughter into a car, but before he gets in himself, or can get his daughter's children in, the car door is locked. The man in the car, being told by Mrs. Kennedy that she is separated from her baby, pays no heed; but at last some one who, perhaps, has his own private key with him, runs to get off, and Mr. Dwight is thrown down and fatally injured. When Mrs. Kennedy hears a man say, 'The old gentleman is killed—they are both dead,' of course she wants to go back. A gentleman pulls the check-line and stops the train. This brings in an enraged conductor, who, being asked to run the train back, says, 'D—n you, are you going to get off? Step quick, or I'll go on;' and the lady, with her baby in her arms, is set down beside the road to get to her father, or her father's body, as she best can. The whole affair, from first to last, was perfectly disgraceful. No warning at the starting of the train; passengers locked into cars, and the cars kept locked, so that, if they wished to get out, they cannot do so in time; the extreme of insolence on the part of conductors and other servants; nobody in the depot to answer a question."

On the 7th of December, six weeks afterwards, we were made aware for the first time that all this was considered libellous by somebody, by the service of a writ at the suit of a Mr. Rostine Parker, whom we discovered, on enquiry, to be a conductor on the Jersey Railroad, and to have been the one in charge of the train on which the accident occurred. We have since been assured by Mr. Parker's lawyer that he (Mr. Parker) was not present when the accident took place, and did not see Mrs. Kennedy and had no conversation with her. The comments of THE NATION have, however, we learn from the same authority, been not unnaturally applied to Mr. Parker, and have damaged him to the extent of $10,000. Why he should have suffered so seriously from our mild reproduction of Mrs. Kennedy's statement and not have suffered from the statement itself, and from the comments of the *Evening Post* thereupon, particularly as the *Post* is read by perhaps ten Jersey Railroad passengers for the one who reads THE NATION, we have not yet ascertained.

But our duty is none the less clear, action or no action. In so far as our comments have helped to fasten on Mr. Parker the responsibility of acts or words of which he was not guilty, we regret them exceedingly. If he was not present when the accident occurred, and never saw Mrs. Kennedy, as his lawyer assures us he did not, of course our remarks ought not to apply to him, and we very cheerfully do all that is in our power to relieve him from the odium which they may have helped to cast upon him. We take the greatest possible care to avoid such misunderstandings as have doubtless occurred in this case. It would be impossible to avoid them always without confining ourselves exclusively to the discussion of the natural sciences. Conductors are public characters, and their conduct on the trains is proper matter for newspaper criticism. In this case somebody on a particular train, and doubtless in the employment of the company—perhaps a brakeman—behaved to Mrs. Kennedy like an inhuman ruffian. It was not, it appears, Mr. Rostine Parker. Had Mr. Parker sent us a note informing us of this when our paragraph appeared, or had he even communicated with us at all, we should have done everything in our power to set him right with the public. We do it now, we beg to inform him, from a simple desire to do justice, and to preserve our own character and that of the paper, and without any regard to his suit, which he will continue or drop, just as he pleases. We have no arrangement with him on the subject.

THE "CONDITION OF WORKMEN"—PRIZES AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

THE position of the working-man in America is the great boast and glory of the United States. Even those who concede American superiority in nothing else concede it in this, though those in Europe who know anything of what has been done here to promote harmony between laborers and capitalists are very few in number. An opportunity is afforded now, as will be seen by the subjoined extract from a letter written by one of the jury, Mr. Perkins, to a friend in this country, to give Europe an idea of what has been accomplished in this field here, and we trust both manufacturers and workmen will try to avail themselves of it:

> "I want you to stir up people at home to put some materials into my hands which will do us credit, and, whether they gain prizes or not, will give us an honorable position in the eyes of foreign nations.
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> "The new order of recompenses consists of ten prizes of 10,000 francs each, and one of 100,000, to be competed for by '*persons*, *establishments*, or *localities* which have developed in a remarkable manner *good order* and *harmony* among operatives or workmen, and promoted their *moral*, *intellectual*, and *physical* well-being in an eminent degree.' As these terms are somewhat vague, the jury has appointed a committee to draw up a more precise formula of conditions, which I will send you, but, as time is precious, I thought it better to write now and explain, so far as I can, what is wanted. The documents which have been offered contain statements made by heads of factories and large manufacturing establishments of all kinds as to their organization, number of workmen, means employed to render the workmen happy and comfortable, special modes of education, intellectual development, and recreation. The term first fixed for sending in such documents was the 1st of December; this is to be prolonged, probably till the 1st of February, or even later, to enable members of the jury to obtain information. Mr. Beckwith drew the attention of our Government to it last summer, but they, as yet, have paid little or no heed to it, and it is probable that the amount of prizes offered and the object in view are as yet little known in America.
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> "I am, therefore, empty-handed; but trust that I may not continue so, as Mr. Beckwith has taken energetic measures, and I have written to various friends. I hope you will be able to draw the attention of our manufacturing bodies to it. Demands are to be sent in to Mr. Beckwith, U. S. Commissioner General for the Great Exhibition, care of the U. S. Legation, Paris. The more *explicit* they are, the better; but, at the same time, they must be *concise*. The jury is presided over by the Minister of State and the Minister of Public Works, who, with the Maréchal Vaillant and M. de Ploy, Counsellor of State, represent France; Lord Cowley appears in place of an English commissioner here-

after to be appointed; the Chevalier Minghetti for Italy. The jurors are twenty-five in number, and these gentlemen are most courteous and polite. The spirit of the trades' representation seems to be most fair and liberal; they act like men who really wish to give foreigners as good a chance as Frenchmen. Fortunately for us, other foreign countries are as much behindhand as we are in sending in demands. Austria, for good reasons, is backward. Sweden, Denmark, and Norway have as yet done little; Italy and England ditto; so I hope that the final term will be fixed as late as possible. I see that the jury expect something from America which shall justify her reputation in the matter; and I have a pride, as an American, to see the United States take her rightful place. There are not many things in which we can compete with foreign countries; but my conviction is, that this is a ground on which we can meet them with a certainty of shining, and I hope to aid in that result."

PARIS GOSSIP.

PARIS, December 14, 1866.

ST. ANDREW'S DAY having been cold and clear, the lovers of skating, remembering the proverb, are indulging in sanguine hopes of a winter that shall permit them to exercise the skill so generally thrown away upon this longitude. The last series of guests are preparing to leave Compiègne, which scene of hospitable splendor will be deserted in turn by the Imperial hosts, who are to return to the Tuileries on the 20th inst. The famous but scarcely edifying midnight balls at the Opera began last Saturday; short, fat, gesticulative Father Hyacinth, with his fitful voice—the fashionable preacher of this decade—whose Advent sermons at Notre Dame created so great a sensation a year ago, has commenced a similar series in the same fine old fane, the topic, which last year was "Morality in its Application to One's Self," being this year "Morality in its Application to the Family Relation," and to be completed next year by a similar consideration of "Morality in its Application to Society." A fashionable authority of high standing has announced that the paletot has had its day, and that cloaks will, during the coming winter, be "the correct thing" among dandies of the capital. The head of Cardinal Richelieu is about to be solemnly reinterred, in the presence of the Archbishop of Paris, whose very sensible note in regard to a pretended miracle, which the *Monde* has been imprudently patronizing, has been followed by an equally sensible *mandement* to the vicars of his diocese on the subject of Rome and Italy, and of M. Duruy, Minister of Public Instruction, who has just issued a circular advising the teachers of the public schools not to torment their pupils by cramming their youthful heads with grammatical rules, learned by rote, but to inculcate the principles of correct and elegant diction by the less arid methods of dictation and the analysis of interesting reading lessons, thus indoctrinating them gradually and practically into the intricacies of grammatical law, without the infliction of the headaches, *pensums*, and weariness of the flesh to which the learned and genial minister alludes with an evident commiseration that makes one suspect he must have suffered many things in his boyhood under the rule of pedagogues.

The last fortnight has witnessed a good many mishaps among the theatres of the metropolis. Victorien Sardou's new piece, *Maison Neuve*, despite two fine acts, and many telling hits in the other three, is a failure, brought about, no doubt, by the fact that he is writing too fast and too much. A fire broke out one evening at the Grand Opera, destroying some of the beautiful scenery of the new fairy pantomime, *La Source*, but happily extinguished without causing very serious damage. The pretty little theatre of the Nouveautés, that has been got up by a band of young playwrights and actors who had clubbed their limited means together for the purpose, and which was going on swimmingly with a fairy ballet that all Paris was running to see, has been burned down, losing all its scenery, dresses, and other properties. The Emperor has sent them three thousand francs, but the unfortunate company was only partially insured, and is pretty nearly ruined by the accident. And the other evening handsome Mademoiselle Thèse, who is creating such a sensation as "Duchesse de Puylaurens," in the successful new play of *Cadet la Perle*, at the Gaîté, when sweeping across the stage in all the glory of an immensely long train, got the said train caught upon a nail in the floor, and torn all across. As she was in the midst of one of the most exciting passages of the play, it was absolutely impossible for her to leave the stage; and she was therefore forced to go on, rendering a highly impassioned and tragic "situation" with the damaged draperies dragging about a yard and a half behind her. At the end of the scene, the Duchess exclaims, as she strides indignantly over the boards, "At length I quit this place, where I have been dying of shame and confusion!" and makes her exit through one of the gilded doors of the palace. The exclamation on the occasion in question was so whimsically appropriate that the spectators, who had been watching with ill-repressed merriment the ludicrous effect of the tattered train, burst into a roar of laughter, intensified by an uncharitable clapping of hands, as the unlucky heroine disappeared from the stage, drawing her tattered finery after her.

The new star of the musical world, Joachim, has just left Paris for Germany, taking with him the acclamations of the areopagus of the "capital of Europe," which has proclaimed him the first violinist of the day. He is said to be a man of good education, amiable temper, excellent manners, and ready wit. Before he left, a select group of his admirers, composed of the *crême de la crême* of the aristocratic, artistic, and literary world, gave him, in the renowned "onyx parlor" of the Café Riche, one of those wonderful suppers—elegant, luxurious, brilliant, and jovial—of which Paris considers itself to have the monopoly. Joachim has shown himself just enough to conquer the suffrages and sympathies of the judges. During the forthcoming exhibition he will be one of the innumerable candidates by whom the admiration of "all the world and his wife" will be so hotly disputed.

Another notable supper, on a vastly grander scale, but probably a good deal less amusing, is the one which wound up the last grand ball at the Russian court. This repast, extremely copious, and made up of the most consummate dainties of French culinary art, with young asparagus and the most exquisite fresh fruit, washed down with Château-Lafitte and Clicquot's champagne, was served in the splendid saloon known as the White Gallery. Two thousand guests sat down to this splendid banquet, each one with a plate of solid silver before him, serving to hold the yet more costly plates of Sèvres porcelain which received the viands. Among other indications that gastronomic science is successfully cultivated at the court of the Great Bear, is the announcement that the famous establishment of M. Tivolier, of Toulouse, the great rival of the Strasbourg houses in the manufacture of the world-renowned *pâtés de foies gras*, has just sent off, for the Imperial hunting lunches of his Majesty the Czar, two enormous terrines, measuring eighty centimetres in circumference, and each containing thirty-eight fat duck livers, highly truffled. At the Imperial ball in question, besides the innumerable gaslights in the halls and staircases, and countless lamps, the ball-rooms of the magnificent Winter Palace were lit up with fifteen thousand seven hundred wax candles. The toilettes at this splendid fête were worthy of the rest of the splendors. The Empress wore a white robe with a trimming of tulip-petals across the middle of the skirt, and a diadem and necklace of enormous pearls, mixed with magnificent diamonds. The bride, now the Grand Duchess Maria Federowna, wore a white dress covered with strips of narrow blue satin ribbon that crossed one another, forming lozenges all over it. At each point of intersection, these ribbons were held down by a small bouquet of flowers, the effect of which is said to have been equally "elegant and picturesque." All the heirs of crowns sent to represent "the old folks" at Dagmar's wedding had remained for this culminating fête; the Prince of Wales, true to his reputation, dancing incessantly and with unflagging animation all night.

One's thoughts involuntarily turn from the brilliance of that festive scene, reflected from the endless rows of enormous windows upon the steel-like ice of the Neva, to the returning bands of young Poles, driven into exile for their share in the recent upheaving of their country, and recalled to their homes by the amnesty granted by the Czar in honor of his son's marriage, who were slowly making their way back to Poland while those myriads of lights were burning. But they who were thus travelling homewards across the snowy expanse of Northern Russia numbered scarcely more than one-third of those who had been driven into exile; all the others were dead before the amnesty reached its destination, having succumbed, far from home and friends, to hardships, overwork, and heart-break, in the mines of Siberia.

A M. Croll has just been edifying the Academy of Sciences with some very complicated computations tending to show that the moon is constantly approaching the earth, and will infallibly, some of these days, fall upon it with a shock that will possibly be the death of our planet and of all its inhabitants; and really, when one reflects on the monstrous horrors and follies perpetrated by the latter, one can hardly refrain from bidding the moon "God-speed;" especially as a laborious compiler of statistics has just triumphantly demonstrated the fact that the number of masses for the dead already said by the Catholic Church being sufficient to ransom, four times over, the whole of the human souls that have quitted this earth since Adam, and that purgatory being therefore, as he expresses it, "to let," our race may await the predicted cataclysm with the comfortable assurance of finding "scope and verge enough" in the very quarters best fitted for its reception!

While the festivities of Compiègne are drawing to a close, a few of the more prominent members of the fashionable world have opened their *salons* without waiting for the return of the court. At a ball given by one of these personages a few nights ago, one of your fair country women who carried off the palm of beauty was equally remarked for the elegance and originality of her toilette. Her dress, of pink taffeta, was trimmed with two magnificent flounces of Alençon lace, the pattern of which represented a garland of roses and asters. These flounces were put on in festoons, the festoons being held up with bouquets of roses and asters alternately. The same trimming was continued on the *corsage* and in the head-dress. Lastly, from the waist depended a sort of tunic, of white brocatelle, embroidered with bouquets of the same flowers. This tunic, short in front and rounded at the corners, lengthened out behind so as to form a train, and would have been very graceful and charming in a picture, or in a large room containing no other lady. In a crowded ball-room, though much admired, the long and elegant train was necessarily walked upon by every pair of feet that came within a yard or two of its wearer.

The rejoicings in which so many of the enemies of crinoline have lately been indulging, in view of its approaching downfall, have been somewhat premature. Several leading *sommités* of the aristocratic world have shown themselves without wires; but the gay world, though its "cages" are now very greatly diminished in circumference, shows no signs of giving it up altogether. The new shape is "gored" to fit the figure, and only widens out just before it reaches the ankles. Its four hoops are all below the knees, and just serve to "throw out" the bottom of the dress, leaving the upper part as "slim" as the figure it drapes. To this new style of crinoline, designed for day wear, is adapted, for evening wear, what may be most graphically described as the watercart-prolongation, viz., a sort of supplementary train, or extra crinoline, consisting of four hoops, forming a long projecting train, which is hooked on to the bottom of the day crinoline, and serves to extend the absurd lengths of silk and satin which it is now the delight of Paris belles to display behind them, notwithstanding the perpetual trampling to which these streaming cascades and rivers of drapery are inevitably subjected in a crowded drawing-room.

Baron Brisse, whose daily bill of fare has contributed so largely to the popularity of Emile de Girardin's new paper, has just published, in a pretty little volume, the three hundred and sixty-five dinners that have already appeared in the *Liberté*. Madame Michelet has published a charming novel entitled "The Child," and dedicated to her husband. M. and Mme. Paul Taglioni have married their daughter to his Serene Highness Prince Joseph Von Windishgratz; and immense merriment seems to have been created at Compiègne by the exhibition of a group of "Marionettes," got up by one of the wittiest of the guests, and composed of all the prettiest women under the Imperial roof, of whom one was a "Speaking Doll;" another, a "Dancer;" a third, "Cinderella;" a fourth, "The Fair Rosamond;" a fifth, a "Ballad Singer;" a sixth, "Cleopatra;" a seventh, a "Flower-girl," and so on. The imitation by these ladies of the abrupt and jerking movements and stolidity of countenance of their wooden prototypes, is described as "perfect," and the whole display as "excruciatingly comic."

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

MR. JOHN FOSTER, the most uncomfortable person of the last two or three centuries, a man who delighted himself by elaborating doleful essays on "Decision of Character," "Popular Ignorance," and similar depressing subjects, not content with making himself as wretched as possible by sad consideration of the past history of the human race, the present unhappy estate of himself and every other human being, and the melancholy condition to which we are all to be reduced hereafter, used to torment himself, as the readers of his works may see, by reflecting despondently on the griefs and woes of posterity. In more than one place he has expressed in his habitual style—a style, by the way, which is the vehicle of thoughts so gloomy, and withal so dead, that one is reminded of an ornamented hearse—his painful sense of the hardships and labors to be endured by the people of the twentieth century. Prominent among these prospective miseries he placed the growth—and, of course, he expected their increase to be in a geometrical ratio—of books of travels. He said that a man going from one capital to another, by ordinary means of conveyance, is able to see for about a gunshot on each side of the road. The people and their manners the wayfarer observes in the stages and at the taverns where he sleeps. Then he writes a book. But, says Foster, still borrowing trouble, suppose the section of country which the tourist has seen to be represented on a map of the world, and it will be represented fairly by a light pencil-mark. Now consider, he goes on, the small part of the world which is covered by these pencil-marks; consider the nature of the tourist, and how necessary it is to him to produce these volumes; and, again, consider the enormous number of such volumes already printed, and the likelihood of improvement in the means of locomotion, and the imagination begins to faint under the idea of the task to be performed by posterity when the whole round world is just newly pencilled over.

In fact, however, we who are the posterity in question seem to be not staggering under our anticipated burden. Heads of families, we should say, have ceased to advise the young to "peruse voyages and travels," and shun novels, and probably the last uncle has presented the last nephew with the last copy of "Travels in the Interior Districts of Africa, by Mungo Park," which once every Young Man's Guide recommended, as combining instruction with entertainment. The army of old-time tourists who, when they went abroad, took blank books with them, and made them blanker, and then put them into print, does not now exist in anything like its old force. Mr. Hepworth Dixon, to be sure, occasionally "does" a country, and among us there is Mr. Bayard Taylor, who may be described as a sort of commercial traveller, and J. Ross Browne and G. Augustus Sala pretty continually go to and fro in the earth, and wander up and down in it. And of course the Englishman travelling in the United States regards the custom of old days as being still so much in force as to warrant him in writing an unreadable book of observations upon the Yankee, his cataract of Niagara, his Mammoth Cave, his manners, his beasts of chase, and the really astonishing growth of his towns. The Agassiz of these specimens of literature might construct one of them complete from such a sample bit of them as this, for instance, which we suppose to have been written in 1837, or thereabouts. We quote from memory: "Niles is a thriving town, on the St. Joseph River, on the borders of the Potawatamie territory. Churches, a printing-press, and a theatre are now in operation where but ten years ago the ring of the woodman's axe was rarely heard. We observed a mounted Indian riding down the bluff and looking toward the town, pondering, perhaps, on the fate of his race doomed to cruel extinction, and in the streets we saw several squaws wearing nose-rings and other barbaric ornaments. Of course, having arrived late at the hotel, it was impossible to procure supper after the regular feeding-time, and we had to content ourselves by 'liquoring up' in the bar-room and eating a dry 'cracker.'" The Frenchman, too, occasionally puts forth a work of philosophy and feeling, exposes the want of insight of his British brother, felicitates his country, France, ever generous and magnanimous, on having created this wonderful state, so strong, so new, so fresh, which lays the foundations of the future, while Europe is engaged in patching and sweeping clean its ruins of the past, and marvels at the respect of Americans for women; he shows how this is accounted for by the free institutions which Jefferson, profoundly impressed by the ideas of France, planted here, and how—alas! one must confess it—this respect for those beings so beautiful but so fragile, so destitute of thought, so without the care of the mother, loved by men immersed in business, whom the stranger can see to be adored but without influence, unsatisfied and full of vague longing—in fine, so unhappy—this respect is apparent rather than real.

But, on the whole, the readers, and consequently the writers, of books of travel have vastly decreased in numbers within twenty-five or thirty years. Volumes upon the grand tour are altogether out of date. Almost no Americans even inform us, nowadays, of the condition of Shakespeare's tomb, or make reflections on the evils of monarchies and dine with the aristocracy of England, or ramble with us through the galleries of continental cities, or describe the bay of Naples and the picturesque Italian peasant. The "English Reader," if it were now to be prepared for the use of schools, would no more contain its account of the Grotto of Antiparos than it would contain those extracts from Cicero against Verres, or its "How long, O Catiline! wilt thou abuse our patience?" There is no boy who now reads those tales of shipwreck in the polar seas or captivity among the Moors which once were bought for every Young Men's Library. We doubt if, among all the readers of the Boston *Investigator*, any one now buys M. Volney's evil-intentioned "Travels through Egypt and Syria in the years 1783, 1784, and 1785." M. Volney, by the way, after telling us that a small sum of money fell to him by inheritance, and that his thirst for knowledge disposed him to spend it in improving travel rather than otherwise, and that he decided upon going to the countries where arose those religious customs and ideas that have had so much influence on mankind, states that he was confirmed in his resolution to publish "by the difficulties attending travelling in those countries which have therefore but seldom been visited, and are but imperfectly known."

Doubtless this remark of his suggests a good part of the reason why this once most popular of all branches of literature has so much fallen into decay. Mr. Seward telegraphed the other day to a United States Consul residing not far from the pyramids. The revolt in Crete is detailed by the Hoe presses of Athens. A man can count the days required for journeying by rail and steamship from London, through the Pillars of Hercules and the Red Sea, to the East Indies and Far Kathay. What country or countries remain in which there are "difficulties attending travelling;" and, now that young English persons of both sexes "leave their copies of Tennyson on the top of Mont Blanc," what places are there which "have but seldom been visited, and are, therefore, but imperfectly known?" Exceedingly few. Palgrave was able to make a fine book about Arabia a while ago; and the interior districts of Africa since Mungo Park was there, if nobody knows how many stupid books they have furnished material for, have also been the subject of four or five excellent works. The springs of the Nile are now discovered though. Vámbéry's remarkable book is not to be forgotten either. And no doubt Turkestan and Thibet and Japan and Siberia, if all its story could be told, might fill some volumes which would be entertaining enough and would satisfy a good deal of curiosity. Besides, even half civilized and savage mankind are worth studying, for man is a problem that cannot well be looked at from too many points of view. But universal trade and railroads and telegraphs have made it so easy to see strange countries that there are hardly any strange countries left to see, and as the age of travel begins the age of books of travel disappears.

But this facility of locomotion and the excess to which the writing of travels was once pushed cannot be held the sole cause of the result we see. A fanciful man might speculate curiously whether the introspective tendencies of the modern mind may not have had much to do with diminishing a sort of literature essentially objective. And a historian of travel-writing, adopting this theory, might show the gradual descent from such writing as that of Herodotus in the first age of literature, or of Benjamin of Tudela or Sir John Mandeville in the Middle Ages, through the writings of those tourists who record for us their bills of fare and no sooner get from home than they think themselves of importance enough to have their indigestions chronicled, down to travellers like Sterne, whose journeys are sentimental and records of their whims, or like Chateaubriand, whose journeys are sentimentalistic and full of gushing eloquence. Possibly it may be that the study of the microcosm has interfered with the study of the macrocosm, and a century of which Hamlet is said to be the type, should hardly be much inclined to go far and wide seeking other men, or women either, under foreign foul collections of vapors.

It is the periodical press which has driven the labored volume of travels out of the field. The newspaper sends out a correspondent if there is war in Wallachia, and another to the Tyrol when war comes there, and others to India or Tennessee or the Crimea, or to Japan with the embassy, and another to Jamaica when the results of emancipation are to be studied, and to Bermuda to see how coolies work, and to the land of claret and olives when information is wanted as to the French system of division of land among heirs. No reader of the *Herald* need be ignorant that the Russians embrace and kiss their male friend though he should hold an official position of dignity, or that they drink lemon-juice in their tea. What country, from Sable Island to the Black Sea, has not been put into papers for "Harper's Monthly?" The *Tribune* has resident correspondents in all quarters of the globe. No book on England contains the tenth part of what one may read in the regular London correspondence of Cincinnati *Gazettes* and Chicago *Tribunes*; even from countries dead and gone one reads letters, as, for example, the dismal screeds that somebody sends to the *Times* from the late Confederacy, to say nothing of the Toledo *Blade*, with its correspondent at Confedrit Cross Roads; and, till newspapers that must be filled each day, and magazines that must be filled each month, shall be abolished, and until the people cease to thirst for immediate news from every point, where anything that can be called news is happening, we shall still see the world in the journals, and keep our Hakluyts on our newspaper files and in our cyclopædias.

ODONTALGIA.

A DRAMATIC POEM, BY PORCUSARDENS.

(The pain.) A FIERY shuttle weaves the nerves,
In hundred hissing rocket curves;
The white frost gnaws the inmost bones,
With stings of forty thousand drones.

(Looks in the Glass.) O fair round cheek! O screwed-up mouth!
O wild eye gazing to the South!
O saffron hair in serried knots!
O skin so white, so red in spots.

(Makes up his mind to endure it.) O timid blood that pales and palls,
It is thy love, 'tis pleasure calls.
Her eyes are bleared with cruel wine,
Her dropsied limbs with throbbing shine,
Her Gorgon locks inviting hiss,
She pouts her leprous lips to kiss.
Though men deride and shun and curse,
She is my boundless universe.
I rush and fall in her embrace,
I breathe the poison of her face,
Her burning arms are round me thrown.
Bound in that sweeter tropic zone,
I pant and faint, O friend of youth!
I die while kissing, tooth to tooth.

(Easy for a minute.) Now in delight
The spirit grows white,
Sprinkled with prayer
From sins of despair,
From dungeons of madness,
From tortures of groans,
Up into gladness
And fan-flowing tones.
Never to hide again
Under a sorrow,
Joy in the future ken,
Peace for the morrow.

(Aches again.) Ah! the red flame shoots, gleaming, athwart me;
The gray brain is surging;
She is my own love; she only taught me
Passionate twinging.

(Goes to the dentist's.) My forehead parts the rushing airs,
Orion climbs the starry stairs,
The boding planets stand in pairs.

(Sits in the chair and thinks about it.) I see the gleaming altar knives,
Her pleading struggle now revives,
In vain wild Odontalgia strives.

(Out.) The priest above the bloody cup
Stern frowns upon appealing hope,
And crushes down, harsh scrouges up.

(The last pangs.) Then, gasping pestilential sighs,
And turning up her hateful eyes,
The weary, loathsome wanton dies.

NOTES ON REVIEWS OF ODONTALGIA.

The task is unpleasant of coming down from the grand, aristocratic Fifth Avenue, where Apollo is street commissioner and chief of police, and where one is associated with none so vulgar or so vile as newspaper contributors, but meets only the muses and gods of the first families, and mixing on the common path of literature with the crowd, where one's elbow is joggled by every scurrilous scandal-monger of the press. Yet I have decided to make the descent. My chief reason is, that my publisher has signified his unwillingness to have any further connection with me unless I defend my course. My friends also complain that some of my expressions are not so clear as they should be. But these I cannot attempt to elucidate. What my poem is about I shall endeavor to explain. I make these interpretations, be it understood, with an infinite contempt for all such as need them.

All nature's noblest works are composed of insignificant atoms. It is becoming, sometimes, to play the analytical chemist or the microscopist. Such is my present purpose; but let it be remembered that I regard whatever I may choose to examine as beneath disdain, to be cast out when my curiosity is satisfied. I deal with the infusoria, the animalcula, the animalculissima of literature—the editors and reviewers.

If I understand rightly the charge against me (and I have no certain means of determining that I do), I am condemned for having described scenes which well-behaved people are not in the habit of permitting in mixed society. Kissing is a bad habit. No well-brought-up young man will countenance it. But I do not commit myself to an approval of it—and he is a dolt who supposes I did, by saying in poetry that I kissed—any more than Snout the Weaver was a wall when he stood for it, or Bottom a lion when he "roared gently as a sucking dove." It is well known that Byron and Shelley were extraordinarily moral men (although I am not quite sure what the word moral means), and yet they wrote many verses about kissing, and some of them much plainer than those I have written.

My poem, which I have called "Odontalgia," is modelled on one Sappho thought of writing. The subject is ancient. The dragon which Cadmus killed affords the first classical instance of its power. It then inspired somebody to imagine men springing from teeth which had ceased to ache; and am not I justified in attempting, though in a feeble language and with a more modest genius, to picture a dental agony as a bacchanalian female?

My poem is entirely dramatic. Those for whom it was written—and I write only to please myself—appreciate this; and those to whom I have not addressed myself are simply beneath anathema. I designed to portray in the first stanza the exquisite torture of a culminated toothache "which hardens into rage and deepens into despair." In the second, the sufferer is represented as contemplating himself in a mirror. In the next three he gives way to the wild hopelessness of pain. Then comes a period of relief, beautifully expressed by the smoothly flowing verse. Suddenly the pang returns more excruciating than before. The victim-patient rushes for a dentist. In the first triplet he is represented as on his way. It is well to call special attention to the poetical character of these three lines. They contain more true feeling than many lyrical twaddlers have compressed into volumes. The first line tells the swiftness of the motion, and implies the pleasant cooling of the hot brow; the second indicates the time as early in the evening, and hints at the hurry in which the anxious man mounted the dentist's steps; the third refers to a mysterious conjunction of the stars, which none but the adepts in astrology can care to study or are able to know. The next two stanzas relate the extraction of the tooth; the last, the farewell pains and the relief.

It is humiliating to thus give all the points in detail. Foot-notes or marginal notes, of course, ought never to be allowed in a work of this kind. Coleridge, to be sure, added them to his "Ancient Mariner;" but this was probably to please a servile publisher and create a sale. If he followed his nobler nature and wrote for himself alone, he would not have descended to marginal instructions, fit only for the unrefined.

I cannot conclude without calling attention to one delicate beauty in my poem, which the spectacle-eyed Argus of the press would never spy. The fourth line reads:

> "With stings of forty thousand drones."

This is an exquisite imitation of classical humor. It is worthy to be catalogued with the sublime joke about the Greek calends. It is a well-known fact in natural history—known also to Pliny the Younger, I believe—that drones have no stings. I also mention, lest the infinitesimal nonentities called critics should pass it over, the elegant onomatopoetic language in which the extraction of the tooth is depicted:

> "And crushes down, harsh scrouges up."

And now I will ask how far off is the time when, as they do in France, a man can write what he chooses and publish what will pay? How long before a harmless person can print his own works for his own amusement, and not be made amenable to the foul-mouthed ignorance of an unsavory and corrupt censorship? When will other issues besides those of the American Tract Society and the New York *Herald* be received in profound public silence? In that happy day the swords shall be ploughshares, or the pruning-hooks spears, according to the wishes of their proprietors; the leopard may lie down with the kid if he desires, or the kid may eat up the leopard if he fancies him. Then all knowledge shall be a fenceless pasture for intellect, and art, divorced from conscience and taste, shall take full possession of the boundless regions of the illimitable perspective.

Fine Arts.

MR. CARPENTER'S PORTRAIT OF LINCOLN.

This engraving has suddenly appeared, without so much trumpet-flourish of anticipatory triumph as is usual in such cases. Yesterday we knew of it by vague rumor only; to-day we find it exists, having taken the world by surprise not by its appearance, which might have been expected, but by its extraordinary merit. The artist had very unusual opportunities to become familiar with his subject. It is seldom that a portrait painter has so good a chance as Mr. Carpenter had to observe and study the man he was to portray. He was brought as near to Mr. Lincoln as if he had been one of his immediate family, and, as is plainly to be seen in his interesting book, learned to love the man as truly as he admired the President; and the admiration and love acted together to make him a diligent student. This, which is plainly to be read in "Six Months at the White House," is said here to justify the numerous testimonials of those who pronounce this picture an admirable likeness. On this point, indeed, there can be but little doubt. Those who knew Mr. Lincoln the best are well satisfied with it; the testimony of photographs is strongly in its favor; and such testimony as that of Mr. Whittier, given in favor of another picture and quoted in The Nation four weeks ago, might, with vastly more truth, be given for this. The face is full of profound and true feeling; full of the gentle strength of the man, and the painter's knowledge of this and love of it; full of the "wise simplicity, the tender humanity, the pathetic sadness" of which Mr. Whittier speaks. There has not been truly given us before, what we possess in this, "the face of the speaker at Gettysburg, and the writer of the second inaugural."

The mechanical execution of the engraving is extraordinarily fine. Nothing at all approaching it in excellence has appeared in this country. In the case of Mr. Marshall's portrait, we had to call attention to the fact that the somewhat coarse and inaccurate engraving seriously injured the expressional value of the picture. In the plate before us, the engraver has done exactly his duty; the painter and he have worked together to produce a faithful and spirited and truly refined engraved head. It will take rank with the few engravings in which the very high merit has been attained of absolute accuracy of reproduction.

The engraving seems to be a fac-simile of a chalk-drawing. It is probable that Mr. Carpenter made, from his original life-size painted portrait of Mr. Lincoln, which was exhibited here at the time of the Great Funeral, and from memory, a drawing in crayon, which Mr. Halpin has exactly followed. We cannot be too grateful to the skilful engraver for his faithful performance of his task.

This work is of importance enough to warrant a rather minute criticism, and demands it as being the most important of American engravings. We go on, therefore, to speak of technical qualities of the work; and first of the hair, which is very successfully rendered. Its stiffness and springiness are faithful to nature, and the rendering of it by means of line engraving is very clever and complete. It is remarkably characteristic. The little, stiff fringe behind the right ear is delightful. It is not a "generalized" head of hair at all, but one of unmistakable individuality. That which is generally called the expression of the eyes, but which is to be found elsewhere than in the eye itself, the patient sadness which the muscles around the eye and mouth express, is so delicate and subtle that first inspection scarcely shows it. The under lip we believe to be too thin and straight for truth of portraiture. The hollow cheeks are almost perfectly rendered. We are sorry to see a disregard of local color, arguing, though it does not prove, a lack of love for color in the painter, whose original handiwork we have never seen. It is a great mistake and an injurious one to give so dark shadows on the shirt-bosom, under the cravat, and on the collar behind the whiskers. It is always wrong if the shadows on a white surface are made to vie in darkness with the lights on a black surface, as is the case here. The treatment of this picture as a vignette has been the partial cause of that mistake, which is made more injurious by that very treatment. It is impossible to wish this picture other than a vignette, for it is quite satisfactory as it is, but one would be glad to see the same head engraved with half-length figure and full background.

The prices at which the engraving is published are very low indeed. It is from two India proofs that we have gained our knowledge of the picture, and those are wonderfully cheap. It is very fortunate that this excellent portrait of our latest great man, which, moreover, is far superior as a work of art to all others that have appeared, should be offered at so low a price as to be within the reach of all.

ENGLISH PICTURES IN THE TENTH STREET EXHIBITION.

But few English pictures reach this country, and those few are seldom or never of the best or most notable. The work of the leading painters is seldom vouchsafed us. When we get it, it is their juvenile, their hasty, or even their slighted work. The "Millais" in the Gambart collection is an instance in point. It pretends to represent a very powerful and original painter; but it represents neither his power nor originality, except in the invention of the subject; it has nothing of Millais except the naturalness and freedom of action which he never misses, and the harshness of tone with which he has sometimes spoiled otherwise admirable pictures. This harshness, however, is not truly characteristic of the artist. We have not seen the large picture of "The Order of Release," for which this is a study, but the "Huguenot Lover" and the "Proscribed Royalist" were painted about the same time, and the "Black Brunswicker" some years later, and in none of these is there such terribly crude color as in this unfortunate study. It is actually no better than learner's work—the limbs that look as if pinched and bruised, the little red lumps which answer for baby's heels, the hectic flush in the triumphant wife's cheeks, the red-stained purple stockings that pass, unaccountably, into shoes. For the skilful disposition of the figures and the spirited action of each and every creature of the five, we have only admiration and gratitude. But it would have been better for those who do not love English art as much as they ought if this picture had never come.

Mr. G. E. Hicks is a young painter recently elected an associate of the Royal Academy. His large picture, "Before the Magistrate," is the first of his works that we have seen. It tells its own story with quite sufficient plainness; but it requires familiarity with English life and people to fully appreciate the subtle and skilfully made-out differences of character. The grave country baronet; the gentleman near, more familiar with town than his neighbor, M. P., perhaps; the attorneys, the clerk of the court, the reporter of the local paper; the scolding and threatening woman, and the ducks who help in the noise; the Irish youth who heartily enjoys the row, and the frightened girl beside him; the stately policeman and the grave and quiet workman who sits a silent spectator, in unruffled contemplation; all these and all the rest of the figures are unmistakable portraits. The drawing is very skilful and thorough, and without affectation. The color is fresh and bright, the local color of objects carefully studied and carried far into detail, rather over brilliant in some places, but generally not inharmonious. The whole picture contrasts strangely with some of the French pictures in the same room, a contrast worth observing and studying out.

Mr. W. C. T. Dobson is one of the very few living English painters of naturalistic tendencies who are indifferent to color. His very delightful pictures, delightful in sentiment and expression, are injured by grievous coldness of color. The little engraving, "Fairy Tales," so well known in our print shops, is really pleasanter to look at than the picture by Mr. Dobson from which it was made. The picture here, No. 25, the "Mushroom Gatherer," is not one of his best; indeed, has more of his bad color than of his good invention and sympathy.

Correspondence.

BAKER'S LEGGE'S "CHINESE CLASSICS."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Among the "Literary Notes" in your paper of April 12, 1866, is a short review of Dr. Legge's "Chinese Classics," a work which you very justly characterize as entitled, by its deep and toilsome research, "to rank among the masterpieces of German scholars on the Greek and Latin poets." Your notice concludes by the announcement "that an American edition of it is in preparation under the editorial care of Mr. Baker, of the Public Library, Worcester, Mass.," the text followed being, "of course, that of Dr. Legge."

The first volume of this American edition fell into my hands yesterday, and I find it so gross an instance of literary piracy that I think so consistent an advocate of international copyright as yourself will thank me for exposing it. Mr. Baker's "editorial care" seems to have been exercised within the narrow compass of about seven pages of introduction, half of which is an extract from a popular cyclopædia! "The reader will enquire who was Confucius, and where did he live?" So says Mr. Baker. So he probably asked himself, for the first time, when Dr. Legge's work came to his notice, and he found his question answered by a "brief and clear account" in "Chambers's Encyclopædia," which he thereupon reprints for the benefit of the American public. The remainder of the introduction consists of a discussion of the doctrines of Confucius, which Mr. Baker argues have been depreciated by Dr. Legge. Now, considering that we can almost number on the fingers of one hand the men who are entitled, by their studies or experience, to measure swords with such a giant among *sinologues* as the Rev. Dr. Legge, it is rather startling to see this panoplied critic spring from the Worcester Public Library like a Minerva from the brain of Jove! Equally startling is Mr. Baker's mode of reconciling his theory of Confucius' deism with the absence of any mention of Deity in his writings, on the principle that

> "it will be found the rule rather than the exception, that the frequent use in worship or religions of the title of the Supreme Being comes from those who grew up in ignorance and profanity, and who can only date their interest in these things* to late periods of their life, or after sin has blighted or stained the character."

Again, Dr. Legge, whose life has been spent in missionary labors among the Chinese, and in studying the books of their sages, charges that people with a general want of truth. But Mr. Baker, who seems to have evolved an ideal Chinaman from the depths of his own moral consciousness, much as the Dutch philosopher evolved an ideal camel, retorts as follows:

> "Whether they (the Chinese) are greater liars than Dr. Legge's own nation, may not be left entirely for him to decide; but his case is doubtful with Confucius, to say the least."

Mr. Baker's ignorance of China and the Chinese is amply proved, if proof were otherwise wanting, by this sentence. One is almost tempted on reading it to wish for a literary tribunal, where the author of so ungenerous a sneer could be arraigned on a similar indictment to that which brings many of his idealized Chinamen before the Hong Kong police courts—I mean "piracy and stabbing."

If I have trespassed too much on your patience, it is because I deem this so-called editing of foreign publications a disgrace to our literary character, and a fraud on our reading public which deserves exposure and reprobation. In conclusion, I would say that if our great men of letters are destined to succeed in their struggle for an international copyright law, none will be more rejoiced than

Your obedient servant,

AN AMERICAN.

HONG KONG, October 10, 1866.

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The Week.

THE President has vetoed the District of Columbia Suffrage Bill, in a long and temperate message. His theory is, that although Congress has the exclusive power of legislation in the District, it is nevertheless bound by considerations, partly moral and partly political, to refrain from pushing the exercise of this power to its extreme limits, and that it ought not to make against the will of the citizens of the District changes in their political system which it could not make in the States, inasmuch as the District is not represented in the Legislature. One of the rights of the whites of the District he considers to be a monopoly of political power. The blacks are not represented either, but he does not think black claims for representation worth consideration. He says that the number of colored people in the District has increased from 14,000 in 1860 to 30,000 in 1867; and declares that if they get the suffrage there will be a greater influx than ever, and they will overwhelm the white residents by their numbers. But he says also the white population has increased from 60,000 to 100,000 in the same period, so that the residents of 1860 are overwhelmed by strangers already. For our own part we do not anticipate a great rush of colored gentlemen to the District in order to enjoy the privilege of voting. People vote only once a year, and in the interval between election days they are closely occupied with the quest of beefsteak and potatoes, and are guided in the choice of a residence mainly by their anxiety with regard to those commodities. It is almost a waste of space to discuss the message. The sum and substance of it is, that it is undemocratic to legislate for unrepresented whites but not for unrepresented blacks; that though Congress may not rule whites against their will, whites may rule blacks against their will; and that it is a monstrous outrage to force men to surrender a monopoly of power. Color in Mr. Johnson's mind is evidently an essential political distinction and not an incidental or artificial one, and he talks of whiteness with as much reverence as Froissart talks of "gentle blood." His sophistry is of the half-simple kind, and reads very much like the speeches delivered by the smart young men who sharpen their wits at debating clubs by standing up for the worst side.

WE are very glad, as every one should be who has the least respect for the United States Government, to hear that Senator Howard has offered a series of amendments to the bill regulating the selection of grand and petit jurors in Utah, which, if made law and executed, will destroy polygamy and make the life of an American citizen safe in that Territory, even though he should be in the displeasure of Brigham Young. Mr. J. S. Mill, in arguing for toleration for the Mormon system of polygamy, appears to fall into the mistake of supposing them to be residents in some wild country of their own and not citizens of a regular Territory of the United States, living among "Gentile" citizens, and therefore not disconnected, but closely connected, with the communities constituting the American Republic. In fact, Congress, which holds the only law-making power for Territories, has been for many years responsible for this practice, which every civilized nation condemns. But leaving out of view the question whether or not a Christian nation may so far interfere with individual liberty as to forbid polygamy, there cannot be the shadow of a doubt that Congress does only its bare duty when it protects American citizens in their rights of buying and selling goods, or preëmpting portions of the national domain, in Utah, without being murdered by a "saint." This, we hold, it ought to have done long ago; and if it had not been shamefully remiss, we should not now be bearing the disgrace of seeing the representatives of the United States in Salt Lake City afraid to venture out of their houses after nightfall for fear of assassination. But late is better than never, and Senator Howard's amendments strike at the root of the trouble, though no doubt a military force will be necessary to carry them into effect. The proposed law sets the penalty for pretending to have more than one lawfully married wife at a fine of not more than $10,000, nor less than $500, or imprisonment at hard labor for a term varying from four years to three months. It is made lawful for a "sealed" wife to sue for wages during the time when she lived with her spiritual husband. The person who performs the marriage rite according to the Mormon ceremonial is to be imprisoned at hard labor for a year or more, and fined one thousand dollars or a greater sum, at the discretion of the judge. Trials Mr. Howard would have without jury before a judge of the United States District Court. What moved him to incorporate into his bill a provision which so flagrantly violates the fundamental law of the land, we do not know. Mr. Howard, if he will pardon us the supposition, may some day do something as bad as be spiritually married to one more wife than he ought to have. We are forced to suppose that he would make no complaint if he were thereupon sent to the penitentiary for five years without trial. But for ourselves—we also may become such a criminal as we have supposed Mr. Howard—we prefer trial by a jury of our peers, as the Constitution provides; and in the interest of ourselves and those like us, we protest against this rage for removing the ancient landmarks which seems to possess certain Congressmen, as well as too many out of Congress.

◆

MR. ASHLEY's resolution for an enquiry into the President's conduct, with a view to his impeachment, has been referred to the Judiciary Committee. The question of impeachment, as we have said more than once, is a question of expediency. We are opposed to it, because we think his trial, even if he were convicted, would bring more evil on the country than his continuance in his office can possibly work. With anybody who thinks our affairs are not already sufficiently complicated, there would be no use in arguing; but no candid man, no man who has "no axe to grind," or can see two sides of a question, can help seeing that an impeachment of the President in our present political and financial condition would cause terrible confusion. There is always some little thing which, in the eyes of ardent men, will, if left undone, ruin the country. Just now it is the impeachment of Mr. Johnson, but the country is not easily ruined, and he is not a formidable enemy. The world moves in spite of his struggles, and justice will reign yet, no matter who sits in the White House.

◆

When the war broke out the Executive assumed the right of suspending the *habeas corpus*, that is, of exercising perhaps the highest and gravest act of government, without consulting the legislature, and Congress submitted to the usurpation for two years, during which there is no question the power of arbitrary arrest was greatly abused. In March, 1863, an act was passed ordering lists of all persons in custody under military orders to be furnished to the district courts, and directing that these persons should be either indicted and tried in regular form or discharged from custody. This act was utterly disregarded. Lists were not furnished regularly to the courts, and prisoners against whom grand juries found no bills were not only not discharged, but were tried in defiance of the law by military commissions for all sorts of offences. One of these cases has now come before the Supreme Court, and all military commissions organized in the teeth of the act of March, 1863, have been pronounced wholly illegal, which they were, including that by which Mr. Lincoln's assassins were convicted. The executive at that time seemed to revel in the breach of acts of Congress, and did so with the approval of a large portion of the public. And now, mark the consequences. Mr. Johnson entered on the office in the midst of this general and strange indifference to the authority of the legislature, and, not unnaturally, being a very narrow-minded person, concluded that he was the government, and that the sole business of Congress was to vote money, and began to act accordingly, and we know with what result. The Supreme Court then reasserts solemnly the jurisdiction of Congress over personal liberty, and denies the right of the Executive to touch it arbitrarily, and forthwith some of the very men who were most frantic last summer in exalting the legislature and denouncing the President's usurpation begin to talk of "impeaching" the judges for doing what they were bound to do, before God and man, come what might. We have commented elsewhere on the conduct of the court in embarking in a discussion on points which came in no way before it. But we hope this whole matter, grave and important as it is, will open the eyes of the public to the great danger there is that the breaches of law and of propriety into which over-zeal on behalf of the right now carries us may be one day used against us in defence of the wrong. It is not very long since there was a majority in the United States on the side of wickedness, and we may all live to see it again; if we should, we may have sore need for our own protection of all the forms and traditions of the law and the Constitution.

◆

Mr. Thaddeus Stevens and Mr. Spaulding engaged on Monday in a passage of arms which a portion of the House found simply funny, but which no decent man can read without shame and confusion. For humor of that kind a very low pot-house is the proper place, and the age of the leading actors in the farce rendered the performance double revolting.

◆

It is confidently stated in private circles, indeed an inkling of the matter has already got into the newspapers, that some "spicy revelations" have recently been made in the examination upon oath, by a Congressional committee, of a gentleman who holds an exceedingly lucrative office under the United States Government in this city. Twenty thousand dollars, it is said, were given away in two very opportune presents, to two ladies supposed to be of very great influence in Washington official society, just at the moment when the greatest exertions were making in behalf of the various candidates for the office referred to—just at the time, in fact, so the story goes, when the papers that would have given the office to another applicant than the present incumbent were already made out, and awaited only the signature which for reasons interposing, was never given. Presents of twenty thousand dollars are not bestowed by sagacious merchants without expectation of return. And, it may be added, rumors to the contrary notwithstanding, sagacious merchants do not, by obliging and easy resignation, give up what their money has purchased, but fight hard for it at whatever risk of seriously incommoding statesmen, politicians, and veteran lobbyists. We have little doubt that the whole affair will yet see the light in the report of the Judiciary Committee, if not, in that of the committee which made the enquiry above mentioned.

◆

The New York *Tribune* argues strongly against the impeachment of the President; but says, if he is impeached, "his interference in the Fenian troubles last summer, whereby the honor of America was sacrificed to please England, ought to be enquired into." We may infer from this sage proposition what a melée the trial would be. The Chicago *Republican* also wants to impeach the judges of the Supreme Court; and if the rage for this form of procedure continues to spread, there will hardly be one judicial or legislative officer in the country who will not soon be on his trial. General Grant is trying very hard, and has hitherto been very successful in keeping out of the fray, but both parties seem to long to get at him, and his opinions as commander-in-chief on the various political questions of the day are discussed and guessed at with a gravity which a stranger might fairly take to be an indication for our readiness for a military dictatorship. Wendell Phillips wants him to do justice sword in hand, which we fervently hope he will not, as when soldiers in a republic begin this sort of thing they are apt to keep at it, and do not only justice but a great deal more. If Mr. Phillips finds himself before he dies carried off the platform by a corporal's guard, of which there is, of course, no probability, he will not be the first over-eager reformer who got an over-dose of his own medicine.

◆

The Chicago *Republican* announces solemnly that "there is a number of military officers in the House who are ready to take the strongest ground against judicial usurpation," that is, who are ready to impeach the Supreme Court judges for deciding that an act of Congress is law; buts adds that "in the Senate *there are no soldiers*, and any movement towards impeachment would be hopeless in the present Senate." It is, of course, impossible to say where this folly will end, but the public, we feel satisfied, will have had enough of it before the winter is over.

◆

There is a story afloat that some of the artists are agitating for a tolerably heavy tax on all pictures imported from Europe, by way of protection to their own works. We doubt the truth of the story, but we, nevertheless, are surprised that gentlemen who find their pictures unsalable have not hit upon this method of "working them" off long ago. From the standpoint of a bad painter, which, without ever having had a brush in our hands, we conscientiously endeavor to take, our only objection to this scheme is that it does not go far enough. The bill ought to contain a provision forcing the Secretary of the Treasury to purchase all pictures of native artists that nobody else will purchase, for the formation of a "grand gallery." Our opinion—still from this standpoint—has always been that all bad painters and bad writers ought to be supported by the country, though we have always been willing to leave the paltry details of the arrangement to Congress. If a man writes or paints as well as he can, and he still cannot get a living, who is to blame but the rascally public? We need hardly say we are in favor also, on our own account, of the exclusion of all foreign publications. We think, for example, that The Nation and "North American Review" ought to be protected against the English weeklies and quarterlies, and also against *Every Saturday* and *Littell's Living Age.* The Japanese and Chinese are much decried in these days, but they at least know how to foster native art and literature.

◆

Mr. Rostine Parker, the conductor on the Jersey Railroad, has thought proper to clear himself of the charge of abusive and insulting language to Mrs. Kennedy by bringing a libel suit against this journal. We obtained from his lawyer a denial that he (Parker) was the person who had the interview with Mrs. Kennedy, and we gave him last week the full benefit of that denial. On enquiring of the manager of the road what he supposed was Parker's object in attempting to clear his character by bringing an action instead of offering an explanation, we were informed that his course was probably due to the feeling prevalent amongst the employees of the road that if one newspaper were heavily mulcted in damages, it would make others more careful how they commented on the sayings and doings of these gentlemen. An action *per se* has, however, no terrors for us. We are afraid of doing people injustice, but we are not afraid of being sued. So we shall now ask whether Mr. Rostine Parker knows who the employee was, be he brakeman, conductor, or baggage-master, who saw Mrs. Kennedy on the day of the accident, and who swore at her, reviled her, and put her off on the track with her baby in her arms to look for her father's body. If he does not know, has he ever tried to find out? If he does know, has he ever reported the ruffian to the manager? Has the manager instituted any investigation into the matter? Has he discovered the culprit, or, if he has, does he still retain him in the employment of the company? We may add that it is inconceivable that there should be any difficulty in discovering who he was; and if known and not punished, we have no hesitation in saying that his superiors are accomplices in his ruffianism. We shall continue these enquiries in the interest of decency, humanity, and civilization until the public gets a little more light on the subject than it has at present.

THE Pope has shown himself wise enough to resist the counsels of the Jesuits, who wanted him to quit Italy along with the departing French troops, and docile enough in coming to an understanding with Victor Emanuel to render the proposed and much-debated visit of the Empress Eugénie to Rome quite superfluous. He is evidently out of humor with Napoleon, and his farewell address to his foreign defenders was scarcely less malicious towards that sovereign than his expressed regret, half a year ago, for the loss of Orsini to the Church. He had heard, he said, that the Emperor was in great bodily pain, and he prayed for his relief; disturbed, also, in mind, and he prayed for the repose of his conscience; and he intimated that, as the French were a Christian people, they richly deserved a Christian ruler. Such a message, which may fairly be called ungrateful, is a proof that the Pope as well as Italy has done with France, and enables us to confine our attention to the Peninsula in forecasting the probable settlement between the kingdom and the Papacy. The mission of Signor Tonello, who was armed with the most liberal concessions, to Rome appears to be accomplishing just what Ricasoli meant it should—the exoneration of the government even in the eyes of the Pope. But it leaves untouched the bottom of the Roman question, and the absolute unity of Italy is yet a great way off. The execution of the convention of the 15th of September simply converted an international into a domestic controversy.

THE spirit of revolution in Candia dies hard, if indeed it is doomed to be crushed out. Except for considerations of high state policy, otherwise known as the balance of power, the Christian powers would undoubtedly long since have interfered in behalf of the heroic victims of Turkish despotism. But France already stands well with the Porte, and England is anxious to stand better, and both dread the Byzantine mania of Russia. The dismemberment of the Turkish empire, however desirable for the homogeneousness of Europe, and however inevitable, is not to be hastened by Powers which need not dread the shock. Hence the interference of Greece in the Cretan conflict is regarded very jealously, France half threatening the none too stable kingdom, and England wrapping herself in her customary neutrality. Nevertheless, a Greek steamer makes its regular trips between the main and the island, and the American consul at Canea has refused to recognize so ineffective a blockade as this fact implies. The fighting is still maintained with varying success, but unvarying ferocity on the part of the Turks. As a sort of back-fire, an insurrection of Greeks in Thessaly is reported, and the Servians are clamorous in demanding that the Turks shall withdraw from the fortress of Belgrade, which, though it menaces the country, would seem to be too remote and too dilapidated to be held in case of war. Austria is involved in this phase of the "Eastern question," for the Servians, having not unreasonable apprehensions of being absorbed by her, shrink from her with a corresponding aversion.

THE FREEDMEN.

AMONGST the laws of North Carolina is a statute disfranchising all persons who have been guilty of larceny and similar offences, and have been punished therefor by whipping. In order to "head off," as is said, any action of Congress tending to enfranchise the negroes, the whites of that State are taking every opportunity of arresting them, convicting them of various petty crimes, and sentencing them to be publicly whipped. This is occurring in all parts of the State, and an army officer asserts that the subject is freely discussed amongst the members of the Senate and House of Commons, one of them remarking on one occasion: "We are licking them in our part of the State, and if we keep on we can lick them all by next year, and none of them can vote." Says the officer mentioned above:

> "I cannot resist the conviction that there is a deliberate and general purpose to seize negroes, procure convictions for petty offences punishable at the whipping-post, and thus disqualify them for ever from voting in North Carolina, whatever may be the future action of the nation."

—In a letter to Secretary Stanton, Gen. Howard presents some estimates of the number of blacks in the South at the present time, which are compared as follows with the census of 1860:

	1860.	Dec., 1866.
North Carolina	361,522	361,522
Louisiana	350,373	350,373
Florida	62,677	62,677
Virginia	548,907	500,000
South Carolina	412,320	375,000
Mississippi	437,404	420,000
Arkansas	111,259	100,000
Georgia	465,698	400,000
Missouri	118,563	100,000
Texas	182,921	200,000
Tennessee	283,019	300,000

The colored population of Mississippi, as printed in the letter, is 320,000; but as General Howard speaks of only a "slight" decrease in this State, there is evidently a mistake which needs correction. From the foregoing figures it appears that there has been a good deal of shifting and much presumable loss among the blacks. The Gulf States have contributed to fill up Texas and Tennessee, where an urgent demand for labor, on the one hand, and a loyal government, on the other, offered a refuge from idleness, precarious pay, persecution, and wicked laws. Kansas and Iowa have drained Missouri and Arkansas; Maryland and the District of Columbia, and indirectly the entire North, have lightened Virginia. Louisiana may have parted with some of her blacks, but must also have received many, acting, perhaps, as a sieve to Texas. The emigration to Florida will be more apparent hereafter. Altogether, about 225,000 blacks are unaccounted for in the States enumerated. The natural increase in the past six years would have been about 350,000, and allowing that 100,000 will represent the number who have removed to, and still inhabit, States not included in the list above, we have a deficit of nearly half a million of colored people, whom war, want, anarchy, and a fictitious peace under liberty have repressed or destroyed. And this figure would undoubtedly be swelled from the statistics of Alabama and Kentucky.

—The colored people of Delaware are taxed to support schools to which they are not admitted. A public meeting was held at Wilmington, December 27, to organize an association like that in Baltimore, which has accomplished so much for the education of the colored people of Maryland. Judge Bond made a capital speech, in the course of which he said that the opponents of negro education must be treated like skittish horses—brought up to the school-house and made to rub their noses against it. It will take something more than this to convert Gov. Saulsbury, whose message to the Delaware Legislature opposes the Constitutional Amendment, questions the constitutionality of the Civil Rights Act, recommends prohibiting the immigration of negroes, and eulogizes the practice of selling blacks into slavery as a punishment for crime.

—The old Emigrant Aid Company, of Boston, has sent a trustworthy agent to Florida, to report upon the attractions offered by that State to emigrants. It depends upon the voluntary subscriptions of its friends for the means thus to continue the good work which it began in the case of Kansas twelve years and more ago.. Mr. T. B. Forbush, 23 Chauncey Street, Boston, is the secretary of the company.

Notes.

LITERARY.

The lately published volume of Mr. Bancroft's "History of the United States" has excited sharper criticism and closer investigation than any of the previous ones. The actions of prominent generals of the Revolution are here related, and their descendants are naturally anxious to have that record as honorable as possible. The families of Gen. Greene, Gen. Wayne, and Gen. Schuyler are particularly indignant at what they consider the unworthy treatment that Mr. Bancroft has accorded to their ancestors. Mr. George Washington Greene has published, through Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, an elaborate vindication of Gen. Greene from the charges, or rather from the slurs and innuendoes, of Mr. Bancroft. He prints various unpublished letters of Gen. Greene and others, which Mr. Bancroft has had access to, but which he seems to have read carelessly and to have misused. Mr. Bancroft is, of course, at perfect liberty to have his own opinion of the merits of Greene as a soldier, but no preconceived bias or even honestly formed judgment will warrant him in inserting in one letter a passage written in another to a different person, or in altering words and phrases so as to convey a different meaning. That Mr. Bancroft has misrepresented Gen. Greene seems conclusively shown in the pamphlet we have mentioned, though such misrepresentation may not be so great as Mr. Greene thinks. We understand that Mr. Henry B. Dawson will publish in the "Historical Magazine" a vindication of Gen. Wayne, particularly in relation to the Paoli affair. Mr. Dawson has had the use of all the Wayne papers, which are all carefully preserved, and drew from them the materials for his valuable monograph on Stony Point. Similar controversial arguments are being prepared with reference to Gen. Schuyler's management of the campaign in Northern New York. In the number of the "Galaxy" for January 1, Mr. William L. Stone has a valuable and interesting paper on the death of Jane McCrea, which shows that all the best authorities are against Mr. Bancroft's version of that matter. Mr. Bancroft has retained the traditional story of the murder of Miss McCrea by two Indians sent to bring her to her lover, which is so familiar to all children from the wood-cuts of the scene given in all the cheap histories of the Revolutionary War. Mr. Thomas C. Amory, of Boston, will print in the next number of the "Historical Magazine" a vindication of his grand-uncle, Gen. Sullivan, as a patriot and a soldier. Mr. Wm. B. Reed, of Philadelphia, has also in press a pamphlet of about 160 pages refuting Mr. Bancroft's strictures on his grandfather, President and Adjutant-General Reed.

—The first number of *Northern Lights*, the new weekly magazine, edited by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe and Edmund Kirke, has appeared. It consists of thirty-six pages, clearly but cheaply printed in double columns, with an outside sheet, similar in appearance to *Every Saturday*, though the pages are a trifle wider. In this number Mrs. Julia Ward Howe has a poem which, with bad enough taste, she styles "The Two Rs," it being about Ristori and Rachel. The effect is quite funny when she calls Rachel "the slim Judean." Also, we get a sketch by Petroleum V. Nasby, and Fitz Hugh Ludlow, Frederick W. Shelton, Edmund Kirke, and others, write articles, one of them a continued story of New England life.

—An imitator of Mr. Carlyle in his historical style has sprung up in the person of Mr. Francis Espinasse, who has just published the first volume of the "Life and Times of François-Marie Arouet, calling himself Voltaire." Not having any of Mr. Carlyle's genius, nor any of his own, he has copied the faults and eccentricities of his master, and successfully imitated no one of his excellences. In the six hundred pages which he devotes to the account of Voltaire, from his birth to his arrival in England, from 1694 to 1726, he has given all the facts that could be raked together with regard to Voltaire's life, many of which are new and interesting. But by far the greater portion of that space is taken up with a description of the state of the world at that time, and photographs of every person and thing that were in any way connected with or could possibly have had any influence on his hero. They are, for the most part, very blurred, and show blotches and patches instead of clear-cut outlines.

—One of the best Anglo-Saxon scholars of England, Mr. Oswald Cockayne, is preparing for publication an Anglo-Saxon dictionary, which will contain views of Anglo-Saxon philology essentially different from those of Dr. Bosworth, his great opponent. A new edition of Dr. Bosworth's dictionary is in press as one of the Clarendon Press series. It is to be hoped that the faults in the English index, which were pointed out by Mr. Marsh in last week's Nation, will be there corrected. Mr. Short is to add such a list of English words, with their Gothic equivalents, to the Gothic Glossary he is preparing for the Philological Society. Mr. Cockayne is about to publish another number of "The Shrine," his occasional periodical that he prints when he has an opponent to demolish or some valuable relic of Anglo-Saxon literature to preserve.

—Mr. Robert Buchanan has recently published a volume of translations of Danish ballads, with the title, "Ballad Stories of the Affections from the Scandinavian." It is Mr. Buchanan's highest praise that they do not read like translations. Being a collection of both ancient and modern ballads, the book shows well their distinctive difference in spirit. The old ballad is the product of childhood in literature and in art; a good modern ballad can be produced only when the poet tries to enter into "the freshness of the early world," and has children or the heart of child-like persons in his thoughts. A true modern ballad concerns either children or peasants. Nearly all others are pinchbeck imitations of the antique, easily distinguishable by their ring. The freshness and simplicity of any modern ballad, as of some of the pieces of Oehlenschläger in this volume, are that of art looking back to a simple subject, not the *naïveté* and unconsciousness of a half-awakened and still stammering national speech. "Sir Ebbe Skamelson," "Signelil, the Serving-Maiden," and "Cloister-Robbing," are three of the best of the old ballads in this beautiful Christmas book, which Messrs. Routledge & Sons have published, with some good illustrative wood-cuts.

—A valuable and very necessary book to students of zoölogy has been begun by Dr. Albert C. L. G. Günther. It is "The Record of Zoölogical Literature," of which the first two volumes, for the years 1864 and 1865, have recently been published by John Van Voorst, London. The mass of zöological literature has lately become so great, so many societies are in active operation that publish "proceedings" and "journals," that naturalists have long felt the need of some digest or index. There are in London twenty periodical publications which contain contributions and notices on every department of zoölogy. In Scotland and Ireland there are as many more, and on the continent of Europe they are more yet. In America, both North and South, Asia, and Africa, there are numbers of societies of natural history. Without some such work as this of Dr. Günther's, it is very hard for the enquirer to ascertain whether his discoveries have not been previously made and noted in some remote part of the world. The only previous work of reference of this character has been the reports on zoölogy attached to Wiegman's "Archiv für Naturgeschichte," now edited by Professor Trostel. Each department of the "Record," mammals, birds, etc., is commenced with a list of the various publications which have appeared relating to its special subject during the preceding year. To the title of each work are usually appended some general remarks on its nature and scope, forming a more or less complete analysis of it. A second *special* part of the "Record," as it is termed, follows, in which the new species and new genera described during the year, together with all other novel information concerning each form, are arranged systematically. The mammals, reptiles, and fishes are treated of by Dr. Günther himself; the birds, by Professor Alfred Newton, of Cambridge; the mollusca, by Dr. Eduard Von Martens, of the Museum of Berlin; the molluscoidea and crustacea, by Mr. Greene, of Cork, Dr. Perceval Wright, of Dublin, and Mr. Spencer Bate. The section relating to insects, myriapods, and arachnidans is the compilation of Mr. W. S. Dallas. His work in the "Record" for 1865 extends over nearly three hundred and fifty closely printed pages, and embraces notices of upwards of four hundred and fifty different publications relating to this subject issued during the year.

—In consequence of the hints given in the *Reader* and other papers last summer, subscriptions have flowed in to the Sanskrit Text Society to over £1,200. Much of it has been subscribed by Indian princes and merchants. The society secured for its first text the "Mimansa," of which Professor Goldstücker, its director, has long had many sheets printed, so that two parts were immediately issued, and the remainder will be published soon. With the last part will appear an introduction to the book, and a discussion as to its place in Hindu philosophy.

SCIENTIFIC.

Influence of Water on the Production of Milk.—In a communication to the French Academy of Sciences, Dr. Dancel discusses the influence of liquid food and of water upon the quantity of milk secreted by herbivorous animals. It is found that by inciting cows to drink large quantities of water, the quantity of milk yielded by them can be increased several quarts per day without materially injuring its quality; the amount of milk obtained is approximately proportional to the quantity of water drunk. Cows which, when stall-fed with dry fodder, gave only from nine to twelve quarts of milk per day, at once produced from twelve to fourteen quarts daily when their food was moistened by mixing with it from eighteen to twenty-three quarts of water per day. Besides this water taken with the food, the animals were allowed to drink at the same intervals as before, and their thirst was excited by adding to the fodder a small quantity of salt. The milk produced under the water regimen, after having been carefully analyzed and examined as to its chemical and physical properties, was adjudged to be of good quality; excellent butter was obtained from it.

The precise proportion of water which can thus be given to cows with advantage is a point not readily determinable, since the appetite for drink differs very considerably in different individuals. But by observing the degree of the appetite for drink in a number of cows, by taking note of the quantity of water habitually consumed by each of the animals in the course of twenty-four hours, and contrasting this quantity with that of the milk produced, Dancel asserts that any one can see that the yield of milk is directly proportional to the quantity of water absorbed. He asserts, moreover, in as many words, that a cow which does not habitually drink as much as twenty-seven quarts of water per day, and he has met with such, is actually and necessarily a poor milker; she will give only from five and a half to seven quarts of milk per day. But all the cows he has seen which drank as much as fifty quarts of water daily were excellent milkers, yielding from nineteen to twenty-three quarts, or more, of milk. In his opinion, the quantity of drink consumed by a cow is a valuable test of her worth as a milk-producer.

In the main, these experiments do but illustrate with greater precision facts which have long been familiar to practical men. The nurse, when suckling the human infant, does not naturally consume much more solid food than before, but of liquids she drinks much larger quantities. After a cow has begun to give milk she drinks far more water than before; the quantity of water consumed increasing, according to Dancel, from between eleven and eighteen quarts per day, or even less, to twenty-seven, thirty-six, or forty-five quarts, or more—at least for the breed of cattle upon which he has experimented.

As far as practical information goes, we have gained very little on Virgil (Georgics, III. 394):

> "At cui lactis amor, cytisum lotosque frequentes
> Ipse manu salsasque ferat præsepibus herbas.
> *Hinc et amant fluvios magis, et magis ubera tendunt*,
> Et salis occultum referunt in lacte saporem."

We are only able to state, somewhat more precisely than Virgil did, the effect of following these excellent directions.

As Dancel justly urges, however, the principle here laid down has hitherto not been sufficiently recognized by men of science in many of the experiments which have been undertaken for the purpose of comparing the value of different kinds of fodder, and of determining the influence which they severally exert upon the production of milk.

Though presented as a physiological disquisition, and by no means without value from the physiologist's point of view, Dancel's paper will be more likely to attract general attention from its bearing upon the vexed subject of adulteration. If the accuracy of the proposition be admitted, that by inducing a cow to drink every day twenty-odd quarts of water more than her accustomed ration, several additional quarts of milk can be obtained from her, and if the practicability of the operation be accepted as proved, then the question at once arises as to whether or no the method now under discussion will be in any way preferable to the time-honored custom of adding a certain amount of water to the milk after it has left the cow. The customary method, at first sight, certainly seems to be simpler than the plan now hinted at, of pouring six times the needful quantity of water down the cow's throat; but it is well-nigh certain that the milk thus indirectly "extended," *à la* Dancel, will be superior in quality to milk watered to the same extent after the milk has been taken from the cow. Not only will analysis be likely to exhibit a far closer approximation to the composition of ordinary normal milk in the former case than in the latter, but we may be sure that milk diluted within the animal will receive a certain share, at least, of that elaboration and commingling of its ingredients which is as yet inimitable by man, and which so widely distinguishes organized matter from that which is unorganized. The milk of the water-soaked cows must still be regarded as milk—not as adulterated milk. Milk of quality somewhat inferior to the ordinary it may be, in spite of M. Dancel's opinion to the contrary, but it is still the animal secretion, milk, and not a mere mixture of milk and water. Here, as in a host of other cases of so-called adulteration, it would be well if dealers would only adopt some system of just adaptation of price to quality; just as in the Russian markets one may choose between first, second, and third quality eggs, according to the length of his purse and the delicacy of his taste.

THREE VOLUMES OF WAR POETRY.[*]

It is instructive, or it would be if the lesson had not been long ago read and long ago known by all men, to read together these books of Northern and Southern war poetry, and observe the contrasted spirit breathed by each. As poetry, not much is to be said for any one of the three. Mr. Cutler's book is of the order of the best college magazine or class-day "Poems;" as smooth all of it, and nearly all of it quite as imitative, as this, for example:

> "A great hot plain from sea to mountain spread;
> Through it a level river slowly drawn,
> He moved with a vast crowd, and at its head
> Streamed banners like the dawn."

But the little volume contains not a thought or a sentiment of which a good man of enlightened mind need ever be ashamed. Of half the Southern poems it may be said that they might have been produced by boys who had begun to drink whiskey and had not done declaiming Albert Pike's "Seminole's Reply." They are very often nothing more than a semi-articulate, bloodthirsty screech, and represent as well the sentiment of the section whose muse stands responsible for them as Mr. Cutler's verses express what undoubtedly was the average Northern sentiment, which was never in the whole course of the war, and since the Southern defeat never has been, ferocious or vindictive. Those pieces in Miss Mason's volume or Mr. Simms's for which this description would be too harsh are still mostly below the ordinary standard of worthless newspaper poetry, and with not many exceptions when they are not execrable for their savagery are laughable for many reasons.

Taking up Mr. Simms's book and turning over the pages we are first struck by the amusing variety of opprobrious titles for Northerners. Shimei himself, a secessionist of old times, and bringing all his Hebrew intensity of spirit to bear upon the art of cursing, might have taken one of our secessionists as a master. "The dastard foe" is a common form of address and description, and besides this we find "the vandal foe," "the haughty foe," as Simms says, "with his aggregated powers, hell's hate and venom working in his heart," "the modern Huns," "the Vandal bands," "the Northern Thugs," "the demon Goths," "the bastard slaves"—which hints very strongly at a way slaves had in the South as well as the North—"the myrmidons of hell," "the fiend and slave," "the foul enemy," "the usurper," "the despot's hireling," "the brutal corsairs," "the ruffian types of might," "the foul serpent," "the north-wolf," "the braggart foe," "the dastard spoilers," "the vile invading horde," "the mad fanatic," "the savage Hun and merciless Dane," "the Sodom-hearted butchers," "the foul and coward hangmen;" and all in one alliterative line the unfortunate Yankee is entitled "pest, pilferer, puppy, pretender, poltroon"—why not polecat and pusillanimous pig it is hard to see, the more that Southern bards are apt to give metre rather cavalier treatment. There is no end to the list; we take leave of the subject in this stanza, written by a Kentuckian and addressed to citizens of the border States:

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[*] "War Poems. Elbridge Jefferson Cutler." Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1867.

"The Southern Poems of the War. Collected and arranged by Miss Emily V. Mason." Baltimore: John Murphy & Co. 1867.

"War Poetry of the South. Edited by W. Gilmore Simms." New York: Richardson & Co. 1867.

"The bastard and the traitor,
The wolf-cub and the snake,
The robber, swindler, hater,
Are in your homes—Awake."

It must, one would think, bring a blush to the cheek of a man like W. G. Simms, for instance, or Paul H. Hayne, to look now at the record of their conqueror's action since the subjugation of the rebels and then to look back a little further and read over the rabid foolishness which they and others like them used to pour on the Yankee head in every Southern newspaper. It would be the best criticism on such stuff as Simms's "ode" entitled "Do ye Quail?" to set side by side with it the sections of the pending constitutional amendment, or the yearly reports of rations issued to destitute refugees and freedmen by the United States Government—

"Did ye think the mere show of your guns on the wall,
And your shouts, would the souls of the heathen appall?
That his lusts and his appetites, greedy as hell,
Led by Mammon and Moloch, would sink at a spell;
Nor strive with a tiger's own thirst lest the flesh
Should be torn from his jaws while yet bleeding afresh?"

And, his heart not being sufficiently unpacked, Mr. Simms, who was born in South Carolina and expects to be taken for a gentleman, and who has written a good deal, and lays claim to the titles of scholar and author, goes on in still crazier disregard of taste, truth, decency, and sense—of everything but Campbell:

"Your grey beards with necks in the halter,
Your virgins defiled at the altar,
In the loathsome embrace of the felon and slave,
Touch loathsomer far than the worm of the grave.
Ah, God! if you fail in this moment of gloom,
How base were the weakness, how horrid the doom!
With the fiends in your streets howling pæans,
And the Beast o'er another Orleans.

. . . .

Upon them, O sons of the mighty of yore!
And fatten the sands with their Sodomite gore."

As we have said, it is true, what Mr. Simms himself remarks in his preface, that these poems "will be found truthfully to exhibit the sentiment and opinion prevailing more or less generally throughout the whole" of the late Confederacy. The puzzle is to see why a Southerner should have been the man to expose the folly of his countrymen, and laboriously put upon record a full confession of all the charges of barbarity and want of cultivation which the enemies of the South—friends of truth, we may say—have always brought against it. The editor's reason, that the North, having conquered the South, had as good a right to the songs which inspired the rebels as to their captured cannon, is of course nonsensical. Mr. Simms can attach no meaning to his own words. We should be unspeakably sorry if the only right of property either section can have in such a collection could be in any way transferred to the North. No; it can properly be said to belong only to the social and political system, the civilization, which produced it, and that civilization every Northern man may well thank heaven is not his. Look at this gem:

"Furl the red banner—'scribe its tale,
And shroud with regal pall!
Thrill the requiem-surging wail
While ye sound our thrall.
A dauntless race has owned its sway,
That cross baptized in flame,
That shone on Jackson's deathless way,
The Valley-march of fame."

And this, too, which we the more willingly copy because as a chivalric person's account of the Southron it may profitably be read in connection and contrast with the previously quoted Southern description of "the Northern scum:"

"You have no such blood as theirs
  For the shedding;
In the veins of cavaliers
  Was its heading.
You have no such stately men
  In your abolition den,
Marching on through foe and fen,
  Nothing dreading."

Now, when the acknowledged leader among Northern men of letters, a man of education and breeding, one whom his countrymen accept as being a representative of their best, an old man withal, can deliberately and with evident complacency offer the world such stuff as this, and pronounce it a truthful expression of the sentiment and opinion of his fellow-citizens, the North will have gone backwards in civilization to a point two hundred years behind the place it holds to-day. Further back than that. We wrong the founders when we imply that the men of 1667 could have been guilty of such words, or had in their bosoms hearts such as these are, out of whose abundance words like these are spoken. Yet before it can be said that the North, in any proper sense of the words, owns this war poetry of the South, we must suppose, *magnos componere parvis*, that Bryant and Emerson could have written and applauded what we see has been written and gloried in by Simms and Hayne.

Miss Mason's collection and the other one contain nearly the same pieces. Hers is not, however, quite so melancholy a monument of the Confederacy's disgrace as Mr. Simms's, and his, therefore, as the most characteristically Southern, we recommend to such readers as want one volume of Southern war poetry, and want but one. Both contain "Stonewall Jackson's Way," the best of all the Confederate poems, and really fine, although it is sometimes marked, as in the line

"Strangle the fool who dares to scoff,"

by the prevailing vice of its class—a force and intensity of expression quite disproportioned to the needs of the occasion, and rather ridiculous. "Maryland, My Maryland," is also in both books, and both have the poem whose authorship is claimed for the North, "All Quiet along the Potomac To-night." But certainly the seeker of poetry would have very little to regret if every piece here published were utterly lost, and, for the rest, though the future historian may be glad of the collection, the statesman and lover of his country may well enough be sorry that so much has been done to keep alive a spirit of antagonism between the two sections, which at the best, and in one of the two, at any rate, will not die too soon.

THE BOOK OF THE SONNET.[*]

The Turk, we are told, has a custom of picking up and saving every scrap of waste paper that is thrown in his way, and will suffer none of it to be trodden under foot. The name of Allah, he says, can be written on it. It is a comprehensive reason, which authors would like to see in force among enlightened nations, but is proof positive that the Turks, though they may be pious, certainly have no publishers. Dr. Johnson, too, we are frequently reminded, used to say that he had never in his life read any book so poor that he learned nothing from reading it. And, furthermore, it is true that very poor books being left to themselves, do sooner or later go to oblivion. But after all that the good-for-nothing writer can plead in justification of his fault, and all that the critic, too merciful, can offer in extenuation of it, the fact remains that every year many men, for one reason and another, are each year made to pay money, honestly earned, for books that are by-and-by found to be worthless. And this consideration, if there were no others, should and no doubt will keep critics true to their duty of condemning what is condemnable.

So we say it is unfortunate that any one who professes to have a poetical department in his library (and a library without poetry is only a library by misuse of language), and who, therefore, will feel bound, and will properly feel bound, to put this work on his shelves, should be obliged to buy two volumes of it instead of one. For the weak essay of the American editor, and by far the greater number of the American sonnets, the judicious reader very well could have, and very gladly would have, dispensed with, and then the work would have been half as large, half as expensive, and several times as satisfactory.

His part of the work Mr. Lee dedicates to Mr. George H. Boker, of Philadelphia, whom with perfect seriousness he pronounces the author of tragedies "far better, we think, than any other tragedies of modern times;" a statement equally untrue if not equally ridiculous, whether by "modern times" he means times since Sophocles, or since Shakespeare, or since Congreve and Rowe, or since Schiller and Coleridge and Byron died, or since Taylor and Browning began to write. That a man should have passed a literary judgment so utterly absurd, is of itself enough to destroy his claims to a hearing on any subject related to criticism. But pretty much all of his essay is quite in keeping with it. Quoting the rest of the paragraph from which we have taken this dictum, what, we would ask, can a man be thinking of who deliberately writes down this sort of thing as something fresh and new, worth saying and printing and paying for and reading? He is speaking still of those "magnificent efforts," "Francesca da Rimini" and "Leonor de Guzman." In them the author shows "his profound knowledge of the human heart, with its sentiments and passions, its love, rage, jealousy, ambition, despair. In them, too, he charms us with the beauty and harmony of poetic diction, or rouses us with eloquence of the highest order." Put into copperplate, all this might serve, so far as utter triteness goes, to be cut up in convenient lengths and put into boys' copy-books. Country papers, we imagine, keep such criticisms always in type to be ready for the column which acknowledges "Books Received" from "the enterprising publishing house of so-and-so," and the others. We suppose—it would be very hard to suppose otherwise—that it is Mr. Lee also and not Leigh Hunt who is responsible for this sort of note:

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[*] "The Book of the Sonnet. Edited by Leigh Hunt and S. Adams Lee." Boston: Roberts Brothers. 2 vols. 12mo.

> "'I have found it!'—the famous exclamation of Archimedes when he discovered the quantum of alloy in the crown of Hiero, King of Sicily."

As might have been expected from the dedication and the essay, the author looks upon Mr. Boker as the best of all American sonneteers, and in his praise of his favorite he collects and comments upon some "of the beauties of thought and diction scattered all over them." We seldom find ourselves able to agree with him. What need, for instance, of italicized admiration of poetry like these lines, which are written "of the affectation of a backward and somewhat cold mistress":

"Alas! alas! that reason only proves
A fact your cautious action never tells,
That I must reach my joy by slow removes,
And guess at love as at the oracles."

There is nothing in particular to be said against such verses, but there is nothing either to be said for them, except that they run smoothly enough and contain nothing that is displeasing. Even so much as this cannot be said for all the dozen which Mr. Lee has selected from the seventy or eighty which Mr. Boker has written. Take the first one, and notice the excessively unpleasant idea suggested of a kiss drawing out something from the object kissed:

"I do assure thee, love, each kiss of thine
Adds to my stature, makes me more a man,
Lightens my care, and draws the bitter wine
That I was drugged with while my nature ran
Its slavish course."

And it proceeds with worse confusion of imagery, though with no single image so disagreeable in itself. Number two we say nothing about, in order that we may afford space for number three in full. It is "The Awaking of the Poetic Faculty," and we take leave to say that it describes the awaking of a very common and very cheap variety of the faculty in question. It is the awaking of what there is of the poetic faculty in an imitative nature. It is the glow produced in an ordinary mind (and by the ordinary mind mistaken for self-originated heat) by the friction of contact with the superior mind of others, and is just as much like the fire of real genius and power as sparks got from a cat's back by rubbing it are like the lightnings of heaven. Hundreds of thousands of men could—and we are glad to say that many of them would not—write just such sonnets as this of Mr. Boker's:

"All day I heard a humming in my ears,
A buzz of many voices, and a throng
Of swarming numbers passing with a song
Measured and stately as the rolling spheres.
I saw the sudden light of lifted spears
Slanted at once against some monster wrong,
And then a fluttering scarf which might belong
To some sweet maiden in her morn of years.
I felt the chilling damp of sunless glades,
Horrid with gloom; anon the breath of May
Was blown around me, and the lulling play
Of dripping fountains. Yet the lights and shades,
The waving scarfs, the battle's grand parades,
Seemed but faint shadows of that wondrous lay."

The truth is that Mr. Boker constructs with care and elaboration the legitimate sonnet with its two rhymes in the *octave* and its three rhymes in the *sestette*, and he chooses such language as to him seems good, and puts into it such thought as he has, and does, beyond the shadow of a doubt, produce sonnets. But Mr. Lee is not to think that the sonnet-writer, any more than the odist or song-writer, can—no matter how strictly he conforms to rules—be released from the obligation to prove himself a true poet, and seventy or eighty sonnets like those of Mr. Boker's do not outweigh one such sonnet as one or two of Longfellow's "On Translating the Divina Commedia," or that of Lowell's beginning

"I ask not for those thoughts that sudden leap
From being's sea,"

or those of half a dozen other men and women who have written within the last ten years.

Leigh Hunt's essay "On the Cultivation, History, and Varieties of the Species of Poem called The Sonnet," is excellent reading. It is written in the airy, conversational style which was natural to him, or which he so often chose to write in, and which, we confess, is not always altogether agreeable to us, there being, now and then, or to us seeming to be, a little of conscious archness and prettiness in it, a slight inclination to be "gushing," which is hardly manly. But, in Leigh Hunt's hands, it is generally well managed, and it is a style which, well managed, is apt to be very taking, and may be very good. And this essay conveys much information on all the topics of which it professes to treat, and contains much good criticism, if none very acute or profound. This, for example, about Milton as a sonneteer, is worth having. Milton, by the way, though of course admired by Hunt, was yet not a man, any more than Dante was, to be a favorite of his and so get the benefit of the ingenious defending which Hunt could on occasion do for his friends:

> "If a complete specimen of the legitimate sonnet in all its demands, both of uniformity and variety, could have been expected of any English poet, Milton was the man; for he was a poet willing to show his learning; he was a musician; and he could write sonnets, as we have seen, in their native language. Yet it is remarkable that, although all the sonnets of Milton, English as well as Italian, are of the legitimate order, and though he was an honored guest in Italy at the time when the reaction was beginning to take place in favor of its purest and best writers, he has hardly left us one in which the received rules respecting the division of quatrain and terzettes are not broken, and the music of the whole fourteen lines merged into a strain of his own. The strains, except in one particular, are good; most of the sonnets good; some of them noble and beautiful; one of them rejoices in the recollection of 'Tuscan airs,' and it might be supposed that the writer would have modulated his notes accordingly, and shown what variations he could make of his own, after the Tuscan manner.
>
> "Not so. The sonnets are entirely such as I have described, with this unmusical and therefore remarkable deterioration, that they are unhappy and monotonous in their rhymes. Few of them, either English or Italian, are exempt from this fault. The two most affecting sonnets—the one on the *Massacre of Piedmont* and that on his *Deceased Wife*—are so full of them that a writer of Spanish *asonantes* would say that they had but two rhymes throughout. The two quatrains of the latter sonnet give us no rhymes but in *a*, and the terzettes none but in *i*. (*Saint, grave, gave, faint, taint, save, have, restraint, mind, sight, shined, delight, inclined, might.*) Criticisms on rhymes appear trifling and hypercritical, and in the case of long poems would be so; but they are otherwise in respect to compositions that are at once so brief and so full of musical requirement as sonnets.
>
> "Most affecting, nevertheless, are those two sonnets; noble the one on the *Assault Intended to the City;* charming the *Invitation to Lawrence;* and masterly in passage all the rest.
>
> 'Soul-animating strains—alas! too few.'
>
> Why did not Milton write a sonnet on every cheerful, mournful, and exalting event in his life? Why do not all poets do so? I mean when they are not too happy or too unhappy to speak. What new and enchanting volumes of biography we should possess."

We repeat that, with all its faults, we recommend the book for purchase and perusal. If there is a good deal in it, both of prose and verse, which swells its size and detracts from its worth, there is still much poetry of the very best strain. It is easy to see how the collection might have been made better. We have already pointed out one particular in respect to which improvement might have been made. It might have been well, if the book was not to be called "The Book of the *English* Sonnet," to have made it truer to its title by giving us translations of the greatest writings of this kind in other languages. But, undoubtedly, we have here the best collection of sonnets in English that has ever been made, or that soon will be made; and we have them all together, and in a not unworthy setting of prose. Of course tastes will differ as to what sonnets should have been selected and what rejected; but as to the writers, except Cowper, we think no one will miss a favorite from Surrey and Sidney down to Tennyson. Mr. Lee, we suppose, is responsible for the omission of specimens from some of the latest of the English minor poets, as, for instance, Dobell and Matthew Arnold. The writer last named might, we dare say, hail with joy the appearance of a work so likely to be useful, as he conceives of usefulness, to the rising poets. He would, perhaps, anticipate for them much benefit from the careful study and severe practice of a sort of composition in which, at whatever sacrifice of detached beauties, the effect to be produced by the whole poem is what the artist, with labor and self-restraint, must seek. For ourselves, we expect, at any rate, a great number of harmless little sonnets, and perhaps a weakly revival of Spenserian and Sidneian English.

MANSEL'S REPLY TO MILL.[*]

That the two great schools of philosophy will never be able to make much impression on one another by way of criticism seems pretty evident from the history of the long debate the last words of which reach us in Mr. Mansel's restatement and defence of Sir William Hamilton's philosophy.[†]

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[*] "The Philosophy of the Conditioned; comprising some Remarks on Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy and on Mr. J. S. Mill's Examination of that Philosophy. By H. L. Mansel, B.D." Alexander Strahan, publisher, London and New York. 1866. Pp. vii. and 189. Reprinted, with additions, from the "Contemporary Review."

[†] The view of the controversy taken in this article differs somewhat from that taken in the article on the same subject in Vol. I. The modification is the result of further reflection on the part of the writer.

The only real strength of either school appears to be in its ability to hold and fill the minds of its disciples to the exclusion of the other, not by logical refutations but by competitive rivalry in meeting the intellectual demands of the thinker. Few minds could be tempted, even were they competent to do so, to stand in fair judgment between these contestants, and the only feasible course of this sort ever recommended was that of Pyrrho, who advised his disciples to stand aside rather and to attend only to the practical questions of life. For, after all, the intellectual demands which these philosophies are calculated to meet are creations of the philosophies themselves, and once created they find their food only in the parent thought. Thus, the main summary objection which the metaphysical spirit makes to the theories of the sceptical school is, that they fail to answer the questions which the metaphysical school has started. And the main objection of the sceptical spirit to metaphysics is, that these questions are gratuitous, idle, and foolish.

A compromise between the two schools was nevertheless attempted by Sir William Hamilton in his "Philosophy of the Conditioned." This philosophy allows the validity of metaphysical problems; allows that the terms and positions of the orthodox philosophy mean something possibly real; but maintains at the same time that these refer to unattainable objects, and that the questions are unanswerable so far as human powers of comprehension can render the facts evident or even intelligible as such. This philosophy is in strict accordance with the teachings of Catholic theology from the earliest times, and it gives great prominence to an essential position of this theology—to the antithesis of reason and faith, or the doctrine of a difference in kind between knowledge and belief. The kind of entertainment which, according to the "Philosophy of the Conditioned," it is possible for the mind to have of the ideas of metaphysics, far from being a conviction from direct or intuitive evidence, is not even a conception of the facts as possibly true. A conception of the terms and of the propositions as such is, of course, not only allowed, but is an essential position of this philosophy. That which is regarded as inconceivable is the union of the terms of these propositions in reality as well as in form—in the facts which are supposed to be stated in the propositions. That such a fact can be entertained or assented to is the common ground of this philosophy and orthodox theology. "Faith" or "simple belief" is the name of this assent. But inasmuch as this assent is entirely independent of knowledge or probable evidence, an independent ground for it is required among the native powers of the mind, and this is also called "faith" or "belief." Knowledge and partial evidence may aid in fashioning our ideas of metaphysical facts, but such are not regarded as the grounds of our assent to them.

To this extent the "Philosophy of the Conditioned" is nothing more than the doctrine of orthodox theology. But its essential feature is this: The faith which is ultimate and independent of knowledge is not in this philosophy a sentiment, the issue of the heart, or a conviction having its ground in aspiration, love, and devotion, but it subsists in the cold light of the intellect itself, where alone intellectual philosophy could profess to find it. It subsists as a logical necessity of thinking something to exist which is unthinkable—not merely something which we have not yet thought of—not the unknown simply, but the unknowable. Sir William Hamilton professes to demonstrate this necessity in the passage so often quoted from his review of Cousin.

"The conditioned is the mean between two extremes—two inconditionates, exclusive of each other, *neither of which can be conceived as possible*, but of which, on the principles of contradiction and excluded middle, *one must be admitted as necessary*," etc. This application of the logical laws of contradiction and excluded middle is the gist of the philosophy of the conditioned; and to this Mr. Mill, in his "Examination" of Hamilton's doctrines, has distinctly replied to the following effect: What is the evidence of the impossibility of a middle ground between contradictory propositions? Simply this: that in all that we know, and in all which we can conceive as possible, there is no such middle ground. What, then, is the evidence in regard to that which we *cannot* know and *cannot* conceive as possible? It is clear that on their proper evidence the laws of excluded middle and contradiction cannot be extended to such cases, and that such an extension of them is purely gratuitous. What hinders, either in the laws of thought or in our knowledge of things, that there should be an inconceivable middle ground between inconceivable contradictories? What hinders that both of them or that neither of them should be true, or that truth should be wholly included in what can be understood as true?

To this refutation of the main position of the philosophy of the conditioned, Mr. Mansel makes no reference in his reply, except in a very remote manner, in a passage in which he sneers at Mr. Mill's apparent ignorance of Hamilton's doctrine of the reality of space. A favorite illustration with Hamilton of his laws of the conditioned is the equal inconceivability, as he asserts, of infinite space and space absolutely bounded, one of which, on the ground of their mutual repugnance, must be admitted as real. The fitness of this illustration, to say nothing of its truth, depends on its not being confined to space as we know it, but on its extension to the really existent space, or space independent of our knowledge, if any such space exists. If no such space exists, then the illustration is wholly inapt. Mr. Mill, therefore, very naturally attributes to Hamilton the only meaning which could fit his illustration to its use, and he supposes Hamilton to refer to a "noumenon space." Mr. Mill says: "It is not merely space as cognizable by our sense, but space as it is in itself, which he [Hamilton] affirms must be either of unlimited or of limited extent." "At this sentence," exclaims Mr. Mansel, "we fairly stand aghast." "Space as it is in itself! The noumenon space! Has Mr. Mill been all this while 'examining' Sir William Hamilton's philosophy in utter ignorance that the object of that philosophy is the 'conditioned in time and *space*;' that he accepts Kant's analysis of time and space as formal necessities of thought, but pronounces no opinion whatever as to whether time and space can exist as noumena or not?" (p. 138). And so Mr. Mansel runs off on an irrelevant issue from the nearest approach he makes to the gist of the matter.

The first sixty pages of Mr. Mansel's review are devoted to a positive exposition of the metaphysical doctrine of the "unconditioned," that "highest link in the chain of thought," that "absolutely first link in a chain of phenomena" about which metaphysicians have gratuitously confused themselves for so many ages. Mr. Mansel endeavors to clear up the matter by discussing the terms employed in the doctrine, and especially the meanings attached to them by Hamilton. He then comes to the trial of Mr. Mill's "Examination," and this is his indictment: "Not only is Mr. Mill's attack on Hamilton's philosophy, with the exception of some minor details, unsuccessful; but we are compelled to add that, with regard to the three fundamental doctrines of that philosophy—the relativity of knowledge, the incognizability of the absolute and infinite, and the distinction between reason and faith—Mr. Mill has, throughout his criticism, altogether missed the meaning of the theories he is attempting to assail" (p. 63). More specifically he charges Mr. Mill with ignorance of the history of the questions discussed; with frequent perversions and even inversions of the meanings of the terms employed by Hamilton and other metaphysicians, and with an unpardonable want of familiarity with Plato and with the antiquity of the doctrines which he discovers as absurdities in Hamilton and our author.

A scholastic display of subtle learning was probably not Mr. Mill's object in entering into this debate with the metaphysicians. If metaphysical philosophy had been content to remain a purely theoretical philosophy, shut up in its own technicalities, and in the original Greek; if it had disdained to descend into the arena of practical life and to influence men's conduct, no really earnest critic, like Mr. Mill, would have opposed its pretensions. If it had not translated itself into the vernacular and wrested words of a familiar and practical application from their familiar and practical use, and thereby sought to enslave the souls of men to a scholastic and ecclesiastical authority, no criticisms like Mr. Mill's would have disturbed its self-complacency.

That Pyrrho was wrong in his advice to abstain from such disputations, is sufficiently evinced by the influence upon practical life which the doctrines of Hamilton and Mansel were calculated to exert. "That a true psychology is the indispensable basis of morals, of politics, of the science and art of education; that the difficulties of metaphysics lie at the root of all science; that these difficulties can only be quieted by being resolved, and that until they are resolved—positively, if possible, but at any rate negatively—we are never assured that any human knowledge, even physical, stands on solid foundations;" these are reasons enough for examining the pretensions of the metaphysical philosophy; these are the sufficient grounds of the practical critic's interest in those formidable words, the infinite and the absolute, the *chevaux de bataille* of metaphysics. For these words are also common and familiar ones, and are commonly and familiarly used, as Mr. Mansel himself admits, in senses different from those assigned them by the metaphysicians; but the conclusions drawn from their definitions in metaphysics are inevitably interpreted into a practical accordance with the common-sense meanings of the words, and hence lead to false judgments concerning the character of the evidences of religious and moral truths.

Mr. Mill's real end was, therefore, a practical one—to show that in the recognized common meanings of these words the doctrines of metaphysics make arrant nonsense, and that these words have a valid, useful, and intelligible application to the most serious practical relations of life, without any reference to their use in metaphysics. Mr. Mansel uses the word "absolute" in a sense different even from Hamilton's, and complains that Mr.

Mill has not given him the benefit of his philosophically clearer and correcter definition. But we imagine that Mr. Mill was more concerned to do justice to the common-sense meaning of the word than to Mr. Mansel.

That the words "infinite" and "absolute," as defined in metaphysics, involve contradictions in their definitions, and not in the attempt to conceive the reality of the things defined, is the position which Mr. Mill maintains against the philosophy of the conditioned. "The contradictions which Mr. Mansel asserts to be involved in the notions do not follow," says Mr. Mill, "from an imperfect mode of apprehending the infinite and the absolute, but lie in the definitions of them, in the meanings of the words themselves." This position Mr. Mansel flatly denies. He holds that these meanings are perfectly intelligible, and are exactly what are expressed by the definitions of the words. To test this, let us take an example. "If we could realize in thought infinite space," says an anonymous writer (a diligent student of Sir William Hamilton's writings, whom Mr. Mansel quotes with approbation), "that conception would be a perfectly definite one." The infinite, then, is not the indefinite. It is a unit, a whole. But it is without limits. It is, then, a whole without limits. But a whole implies limits. We know of no whole which has not limits. We can conceive of no whole which has not limits. Limits, in fact, belong to the essence of every whole of which we speak intelligibly. Does not the metaphysical idea or definition of infinity involve, therefore, a contradiction?

Of the common idea of the infinite, as involved in the concrete example, "infinite space," Mr. Mill says: "The negative part of this conception is the absence of bounds. The positive is the idea of space and of space greater than any finite space." "This definition of *infinite space* is," says Mr. Mansel, "exactly that which Descartes gives us of *indefinite extension.*" But an indefinite extension, according to Descartes, is that which is capable of unlimited increase, and we fail to see the identity of this with Mr. Mill's definition. Moreover, according to the metaphysicians, the infinite and the finite, being contradictories, include all there is, and as the indefinite is not the infinite it must be some finite. But Mr. Mill says that his infinite is *greater than* any finite. How, then, can it be the same as the indefinite? "Greater than any finite" excludes the finite as effectually as an absolute negation of it, but it has this positive peculiarity, that it excludes the finite in an essential and characteristic *manner*. "Greater than" is a much more specific form of denial than the "is [illegible]" by which the metaphysicians are content to distinguish the infinite [illegible] the finite. It is this specific and characteristic *mode* of exclusion [illegible] constitutes the positive part of the abstract conception of the inf[illegible], and, according to Mr. Mansel, a positive conception, or the positive [illegible] a conception, is that of which we can conceive the *manner* of its re[illegible]ion. It cannot be supposed that Mr. Mansel means by this that only [illegible] conceptions are positive of which we can have examples in intuition, for this would be to identify positive conceptions with *adequate* ones. No one asserts that the infinite can be adequately conceived except the "rationalists," to whom Mr. Mill is as much opposed as Hamilton or Mansel; but, as Mr. Mill observes, "between a conception which, though inadequate, is real and correct as far as it goes, and the impossibility of any conception, there is a wide difference."

The common notion of infinity is not, then, a mere negation. It refers to and is related to positive experience, and to valid operations of the mind in drawing conclusions from experience. It is not the same as the indefinite; it is not that to which an unlimited addition is possible, since it is defined as the greatest possible, greater than any quantities which can be measured or compared by their differences.* The metaphysical idea or definition of infinity, on the contrary, in so far as it is not merely negative, involves a contradiction, since it is asserted to be a definite whole, and, at the same time, to[illegible] without limits.

M[illegible]nsel quotes Locke against Mr. Mill's position, to the effect that the [illegible]sition of an actual idea of the infinite realized in the mind involves a [illegible]diction. But Mr. Mill does not suppose the notion to be fully realized or to be capable of complete realization. It is important only that the notion be true as far as it goes, or that it should accord with the facts and the evidences which the mind *is* capable of comprehending.

We must pass over other special points of criticism, and hasten to the chief practical ground of difference, which we conceive to have furnished the real motive of Mr. Mill's "Examination" of Hamilton's and Mansel's doctrines. Our readers will remember the paragraph in the "Examination," p. 103:

> "If, instead of the 'glad tidings' that there exists a Being in whom all the excellences which the highest human mind can conceive exist in a degree inconceivable to us, I am informed that the world is ruled by a being whose attributes are infinite; but what they are we cannot learn, nor what are the principles of his government, except that 'the highest human morality which we are capable of conceiving' does not sanction them; convince me of it, and I will bear my fate as I may. But when I am told that I must believe this, and, at the same time, call this being by the names which express and affirm the highest human morality, I say, in plain terms, that I will not. Whatever power such a being may have over me, there is one thing which he shall not do: he shall not compel me to worship him. I will call no being good who is not what I mean when I apply that epithet to my fellow-creatures; and if such a being can sentence me to hell for not so calling him, to hell I will go."

To this Mr. Mansel replies by discussing the meaning of the word "good." He asks "whether Mr. Mill really supposes the word *good* to lose all community of meaning when it is applied, as it constantly is, to different persons among our 'fellow-creatures,' with express reference to their different duties and different qualifications for performing them?" and he proposes to "test Mr. Mill's declamation by a parallel case":

> "A wise and experienced father addresses a young and inexperienced son. 'My son,' he says, 'there may be some of my actions which do not seem to you to be wise or good, or such as you would do in my place. Remember, however, that your duties are different from mine, that your knowledge of my duties is very imperfect, and that there may be things which you cannot see to be wise and good, but which you may hereafter discover to be so.' 'Father,' says the son, 'your principles of action are not the same as mine; the highest morality which I can conceive at present does not sanction them; and as for believing that you are good in anything of which I do not plainly see the goodness'—— We will not repeat Mr. Mill's alternative; we will only ask whether it is not just possible that there may be as much difference between man and God as there is between a child and his father?"

This "parallel case" is, in an important respect, a very happy one. It suggests the real practical issue of the debate, unencumbered by theological and metaphysical obscurities; but to make it perfect, the parallel should be more exact. The real question is as to the child's obligation to respect his father's wisdom and goodness independently of any experience of them, and solely on the ground of that parent's word for them. If, from the wisdom and the goodness which the child has seen and understood, he infers uncomprehended higher degrees of these qualities, reasoning from the known to the unknown, just as he does in all other relations of life, and just as we all do, then the child bases his faith on the sure and only ground of knowledge; and his deference to the father's judgment in all cases of doubt or conflict is the natural and direct consequence of a faith so grounded. But if, bewildered and oppressed by a metaphysical difficulty in trying to comprehend the peculiar duties of a father, he should base his faith on his ignorance of them, and believe in the goodness which he cannot comprehend, believing because of his ignorance and not on account of the little knowledge he does possess; and if, in his blind devotion, he should abdicate his own intelligence, reject his own clear judgments of right, when they are brought into apparent conflict with the parent's selfishness, or with that of servants claiming to speak by authority, then the child's devotion would not be that of an ingenuous, filial piety; it would rather be an abject slavish submission. Such we conceive to be the really parallel case, involving the real practical issue between the two philosophies. Faith is, in one, founded on knowledge by experience; in the other, it is independent of knowledge.

The Child's Book of Religion. For Sunday-schools and Homes. By O. B. Frothingham. (Walker, Wise & Co., Boston.)—The substance of the manuals used in our Sunday-schools may or may not be true and beautiful according as opinions vary with the various sects, but that their form in almost every case has been unfortunate, that their method for the most part has been hopelessly inadequate, will be agreed by all except the persons implicated in their manufacture. But however much this "Child's Book of Religion" may be improved on in the future, it is a long step in the right direction, an immense improvement on any of its predecessors. If it does not teach everything that such a book should teach, what it does teach is taught in a most satisfactory and charming manner, and the thanks of every earnest teacher are due to Mr. Frothingham for what he has achieved in a field heretofore so barren of results.

[illegible]t such quantities may still be compared by their ratios when, as in the higher m[illegible]natics, they are "the greatest possible" under certain conditions which do not, [illegible]er, determine or limit their values as numbers, or as definite sums of units.

[illegible]a foot-note (p. 115), Mr. Mansel breaks a lance with Professor De Morgan, "one [illegible]e ablest mathematicians and the most persevering Hamiltono-mastix of the day." De Morgan maintains the applicability of a valid notion of infinity to mathematical magnitudes; but unfortunately assumes besides, or appears to assume, that such phrases as "points at an infinite distance," "the extremities of infinite lines," etc., are literally valid in mathematics. This assumption Mr. Mansel easily refutes. But the main position remains untouched. With the mathematician such phrases are really technical abbreviated expressions of a complex conception. Having shown validly and consistently that lines of unlimited length tend to approach continually to a given state of things, or to a given relation to one another, but in a manner which makes it impossible for them as lines, continuously drawn, *ever* to reach this state of things, the mathematician then changes the object of his contemplation. He dismisses the infinite line, and turns his attention to the state of things (the point of tangency, for example) to which his infinite lines, though always approaching, could never attain. Instead of spanning the infinite in his thought, he simply abbreviates in his language that substitution of one object for another which conducts him to the end of his research.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION *should be addressed to the Editor.*

POLITICAL QUESTIONS IN THE SUPREME COURT.

THE Supreme Court of the United States is just now the subject of lively popular interest and discussion. It has recently been, and will soon be again, called upon to decide questions which have been made political issues between hostile parties; and concerning which few men are able to think impartially. All the issues of the war, and of the era of reconstruction succeeding the war, will be submitted to the judgment of this court; and a strenuous effort will be made to secure from it decisions which will nullify the will of the people, and vindicate the rejected policy of Mr. Johnson. There is great danger that, whatever may be the decision of the court, its action may fail to command public confidence; that if the decision is against the views of the majority, it will be ascribed to partisanship, and that if it is with them, it will be thought to have been influenced by fear.

It is exceedingly desirable that no such impression should be left upon the minds of the people after a decision has been made, but that the fairness and wisdom of the court should be manifest to every one. For our own part, we most earnestly deprecate any weakening of popular confidence in this eminent court, as equivalent to an undermining of the people's faith in law itself; a faith which needs strengthening and upbuilding in a special manner at this time. We shall, therefore, after explaining the reasons for doubting the impartiality of the court, offer some suggestions as to the mode in which the apprehended dangers may probably be avoided.

The Supreme Court consists at present of nine judges, five of them appointed by a Republican President and four by his Democratic predecessors. Unfortunately, it cannot be doubted that at least four of the judges have so thoroughly made up their minds upon all the issues of reconstruction as to make argument before them a mere form. Chief-Justice Chase could not be persuaded by Moses and the prophets that the present State governments at the South are legitimate; while Judges Nelson, Grier, and Clifford could not be persuaded of the contrary even by one who should rise from the dead. We are strongly inclined to believe that Judge Field, who was appointed as a Republican, but whose sympathies, never very heartily with the party, except in support of the war, are now quite alienated from it, is also too well convinced in his own mind to be really open to argument. Assuming our suspicions to be correct (and they are universally entertained among lawyers and politicians at Washington), Judge Wayne, of Georgia, would hold the casting vote. The natural presumption is that he would side with his Democratic associates, and such is our expectation; yet so patriotic has been the course of Judge Wayne during the last six years, and so sincere has appeared to be his desire to do his duty rather than to gratify his prejudices, that we shall have at least as much confidence in his impartiality as in that of the best of his associates. The other judges, Swayne, Davis, and Miller, have never been known as politicians, and will no doubt consider the important questions before them in a truly judicial spirit.

We feel bound to express our regret that the distinguished Chief-Justice of the court has not, since taking his place upon the bench, more strictly abstained from taking part in political discussions. It is not easy for one of such decided convictions and energetic spirit to sit quietly by while great battles are being fought in which his sympathies are strongly enlisted; yet such was the duty of his position, and he has greatly weakened his influence over the court and his hold as a jurist upon the public confidence by pursuing a course which, in any executive or legislative officer or private citizen, would have been eminently honorable, but which was unsuited to the office of a judge. And his repeated declarations in favor of universal suffrage have irritated some of his associates into counter-declarations of hostility to it, which must greatly embarrass their action when political questions come before them for judicial solution.

The particular case which it is reported will be made the means of bringing the subject of reconstruction before the court is one arising in the United States District Court of Alabama, in which, it is said, a motion will be made to dismiss the appeal on the ground that the State has ceased to exist, and that the court has lapsed with it. The decision of this motion need not and ought not to have the least bearing upon the question of the validity of Mr. Johnson's Southern governments. A State may, perhaps, exist without any government for a time, and a Federal court created for a State may not, and we think does not, expire with the State government, or even with the State itself. An appeal from the State tribunal in one of the reconstructed States would present the real issue more clearly, though even that would not necessarily turn upon the issue of reconstruction.

The chief duty of the court, as we conceive, in dealing with the tremendous questions which will be brought before it, is to confine itself strictly to the matter in hand, to decide the precise points before it, and to abstain rigidly from the slightest discussion of political questions not necessarily involved. Expressions of opinion on points not clearly presented by the facts of each particular case will not only amount to nothing as precedents of law, but will break down the reliance of the country on the court. Even if counsel on both sides agree in submitting the case upon political issues, the court ought, if possible, to determine it upon other grounds; remembering that counsel may be seeking some ulterior purpose at the expense of the public good. The same reasons which induce the courts to throw out collusive actions should induce them to disregard collusive arguments. The questions involved in reconstruction may be looked at from twenty different standpoints, and it is intolerable that they should be decided upon a hearing of three or four counsel, representing only two private individuals, whose real interests may be united, and who may have trumped up a case for the express purpose of accomplishing a common political end.

The opinion of the court in the Indiana conspiracy cases, although perfectly sound upon the real questions at issue, and perhaps equally correct upon all points, is nevertheless deserving of criticism in the respect just mentioned. There was not a particle of pretense that Congress had authorized the sitting of the Indiana military commission, yet a majority of the judges undertook to declare that Congress could not create such a tribunal. It is quite possible that their opinion upon this point is right, but it is no more law or authority than one of the Chief-Justice's speeches to the colored people in Charleston. Such an opinion is calculated to arouse a suspicion that the court is anxious to express its views upon these great questions before they are legitimately presented to it.

The Supreme Court was always, prior to 1857, wisely anxious to leave political questions to be determined by the legislature, and repeatedly declined to interfere in cases which afforded quite as much ground for interference as any that are now likely to arise. The judges foresaw that any attempt to control such controversies by judicial decisions would only peril the existence of the court, while settling nothing for the country, and they rightly decided to avoid such uncompensated risks. In the case of Dred Scott, the court departed from this line of duty, and sought to fasten a certain political policy upon the nation. The effort failed, and only brought the court into disrepute. We cannot believe that the attempt will be repeated. If it should be, the people will have to meet it not merely with contempt but with punishment. But we will not dwell upon this point, as we hope for a wiser course on the part of the court. Until we are compelled to admit ourselves mistaken, we shall advocate its claims to respect and confidence, believing that it will maintain its early reputation as a just and wise tribunal.

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MR. WELLS'S REPORT ON THE REVENUE.

MR. WELLS's report, like the report of the Revenue Commission of last year, has been awaited with a good deal of anxiety, as well as curiosity, owing to the widespread, though as we believe unfounded, belief of the public that it would in a great degree affect Congressional legislation. We may, doubtless, be mistaken, and shall be very glad to find that we have been, and to confess it; but our present opinion is, that these reports on the industrial condition of the country in its relation to taxation, which Mr. McCulloch has so wisely procured, are likely to prove more valuable in forming public opinion than in determining the action of the present Congress. There are very few men in Congress who have devoted much attention to questions of political economy and taxation. Subjects of this kind are dry and uninviting, and it is now a long while since they played an important part in our party politics; in fact, they may be said, in spite of the old tariff controversy, never to have played a really important part in them at all, for the expenses of the Government before the war were too trifling for the mode of raising the revenue ever to have become a subject of serious popular interest. The race of statesmen and politicians who have grown up within the last thirty years, and are now in Congress and the State legislatures, have been bred in the anti-slavery agitation, and have occupied themselves through the whole period of their political education with moral rather than material questions. The effect of the discussion of moral questions is, in general, to cultivate the conscience very highly; but an exclusive devotion to it is apt to beget a slipshod habit of mind, an impatience of details, a fondness for hasty generalization, and a contempt for the material forces of the world, which, though they may not disqualify a man for making a very good figure at popular meetings, are apt to prove a serious drawback on his usefulness as a legislator when complicated systems of taxation and currency have to be adjusted. We doubt if there are half-a-dozen men in Congress who have given any patient or minute attention to the question of revenue, or have about it any but the vaguest and most elementary notions. The life led by a successful politician—a life of conversation in hotel parlors, of letter-writing, hand-shaking, and flowery declamation on popular themes—is one which affords little opportunity for close and connected investigation even to those who have a turn for it. Consequently we find that most speeches on the tariff consist of commonplaces about the necessity of protecting American industry, dreadful pictures of the misery that would result from the policy of opponents, ornate disquisitions upon the prospects of the country, and appeals to British precedents, made, however, in such a confused way as to leave it in doubt whether the orator holds British policy up as a warning or as an example. The reference of the revenue questions to a committee does not help matters much, owing to the way in which committees are appointed and the small amount of responsibility which they feel. It is impossible to say what the Committee of Ways and Means will do after a larger experience. We should have no doubt whatever that it would before long do its work in the best manner if the same men, or a majority of the same men, were allowed to return to it each year. But the system pursued by Northern constituencies of changing their representatives every session or two, deprives Congress of all the benefits of experience, and makes a fixed policy on questions like the tariff all but impossible. This is a question which, of all others, most needs special knowledge.

The manner in which the committee proceeds is very characteristic. To attempt to frame a system of taxation without having under one's eye every interest in the country, without constant attention to and intimate knowledge of the relations of all branches of industry to each other, the effect on production and on morals and on revenue of every species of tax, is, of course, to rush on failure. A committee of Congress ought, therefore, not to enter on any such duty without a thorough and *active* investigation of the whole field of national industry. If it cannot do this itself, it ought to employ others in whom it has confidence to do it, and pay heed to their report. What the committee now does is to open what we may call a court of oyer in Washington, and listen to what anybody chooses to say, no matter how long he takes to say it. Deputations accordingly rush on from special "interests," probably from twenty or thirty of the hundreds which are engaged in the work of production, and take up the whole time of the committee with statements of the difficulties encountered in making profits in particular branches of industry. What may be said on the other side—whether any other explanation of failure than the one assigned by the parties may be given—there is nobody to say, and the committee never finds out. The usual demand of these gentlemen is for a higher tariff, and that immediately—the wool-growers just now say they cannot wait over sixty days—and after months of precious time have been squandered, a bill is brought in which claps on thirty per cent. on this, forty per cent. on that, pell-mell, without much distinction, discrimination, or definition, and the result is a system which few can understand and nobody administer, and which brings no relief.

We have not commented thus far on the contents of Mr. Wells's report. We shall endeavor next week to speak more fully of it than we can do now. But, as we have already said, we doubt very much whether it will seriously influence the legislation of the present session, and we despair of seeing such men as he ever exercise their proper influence on legislation until the public is thoroughly convinced of the mischief of the present mode of doing business in Congress, of the sham investigations pursued in the secret sittings of the committees, and the headlong passage of undebated bills in the House. The war has been the means of introducing greater thoroughness and accuracy in most departments of the public service. It has rendered inestimable service to our politics in introducing the practice which has been found so useful in foreign countries of appointing commissions, like this Revenue Commission, composed of experts, to prosecute careful enquiries in particular fields of social science; and if the practice be kept up, Congress will have before very long what it has never had before—a real and substantial basis for legislation, a storehouse of facts carefully accumulated and inferences accurately drawn. There is no country in the world in which such enquiries so prosecuted are more necessary than in this, because in none is the progress of society marked by such variety and rapidity, in none are the conditions of life subject to such constant modification, and the ordinary economical calculations exposed to so many disturbing influences.

Mr. Wells has made a very thorough examination of the industrial condition of the country, and he finds that there has been great industrial or speculative activity during the past year; that there has been unprecedented progress in the invention of machinery; that there appears a spirit of enterprise which seems to double its energy with every additional burden placed upon it, and a continued and increasing foreign immigration. Nevertheless, he finds that certain disturbing elements growing out of the war—political differences, financial disturbances, onerous and duplicated taxes, and ill-adjusted and unstable tariffs—while not sufficient to arrest the national progress, have been sufficient to reduce it below the normal rate of speed, "to seriously diminish production and consumption" (this is apparently a contradiction of a previous statement), "to arrest the growth of foreign commerce, and expose home industry most unfairly to foreign competition."

One effect, and the most important, of these "disturbing" elements has been to create an unparalleled advance in prices—about an average of 81 per cent. in gold and 172 in currency. Mr. Wells supports his conclusions on this point by a good deal of evidence, and the effect of this rise of prices he declares to be a positive diminution of consumption and production, the exposure of American industry to unfair competition, and so on. This statement of causes is, however, anything but clear. Mr. Wells's position would seem to be that, whatever may have brought about the rise in prices, this and this only is the proximate cause of all that is unfavorable in the condition of American industry—on his own showing the political condition of the country affects industry very little, except in so far as it prevents a reduction of prices. When he says that the effect of "these disturbing elements, acting concurrently," has been to "create and maintain an unparalleled advance in the prices of every description of labor and of commodities, to decrease the purchasing power of wages and of the lawful money of the nation," he makes a distinction without a difference. To say that a thing has caused "an advance of prices of every description of labor and of commodities," is the same thing as saying that "it has decreased the purchasing power of wages and of the lawful money of the nation." If a man takes his wages to the market and finds that every description of commodity is dearer than it used to be, he may report the fact either by saying that commodities have risen or the purchasing power of his wages has declined.

Mr. Wells subsequently, however, gives three distinct and well-defined causes of the rise in prices, viz.: scarcity of labor, especially of skilled labor—from 500,000 to 750,000 men having been drawn off from the Northern States to the war, the great body of whom have never returned; the issue of irredeemable paper currency by the Government;

and the weight of taxation. We propose to say something about these and the remedies proposed for them by Mr. Wells next week.

THE CIVIL SERVICE BILL.

It is to be hoped that the holidays have been used by members of Congress and by their constituents for the consideration of some practical measures of legislation. The civil service bill of Mr. Jenckes, of Rhode Island, submitted at the last session and renewed at this, is a matter that specially deserves earnest study and careful discussion. Here we have a bill that meets the evil which is at the bottom of our political Pandora's box. Any statute that does away with the auction of offices that accompanies every election ought to be welcomed. Members of Congress and heads of departments and any man that deserves to be President—every President except an "accidental"—must feel that we have arrived at that point in the business of government which requires skill and knowledge and attention. Mr. Jenckes's bill proposes obtaining these qualities by prescribing an examination for every officer who may, after its passage, be appointed to a civil office under Government, and for every promotion, with certain exceptions. The most obvious benefits are these: That a large number of utterly incompetent persons would cease any longer to be applicants for office, while, on the other hand, a large number of persons who are really fitted for places that are now secured only by scandalous means would be able to submit themselves honorably and decorously to the required examination. Office would cease to be a badge of ignorance in everything but political trickery, and would become a mark of a certain standard of excellence. Thus politicians who are honest in their desire to serve their country, and the number of these is larger than the country gets credit for, would not be embarrassed by the pressure and application of incompetent supporters for office, a request for their examination by the proposed board of examiners being answer enough to men whose only service is in stuffing ballot-boxes or colonizing voters.

The good old-fashioned faith in a special Providence that cared for these United States has been somewhat rudely shaken by our experiences of the last few years. The enormous taxation imposed in consequence of the rebellion has been borne bravely by the country; but the manner in which that taxation has been levied, the utter incompetence of a large proportion of the army of tax-gatherers in the revenue service, the destruction of some branches of industry by the mischances of legislation, the apparent hopelessness (under the present system) of anything like a decent return from the excise duties, the frequent clashing of internal and tariff duties—these are the sources of well-grounded complaints. Members of Congress, revenue commissioners, and some officers of the Government even, have confessed the faults of the present state of affairs, and hope to do better. But legislation must be imperfect so long as it gropes in the dark, and light can be had only from experience, and experience is the one thing which our officials are never allowed to get. How many generations of men have sat in the revenue department of the Government, and how many of the changes made in it have been made on any other than purely political, partisan grounds? Suppose that at the outset of the new system of taxation officers had been appointed to administer it upon merit, as tested in an examination; that those officers had been retained up to this time; and that promotions among them had been made on merit, as tested by their services. What a world of difference there would be in our knowledge of the right and the wrong way of imposing and levying taxes, and what a fund of advice there would be to guide Congress in legislation, the courts in interpretation, and the Government in administration. As it is, we are in a worse sea and in a more dangerous and shifting storm of uncertainties than we were at the outset of this great experiment.

The success of "civil service" examinations has been pretty thoroughly tested abroad, and the good results can easily be transplanted into our own system, while the bad effects (and it can grow them, too) are as easily avoided. The plan, too, is not so old a one in any part of Europe as to make us despair, with our forcing-house atmosphere, of soon domesticating it here. In Germany, the close of the great French wars saw a condition of affairs that was a thousand times worse than anything that we have to complain of. The "hereditary" race of office-holders, the curse of venality, the almost public sale of offices, the total exclusion of the citizens from any participation in office, and the close communion of the noble families to whom office was the only livelihood—these were evils worse than any that we have to encounter. Now, Germany—or, perhaps, to speak more correctly, Prussian Germany—is, as far as its administration of laws is concerned, the best governed country in the world. If proof were wanted of the fact, look at the ease with which the recent war was waged, the ease with which business has returned to its natural channels, and the rapidity with which its system was extended over the outlying statelets now swallowed up in Prussia. The evils of *Beamtenthum*—of office as a special business apart from the ordinary duties of citizenship—are not likely to have many fears for us. It is almost beyond possibility that the mercurial activity of the American mind will ever content itself with office as the last best resort for a livelihood, or that the outside world will suffer the men who make office their business to arrogate to themselves any special claim or privilege. The man in America who can content himself to settle down at the outset of his life to a public office, and look forward patiently to spending his existence in the slow promotion and slender rewards of life in the public service, is and always will be the exception; but the more numerous such exceptions to the rule, the better for the public.

The arguments that were advanced in Germany, in France, and in England, each in turn as this reform in the civil service was discussed and finally adopted, are the same that address themselves to us to-day. Why should West Point and Annapolis be prescribed to officers or those who desire to become such in the army or navy? What greater importance is there in the duties assigned to a captain of a company of infantry over those entrusted to a collector of internal revenue, the chief of a bureau in the Treasury, or an auditor in the War Department? and why should these be appointed on the recommendation of Mr. A. who represents Hull, or Mr. B. who comes from Utah, while the captain of Co. A. of the 99th Infantry must pass a rigid examination? The "political sciences" are no longer hidden or uncertain mysteries. A fair knowledge of the science of taxation is the indispensable necessity of a good revenue assessor; no excise officer can do his duty without some scientific acquaintance with alcoholic preparations. The same rule applies to a thousand other cases. That rule can be made a law by the passage of Mr. Jenckes's bill; its provisions are clear, straightforward, and to the point. To effect its adoption by Congress, there ought to be at once prompt action and agitation by merchants, manufacturers, tradesmen, capitalists, railroad and other corporations—by all, in short, who feel where the shoe pinches, who know the mischief of our present system of appointing to and removing from office. This bill to reform the civil service comes home to every individual of these classes. If, by individual or combined action, they can by letter, petition, association, or in any other way, in turn bring home to Congress their anxiety to have this law enacted, we may be sure that Congressmen and the Executive will not be backward in forwarding the real interests of the country, while they are ridding themselves of a growing pest, that of office-seeking, with its intolerable annoyances and inevitable mischiefs.

POPULARIZING SCIENCE.

These are the days of popular lectures and familiar treatises on scientific subjects. Let a discussion arise among scientific men on any subject not narrowly technical, and there is immediately an effort to throw the weight of the popular applause into this scale or that. If a scholar has any large project at heart—a great book to publish, a museum or an observatory to found—he must appeal, not to some one Mæcenas, but to masses of people; he must fascinate two or three hundred average American legislators; he must deal skilfully with reporters and editors; he must exhibit his disinterestedness, enthusiasm, and learning before large audiences; he must be constantly before the public in newspapers, periodicals, and popular books. For the noble patron we have substituted the long subscription list. We read with an agreeable feeling of superiority the obsequious dedications to fools of high-born patrons which great scholars of other generations put in the front of their works. Is it quite sure that the processes by which some of our scholars propitiate their patron, the public, are any more consistent with self-respect, independence, and mental uprightness? It must be admitted that the process by which science is popularized nowadays is one fraught with distinct dangers both to the speakers or writers themselves and to the public whom they address ; to the speakers, because when a retiring, single-minded, unworldly student, who is really capable of successfully investigating the hidden things of nature, is converted into an eloquent orator on scientific topics, a ready debater, or a plausible advocate of his own opinions, the change is not for the advantage of the individual ; to the public, because they are too apt to be fed with loose and inaccurate statements, with sweeping generalizations, with false facts and false logic, with appeals to their prejudices and preconceptions rather than to their reason.

We find some good illustrations of the temptations to which even genuine scientific men are in these days exposed in the printed reports of a course of lectures lately delivered before a popular audience in Boston by the eminent naturalist, Agassiz. To persuade his hearers of the absurdity of the theory of progressive development was the main purpose of the lecturer, although the lectures were largely made up of descriptions of the physical characteristics and natural history of Brazil. It is not our present intention to question the fairness of presenting to a large popular audience only one side of a controversy like that upon the theory of Darwin, although it seems clear that a just disputant would state his adversaries' argument with precision, if only to refute it ; neither do we desire to call attention to the not infrequent inconsistencies of the lecturer's own arguments ; the climax of Prof. Agassiz's argument, contained in the concluding sentence of the last lecture, will best illustrate what we feel to be the dangerous tendencies of the present methods of popularizing science—" We are the children of God, and not the children of monkeys." In the first place, this argument is grossly unjust to that decided majority of living naturalists who have accepted and extended Darwin's views ; for it implies that they deny the Fatherhood of God. It is precisely this implication which wins the applause of an indiscriminating audience, but no aspersion could be more unwarrantable. The belief that the whole animate creation was developed from a single germ is no more inconsistent with a firm faith in the universal and incessant action, through all nature, of an intelligent will, than our knowledge that every human being grows to adult stature out of an egg in which no trace of organization is perceptible is inconsistent with the literal acceptance of the beautiful faith that in God " we live and move and have our being." To assert, or imply, that the development hypothesis is atheistic, is to assert that *growth* goes on without God, than which there can hardly be a more impious idea. A little four-year-old was told that God made him. Measuring off a few inches on his arm, he wrathfully replied, " No, he did n't ! God made me a little mite of a thing so long, and *I growed the rest myself !*" This is just the opinion of the theologians and naturalists who would recognize God in spasmodic creations, but admit him to no share in regular growth ; this is precisely the wisdom of those who teach that man is less the child of God if his body was the natural outgrowth of less perfect organisms than if it was a detached and abrupt creation out of earth, water, and fire after the Promethean fashion. No scientific lecturer has a right to use, before a popular audience, an argument which could not be addressed to an assemblage of his peers in science. The mischief of misrepresenting the views of sincere opponents is graver in proportion to the incompetency of the audience to allow for, or correct, the misrepresentation.

But the argument, " We are the children of God, and not the children of monkeys," admirably illustrates another temptation which besets popular lecturers ; it is an appeal to a popular prejudice by a man who has no such prejudice himself. It is an unwelcome idea to an ignorant man that there is any natural connection between monkeys and himself. That man is an improved monkey is a repugnant thought to the common mind, just as it would be disagreeable for a New York Democrat to believe that a white man is a bleached negro. Indeed, considered as an argument against the Darwinian hypothesis, Prof. Agassiz's appeal to the monkey prejudice can only be compared, for irrelevancy and inconclusiveness, to the well-known Democratic clincher, " Do you want your daughter to marry a nigger ?" We are the more astonished at such an argument against Darwinism from Prof. Agassiz, because no one has stated more distinctly and positively than Prof. Agassiz himself that man's physical nature connects him directly with the animals, and that the debasement of which man is capable is due to the fact that he is thus descended from the beasts that perish. Four or five years ago, Prof. Agassiz delivered a course of lectures at the Lowell Institute, in Boston. These lectures were then printed in the " Atlantic Monthly," and finally they were collected in a volume which has had a wide circulation under the title of " Methods of Study in Natural History." On the 71st page of this book we read : " Man is the crowning work of God on earth ; but though so nobly endowed we must not forget that we are the lofty children of a race [the vertebrates] whose lowest forms lie prostrate within the water, having no higher aspiration than the desire of food ; and we cannot understand the possible degradation and moral wretchedness of man without knowing that his physical nature is rooted in all the material characteristics that belong to his type, and link him even with the fish." Truly, if the discussion concerning the Darwinian theory is to be reduced to a question of man's ancestry, it may turn out that the popular majority will prefer the monkey to the fish ; between the baboon on the one hand and the sculpin or hornpout on the other, many would think that the baboon was the most desirable ancestor, both on the score of intelligence and of personal appearance. Prof. Agassiz has already got so far as to think he can see a resemblance between the head of an adult skate and that of a human embyro ; on page 317 of the book already quoted he says : " The resemblance of an adult skate, especially in the configuration of the face, the form of the mouth, the position of the nostrils, the arrangement of the gills, to some of the earlier conditions in the growth of the young mammal, not excepting the human family, is equally striking."

The popular lecturer on science is exposed to still a third temptation : speaking usually on subjects with which his audiences have but very slight acquaintance, he is checked by no fear of competent criticism of his method, or of any immediate reply to loose or incorrect statements. Like the clergyman, the lecturer suffers from his very exemption from the incessant, *viva voce*, face-to-face discussions and debates which are the everyday lot of most men. Accustomed to assume that his audiences know little or nothing of subjects with which he has been long familiar, he finally comes to underrate the intelligence and attainments of his auditors ; his lectures become more and more diluted ; the hour's dish of discourse contains but a spoonful of meat ; next he becomes careless in stating facts ; and finally a fatal contempt for his hearers betrays him into using methods of reasoning, argument, and illustration which are plausible but not sound, taking but not true. Who can blame him if, when he has made a misstatement twenty or thirty times without contradiction, or has repeatedly won applause with some fanciful guesswork or specious fallacy, he at last begins to flatter himself that his misstatements are true, his guesswork what ought to be true, and his fallacies good logic. Every man who has followed college or medical school courses of lectures has seen abundant illustrations of all these points among lecturers on science. We may again refer to Prof. Agassiz's former Lowell lectures, the " Methods of Study in Natural History " above mentioned, because, as there can be no question as to real knowledge, the careless confidence bred of long impunity is the only explanation of the frequent occurrence of most curious misstatements, even after the lectures have been twice revised for the press. Thus we are told (p. 69) that every vertebrate has *four* locomotive appendages, whereas whales, dugongs, manatees, and porpoises have only *two*. On page 74 it is stated that in " the insects there are three nervous centres, the largest in the head, a smaller one in the chest, and the smallest in the hind body." The fact is that there is one principal centre in the head, three in the chest, which are sometimes blended into two or even one, and ordinarily from nine to four centres in the abdomen, which are sometimes fused together to a less number of centres, and very exceptionally to one centre. On page 114 it is positively asserted that the seal " has no power of bending the wrist or the fingers," whereas every boy who has seen a trained seal at an aquarium knows that a seal can grind a hand-organ with an easy flexible motion of the wrist. A popular book on science is worse than useless if it be not accurate ; no amount of rhetoric can atone for heedless errors in matters of fact. The lately published " Geological Sketches," the second book in which Prof. Agassiz has endeavored to exhibit to unscientific readers the futility of the Darwinian hypothesis, is liable to the same criticism as the " Methods of Study in Natural History." The scientific journals which have noticed this later work have given long lists of the errors in matters of fact which abound upon its pages.

But graver dangers remain to be considered. Popular lectures and popular treatises on scientific topics have, since the days of the Bridgewater Treatises, done an infinite mischief in fostering two amazing conceits, originally invented by theologians, but strengthened and confirmed in the popular mind by teachers of natural science. The first of these conceits is the notion that the boundless universe was made and is maintained for man's sole use and benefit ; that its *raison d'être* is man's education, development, and happiness ; that its laws are specially adapted for the training of the human intellect through the study of them ; and that all its wonders and beauties are expressly provided for the enjoyment of the little creature which for a few of God's minutes has been pottering about on a small fraction of the outside crust of one little speck of a planet. The universe made for man indeed ! As much as the ocean is made for the barnacles that stick to some little rock it washes. The universe suits man's wants and the ocean the barnacle's, and the barnacle, in its unconsciousness of the presence of higher beings, has precisely the same reason for thinking itself the prime cause of the existence of the ocean that man has for declaring himself to be the "culminating glory" of the universe. We are inclined to laugh at the argument urged against the Copernican system by the religious authorities of those days—that, as man is the central and ultimate object of creation, it must be that man's dwelling-place is the centre around which all other spheres revolve. But this generation is less logical than the monks who persecuted Copernicus: we cling to the superstition that the heavens and the earth were created for man's sole behoof, although we know that the species lives in an obscure corner of a limitless universe, of which man can see and understand and use only an infinitesimal fraction. The popular scientific books of the day are full of the monstrous conceit that man is the summit of creation and the ultimate object of the Creator in contriving and directing the material universe.

The second false idea, pregnant with curious danger, which popular treatises on science have done much to foster, is the notion that men are capable of appreciating and explaining the designs and purposes of God in making things as they are. We are constantly called upon by scientific lecturers and writers to admire the exquisite adaptation of this thing or that thing to what they imagine to be its use and object, to worship the goodness and love which made the infinite beauties and glories of light and music, of ocean and air, of flowers and forests, of mountains and the great heavens, to exercise and delight the created senses and mind of man, as if this were their sole or chief function. But is it not a harmless and even a profitable exercise of the human faculties, this wondering study of God's designs? No! for it leads men to think that they can enter into God's thoughts and understand the scope of his designs. If men get into the habit of thinking they can fathom God's intentions in the gentle and kindly things of nature, when they meet a terrible and, to human eyes, injurious exhibition of natural forces, the confidence they have acquired in their own judgment concerning the final causes of things leads them to say, This is not the work of a benevolent being at all, for it is a cruel work; these are a devil's doings, or the fruit of man's sin. A shipwreck, for example, must be a "judgment," for was not the ocean made expressly to be the pathway for man's ships? Professor Cooke, in his Graham lectures on "Religion and Chemistry," declares that it is not true that the material universe manifests a God of unmixed beneficence, and he bases this frightful conclusion on the fact that "lightning and tempest, plague, pestilence, and famine, with all their awful accompaniments, are no less facts of nature than the golden sunset, the summer's breeze, and the ripening harvest." The argument is this: Man is the object for which all things are made; man comprehends God's purposes in creation; the glories of the sunset were made to delight man's eyes, the gentle breeze to fan his cheek, the abundant harvest to satisfy his hunger; these things are good for man; they comfort and bless him; God is good—but earthquakes and volcanoes, storms and pestilences, crush and destroy man; man is the ultimate object of creation; man appreciates God's designs, and the design of these terrors is cruel; God is malevolent. If popular science had not insidiously taught people to believe that they can essentially comprehend the benevolence of the seeming good in nature, they would not be so prone to think that they can decide upon the malevolence of the seeming evil. The fact is that natural science should have nothing whatever to do with the discussion concerning final causes. It is the province of science to investigate patiently and record accurately the natural sequence of events; and there is work enough to be done in this legitimate sphere without intruding upon the rightful province of another philosophy. It is best to find out the real facts of nature before we write poetry or sermons about them. At least, it will be well to really find out *how* things are made before we enter upon any deep speculation as to *why* they have been so made. How many long chapters have been written about the mathematical instinct of the honey-bee, and the wonderful precision with which it builds perfect hexagonal cells. But it turns out, after all, that the bee does not build with any precision, and that it is constantly making pentagonal cells and crooked cells of irregular shape, so that hardly a bit of honeycomb can be found in which many irregularities and much patchwork do not occur. Indeed, no man ever saw a single honey-cell of perfect form, in spite of Lord Brougham's extraordinary assertion in his "Natural Theology," that the mathematical theory of the cell and the bee's practice are absolutely coincident. And what becomes of all the poetry about the Argonaut nautilus spreading its sails to the favoring breeze and sailing over the summer sea, when it appears that the arms of the nautilus are never used in this manner, and that the little creature is, and always was, quite incapable of any such exploit? The natural theologians have always set great store by the chambered nautilus on account of its supposed power of condensing air in its unoccupied chambers, so that the shell may be made to sink like a diving-bell. This condensing power was justly considered an extraordinary invention, a wonderful adaptation of means to ends. And so perhaps it would be if it were real; unfortunately for the argument, it is not a fact that the chambered nautilus performs any such remarkable operation. Between a theologian dabbling in science and a scientific man dabbling in theology, it is, indeed, hard to choose. Any one who desires to see further instances of this method of studying nature may find them, *ad nauseam,* in such books as "Homes without Hands," by the Rev. Mr. Wood, and the works of Mr. Leo H. Grindon.

We scarcely realized how vicious the general method of popularizing science has been until we lately took up a collection of "Familiar Lectures on Scientific Subjects," which is singularly free from the common cant. Sir John Herschel has published under the above title a collection of the lectures he has delivered to popular audiences; it contains lectures on "Volcanoes and Earthquakes," the "Sun," "Comets," "Light," "Celestial Measurings and Weighings," and the "Origin of Force," subjects which usually call forth the best eloquence of those who think they can find out the Almighty. Sir John Herschel treats all these great subjects plainly, worthily, humbly. The inventive genius of the Creator never receives laudatory mention, the kind intentions of the Disposer of All are never appreciatively alluded to, and no surprise is ever expressed that God allows this thing or that thing to happen or to exist. It is a relief to find a new familiar treatise on scientific subjects which is accurate and logical, and free from the flippant semi-religious sentimentalism which mars so many of the popular books on such subjects. In one essay, however, that on "The Yard, the Pendulum, and the Metre," we feel bound to say that Herschel's English feeling gets altogether the better of his reasoning faculty.

In thus speaking of the dangers which attend the process of making science familiar, we have no desire to gainsay the necessity of diffusing scientific information as widely as possible. But in pursuing this desirable end. it is of primary importance that nothing but real science should be diffused, and that the methods of teaching employed should be, before everything, characterized by simplicity, fairness, and humility.

ENGLAND.—THE REFORM DEMONSTRATION.

LONDON, December 14, 1866.

THE procession of trades societies in favor of reform, which caused so many forebodings and so much anticipatory triumph, took place last Monday week, and has been the subject of a good deal of controversy ever since. Two hundred thousand reformers were to march through the streets of London; as their friends declared, it was to be the most imposing spectacle of moral force ever seen within the memory of man—order, decorum, and obedience to the law were to be exhibited in their highest perfection. The Tories responded by calculations to prove that the procession would never get to the place of meeting; that when they did get together they would be crushed to atoms; and that, at all events, the streets would be given up to an infuriated mob, smashing windows, robbing elderly gentlemen, and possibly tearing eminent Tories to pieces. I knew gentlemen who, impressed by these awful warnings, sent their families from the south to the north side of Hyde Park to be out of the way of the expected democratic deluge. As I had a strong disbelief in any crowd being too big for London or possessed by any really bad feelings, I calmly walked through St. James's Park at the hour appointed for the start, on the way to a club in Pall Mall. Persons who were to attend the meeting wore a white card in their hats, and my first impression was that the whole procession had dispersed in order to look at the procession. The streets and the park were swarming with these ticketed gentlemen, but the procession was long invisible. At last I caught sight of a few large flags, and discovered the thin line which it was forming under the mask of that strange phenomenon—a London crowd. Such a crowd is certainly amongst the least picturesque of all great aggregations of men. The absence of any particular costume is, I suppose, as complete in London as in New York. Each class seems to be dressed in the cast-off clothes of that next above it; the only difference perceptible is, that a coat as it sinks through the various grades of the social hierarchy is gradually toned down to the hue of London mud, thus imitating the providential (or Darwinian) arrangement by which the color of every animal is assimilated to the prevailing colors of his habitation. The same fine gradation appears to be carried out in regard to washing; it would be easy to assort a complete series, divided by imperceptible degrees, from the chimney sweeper to the Prince of Wales; of course the lowest terms in the series are the most numerously represented. All the countenances, however, that saw, whether white or dusky or whity-brown, were marked by the characteristic expression worn by Britons out for a holiday. It is not simply good-humored, and it certainly is not sulky; it is rather a compound which involves both elements intricately blended. Every one seems to be saying to himself, "I have come out for a 'lark,' and I feel it a duty, which I shall discharge with all due solemnity, to enjoy myself; at the same time, I am uncomfortably conscious that I am doing a foolish action, therefore I will be in a good temper, but distinctly under protest." Although it was a gloomy, drizzling English day, the good humor seemed to be rather nearer the surface than usual, the people apparently feeling themselves bound in honor to disappoint Tory predictions. The only amusement which I observed was a parody of Divine service, consisting in reading the lessons of a production something like the "Gospel of Peace" I remember during the American war. This precious production referred to reform, and was stupid enough. It was applauded, however, as a profane caricature is pretty certain to be by a miscellaneous crowd. After pushing my way through the only compact crowd which I met, which was in the entrance to the Park from Pall Mall, I took up my position at the window of a club, and listened to the remarks of the *Saturday Review* reading population—perhaps the most distinctive epithet by which I can call them. One gentleman was still cheerfully predicting disaster, or, at most, deferring it to the time when the fasting reformers should have imbibed a little beer and gin. Such prophecies seemed, however, perfectly absurd, when the procession actually appeared. There was not a policeman or a soldier within sight, although the streets were crammed with a crowd such as only London can collect. It made way, however, for the processionists in perfect good order, and the processionists (I do n't know whether I am coining a word) seemed to be in excellent temper. Just opposite my standing-place there was a slight obstruction, on passing which they made up lost ground by a run, and the chief incidents were produced by the consequent difficulty of keeping two bearers of one standard together. There was nothing but hearty laughter and occasional cheers for anything that specially struck the fancy of the crowd, a small body of sailors coming in for the heartiest applause. Most of the societies had bands of music, which displayed great energy, if not great skill, in music, and, if the dresses of the performers had been a little less dingy, the whole thing would have been really handsome. As it was, even the *Saturday Review* readers were impressed by the good order and excellent spirit in which the whole affair was conducted. There was "but one fault," to quote Goldsmith, "but that one was a thumper," namely, that there was not enough of it. Instead of the 200,000 men, not more than 30,000 at the outside marched in procession; and, after all the boasts and the warnings and the calculations, 30,000 men from the whole of London seemed like a very thin brigade in place of a mighty army. Whether the falling off in quantity did or did not counteract the excellence in quality, has been the subject of easily conceivable disputes ever since.

The fact admits, I believe, of an easy explanation. It has been very gravely disputed whether it was desirable that the trade societies should lend themselves to the purposes of political agitation. A Mr. Potter, a clever man, who has made himself important amongst the working classes, organized this procession. Most of the leaders, however, of the societies have a very strong distrust of Mr. Potter, whether on good grounds or not I cannot say. They look upon him as an adventurer without very much principle. Consequently, many of the most numerous societies refused to follow his lead in what they considered to be a questionable policy. The largest and richest of all such societies (the Amalgamated Engineers) sent only forty men, when it might have sent hundreds. The printers refused to join at all; and so on. Consequently, the procession by no means represented the real strength of the societies which took some part in it. As it was, it never succeeded in getting fairly to its destination. The approaches to the meeting-place got blocked up; only about a third obtained admittance, and listened to oratory of which I can only recollect the one sentence, viz., that it was the object of the reformers to get the devil out of the House of Commons and God Almighty into it—a programme to which no one can refuse his sympathy, assuming that they are able to carry it out. Towards the afternoon the rain began to come down steadily, and wearied and draggled bands of reformers were to be met with dribbling back in various directions along the gloomy streets.

The next day there was a meeting at St. James's Hall to hear the necessary oratory, especially to hear Mr. Bright. I had never before heard him address a popular audience, though I have several times listened to him from the gallery of the House of Commons. In my opinion he speaks far better in the House than he does out of it, judging from the specimen which I heard and from what others have told me. In the first place, I am sorry to say that he has strained his naturally admirable voice, and that after a time the effort of addressing a large audience becomes too evidently painful. He spoke for about an hour on Tuesday night. By speaking very slowly, so slowly that it would have been almost possible to take down his words in long-hand, he succeeded in getting very well through the first half of his speech. The last half was so far spoilt in its effect as a speech must be when the orator is himself suffering. This weakness has of late been somewhat perceptible in Mr. Bright's parliamentary efforts. It is, however, to a different cause of inferiority that I principally refer. In addressing the House of Commons, the sense that he is speaking to a hostile audience, only kept in temper by his superlative eloquence, seems to brace and stimulate his mind. He ventures into higher regions of rhetoric than any one else dares to attempt, and where nothing but the purity of his style sometimes preserves him from overstepping the dangerous line between the sublime and the ridiculous; but the sense that he is speaking to a critical audience seems to chasten, without emasculating, his eloquence. When he addresses a popular meeting, and is no longer under the same restraint, he ventures, so to speak, upon a cheaper style of ornament. On Tuesday, he elaborately compared his present position to that of a man prophesying a volcanic outburst, by way of illustrating the statement that he did not threaten but merely predict. Now, the volcano is a metaphor which has been rather overworked; of course it brought down cheers, but it was handled with less delicacy than he would have instinctively used before a more critical audience, and sounded rather commonplace. Another difference concerns rather the audience than Mr. Bright. A defiance sounds much better than a threat. When Mr. Bright is telling the thick rows of country gentlemen what he thinks of them, in a house where perhaps not one man in ten sympathizes with him, and which is yet profoundly silent from sheer admiration of his power, the effect is admirable. When he repeats the same sentiments—and they are substantially the same—to a large and uncultivated audience, all of whom are ready to agree, as a matter of principle, in any denunciation of their superiors in rank, it is not quite so pleasant. He is going with the stream for the moment instead of struggling against it. That such things should be said outside the House of Commons as well as within it, I fully agree—assuming, that is, that they are said sincerely, which, in this case, no man doubts. But unsparing denunciation of opponents produces a better rhetorical effect when the opponents are present. And I must say that, in my opinion, Mr. Bright is really carried away into much unfairness when he is speaking without the fear of immediate contradiction. Thus, he attributed the evils of Ireland to Tory policy the other night; it is perfectly absurd to say that Tories have had more to do with the misgovernment of Ireland than Whigs. To take one example: a Whig ministry has been in power for nearly the whole of the last twenty years; one resolute effort on their part would have destroyed that abomination, the Established Church of Ireland; but they have never made it; on the contrary, they have carefully avoided the whole subject. Whig traditions, I fear, are in such matters as bad as Tory, and the only hope is from the appearance of some new political forces. It was, therefore, a rather small rhetorical artifice of Mr. Bright for casting odium upon his antagonists, and though doubtless sincere at the moment, would perhaps have been subjected to a severer scrutiny before he had produced it to the House of Commons. Whilst giving this opinion, I must distinctly add that I compare Mr. Bright only with himself. In the House of Commons his best efforts are, to my mind, beyond all comparison superior to those of Mr. Gladstone or any one else. On a public platform, he is still a giant, but he sinks more nearly to the common level.

I may mention one little incident which occurred on Tuesday night. Mr. Ayrton, a radical M.P., is a very clever man, but with a singular want of tact, which in the House of Commons makes him a dreadful bore, and on this occasion led to a very absurd *fiasco*. After some remarks, singularly ill-calculated to please his audience, as, for example, one to the effect that he had just left a much more interesting meeting, and that the one hundred and seventy-five thousand missing men had shown their sense in staying at home, he proceeded to criticise the Queen in rather a marked way for not showing herself on this occasion to receive the cheers of the procession. He said that they had elected Miss Burdett Coutts Queen for the day, by popular acclamation. (They had cheered in passing the house of that most charitable lady). After Mr. Ayrton had concluded, Mr. Bright rose, and in a few words very eloquently vindicated the Queen, and declared that she was to be respected for continuing to cherish her sorrow. Mr. Bright, of course, put it admirably and excited great enthusiasm. The Queen's name will always do so amongst the most radical reformers, even without Mr. Bright's eloquence. This was all very proper and becoming; I must add, however, that Mr. Ayrton's remarks were also applauded to some extent, and it is a fact which may possibly be some day important, though it is properly hushed up at public meetings, that the Queen's persistent course of seclusion has distinctly diminished her once unbounded popularity. Mr. Ayrton was clumsy enough to blurt out such a sentiment in public, but an anonymous writer may admit it to be true.

Fine Arts.

COLOR PRINTING FROM WOOD AND FROM STONE.

Printing in colors is not a new art; but the present wide extension of this art, in many directions and by several processes, is very recent. Color printing from wooden blocks has never been entirely unpractised since there has been an art of printing, but very little has been done to apply the process to any except its original and time-honored uses of calico-printing, the manufacture of paper-hangings, etc., until within about thirty years. During that time, a great many print publishers have worked hard at the process of wood-cut printing in colors, in hopes to develop it into something, the resulting prints of which might be, or pass for, "artistic" pictures.

Chromo-lithography, or lithochromy, to take from the French a less awkward word, is a recent invention, or rather a recently tried application of Sennefelder's fortunate discovery. It has not been made so widely useful in the industrial arts—except in one notable way, of which thereafter—as printing from wood-blocks. But it has been very rapidly developed into a pseudo fine art, and copies made by it from pictures, copies pretending, themselves, to be pictures, are in every print-shop and bookstore window.

The best known and most commonly seen wood-block pictures are those of the *Illustrated London News*, in its Christmas and other supplements. These are generally too coarse and too vague and blurred for any beauty of effect, and they pretend to no other merit than that. More minute and delicate are the almost equally well-known prints, "Printed in oil colors by George Baxter," a great flight of which settled down upon this country after the original Great Exhibition of 1851. These are still on everybody's hands in one form or another; at least, he is fortunate who has lost or man fully destroyed his last specimen. They were terribly dead and bad in color, and the latest executed that we have seen show no marked advance over those of the first Crystal Palace and its contents. In mentioning these as being wood-cuts, it is right to say that they seem to have been printed upon an aquatint ground.

It was, perhaps, 1856 when there were first received in America large chromo-lithographic copies of pictures by Turner and other painters. It was about that time that prints of "The Old Temeraire" and other Turner pictures were first for sale at Williams & Stevens's store, now vanished from Broadway, and untravelled Americans found it impossible to believe that what they saw was in any important respect like the pictures. Intimate acquaintance with the originals has fully confirmed that incredulity. Since that time English print-publishers have made fortunes by chromoliths. Day & Son, of London, have become a great joint-stock company (limited), and their advertisement has been in the New York papers, these holiday times, inviting Americans visiting England to step up and view "500 different subjects, from 5s. to £4 4s." But there remains something yet to be done of which there seems no promise and no prospect. The best pictures Day & Son can make are poor things; they are ugly things when compared with art that is really beautiful. That which makes an oil painting or a water-color drawing delicate or forcible, truthful or noble, these chromos have not; that which makes all human art poor beside nature, they have. Title-pages of music and the best chromo-lithographic pictures are one and the same thing, after all; good art is another and a different thing.

Chromo-lithography has been introduced into this country, and many small pictures have been produced, and have sold well within the past three or four years. We have received from L. Prang & Co., of Boston, a copy of their chromo "Chickens," from a picture by Mr. Tait. This house has a recently established agency in New York, and does probably a much larger business in this line than any other American establishment. Hundreds, and in some cases thousands, of their chromos, at two dollars, three dollars, and five dollars a copy for "prints," have been sold in all parts of the United States. They are as common in Chicago as in Boston. None of these that we have seen are quite equal to the best of European make; it is impossible to train good workmen and build up an establishment of sufficient resources in a day, but the improvement in the work of the Boston workmen is obviously rapid. It is of the value of the best of these as works of art, and of their probable influence in educating the people, that we propose to speak very briefly, and we instance six that lie beside us, viz.: "Going to the Bath," after Bouguereau (called "The Baby" in the advertisements); "The Sisters," artist unknown to us; "The Linnet" and "The Bulfinch," after water-color drawings by W. Cruikshank; "The Chickens," after A. T. Tait; and a study of ferns, etc., after a water-color drawing by Miss ——. We have had no opportunity of comparing these with their originals; it is probable that they are as faithfully copied as it was found possible to do the work with the requisite speed. One thing only, quite unnecessary and quite inexcusable, throws discredit on the whole matter and makes the pictures merely merchandise; some of the pictures are made to look like oil-paintings on canvas, by printing them all over with indented lines to imitate the effect of the threads of the canvas, and by giving them a varnished surface. The main question, however, is this: Are these pictures good as pictures; good to have and to look at; good in their influence on people who do not have much original art within their reach; good as teaching people to feel and understand nature? So far as these six are concerned, the answer is easy: in none of them is there any brilliancy or purity or noticeable softness of color; in none of them is there any true or delicate "gradion" of color; in none of them is there any accurate, subtle, delicate drawing. Although it is hard to say what will or can influence any person to begin to observe nature or wisely enjoy art, this much is evident, that the more one loves nature and the more he knows what art is and can do, the less he will enjoy these chromos. And, on the other hand, as Ruskin has truly said that "if you are fond of the large finished prints from Raphael, Correggio, etc., it is wholly impossible that you can make any progress in knowledge of real art till you have sold them all or burnt them," in like manner one who enjoys these chromos and wants to study art to purpose, may begin when he has put them well out of his sight.

But will not the art become so much improved that such pictures will be good? Probably not. Good color, that is, delicately gradated color, is not to be produced by the printing-press. A black and white engraving or wood-cut or lithograph is a true reproduction of the forms and of the light and shade of a picture, if it is only truthfully made. But a colored reproduction must be perfect or it is nothing. What the brush of a skilful painter does at every touch in graduating, softening, and blending tints, leading one color into another, breaking one color over another, until there cannot be found two grains of color the size of a pin's head that shall be really the same; this is beyond the reach of any mechanical contrivance. And, when a skilful operator, master of every device of his art, doing everything with supreme care and cunning from the first transfer to the stone to the printing of the last tint, shall have produced the best approach to handwork that the machine is capable of, at what cost per copy will he supply the trade with such prints? That, however, is a small matter. At whatever price, they would be nearly valueless as art, or as things of beauty and of truthful suggestion of nature.

We said above that chromo-lithography has in one respect aided the industrial arts; it is in the admirable representations of the ornaments and works of decorative art of past times which have been produced by this process. Owen Jones's "Alhambra" and "Grammar of Ornament," several large works by Louis Grüner, Humphrey's "Illuminated Books of the Middle Ages," Silvestre's "Paléographie Universelle," Digby Wyatt's several publications, J. B. Waring's illustrated records of the great collection of ornamental art at Manchester in 1857 and at London in 1862, Decloux and Doury's "Histoire de la Sainte Chapelle" (we mention only books which are within everybody's reach in New York); these and other such collections of chromoliths have made it possible for those who cannot give their lives to travel to study the arts of the ages of art. The most perfectly executed and the most beautiful plates, we think, are some of those contained in the "Album" of Labarte's "Histoire des Arts Industriels," published by Morel. Some of the plates in this superb book exceed, in every respect in which reproductions of art are valuable, any pictures of the kind we have ever seen, and seem to fulfil all that one can expect of chromo-lithography. One serious fault is said, on excellent authority, to exist in all these books—the perishable nature of the gold and silver pigments which enter into nearly all their illustrations. Mr. Henry Shaw, who has issued a series of most valuable and accurate books on the arts of the Middle Ages, not mentioned above because his illustrations are in wood-cut, and nearly all colored by hand, has recently published a work on illuminated MSS. which is illustrated by admirable wood-cuts, printed in one color. His preface gives at length his reasons for not having used chromo-lithography, as follows:

> . . . "The most successful of these reproductions are too costly to be within reach of persons of ordinary means, while they fail of being completely satisfactory, especially when the examples chosen are those showing the highest degree of refinement. . . . When flat tints only were used, and the effect of light and shade was produced by consecutive bands of color, of increasing degrees of density, proceeding from pure white, the details of the composition being made emphatic by a surrounding of red or black

lines, a close approximation to the original may be effected by means of the printing-press; but colors so produced can never have the solidity and richness of tone of those on which the hand and the brush alone have been employed. In the finest works of the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries, the most careful gradations of color are found, and both the miniatures, the frames in which they are enclosed, and the other ornamental accessories, display the most skilful blendings of the richest and most delicate tints. The press has hitherto proved inadequate to the production of these refinements, and we can scarcely hope for any material improvement, as, independently of the difficulty of producing these gradations and blendings by machinery, some of the most beautiful pigments used in drawing are, when combined with the necessary varnish, of too thin a quality to be employed successfully in the process of printing."

To go back to our wood-blocks: at Fountain's and at Vantine's one buys Japanese colored prints, magnificent in effects of broken flat tints, and in brilliant and harmonious combinations of pure color. It is little to say that these are far finer, far more desirable and instructive, far more precious as works of art, than the best chromoliths yet produced in America. It is true that a little drawing in full color by one of the two or three colorists among our painters is better than they. But all excellence is relative. And the best of our colorists might learn, from those wise barbarians, not to be afraid of a heavenly thing—bright and pure color.

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The Week.

THE Supreme Court has pronounced its decision on the test oath cases, four judges, including the Chief-Justice, dissenting. The Missouri Act, prescribing a test oath as a qualification for the exercise of certain callings, has in the case of a Catholic clergyman been pronounced unconstitutional. The Act of Congress also, which made the taking of a test oath denying participation in the rebellion a qualification for practice as an attorney and counsellor in the Supreme Court, has been pronounced unconstitutional, on the singular ground, amongst others, that to require this oath of a man who cannot take it is to inflict a punishment without trial. In other words, the right of Congress to prescribe the qualifications of the lawyers in the Federal courts is solemnly denied. Judge Miller read a dissenting opinion of great power. His illustrations of the weakness of the reasoning which attributes a penal character to the exaction of a qualification are very happy, and if the paper were not slightly tinged with temper, it would be a model argument. This last decision is much more instructive as an exhibition of the leanings of the court than the one in the Milligan case, and it has the great merit of not being saddled with a dictum. Its effect on the country will, undoubtedly, be exasperating, and it makes the political horizon darker than ever. But we sincerely trust editors and orators will keep their temper. Revilings and threatenings, directed against the judges of the Supreme Court, and talk of "judicial conspiracy" and "judicial usurpation," are things which anybody has wit enough to utter; but they help very materially, when uttered by people of influence, to stimulate the growing want of respect both for judges and law. It is not possible for the Supreme Court to keep out of political controversies as long as its jurisdiction is what the Constitution has declared it to be; and it is to be expected in the nature of things that in exciting times its decisions should mortally offend one or other of the great parties, and that they should be marked by the infirmities of the men who utter them—for judges are, after all, men of the same flesh and blood as General Butler and Wendell Phillips. It is of the last importance to the country—to law, order, and morality, however, that their characters and motives should be respected, whatever disposition may be made of their decisions; and we do not hesitate to say that these last ones, considered in connection with several others which will doubtless come before long, bid fair to present to the people the momentous problem whether they will allow the Government to be jeopardized, and the form of polity on which the nation has resolved, and for which 200,000 men have laid down their lives, to be set aside by any tribunal, however eminent or respectable. Questions which affect a nation's destiny that nation only can answer; and no nation worthy of the name will ever allow anybody else to try to answer them.

◆

THE impeachment still lingers in the Judiciary Committee, who have had Mr. Ashley before them for the purpose of extracting from him all he knows, but the investigation has for some reason or other been suspended for the present. Meantime, Mr. Loan, of Missouri, seems to have been robbed of his sleep by Mr. Ashley's laurels, and in casting about for some worse charge against the President than any which the latter had brought forward, he lighted on one of complicity in Mr. Lincoln's assassination. This he produced in the House on Monday with becoming solemnity, but on being asked, very properly but very sharply, by Mr. Hale to display for the sake of decency some little proof of the truth of his accusation, he loftily refused to do so then, but promised to do so hereafter. We doubt if any gentleman can outdo Mr. Loan, as there is really no crime more heinous than that which he has appropriated. There was at one time some talk of accusing Mr. Johnson of adultery, which, it must be confessed, would have had, as a ground for impeachment, many attractive features; but then there was some doubt whether it could be shown to be one of the "high crimes and misdemeanors" contemplated by the Constitution; so it has, we presume, been abandoned. In the meantime, General Butler has our heartfelt sympathy. There is he fretting away the slow hours in Lowell, while Ashley, Loan & Co. are having their pick of all the best villanies and usurpations, and will probably have the impeachment cooked and ready to serve by the time he gets to Congress.

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WHETHER the impeachment will really be carried through the House and brought before the Senate, it is still difficult to say. Public opinion, in every way in which it has as yet been tested, seems, as we have always anticipated it would be, decidedly against it. But a long article in the New York *Times*, and which is evidently from Mr. Raymond's hand, predicts very confidently that the trial will come off, inasmuch as the Radical leaders will press it, and the more moderate men, who in their hearts disapprove of it, will be driven into supporting it, as they have so many other things, by an unsparing application of the party whip. For our own part, we are still satisfied that unless there is in somebody's possession evidence of worse offences than Mr. Johnson is now known to have committed, his impeachment, whether it succeed or fail, will prove a great and lasting calamity. It will convulse the country at present and introduce a new element of disorder into our politics in the future. But there are crimes for which, if it can be shown that he has committed them, he must be impeached, whether we like it or not, and no matter what it may cost. "The million of Democratic arms" which were promised for his protection by some of the orators at the recent Democratic Convention in Connecticut exist in the imagination of the orator, and we advise Mr. Johnson not to count too strongly on their aid. The most palpable result of the impeachment, as far as the Democratic party is concerned, would probably be a vast increase in the consumption of whiskey and in profane swearing.

Mr. Cameron and not Mr. Stevens has got the nomination for the Pennsylvania senatorship. We feared this result as soon as we saw Mr. Stevens's declaration in favor of electoral purity. Political managers are apt to be as much disgusted by a candidate's announcing his intention to be honest and high-minded as the French are by a young man's boasting of his chastity. It invariably makes them drop him on the spot with mingled pity and contempt. But we must add that Mr. Stevens would have carried into the Senate certain gifts which that body can well spare. His humor, for instance, would neither add to its dignity nor its wisdom, and would have made as many people cry as it made laugh, we hope. Mr. Trumbull's success in Illinois will delight everybody who still sets some value on the union of zeal and discretion—of honesty and clear-headedness and learning.

There is to be no unreasonable delay in forming the "rings" which are to govern this city during the current year. Among the Aldermen there has been a little hitch in the business, but we judge from the proceedings of Tuesday that everything will hereafter go on smoothly. Alderman Ely's right to a seat was contested a year ago, and by a unanimous vote he was allowed to retain it. He holds over from last year. A committee of three was appointed to examine into his right and report whether the contestant should not be allowed to take his place. Twelve members, we believe, are already secured for the aldermanic ring, but a thirteenth is wanting to fill out the number necessary for passing any vote which involves expenditure of public moneys. Mr. Ely's friends proposed on Tuesday that the corporation counsel be asked whether or not the action of the committee of last year was not final. But this resolution was referred to the committee of three whose business it is to proceed with the investigation, and there is a very near prospect of Mr. Ely being unseated. Our Common Council on the same day deliberated under guard of a number of policemen, whose presence moved Mr. Stacom to enquire with wrath why these officers were brought there to crowd the room. Mr. Stephen Roberts replied that it was because the inkstands were not fastened down; he had not brought the policemen into the council room, he added, but he understood that their duty was to protect the citizens of this city, and probably they had read in the newspapers the account of the last meeting of the board. After some more debate, Councilman Flynn "avowed in emphatic terms his affection for the Democratic party" and was sorry to observe an inclination on the part of the press "to chuck odium onto him," and then the board adjourned. The Aldermen before adjourning voted themselves a badge and a staff of office apiece, and an amendment was defeated which provided that gentlemen who got these insignia last year should not get them again. This was defeated, but afterwards, in lieu of badges and staves, "books, maps, and stationery" were substituted. There seems to be a very general expectation that we are seeing the last of our City Fathers, and that they are to perish, fittingly, by operation of law.

"Whereas, James Stephens, the so-called C. O. I. R., has, according to his own words, proved himself a cheat, a scoundrel, and a rascal, and wound up a career of deception and fraud by a most ignominious fizzle in the city of New York, three thousand miles from the place where he promised to offer up his life on the altar of his country," therefore it has been resolved by the New York Fenians to depose "the man in the gap" and let another take his office. Choice has fallen on a man of the name of Gleeson, an ex-brigadier or acting-brigadier-general. It was maintained at the meeting where he was elected that, but for the cowardly treachery of Stephens, the green flag would be to-day floating, as it floated at Fort Erie, "high, proud, and victorious", over the red, the accursed red, of England, and our American citizens of Irish descent would have had a country which they might have used as a base of operations against the English Government. Roberts is now the leading Fenian, having discomfited O'Mahony, Stephens, Killian, and Sweeny. But we anticipate no Canadian campaign of 1867, and if there should be one attempted, there is no doubt that the supply of "informers" will be enormous, and the province can be amply prepared for Gleeson's march. Roberts's turn for deposition will, doubtless, come before long, and then the Fenian gallery of humbugs will be complete.

When we commented last week on the proposition to tax foreign pictures for the "benefit" of American art, we thought it was either a joke or the scheme of two or three gentlemen who found their own pictures hang heavy on their hands. But we learn from a letter in the *Evening Post* that it originated in the Academy of Design, and in perfect earnest. The tax is to be levied only on pictures worth less than $1,000, and it is to be for the benefit of the "younger" (*i. e.*, the worst) artists, who are now beaten by foreigners. Why are young artists to be protected any more than young authors? Why are Messrs. Ticknor & Fields and Messrs. Harper to be allowed to republish novels, "social articles," poems, and what not, all imported from abroad, free of duty, when there are plenty of writers here with wares of the same kind for sale which they cannot dispose of? Why are artists afraid to trust their performances to the public judgment, and to rely on their own merits, any more than authors, or actors, or singers? Why do American singers and actors not get protection? Then, also, why can the public not be trusted to select its own pictures? Why may an American man not buy foreign "trash" if he pleases? Does the Academy of Design really propose to get up an Index Expurgatorius in art, and tell us what pictures we ought to have in our houses? If the Government is competent to do work of this kind, is it not also competent to select our books for us, and ought it not to levy duty on books according to their *literary*, and not their commercial, value? The Custom-house valuation of a picture does not, and cannot, indicate its real value. A young artist may produce a work far surpassing many a one of Gérome's or Couture's in real merit, but he cannot ask half as much money for it; and if we buy it in Paris, would it not be outrageous to have the Academy of Design step in and clap $100 duty on it because they choose to consider it "trash?"

Our neighbors of the Hartford *Press* will agree with us that when any object lies within the compass of Timothy Titcomb's wit, and is made a mark for the shafts of his satire, the ridiculous side of it must have been long perfectly obvious to the ordinary mind. Now, in his novel entitled "Miss Gilbert's Career"—at which the *Press* and Miss Susan B. Anthony ought to be equally angry—the doctor has several pages "full of comparisons and wounding flouts" which he puts upon half a dozen typical "country papers." Mr. Lowell, before him, had done the same thing, and Dr. Holmes, we see, begins in his new novel to glance at them. We all know, who know anything of the little sheets published in the rural districts, that they are equally prone to quack-medicine advertisements and "first-class notices" of circuses, poems, and other such things for which they have tickets or of which they get a specimen copy. Every man laughs at his "local paper." But what man will say that we ever put upon such journals as the *Advertiser* of Boston, or the *Transcript* of the same city, or the *Tribune* of Chicago, or the *Democrat* of St. Louis, or the newspapers of Springfield or Hartford or Milwaukee or Cincinnati or Lewiston, that opprobrious epithet "provincial"? We hereby inform the *Press* that we have not adopted, and do not now think of adopting, that division—dear to the reporter of the "great dailies"—of all American newspapers into "metropolitan" and "provincial."

News comes from Massachusetts which we are, on the whole, sorry to hear. The town records, it is said, show that in the first generation of settlers, when they were Englishmen, the average number of children in a family was eight or ten. In the second, third, and fourth generations, the number was seven or eight; in the fifth, five was the average number; in the sixth, it was less than three. In the present, which is supposed to be the seventh generation, the average number of offspring is less than three even, and the deaths exceed in number the births. Meantime, the foreigners increase by immigration and by excess of births over deaths; and in about twenty-five years, if things go on as at present, the foreign-born population and the descendants of foreigners will be in a majority. The gradual progress of this diminution has been taken to prove that the vitality and virility of the old Puritan stock is gradually diminishing. Probably this is not true, or not true to any very great extent. In the war just over, Massachusetts men, as may be proved by statistical records, showed no lack of endurance or courage. We do not understand that complaint is made of the want of virility of the New Englanders, largely Massachusetts men, who have peopled the West. And it must be remembered, too, that the damaging comparison of Massachusetts parents with foreigners is drawn between them and people of the Irish race, one of the most prolific in the world. We suppose that the comfort in which the New Englanders live, and for many years have lived, has had the same effect upon population there that a like condition of things has had latterly in France and for a longer time in Switzerland—namely, it has kept population nearly stationary. Give a man a respectable position in life, and he does not wish his children after him to occupy lower places. That this consideration is of force is a fact in political economy, just as it is a fact that when a man in poverty and misery is satisfied that he cannot raise himself by any exertions, he marries young and leaves many children to inherit his wretched condition. "The Irish manufacture, that of children," which Sydney Smith speaks of, was never more flourishing than when the manufacturers were most abjectly miserable. Ministers have been cited, a proof that these somewhat occult causes are to be taken into account, though we have never seen any statistics that would support the theory. They seem, it is said, to get into the habit of relying upon Providence and their congregations, and thus generally have a pewful of offspring. Were they more worldly-minded and careful of ways and means, they would have less need of carefulness than too many of them now have. The prudence of the Yankees, then, has, in our opinion, had most to do with bringing about a state of things which the rest of us regret. And doubtless it would be correct, too, to lay some portion of the blame upon the physical education, or want of it, of the New England women.

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The news from Crete is the only news from Europe worth notice. A letter of great interest from a well-informed correspondent on the island will be found in another column, and, though six weeks old, will give a very good idea of the nature of the struggle—a struggle of heroism and despair against overwhelming odds; odds of arms, of numbers, of everything that makes an army formidable except mere valor. The sympathies of the civilized world are with the Cretans, and contributions begin to be forwarded to them from this country. But although the contagion of their example may reach the Greeks on the mainland, and risings may occur in Roumelia, Bosnia, and Bulgaria, and Greece proper may take part in the war, there is reason to fear that the movement will end, as so many others of the same kind have ended, without producing any better result than some splendid displays of courage and fortitude. The Christian population of Turkey consists of several races bound together by nothing but their religion and their hatred of the Turk. Unity of action amongst them is almost impossible. They are unarmed, and unused to arms, and have Turks living amongst them in every direction, not in considerable numbers, but in numbers sufficient to make insurrection difficult, who are better fitted for an irregular internecine struggle than even the regular troops. Then the very weakness and want of centralization in the Ottoman Government renders it hard to overthrow. There is no trade or commerce for a rebellion to damage, and each pashalic is so thoroughly independent of all the others that it serves much the same purpose in the state that a water-tight compartment does in a ship. There might, in fact, be half a dozen insurrections raging in as many provinces, and the Sultan would not be much worse off than he is now. He would send troops to ravage and kill; and if the rayahs could stand it as long as the Turks, or drove the Turks completely out, the former would, of course, succeed. But in the absence of foreign aid this is not to be looked for; and the absence of any population fitted to assume the government when the Turk is gone, the jealousy of the European powers touching the possession of Constantinople, the helplessness of Russia with her arsenal in the Black Sea gone, and a Hohenzollern reigning on the Danube, render it unlikely that "the great powers" will do anything better than watch each other. The continuance of Turkish domination in Europe is a blot on civilization; and if the Greek kingdom had proved more successful—if the Greeks had exhibited as much capacity for self-government as they did for revolution—the Ottoman Empire would ere now have disappeared.

THE FREEDMEN.

The New Year dawned upon a vast number of expired contracts at the South, and once more the labor question assumes considerable prominence in the affairs of that region. General R. B. Scott, the assistant commissioner for South Carolina, issued on the 26th of December a circular to the planters and laborers of that State on the results of the past year. He stated that the free-labor system had been mainly experimental, and that an avoidance of past errors would ensure success in the future. He urged the planters to encourage education among the freed people, in order that they may better comprehend the nature of contracts and the obligations of citizenship. He recommended the adoption of the labor system of the agricultural districts of the North and West, namely, to pay each laborer for his services by the week or month. Experience had convinced him that practical and fair-minded men can succeed with the freedmen as laborers. He concluded by exhorting the freedmen to cultivate honesty, industry, and thrift.

Unhappily, there appear to have been so many hardships under the old régime—partly due to the ill-temper and bad faith of the planters, and partly to natural causes—that a large portion of the colored people are ready to emigrate, and are actually removing to other States. Texas is the bourne of many, but Florida, being nearest, receives the majority. On the 5th a well-selected colony of six hundred freedmen sailed from Charleston for New Smyrna, Florida, in charge of Brig.-Gen. Ely, to settle on lands located for them under the Homestead Act. Their number is to be swelled to three thousand. A similar exodus of laborers is reported from Columbia and Sumter. Transportation is afforded by Government, with the promise of six months' rations after arrival.

—We learn *via* Richmond that there is a widespread unwillingness on the part of the freedmen to contract for the current year. In the lower counties of Texas they try to stipulate for one-third of the crop, which is generally denied them. In North Carolina, $15 a month and rations are rejected by them, and they are desirous of working on shares by combinations amongst themselves. In Lancaster District, S. C., no trouble prevails, and new engagements have been already formed. At Columbus, Ga., Capt. Moseback, Bureau agent, announces that the regulations of the Bureau are still in force, and that no contracts will be enforced by it except those which it has approved.

—In the pine-barren country south of Mobile a company of Northern men, the New York and Mobile Turpentine Manufacturing Company, have tried the experiment of free labor—if it can still be called an experiment when conducted with common sense and honesty—with very gratifying success. For a year past they have employed forty hands, all colored men, of whom one receives $50, one $30, two $25, twenty-one $20, and twelve $15 a month. They are also rationed by the company, and furnished with medical attendance gratis, and their work is said to be done in a very satisfactory manner, and its result to be quite profitable to their employers.

—In Texas, Gen. Kiddoo has ordered the work of the late legislature called "The Labor Law" to be disregarded, and contracts made in accordance with it to be disapproved by assistant commissioners. Gov. Throckmorton has requested Gen. Sturgis to send cavalry to Caldwell Co., to repress outrages on freedmen and others.

—The Inspector of Schools, etc., has just made a report of the schools in West Virginia and the Shenandoah Valley. He found one at Parkersburg, two at Martinsburg, and four at Winchester. At Parkersburg the city authorities pay $30 per month towards the support of the school. The inspector states also that the citizens of Harrisburg have written to the Rev. Mr. Brackett, the agent of a Northern educational society, inviting him to open a freedmen's school at that point and promising assistance. He closes his report by saying that public sentiment with regard to freedmen's schools, in Northern and Western Virginia, has changed very materially, so that those who a year ago openly opposed them, now come out in their favor and even assist them.

—In Richmond, Va., the city authorities are issuing fuel to the poor whites, but utterly refuse any assistance to the blacks.

Notes.

LITERARY.

An article in the January number of the "North American Review" calls general attention to an historical question relating to the early colonization of Virginia which has been raised and discussed by Mr. Charles Deane in the introduction to his recent reprint of Captain John Smith's "True Relation of Virginia." Mr. Deane takes the ground that the story of Smith's deliverance by Pocahontas, by far the most romantic of our early legends, is entirely mythical. The argument is complicated, but rests chiefly on the basis of Smith's general want of veracity, and on no mention of the circumstance being made by Smith until sixteen years after, in the "Generall Historie," when Pocahontas herself was dead and the story could hardly be refuted. The silence of contemporary writers is also of weight. In 1608, the very year of his escape from the Indians, Smith published in London the "True Relation," giving an account of his capture and release. In this he does not even mention Pocahontas, but speaks of being treated with great kindness by Powhatan and all the Indians. Wingfield, the first president of the colony, circulated the same year a "Discourse of Virginia," in which he gives the dates and history of Smith's expedition up the Chickahominy, but does not allude to the romantic story. The next account is in 1612, when Smith published "A Map of Virginia," with an account of his explorations. In this he speaks of his capture, but makes no mention of Pocahontas's part in his release. About the year 1615, William Strachey, late secretary of the colony, wrote a history of travel in Virginia, printed by the Hakluyt Society in 1849, which contains accounts of Smith's adventures and some curious details about Pocahontas, but not a word of this story. In 1615, a small quarto volume appeared in London by Raphe Hamor, which gave a minute account of the capture of Pocahontas, of her conversion and subsequent marriage to Rolfe, and of a visit which Hamor paid to Powhatan, and the details of a conversation with him, and also Rolfe's letter to Sir Thomas Dale, justifying his marriage. The silence of all these books leads us inevitably to suppose that no one in Virginia then knew of the noble act of Pocahontas. In 1616 Pocahontas and her husband came to England and were entertained at court. Purchas, who knew them and knew Smith well, and had many interviews with Tomocomo, an Indian of Powhatan's tribe, published in 1617 the third edition of his "Pilgrimage," in which he tells the stories of Smith and of Pocahontas, but makes no reference to the one great story. The same year Pocahontas died. The prominence which she had in England probably gave rise to various romantic stories, and to this among them, which Smith may have adopted instead of invented. In 1622, in a pamphlet called "New England's Trials," he makes an allusion to it, and in 1624, in the "Generall Historie," he tells the story in full, with many exaggerations and changes from his narrative of 1608. The reasoning of Mr. Deane seems to show conclusively the falsity of the legend.

—A new publishing society, called the Agathynian Club, has been started in this city for issuing original publications and reprinting rare, curious, and old American, English, French, and Latin books. They are to be printed at the Bradstreet Press, with great exactness of text and careful attention to excellency of workmanship. One hundred and twenty copies only of each work will be published, one hundred of which will be for sale and the remainder for private distribution. The first issue, to be published about the 15th of February, will be a reprint of a very rare satire, entitled "Advice to the Officers of the British Army," the authorship of which is generally attributed to Captain Grose, a literary gentleman of the last century. A satirical woodcut, supposed to represent Sir Henry Clinton, General Burgoyne, Lord Cornwallis, and others, will be given in fac-simile of the original. The notes and introduction to the book will be by a well-known author. The price of the first reprint will be $5, paper; $6, extra cloth, top edge gilt. Subscriptions are received by Messrs. J. M. Bradstreet & Son, 18 Beekman Street, N. Y., and by Messrs. John Penington & Son, 127 South Seventh Street, Philadelphia.

—Mr. John Dorgan, the promising poet of Philadelphia, who is just dead, much regretted, is understood to have left behind him manuscript poems sufficient to form another volume, which may very likely soon be printed. They are in the hands of the poet's sister.

—We are very sorry to record the death of the Rev. Edward Hincks, D.D., the distinguished Assyrian scholar, on the 3d of December last, at the age of seventy-four. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, where he gained a fellowship before he was twenty-one. He became a minister of the Church of England, and for the last forty-one years has been rector of Killyleagh, in Ireland. His talent in deciphering texts in unknown characters and languages was wonderful. It was applied first to the study of Egyptian hieroglyphics, and afterwards to the inscriptions in cuneiform characters found in Assyria. At this he labored for many years with great perseverance and success, and was one of the chief authorities on the Assyrian language and history. Living in a remote country village, he accomplished much less than if he had been at London, near the British Museum.

—A spirited controversy has arisen in Germany on the genuineness of the Roman inscriptions found in the Nennig excavations, mentioned in a late number of The Nation. Prof. Brambach, of Bonn, first gave his opinion that they were forged; and, after a lively debate on both sides, the question was submitted to Prof. Mömmsen. At a meeting of the Archæological Society in Berlin, on the 6th of November, in which the inscriptions at Nennig formed the principal topic of discussion, he declared them to be forgeries, and minutely stated his reasons for believing them to be such. They are supposed to have been forged by some students in order to mystify the antiquarians. Steps have been taken to prevent any repetition of such outrages, and to guard the excavations more thoroughly.

—Russia, as well as Germany and England, celebrates the centenaries of the birth of its distinguished writers. On the 13th of December the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Karamzin, the historian of Russia, and one of her greatest writers, was celebrated with much ceremony at St. Petersburg, Moscow, Nijni-Novgorod, and at all the universities in Russia. At Moscow, the festival was under the charge of the University and the societies of Russian history, archæology, and literature. Various papers and poems were read and speeches made, and the whole terminated by a grand dinner. At St. Petersburg the ceremonies were more splendid, and were held in the hall of the Imperial Academy of Sciences, before an assembly of more than fifteen hundred distinguished personages. There were present the son and daughters of Karamzin, the Czarevitch, the Grand Dukes Vladimir and Alexis, the Duke of Leuchtenberg, and Prince Peter of Oldenburg. The president of the Academy, the Count T. Lutke, opened the meeting by announcing that the Emperor had conferred the order of St. Stanislas of the first class on Vladimir Karamzin, the son of the historian, and on the academician Pogodin, who had just published a biography of Karamzin in two volumes. It was also announced that the Academy had published on that day the letters of Karamzin to his intimate friend Dmitrief, which cover a period of forty years, and are of great historical and literary importance. They had been presented for that purpose by the nephew of Dmitrief. A French translation of the "Letters of a Russian Traveller" had also been published by Prof. Poroshin at Paris, and Mr. Glinka had sent to the Academy a manuscript containing his personal recollections of Karamzin. A poem by Prince Viazemski, and several discourses on Karamzin and his works, were then read. An oration by Mr. Bestuzhef-Rumin was pronounced the next day at the University of St. Petersburg. At this *séance* the degree of doctor of history was conferred by the University on Gen. Milutin, the Secretary of War, for his work, "The History of the War of 1799 between Russia and France."

—Rousseau, in his "Emile," raised some controversies, not entirely free from paradox, on the morality of La Fontaine's fables. With that exception, and the opposition which Lamartine manifested to them in one of his "Entretiens," these simple and inoffensive fables have had an uncontested popularity. The edition now being issued with wood-cuts by Gustave Doré—by far the best of his recent work—will not by any means diminish the pleasure they give to adult readers as well as children. A new fabulist has come forward in the Count Anatole de Ségur, who, though he professes to be a humble disciple of La Fontaine, and merely a gleaner in the field that he has reaped, has written many fables that bear a very favorable comparison with the works of the master. The dedication, which is itself a fable, is addressed to La Fontaine. This is not M. de Ségur's first book, though he is not in the profession of literature, but only writes in the leisure left to him from his duties as *Maître des Requêtes.* This last volume, "Nouvelles Fables et Contes, suivis de Satires et de Poésies diverses," as its name implies, is not confined to fables, but includes many tales and short poems, all bearing the impress of the author's delicacy of imagination, and breathing a pure religion which is very rare in modern French poetry. Some of the satires are excellent, and one fable, which is a satire as well, is so charming that we give it entire as a specimen. It is called "L'homme qui cherche un fiacre."

"Il pleuvait à torrents. Un bourgeois tout crotté
Cherchait partout un fiacre avec anxiété,
Et ne le trouvait pas.—Vous perdez votre peine,
Lui dit à la fin un passant,
Touché de son air innocent;
Si la journée était sereine,
Pour un que vous cherchez, vous en trouveriez dix;
Mais, par le temps qu'il fait, votre recherche est vaine;
Vous ne trouverez rien, c'est moi qui vous le dis!
Les fiacres sont pareils à ces amis du monde
Sur lesquels à tort on se fonde,
Tout prêts à vous servir quand le péril est loin,
Mais qu'on ne trouve plus dès qu'on en a besoin."

—Mr. Whitley Stokes, the well-known Celtic scholar, is at present secretary to the Legislative Council at Calcutta. He has just printed a contribution to the study of Gaelic and Erse, in a pamphlet of 108 pages, called "Goidilica; or, Notes on the Gaelic Manuscripts preserved at Turin, Milan, Berne, Leyden, the Monastery of St. Paul, Carinthia, and Cambridge, with Eight Hymns from the Liber Hymnorum, and the old Irish notes in the Book of Armagh." Mr. Stokes's object in printing was to preserve his glosses from the destruction which all MSS. in India sooner or later meet with, and "to give those excellent German philologists who, like Schleicher and Ebel, have expressed a desire for trustworthy copies of old Irish compositions, material on which they may work with confidence." All the Gaelic and Erse pieces have full notes, in which there is much minute comparison of the words and forms with others of Indo-European stock, and glossaries, and some are translated.

EDUCATIONAL.

THE Illinois State Teachers' Association, held December 25–27, at Jacksonville, took decided ground against any division of the Agricultural University fund. The feeling on this matter is so nearly unanimous in that State, that the few who hoped to reap benefit for the treasuries of existing colleges by its division will have no power. President Sturtevant, of Illinois College, an offshoot of Yale, expressed the almost unanimous feeling when he said that the college and the public school must be in full sympathy, and if the establishment of a free university interfered with existing colleges, let the colleges go, his among the rest. Aversion to multiplying colleges so as to find students with only the attainments of pupils in elementary schools, with a mere sprinkling of regular course students, was strongly expressed in addresses and discussions. The difficulties surrounding the proposed university now seem to be only those liable to grow out of mistaken legislation as to its location and organization.

The subject of reformatory schools was prominent in the convention, and it was recommended to found two State schools at each extreme of Illinois. The appointment to civil offices under Government according to merit purely was advocated on account of its necessary tendency to encourage thoroughness in education. And the adoption of the metric system of weights and measures was approved and urged.

—A great hubbub has been caused among the wide-awake teachers and school-men of New England by a case of whipping which occurred last June in one of the schools of Cambridge, Mass. The merits of the local question are of little general interest; but owing to the fact that some of the professors in Harvard College, and some of the most distinguished educators in the neighborhood of Boston, have taken part in the discussion, the principles which pertain to corporal punishment in schools are likely to be thoroughly examined. The occasion of the controversy was this. A girl of sixteen years old was whipped by one of the lady teachers in a public school for disobedience. The parents were indignant and appealed to the school committee for redress; but the committee sustained the teacher. Thereupon, the venerable President Walker and other excellent men petition the school authorities "to abolish the corporal punishment of girls" in the public schools. Then began a discussion which is running through all the school journals and many of the newspapers. The school committee of Cambridge has published a defence of the necessity of whipping as a means of discipline. Dr. Morrill Wyman has made a vigorous protest (in another pamphlet) against the punishment of girls by whipping; showing conclusively, as we think, that there are physiological reasons why a distinction should be made between the sexes in respect to the punishments inflicted. The recent election of school officers in Cambridge turned on the point of sustaining the committee, and, as might be expected, public opinion was pronounced in opposition to the defenders of corporal punishment. This leads the teachers to exclaim that they cannot preserve order without the permission to resort to punishment; and school committees are discovering that in place of whipping still more offensive, and in some cases ignominious, punishments are liable to be resorted to. Prof. Atkinson, in the "Massachusetts Teacher" for January, sums up the whole matter with excellent judgment. He copies a curious article from Southey showing where "the superstitious regard for corporal punishment came from," he prints the semi-official protest of the Boston masters against the abolition of whipping, and then makes a calm review of the state of the question. His conclusion is this, that the punishment of the older girls is open to grave physiological objections and that the whipping both of girls and boys should be given up in schools. But this cannot be done in a day. It must be a gradual change. But teachers and school officers should resolutely set their faces in the direction of a change.

—The school of the fine arts which was instituted at Yale College by the late Mr. A. R. Street has just received as a gift one of the best and most celebrated paintings of Washington Allston. It was presented by Prof. S. F. B. Morse, who was well known as a painter long before the days of his telegraphic discoveries. As he is both a graduate of Yale College and a pupil of Washington Allston's, his donation is a double tribute of regard to his early teachers. The picture has long been in the possession of the Gibbs family, in Newport, R. I., and was sold for $7,000.

—Much interest is felt both by the lovers of the fine arts and by the friends of liberal education to know what form the new department of Yale College will assume; whether it will be a mere collection of paintings, statuary, casts, engravings, and the like, or whether instruction will be given in the practical methods of art and the principles which underlie the production of works of beauty and the æsthetic culture of the mind. No formal announcement has been made upon this subject. The immediate responsibility of determining upon a plan is supposed to rest with the "Art Council" of the school, which consists at the present time of the president of the college, *ex officio*, Daniel Huntington, the artist, Donald G. Mitchell, the author, and Professors E. E. Salisbury and Noah Porter.

—A recent letter from Beirut mentions the curious fact that a professor in the Liberian College at Monrovia is now at Beirut for the purpose of acquiring the Arabic language and purchasing Arabic books so as to act upon the Arabic-speaking tribes in the interior of Africa, who are now fast encroaching upon the borders of Liberia. He also proposes to send two young men from Liberia to the Syrian Protestant College in Beirut in order that they may acquire the same language. Native Africans studying Arabic in an American college on the coast of the Holy Land in order to combat the encroachments of Mohammedanism in the neighborhood of Liberia, is a remarkable illustration of the mode in which different systems and nationalities now operate on one another.

—The report of the Superintendent of Common Schools in Pennsylvania for 1866 has just been published. The total cost of the school establishment for the year was more than four million dollars. The number of scholars enrolled was nearly three-quarters of a million. The law requires that schools be kept at least four months in the year. The number of male teachers was increased during the year by 493; of female teachers by only 62; showing, we think, that young men returning from the war are resuming their posts as teachers. The establishment of a State board of education is strongly recommended. More normal schools are called for in addition to the three which are now maintained. Mr. J. P. Wickersham, author of two excellent manuals for teachers, is the newly-appointed State superintendent.

MORE VERSIFYING.*

THE school of what may be called the Native American or Know-Nothing poets we had thought was extinct, dead long ago, and gone bodily to Joel Barlow. But not so. Here we have two volumes, six hundred and forty pages, newly published, which not only belong to that school, but are really uncommonly fine specimens of its works and ways. To know that we have one of these writers so near us as Albany, surprises men of this generation as much as the late finding of the primeval bones at Cohoes. Everybody remembers that once upon a time, and, after all, it is not such a very long time ago, it used to be an article of faith, to be held by all the patriotic, that immediately America was to produce a poem at once grand and truly indigenous. The rotten monarchies of effete Europe—this was the argument—we had put to shame by constructing the Federal Union; Zerah Colburn led the world in mental arithmetic; Baltimore clippers were the fastest thing going; we could whip out anything in the way of mammoth caves, moonlight nights, and naval heroes; no absolute monarchy had any buffaloes; in short, we had a new world with everything in it new and everything superfine, and we were bound to have an original epic, if not a new art of poetry. In those days none of our thirty or forty first-class literary men doubted that a poem, committed with malice prepense, might, perhaps, be poetry in the first degree, and there was not one of them who could feel sure that he, discarding with a freeman's scorn the Acropolis, the knight-at-arms, the lion and the unicorn, the daisy, the nightingale, and other European poetic properties, might not be the destined son of the soil and of genius who was to indite the genuine poem of America. Our independence had been recognized, and we had a President of our own. It was only further necessary to sing the mighty Mississippi, the fringed gentian, the Capitol at Washington, golden maize, the heroes of Seventy-six, the red man with his hatchet, the pioneer with his axe, and the truths of the Declaration. Thought, imagination, harmonious verse—these, we fancy, no "Democratic" or "Analectic," or even "North American" reviewer would have severely insisted on in the case of a bard native born or duly naturalized.

And we can recollect, some of us—for who is wise at all seasons?—the time when we used to make honest efforts to do our duty as Americans and admire some of the dreariest volumes that have ever engaged the attention of post-Adamite man. Others of us were early cured. Those were they whose parsing lessons were in a book compiled by a Mr. Wells and a Mr. Truman Rickard, and whose reading lessons were in "Swan's District School Reader" and "Porter's Rhetorical Reader and Speaker." To such unfortunates the American elm is now the ugliest member of the whole vegetable kingdom, and the mocking-bird and the oriole and the bald-headed eagle very odious. It is those persons who admit readily that autumn is the saddest season of the year; October comes, and they seem to themselves to be once more reading "how much less beautiful than the gorgeous coloring of our own American foliage are the dull hues of the English woods in the fall." Visitors to Niagara are not drawn from among such pupils, nor would be, though the mayor and council of the village there should regulate the charges of the Niagara hackmen and the price of board. Such are not buyers of "Percival's Poems;" they had no tears to shed, we fear, when Lydia Sigourney and John Pierpont died. And persuasion would be wasted on them, they will not be got to read the poems of Mr. Street. Indeed, nobody will read them; the titles alone warn every one away: "White Lake," "The Gray Forest Eagle," "Onnawah," "Henry Clay," "The Harmony of the Universe," "Sunset on Shawangunk Mountain," "Osceola," "Fourth of July Ode," "The Willewemoc in Summer," "The Late Hon. Stephen Van Rensselaer," "Indian Summer," "Mongaup Falls"—these no persistency in printing them will ever publish; they have surely had their day and ceased to be. To offer specimens of them is not necessary, and it is better to show the author in another field. A few lines will be enough, and we take them from "Nature," which is sixteen pages of blank-verse. See into what a wooden orrery he turns the universe:

"God glanced on chaos, into form it sprang;
Worlds clustered round him; instant at his will,
Blazing, they darted to their destined spheres,
Spangling the void, and in their orbits wheeled,
Each with a different glory. Kindled suns
Shot their fierce beams, and gentle moons were robed
In soft, pure, silvery lustre. Chaos lived."

On further consideration, however, we will give one short extract as a specimen from the vein which Mr. Street habitually works, and permit the poet to be tried, as he should be, by the things he can do best. It is more blank-verse, and is taken from a piece called "A September Stroll":

"A grassy glade, with points and curving banks,
The dry bed of a streamlet, lures our steps.
The varied aster tribes stand clustered round;
The gnarled thorn shows its yellow-crimson fruit,
Studding its boughs, and scattered thick beneath;
And from the brinks the solidago bends
Its golden feather: mingling with the sweet
And peaceful quiet, low monotonous sounds
Stream from the insects, varied with the swell
Of the near locust's peevish clarion,
And chirping of the cricket. Now the fence
We leap, and stray into the broad green field.
The air is an elixir; as we breathe,
The blood swift tingles in our veins; we long
To bound with transport and shout out our joy.
The thread-like gossamer is waving past,
Borne on the wind's light wing, and to yon branch,
Tangled and trembling, clings like snowy silk,
The thistle-downs, high lifted through the rich
Bright blue, quick float, like gliding stars, and then
Touching the sunshine,"

and so forth; it is really of no consequence where one leaves off. The poet is always sure to proceed in just this way, making inventories of every scene as if he were an appraiser, and piling up details in the most oppressive and utterly unreadable manner. To be brief, he is a perfect exemplar of the fault which consists in not being able, as the old saying goes, to see the wood for the trees; and a bad photographer is as much a poet as he.

In his own way, Mr. Michael Scanlan is as distinctly of a well-known class as Mr. Street is in his totally different way. Mr. Scanlan as a poet is an Irishman of the sort that peoples the stage and novels. He has the familiar "smile on his lip and the tear in his eye." Whiskey and fighting he adores, and to the girls he gives an equal admiration, now of the rollicking and now of the sentimental kind; and on any of these stock subjects he finds it perfectly easy to knock off a song which quite often shall only narrowly escape being poetry. And with this stage and novel Irishman he unites that Irishman whom we hear about in Sarsfield Literary Associations, and whom of late years we have not infrequently had visibly before us, who very rhetorically expresses his deathless hate of the Sassenach and his fierce resolve to make the land of Brian free. Still, it is impossible not to feel sympathy with the feeling that prompts the rodomontade of a "reasonably honest" head centre, and it may be taken as one convincing proof of the magnitude of Irish wrongs that even Irish eloquence has not made them wholly ridiculous. Mr. Scanlan is a Fenian of the Fenians. His book is even edged with ugly red, so that the grass-green of the cover may be above the hated color, and the contents of the volume show that the poet must have been a treasure, literally worth many greenbacks, to the high officials at the Roberts and other headquarters. The "President I. R.," if he is wise in his generation, will appropriate some thousands—if so much remains unexpended—to the circulation of these fervid verses among the faithful who have so often bled freely for the treasury, at least, if not for the war department of the republic. Thus the poet versifies that "appeal" which Mr. Roberts put forth in Fort Erie times:

"At freedom's doors the lion's whelps, driven from the mother's den,
Whose spoors are traced across the earth by the blood and bones of men,
Like carnivores have jungled where they howl defiance nigh;
And shall they crunch our brothers' bones and we stand idly by?
No! spirits of our fatherland! Jehovah's mighty sons!
Let your answer be the bugles' blare and the flashing of your guns;
Let the rhythm of marching legions thunder vengeance in their ears,
As ye cross, once more, the borders with your old victorious cheers."

Of course, when the poet is Fenian, his brain is in a state of effervescence, and he can hardly help being noisy and foolish and ferocious; and when he is plaintive and sentimental, although he is never exasperating and emasculate like most other plaintive and sentimental verse-writers who use English, still he is, of course, tiresome, and half-a-dozen of the correspondents of the *Pilot* or the *Citizen* fill a quarter of a column as well as he. We prefer him when he is not humbugging and not ill-tempered, and take leave of him by quoting a stanza from "The Bachelor's Soliloquy," and by advising any one who wants a poetic memorial of a movement a little the most astounding of any as yet made in this century to buy Mr. Scanlan's book. Aside from the latter consideration, here is a tolerably fair sample of the most readable sort of writing that will be found in it:

"Says my grandfather, 'Tom, when you want a good jorum,
  Take whiskey and boil till it half disappears;
Then sweeten with honey; pour lemon-juice o'er 'em—
  But wather, me boy, 's a producer of tears.'

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* "The Poems of Alfred B. Street." New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1867. 2 vols. 16mo, pp. 302, 338.

"Love and Land. Poems by Michael Scanlan." Chicago: The Western News Company. 1866. 12mo, pp. 262.

"Poems and Translations. By Emma Lazarus." New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1867. 8vo, pp. 297.

“And so I fill up and I drink to the Bradys;
Och! they were the boys for a fight or a spree.
Let me see! I was talking of love and the ladies:
’T is a subject just now more agreeable to me.”

Of Miss Emma Lazarus it is hardly fair to say anything. Her title-page tells us that the poems “were written between the ages of fourteen and seventeen.” A few of them are translations from the French of Alexandre Dumas and Victor Hugo, and the study of even such masters will be enough to teach Miss Lazarus soon that she has filled a book with verses and, as yet, written no poetry. We are bound to say that some of the verses are good ones, and that far older people than Miss Lazarus are daily publishing worse.

A NEW POET ?*

It is very natural that young and inexperienced persons should fancy that what is precious to them must be of value to others. His thoughts, his fancies, his sentiments, seem to the young man who writes verses to be an original possession of worth not only to himself, but even more to the general public. The emotions of youth and the expression of them are so new and delightful to him that he neglects to consider that all mankind are once young, and that, at least in our day, a large proportion of young men and women find pleasure in writing what they call poetry. The youth who writes verse with facility commits a pardonable error if he overestimates its value, and one in which he is encouraged by a common superstition which the progress of intelligence has weakened, it is true, but has not yet destroyed. It will be one of the triumphs of rationalism to free the human mind from its bondage to the writers of verse, by establishing the distinction between poetry and verse, and by limiting the title and authority of poet to the few who possess authentic claims to these honors.

But whatever excuses may be made for the young man or the young woman who offers his or her verse to the public and labels it poetry, and however leniently the good-natured critic may be inclined to deal with any individual instance, it is none the less true that the youth who thus displays the immature products of his intellect runs the risk alike of injuring his own modesty of soul and of making false claims upon those whom he addresses. In this age of notoriety, publicity, and puffing, it is hard, no doubt, to practise a reserve which is commended by the example of so few. But one who proposes to be a poet, or who fancies that the muse has deigned to inspire him with her divine breath, is thereby consecrated to a sacred service; a service which requires of him the dedication of all his faculties, and which he cannot hope faithfully to perform without long and arduous and patient toil. Reserve is the first study which he must practise. It is primary evidence against the validity of his claim to the office of poet if he be in haste to assert it. He is to win his knighthood only by labors and fastings and vigils. He can be a poet only on condition of fidelity to the muse. If he fail in this; if he seek for reputation, for praise, for money; if he find not sufficient reward and happiness in the service in which he is engaged, he may win the low ends which he prefers, but he shall never gain the pure, high glory of the real poet. For the true poet is like Sir Galahad, never turning aside from the search for the holy grail, never allured by low and unworthy objects, never seeking transient success, but holding steadily on his way, for

“More bounteous aspects on him beam,
Him mightier transports move and thrill;
So keeps he fair through faith and prayer
A virgin heart in work and will.”

Is it in vain to seek such self-consecration as this among our modern would-be poets? Is it in vain to hold up a fair ideal before those who are dazzled by the beauties of the world? If it be so, then there are lower considerations which may well check the desire of young people to publish their rhymes. If, for instance, the fact were understood that to write very respectable verse, verse which will pass for poetry with the public, requires little more faculty than playing cleverly on a musical instrument—a piano or a flute, for example—and affords no greater evidence of thought or feeling, we should certainly be spared both the annoyance of having to turn over so many pretty and utterly worthless volumes, and the regret at knowing that so many young people who might be better engaged are employed in this debilitating manufacture of poetic compositions.

“But,” some of these youthful enthusiasts for their own verses may object, “is not this criticism on our publications a virtual denial of the existence of genius? Do we not feel the fire burn within us, and how shall we venture to stifle or extinguish its flame?” “Dear, young, would-be poet,” we might reply, “how often does genius come into the world? How many geniuses (beside yourself) do you know? Genius can afford not to be in a hurry to manifest itself. Genius itself needs cultivation which no youth has had time to gain. The immortal works of poetry are great works of art, and youth is not capable of art. Art is long. It will, then, do you no harm to put aside these darlings of your pen at least for seven years. Be willing to serve for the muse at least as long as Jacob served for Rachel. Do not be afraid that your genius will decay; genius flourishes on self-culture, self-respect, and restraint. If, indeed, you think that we or the rest of the world require the instruction or solace or joy or beauty which your verses afford, will you be good enough to remember that we have already Homer, and Dante, and Shakespeare, not to mention the poets of whom you are most fond, Tennyson, Browning, Clough, and Lowell? And will you, with that modesty which becomes genius no less than it becomes mediocrity, be so kind as once more to read over these poets (and look also at Keats and Wordsworth), and then, laying your hand on your heart, tell us if you really think we need your verse quite yet, or whether your genius might not learn something by continued and faithful study of the works of these men, in whose number you desire to be enrolled. Are you not too hasty in trying to join such a company, and to be admitted ‘tra cotanto senno?’ ”

Here our reply should stop, for face to face with an innocent creature which has proved its innocence by the publication of a volume of verse, we have no mind to be otherwise than tender and considerate. We would hide even our compassion, lest it give offence. But were we to speak impersonally, without having any special individual in view, we should say that most of the poetry of young people, most of the poetry which appears in pretty duodecimo volumes, is an offence to both gods and men. Without absolute excellence a poem is worse than good for nothing. It is a pure delusion that to write a passable poem is a praiseworthy achievement. Men and women ought to try to find something better to do. Almost any other honest calling would be more creditable and more serviceable. It is only the men or women who write because expression is a genuine necessity to them who have a right to publish, and who will secure a place among the poets. Let us consider poetry as a profession disgraceful to any one who is not forced into it.

This may seem rather an ungracious preface to a notice of a little volume of poems by a young author, but it needed to be said, and we were the more ready to say it on this occasion because Mr. Weeks’s verses show qualities which may hereafter entitle him to be listened to—*hereafter*, when by culture and experience he shall have developed and defined his own individuality, widened the range of his thought, and deepened the tone of his feeling. The defect most obvious in his volume is, that it is written under impressions derived from other poets. The reader of Browning and Tennyson and Mrs. Browning and Lowell finds that Mr. Weeks has read them also, and that his verse is full of reminders of his favorite poets. But there is a delicate, sweet, and tender sentiment in many of his pieces which, however the tone and manner in which it is expressed may resemble that of some other writer, is plainly genuine and belongs to Mr. Weeks himself. The purity of feeling and the refinement of expression in some of the poems give assurance that he has faculties which he may cultivate to noble use. But as yet his sympathetic sensibilities overmaster his natural spirit, and there is a lack of individual pith, vigor, and certainty in his work. There is purity and sincerity in his verse, but a touch, now and then, of sentimentality. What Mr. Weeks needs is to cultivate and strengthen himself. Nature and the elder poets would be his best friends. Would he betake himself to their company and keep silent for a while, we should look to having from him ten years hence a volume much better than most of what goes by the name of poetry.

Let the following graceful verses of his own plead with him. They are called

THE GOOD PURSUIT.

I dream of the time when she
Whom I follow and dimly see,
And love still more and more
As ever she flies before,
True leader and guide to me—

I dream of the time when she
Shall be clearly seen by me,
Still flying, the beautiful one,
Still leading me on and on
To the lands which poets see.

I dream of the time when she
Shall be won at last by me,
At the edge of the promised land,
Which we enter hand in hand,
And I dream of what shall be.

Meanwhile, ’t is a joy but to see
The white robe beckoning me;

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* “Poems. By Robert K. Weeks.” New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 1866. 16mo, pp. 142.

Time enough for a sight of the face,
When I prove myself true to the chase,
And am what she persuades me to be.

Mr. Weeks stands at the parting of the ways. Will he follow or drop the pursuit?

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW FOR JANUARY.

THOSE high-toned gentlemen, of whom every county in Eastern Virginia is supposed to have two or three, and of whom we ourselves have, with the eye of flesh, once seen one, who wear their hair down on their coat collars, and christen at least one son Powhatan because of the family descent from Pocahontas, daughter of that emperor, will be filled with the fiercest wrath if ever they read of Mr. Deane's researches in this last "North American." The name of Massachusetts—and it is long since any white Virginian loved it—will henceforth be more bitterly execrated than ever. A probable, at any rate a possible, descendant of the Federalist Adams, living in the State of the mudsill and Puritan, proclaims that John Esten Cooke's "Last of the Knights" and worthy pioneer of the first families of Virginia, was not only a roving adventurer and soldier of fortune, but a great liar, and on one occasion a base liar; and that the romantic Pocahontas, really a hard-featured Indian young woman, if she could look into Peter Parley's history or that of Mr. Bancroft, would need all the impassiveness of her race to keep from laughing at the wonderful tale which Smith, after she was dead, invented about her magnanimity and soft-heartedness. It is a pity—or, if the boldest historic truth were not, first, last, and all the time, infinitely better than the prettiest of misleading historical falsehoods, it would be a pity—that the legend turns out to be void of truth. If it uses all the materials which we owe to Mr. Deane's research, we doubt if Mr. Adams's argument, which we epitomize elsewhere, can be so much as shaken. To us it seems conclusive of the whole question.

The second article, on "Languages and Dialects," is by Professor Whitney. There is always in the speech of the individual—of the artisan, for instance, the artist, the man of letters, the ignorant man—a tendency to vary from the common forms. Thus dialects are always in process of formation, and we may say that almost every man has a dialect of his own, as a Yorkshire man has his own dialect. In his home a man may talk baby-talk to his child, for his office he has a legal dialect, for his church a religious dialect. Ignorance and isolation are influences wider reaching. But, on the other hand, there is always the effect of the community—for each must be understood by his fellows—to check the tendency to divergence. The history of language—and, by the way, Professor Whitney holds that the linguistic science is not to be called a physical science—is a record of alternate and repeated divergence and convergence of dialects, the many becoming one, the one becoming many. M. Renan, therefore, and Professor Max Müller, are not wise to maintain that the natural tendency of language is from diversity to uniformity, that human speech began its history in almost infinite dialectic division, and that, therefore, the human race began its history not in the unity of one family, but in the diversity of many widely-scattered tribes. Seeing thus, they see but half. This view begins in the *midst* of the historic development of human language; it goes back only half far enough. There were tribes before there was a nation; true, but before tribes was the family. The article, of which the argument here but hinted at is the gist, is full of matter useful to the student and entertaining to the general reader, and it is one of a series which, no doubt, will yet appear in a volume.

"The Sources of the Nile" is by Professor Gilman, and briefly tells what late explorers have discovered, and also cursorily speaks of the earlier writers who make mention of the great river. Professor Evans treats of "The Office and Influence of Clothes." We are ignorant whether he is indebted to the German work which is his text for his sermon also. The paper is marked by a rather forced ingenuity, and will be found not especially amusing or instructive reading. Mr. Norton praises Mr. Stillé's "History of the Sanitary Commission," finding in it no fault except that the laudatory personal notices of leading members of the commission, appearing in a book published under their auspices, have the look of self-praise. As to the organization itself, he justly and proudly says that it was framed and administered in entire accordance with the principles of our national life, and "to the end of time the Sanitary Commission will stand in history as a worthy monument of the patriotism, the humanity, and the religion of a Christian democracy." The "Tyranny of the Majority" seeks to show that "if the majority in a popular government is disposed to tyrannize, there is no way of preventing it except by the use of force;" and further, "that a majority which has had the courage and ability to gain power without resort to violence, or by organized violence simply, is no more likely to tyrannize, and does not tyrannize any more, than any other body of men in whose hands the absolute sovereignty of a country is lodged." Mr. Thomas Hare's theory, as set forth in his well-known treatise, that the majority is a wicked creature which must be got to tie itself up tight, and then will be a good enough creature never to untie itself and behave according to its evil nature, furnishes the text for the article. "Governor Winthrop in New England" is a review of the second part of Mr. Robert C. Winthrop's memoir of his great ancestor.

As usual, the most taking article of the number, the one to which the reader may very likely turn first, though it is very certainly one to which he will not turn oftenest, is Mr. Parton's. Mr. Parton probably can write nothing for which the publishers of any American periodical in flourishing circumstances would not pay him, and would not be justified in paying him, almost any price he would ask. He writes nothing that is not extremely well adapted to please, both by its matter and style, the great mass of newspaper readers. The men whom vast numbers of their fellow-citizens have been voting for, whom everybody has been interested in, whose names are conferred upon Western towns and the offspring of legal voters; the topics with which editors have made the subscribers to their journals familiar—these are the themes in which he delights. He cannot be said to write good English, but his English is good enough; he is not to be called a thinker, but he never puts on paper a sentence which means nothing; his ideas are those which a lawful majority of the reading public possess, which they have always possessed, and their own ideas are presented to them in language such as some of them do use, and all, if they could, would choose to use. In short, the newspapers having first formed for him his audience, then supply him with a topic and a mode of treatment. The colloquialisms in phraseology, the slap-dash way of making his statements, his hasty and not infrequently very doubtfully correct generalizations, his want of careful accuracy—all of them very decided blemishes in the literary character of a writer who would please long—are, on the whole, advantages for a writer who has determined on pleasing many readers in a country like ours. The paper now before us is a historical study. Daniel Webster is the subject, and the general view which we get of him is that which nine intelligent men out of every ten in the North would have given if they had been asked for an opinion any time within the last six or seven years. There is really nothing new in it. But it is very readable for once. Looking at it a second time, one finds it a little tiresome, or discovers that he is ready to read another such discourse on Rufus Choate or Martin Van Buren or Old Bullion, but that he does not care to turn back to the one about Randolph or Webster. Yesterday's editorials were good enough to make us wish for to-day's, but we feel no inclination to go through them again. How much of this feeling is due to the nature of the subjects and how much to the writer's way of treating them, it might be not easy to say with exactness. But the choice of subjects is the author's choice, and, whatever advantage or disadvantage it may bring him, he is to hold himself responsible for that as much as for his style. But let us repeat—it is not necessary for us to tell the public so—that, blameworthy as they are in some particulars, and apt as they are to leave a feeling of unsatisfaction, Mr. Parton's studies of characters are exceedingly readable. We hear that they are to appear as a book. It is useless, we suppose, to hope that Mr. Parton will be less aggressive, less ready to strike a blow *obiter* at anything which does not please him, from systems of collegiate study to stained-glass in windows, but we may express a wish for a little more biography, pure and simple, when his studies are put into a volume. It is as biographies, after all, that they will be surest of a reasonably long lease of life, and in a biography exactness is a fine thing.

The ninth article, containing nearly a hundred pages of critical notices, is very good. The reviews of Ward's "Life of Percival," of Bancroft's "History of the United States," of Swinburne's "Laus Veneris," of Procter's "Memoir of Charles Lamb," of Walker's "Science of Wealth," and of Greeley's "American Conflict," are the best—the best of all being the one upon Mr. Ward's book, or upon the hero of it—but nearly all are excellent. Further mention of Percival as a poet ought not to be made; and if any one thinks too cruel justice was executed on him, let them reflect on the fact that his influence on the youthful mind was great enough in the year 1866 for him to find a biographer whom admiration called to the task. Altogether, this number is a good beginning of the year, and our aged quarterly grows more and more vigorous the older it grows, and surely now offers the reading public a very cheap six dollars' worth.

AN ENGLISHMAN ON SHERMAN'S TRACK.[*]

MR. KENNAWAY is an Oxford man and a practising barrister who spent a hundred and twenty-eight days of 1865 in making a hasty tour of the

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[*] "On Sherman's Track; or, The South After the War. By John H. Kennaway, M.A., Balliol College, Oxford." London: Seeley, Jackson & Halliday. 1867.

Southern States. His work is, upon the whole, an agreeable disappointment. It is not dull and conceited ; it is not offensively British ; it does quote from the President's Message, but it is not filled full with stupid discourses on the right of secession ; its praise of Southern gallantry is not pushed into absurd laudation of the South ; it makes no Freemantle obeisances to Southern chivalry and aristocracy ; it contains few remarks upon "democratic manners ;" it is generally uncommonly sensible, manly, and gentlemanly. It would not be true to say that the American reader will find much in it that is new, and will not find a good deal that is old. Unless he has learned to skip he will discover himself absorbing the regular amount of information about the wonderful growth of Chicago, the slowness of Southern railroad trains, the beauty of Spanish moss, the dreariness of Southern pine barrens, the recklessness of steamboat captains, and so on. And much of the volume is taken up with accounts of battles and campaigns, with the story of which we on this side of the water are quite familiar. What devastation and destitution he saw we also pretty well know by this time, and we know how Southern women feel towards the United States soldiers and people, for it is a tale that in the last three years has been often told. The book was, however, written not for us but for the English public, and in England it will be useful, for, as we think, its author has tried, and tried successfully, to be impartial as between the South and North, and between the North and England, and if he tells not very much about us, what he does tell is true. He is by no means what one would call an ardent admirer of this country, and evidently much prefers the form of government under which he was born and the social system established in England to American republicanism and equality ; but his beliefs do not run into prejudices, and, as we have said, we think him extremely fair, and it is difficult to find fault with him whether he is discussing President Johnson and his policy ; Mr. Seward, the *Alabama,* and the Fenian raid ; the treatment of prisoners of war in rebel and Federal military prisons, or the causes of the rebellion and the attitude of the English Government throughout the war. The negro, we observe, he occasionally styles "the nigger," and he permits himself to speak of Mr. Lincoln as "poor old Lincoln ;" but there is plenty of evidence in the book that he is no hater of the colored race, and Mr. Lincoln plainly has his hearty liking, if, perhaps, a little less of his respect—perhaps we ought rather to say his respectfulness—than Americans will be wholly content to see given. And as to the negro : on one point, at least, we must correct Mr. Kennaway, whom haste seems to have led into a statement not altogether true, or, at any rate, liable to be misconstrued. After saying that the most hopeful friends of the freedmen believe that, when he has enjoyed his freedom for a while, he will return willingly to hard work, the author goes on to say that "this view is not, however, borne out by the conduct of the negroes on the Sea Islands and at Port Royal ;" and in support of his assertion he cites the Southern correspondence of this journal, and quotes the language used by several gentlemen, and written down from their lips by THE NATION'S correspondent—language, some of which, indeed, would justify Mr. Kennaway's conclusion. But a not very careful reading of the letter from which he quotes would show that the complaints of the Port Royal planters were made rather against the system of government under which the islands then were than against the laborers. Nominally, while General Saxton was military governor, the negro on a landowner's plantation was a hired laborer—really he owned a small farm and could work for himself, or for his nominal employer, or for nobody, just as he liked ; and there was no ready way, almost no way, of making him vacate premises which he held not on conditions, but by order of a military governor. But it was said by one of the gentlemen whose complaints are given in the letter referred to, that "he felt convinced that a system of labor which should leave the employer and the negroes perfectly free, would show that the latter were careful, industrious, and profitable servants." The fault found with the Port Royal negroes was not so much that they would not work, but that they preferred working for themselves to working for an employer, and the fault found with the labor system then in vogue was, that it left the negro entirely his own master and almost entirely the master of his employer.

Some new things the American reader will find in this book. Of General Butler Mr. Kennaway speaks with respect, and he tells this story, which we suppose has not before been printed in this country :

> "The intensity, however, of that bitterness [against England] had, I fancy, been considerably modified at the time of our arrival in the country, and a calmer judgment had resumed its sway, as men who wished to be fair saw that there was much to say on our side of the question. 'I was right mad with you some time back,' said General Butler to us, or words to that effect, 'and swore a big oath that I would land before long a force of 40,000 men in Ireland ; but I am willing to admit now that there is not the same cause for complaint that I fancied, and I do not see how your Government could have acted much otherwise.'"

Nor had we ever before seen this story of Bishop and General Polk, which is further interesting as being one of the very few jokes recorded to Grant's credit :

> "They tell a pleasant story of some good-humored sparring that he had with Grant, on some occasion when they met on a matter connected with the exchange of prisoners, and when, business being over, according to the custom of the country they went in for a drink. Polk taking the lead, announced that he was about to give a toast in which both sides could equally join—'George Washington ;' to which, when the whole party was fairly committed, he added quietly, 'The first rebel,' raising thereby a hearty laugh at the expense of the Yankees. Grant was determined on having his revenge, and on the occasion of a subsequent meeting led the conversation to the subject of state rights, a question upon which Southerners were never tired of expatiating. He himself said but little, leaving them to infer that he had some difficulty in answering the arguments that they advanced, and they were soon ready to accept without hesitation the toast of 'Equal rights to all,' until the laugh was turned and the old score paid off when he added the rider, 'Black as well as white.'"

And to conclude this notice of a book which we have read with pleasure, and which we hope may, as the author wishes, do something to assist Englishmen and Americans to a better understanding of each other, we copy his account of the way in which Bishop Polk came to be a general :

> "On the breaking out of the war he, with the rest of the Southern bishops, gave in his adhesion to the *de facto* Government, to 'the powers that be ;' and at an early period sought an interview with Jefferson Davis, for the purpose of pointing out what, from his knowledge of the country, he conceived ought to be the strategy adopted in the Mississippi district. Then, going on to describe the very peculiar qualifications that were required for the command of such a post, he asked the President if he had any one in his mind to whom he thought it might safely be entrusted. Davis hesitated, then said pointedly, 'Bishop, you are the man : I know of no one but yourself.' Polk at once negatived the suggestion, notwithstanding all that could be urged on behalf of the claims of country, and the examples that, doubtless, were adduced of warlike prelates who had stood forth in the good old times as champions of the faith and of the right.
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> "Before he left, however, he promised to ask the advice of Bishop Meade, of Virginia, with whom he had shortly afterwards a protracted interview. But little progress had been made in overcoming his scruples, when Meade proposed that they should consult General Lee, as he was a God-fearing man, and one whose opinion might with safety be acted upon. Polk consented, and the two bishops set out together. They had only gone a few yards when Lee himself met them, and of his own accord entered upon the subject, which he knew to have been under consideration, and stated it as his deliberate conviction that it was not inconsistent even with the holy vows of the episcopal office to take up arms when a man's country required it of him. On this Polk gave way, and, regarding this seemingly chance encounter as an indication of the will of Providence, he consented to forego his scruples, and to exchange the mitre and the crosier for the plumes and the staff of a field-officer."

Liffith Lank, or Lunacy. By C. H. Webb. Illustrations by Sol Eytinge, Jr. Quotations by various authors. (New York : Carleton. 1867.)—There is some good fun in this book, and the author of it finds very fair game in the inartistic management of the ending of Mr. Reade's "Griffith Gaunt." And of course it is possible to raise a laugh, for which there is ample justification, at Mr. Reade's typographical feats and other conscious eccentricities, and his free way of flinging Latin about. Also, the reader will find some most unblushing puns—beauties which are their own excuse for being, and have no relation to anything of Reade's. Here, for example, is one that we find in connection with a picture of the Southern Cross—five white stars on an oblong black patch in the middle of a page : "Dost recognize the constellation, gentle reader ? There are other Southern Crosses in our universe beside Mulattoes." The following specimens are equally bad. They are puns pure and simple. They do not come laying claim to respect because, though puns, they hint at a deep truth, or they convey a touch of humorous pathos, or they do some other fine thing. Toleration is all they ask, and they are content to be laughed at ; the maker of them throws himself on the charity of his friends and sheepishly awaits their sentence, as the true punster must : "One day she nagged and egged him so much, that he was determined to break the yolk. So he collared a poor devil of a priest, with whom his wife happened to be discussing the vicarious powers of the Pope, and shook and trampled him till there was seemingly no life left in him. Black and blue and livid, those who picked the poor priest up thought he was suffering from an attack of malignant collarer." Mr. Reade's very unpretty bragging in his Prurient Prude Letter gets many hits as well as the novel, and it will amuse the readers of letter and book to read also this gibing and jesting.

The Friend. An Independent Monthly. January, 1867. Vol. II., No. 1. (New York : 131 William Street.)—This publication, in abandoning the form of a newspaper for that of a magazine, loses also its originally distinctive character as an organ of the liberal wing of the Society of Friends. There is a gain in thus breaking away from sectarian ties, but an increased difficulty in competing with the larger and long-established magazines. In the number before us strong religious convictions are prominent, and probably occupy more space than it is intended to allow them hereafter ; they correspond pretty closely with that able and aggressive periodical, "The Radical." Better writing and a greater variety of articles may reasonably be looked for in subsequent numbers. There is no lack of earnestness, and that is a large part of any one's claim to a hearing.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of The Nation *should be addressed to the Editor.*

THE LESSON OF THE CRISIS.

The one thing which was evident throughout the war, whatever might be doubtful or indistinct, was the determination of the Northern people to preserve the Union. There was a great deal of discussion on almost every other point, but there never was any room for discussion on this. The one thing which is now plain is that the Northern people are determined that there shall no longer be any such thing as political inequality on American soil, that all men shall be equal before the law, and that no legal barrier shall stand between any man and any of the prizes of life. About the cause of this determination and about its wisdom and about the means used for carrying it out, there may be a good deal of difference of opinion; about its existence we believe there is none. There are people who say that the negro ought not to be the equal of the white man before the law, and there are others who say that if he is it will ruin the country; but there are none who deny that the majority are determined to have him so, and the greater the number of obstacles thrown in the way of the gratification of this desire, the fiercer it seems to burn. It would not be possible to point out a single act, either of the South or of the Democratic party at the North, committed since Lee's surrender with the view of hindering or delaying or discrediting the movement for equality, which has not had the effect of strengthening and accelerating it. The President came out of the war armed with almost absolute power, and in possession of enormous patronage, and at the head of a party which four years of bloody struggle had familiarized with executive usurpation. His defection, one would have said, would have scattered his party like sheep. It only made it fiercer and more compact. Some of its most gifted and influential members, who had borne the heat and burden of the day, followed his example, and were simply overwhelmed by execrations and defiance. The South has been emboldened by the countenance of the President and of the Northern Democrats into changing its attitude from that of a vanquished enemy into that of a power treating on equal terms, and has found, in spite of the largeness of the Northern minority, that there was even less to hope from resistance than from submission. The trade, the commerce, and the manufactures of the busiest community in the world are terribly embarrassed by the prolongation of the political disquietude, and yet no man dares to raise his voice in favor of the slightest lowering of the terms of settlement. In fact, hardly a month passes that something is not added to make them bitterer and less easy to swallow. The men who during the past year have been rising in influence are not the moderate but the extreme men, and the sentiments which are now most loudly cheered at public meetings are those which suggest the most desperate remedies. In short, after waiting a year and a half for the North to cool, it has only grown hotter and hotter.

Ought not "Conservatives" by this time to be satisfied that the measures they have been opposing are not the result of hasty, half-fledged impulses, but of a ripened judgment and determined will? If the events of the last eighteen months do not prove this, in the name of common sense what will prove it? We think that a man needs to be neither prophet nor sage to feel satisfied now that if the South and the Democracy persist much longer in their opposition to the policy of the Northern majority, we shall find ourselves thrust violently upon a stage of the struggle which will be distinctly and unmistakably revolutionary, and over which the nation will hardly pass without serious damage to some of the most valued and still most revered features of the Government. The signs of this are now so abundant that only a blind man can fail to perceive them, and we charge those who continue their senseless opposition to the popular will with responsibility of all the mischief, be it great or small, which may result from the resort of the majority to extra-legal courses. The South and the Democratic party are led by men who profess to be statesmen, and who talk and write as if they had read history, but they are acting like African "rain-makers." There is nothing of which they profess to be so well satisfied as of Radical unscrupulousness and disregard of constitutional obligations, and yet they act as if every Radical held constitutional obligations to be absolutely sacred. For instance, when they got the Executive on their side, they pawed and neighed fearfully, and shook the second article of the Constitution in everybody's face, as if the question was now settled. When they found that the Radicals were nothing daunted by this, and that they were disposed, if necessary, to get rid of Mr. Johnson by impeachment, these same Conservatives called the Supreme Court to their aid, and having got a decision against military commissions, they are twirling their thumbs complacently and assuring the world that it is all over, and that the Radicals must now submit—and all this in the same breath in which they preach upon Radical contempt for law.

Now, if there is any lesson which history teaches clearly, it is that there never has existed, and there never is likely to exist, a nation which will allow constitutions or forms of any kind on paper to stand between it and such a change in its policy as it deems necessary to its safety. That the popular safety is the highest law is not a mere saw of the publicists, it is a truth which every man in a free community has buried in his heart. There is nothing in which political sagacity is better displayed, whether in a statesman or in a party, than in the detection of the signs which indicate that the nation has reached the point at which it begins to consider whether it will blindly adhere to constitutional forms and perish or disregard them and live. The wise politician—whether in a monarchy, oligarchy, or democracy—is he who knows when resistance to the popular will has gone far enough, and, when the proper moment has come, turns his attention to finding out the best mode of carrying it out without violating the letter of the law. There are a thousand signs that we have reached this point here, and that people are fast, thanks to Mr. Johnson and the South, getting into a state of mind in which constitutional forms will count for very little. One of these, and not the least important, is the way in which the recent decision of the Supreme Court, as well as its dictum, has been received. The court is made the object of the most violent abuse, and the agreement of the judges on a point of law of unusual clearness is denounced unsparingly as a "judicial conspiracy," and movements are even talked of for putting the judges on their trial for it. All this is, of course, very wild and absurd talk; but there is behind it a sentiment which is neither wild nor absurd, and that is, that the question of reconstruction is a question too momentous, too wide in its range, and affecting too vitally the destiny of the nation, to allow of its being submitted to any court of law or decided upon any technical rules of interpretation. In other words, it is essentially a political question, and political questions nations and not courts must solve. No people in the world ever has—no people, it is safe to say, ever will agree to live in danger of its own dissolution as a political community, or permit the perpetuation in its government of principles which it deems immoral or unsound because nine judges think it ought to do so. It may be legally proper that it should, but it would be logically and morally absurd.

Now, political equality, the absence of all distinctions based on birth or color, having been determined upon as the basis of the National Government, and the fixity and sincerity of this determination having been thoroughly tested, the part of true statesmanship is to inaugurate the new régime under constitutional forms, and with as little departure from legality as possible. Equality may be made the basis of our political system in a perfectly legal way, and without doing any outward damage either to the independence of the States or the independence of the Supreme Court. What the South fears from the imposition of the new rule by Congress is the establishment of a precedent which might lead to the imposition hereafter of various other conditions by a victorious majority. But there is no political change that is not a choice of evils; no matter what we do, whether the amendment be accepted or rejected, whether impartial suffrage be established or not, the majority will still rule. The question is not whether it is to be allowed to rule—this has been decided—but whether it shall rule in good temper, under constitutional forms, and with its traditional respect for law still intact, or rule exasperated, after having been driven to extremes, and forced to fall back on its superior physical force for the defence of its policy. The plan of resistance to the majority which the South is now trying has been twice tried, and on much the same grounds—that is, that it was undertaken for the protection of "indefeasible rights"—once by the Stuarts and once by the Bourbons. In both cases the minority lost, part their heads and part their property, and the constitution was swept away altogether. Charles I. and his adherents, and Louis XVI. and his adherents, were determined to "save their honor," and "to hold firm at the outset;" "not to let in the narrow end of the wedge," "to show the world of what stuff 'gentlemen' were made;" "to save the rights of the monarchy," "to save the nation from a parcel of fanatics," just as the equally crazy "Conservatives" in this country now are—and the result was that the majority at last lost temper and made short work of them and their rights.

All these are things which most people as yet shrink from saying, although they are present to the minds of nine out of ten of the intelligent men of the community. The lookout is not a pleasant one. It is rendered every day darker and darker by such performances as the Democratic Convention at Hartford, and the steady and almost asinine stupidity with which the Southern legislatures go on manufacturing their cheap defiance. There is no more danger that these people will have their own way in the matter of reconstruction than there is that the United States will be annexed to Canada and pass again under the British crown; but there is danger that they may continue their opposition long enough to lead to the smashing up of some of the paper defences behind which they are now hiding their foolish heads.

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THE NEW INDIAN HOSTILITIES.

Any shred of incredulity regarding the hostile spirit of the Dakota Indians which may hitherto have clung to our countrymen must be swept away by the tidings of the late horrid massacre near Fort Philip Kearney. Whether or no there be a general complot among all the Territorial Indians, as alarmists assert, yet surely in that vicinage, at least, the red men have dug up the hatchet and struck out on the war-path. To judge from the tone of the public press, this revelation takes the country with thorough surprise; whereas the havoc in Colonel Carrington's command is only a bolder outcropping of the evil long felt by judicious observers to be nearing the surface. Our whole Indian policy is a system of mismanagement, and in many parts one of gigantic abuse. Yet, on all occasions of Indian raids and massacres, it has been a systematic aim in some quarters to lull the popular mind, to deny or to gloss the hostile rumors, and to represent that the relations between the much-revered "Great Father" and his docile and affectionate "red children" were elysian, or could be made so by extra appropriations for gin and blankets. Hence, for example, in the same day we got a Washington telegram stating that "the Commissioner of Indian Affairs does not credit the report of a massacre near Fort Philip Kearney," and a Fort Laramie telegram showing that the scalped and mutilated bodies of over eighty of the victims of that massacre had already been recovered and buried.

The Indians in our Territories number in all between 300,000 and 350,000 souls. No precise census of them has ever been made; for no man has had power, or leisure either, to "call from their woodland haunts the savage train and count them on the plain." But within these somewhat distant margins the total of those who retain a tribal organization is included. For this great class of our population we have no settled governmental policy, and our present Indian economy is a most pernicious makeshift. We have not even fixed in our minds, much less in theirs, what reciprocal plan of duty and protection can be or ought to be afforded. In a pending suit at law, it is made a question for adjudication whether hostile Indians are foreign enemies or domestic rebels. We do not justly discriminate between the tribes themselves; and our practice is usually first to massacre, by the wholesale, all the redskins we can get at—brave, squaw, and papoose—and next to patch up a peace by presents with all that are left.

Dismissing as apocryphal the story of "twelve tribes" coalescing for the winter's campaign, we must nevertheless credit a somewhat general rising among the Sioux and Cheyennes. Now, it is curious to observe that these two tribes have abundant cause for war—at least in the logic of the "untutored mind"—in our own dealings with them. The Cheyennes were the tribe among whom Colonel Chivington and his "gallant men" committed their deeds of hideous barbarity about two years ago. Chivington's command, according to the Committee on the Conduct of the War, murdered in cold blood a hundred unresisting Cheyennes of a friendly band, three-fourths of the butchered being women and children. "From the sucking babe to the old warrior, all overtaken were deliberately murdered," and that with accompanying acts of "revolting barbarity, such as, it is to be hoped, never before disgraced the acts of men claiming to be civilized." And in this hellish story the worst feature is that "the dastardly massacre, which would have disgraced the veriest savage," was "deliberately planned" in accordance with the almost incredible public sentiment of that region which applauded the shooting of Indians like wolves. It is the rough, relentless frontier spirit which trains the very infants of the log-cabin to "hate an Ingin like pisen," and which finds expression in countless such coins of current morality as "I do n't vally a redskin above a rattlesnake." If any one can read the record of our dealings with the Cheyennes, and then marvel at their present murderous marauding, he has poorly studied human nature. Nothing of this sort do we proffer, of course, in excuse for the Indian outrages, but in explanation, rather, of those outrages; we trace back from the harvest to the seed.

The other tribe, the Sioux, have a different history. Their nucleus is known as the Upper Sioux tribe of Dakota, found all along the valley of the Upper Missouri. This powerful tribe has been in open hostilities with us intermittently ever since the outbreak of the Southern rebellion. It would be a tedious story to recount all our warlike expeditions against these Sioux. Enough to say that our much-vaunted expeditions up the valley, undertaken at the cost of millions of dollars, have usually accomplished almost nothing. Throughout 1863 and 1864, especially, these expeditions were briskly conducted; but so excited were our people over the great rebellion, that they had no time or mind to sift the stories of "brilliant victories over the Sioux." But these brilliant victories were trifling and indecisive skirmishes, and the Indians were not then, and never have been, thoroughly whipped. If the Cheyennes—or rather the friendly bands of the Cheyennes—have been wronged by too harsh treatment, the Sioux have been injured by too feeble treatment. Both, therefore, as we said, have incitement sufficient to unite against us.

The random stories from the forts regarding the number of tribes now leagued for war are, of course, utterly untrustworthy. It is not probable that all the bands of any one tribe deliberately purpose hostilities; it is not probable that they contemplate a war *à l'outrance.* Of the Sioux of the Upper Missouri, however, there are about 15,000 souls. They were reinforced, some years ago, by their kindred, speaking the same dialect, the Sioux of the Mississippi, say about 5,000 strong. These latter were expelled from Minnesota after their wild riot of savagery in that State, whose memory even now makes the blood curdle. From that day to this, tempestuous and bloodthirsty spirits among the Sioux have been defiantly threatening our outposts; and, as we said, our boasted expeditions of two and three years ago did not quell them. The Sioux of the Plains, who inhabit the valleys of the Arkansas and Platte, number probably 5,600. The Cheyennes, who sojourn in the same region, number about 3,000. If we add the Arapahoes, denizens of the same locality, we obtain 3,000 more. As these figures represent total populations, the available warriors cannot be of alarming strength even were all conjoined.

But, in truth, so far from being the indication of a grand combination of Indians for a war of races, the late massacre among the 18th Infantry and 2d Cavalry is rather the sign of a new league for marauding. It is this bitter reflection which carries our minds from the immediate catastrophe to the larger question of our Indian policy. This consists, in a word, of the offer of a premium for robbery and murder. This effect it accomplishes in the following manner: In order to assist the Western march of civilization, and more especially to afford safe routes for travel across the continent, the Indians were induced to exchange certain tracts of desirable land occupied by them for annuities of money and merchandise. The payment of these annuities has attracted around the Indians a class of bipeds who may be fairly called Vultures of the Plains, who do for the Indian what "land-sharks" do for the sailor and sutlers for the soldier. With these "Indian traders," gamblers, and what not, are leagued the land speculators and usually the Government Indian agents themselves. All that the red man sees of the white disgusts him, and all that he feels of his influence debauches and ruins him. The only decent whites he sees, for the most part, are the soldiers who shoot him. The Indian, in a word, has been made by our system a drunken, lazy rascal, who has his semi-annual moments of profusion, when he is plundered and stripped and left more wretched than before. Unable to wait for his annuities to mature again, he takes to marauding and massacre. He robs as he has been robbed, and if any notions of justice or mercy could be left in his whiskey-steeped brain, they must be obliterated by his contact with the whites. If troops are sent against a band of Indians the latter draw off, giving their pursuers great trouble, and finally propose a peace, which is accepted, and sealed by another grand presentation of money and merchandise.

The result of such conduct is that the Indian, partly goaded by his wrongs, partly forced by his needs, partly coaxed by his opportunities, falls upon the unprotected emigrant or soldier wherever he can. And sometimes it is perfectly clear that, besides his immediate object of plunder, he has begun hostilities merely to make show enough for insisting on a formal treaty of peace, to be accompanied with more goods and greenbacks!

The primal remedy for our evils is in the transfer of the Indian Bureau from the Department of the Interior to the War Office. The trouble has hitherto lain in a *divisum imperium*, the authority which dealt with the Indians during peace being entirely different from that which dealt with them during war. Moreover, the interests of these diverse authorities are not always the same; different motives and aims inspire them; they employ means which conflict; they are seldom harmonious in action, but are usually jealous and full of complaint. What is still more hurtful under the present system, neither the civilians nor the military authorities can be held to entire responsibility for the good conduct of the Indians, and each invariably ascribes any calamity directly or remotely to some prior action of the other. The recent urgent recommendation of General Grant, based on the report of General Sherman, to transfer the control of Indian affairs to the War Bureau, was made at least two years ago by General Pope, though it passed unheeded. It would not be so much a transfer as a return of authority, since the War Office held it until it was unhappily given to the Interior.

Suppose the troops on the Plains should be held solely responsible for the good behavior of the Indians, what could they do more than now? The answer is, The troops could *corral* the Indians; they could keep them away from the emigrant routes; could establish a healthful state of non-intercourse; could remove the temptation to plunder by forcing the Indians away from certain prescribed regions. In this way they would effectually police the "short route" to Montana and the Pacific. Such, in substance, we understand to be the meaning of General Sherman's plan. It is worth notice that the massacre which has formed the text of our present remarks occurred quite within the route or belt from which it is contemplated henceforth to exclude the Indians.

CONCERNING THINGS SPIRITUAL.

AFTER having been scoffed at, spit upon, and theoretically annihilated for the last hundred years, ghosts are again beginning to look up in the world. The newspapers teem with accounts of the marvellous doings of the uneasy inhabitants of the unseen world, and every private circle has its tale of wonder and horror which never finds its way to the press. The air is fairly heavy with the burden of restless spirits, who go wandering to and fro over the earth and walking up and down in it; at the dead of night their footfalls strike on wakeful ears all over the land, and to believing eyes they show themselves at times in visible forms. Vague reports of their appearance in some locality creep into the public prints, to be followed by innumerable items of circumstantial statement, and these again reinforced by bundles of affidavits. If we can credit what we read, the devil has lately visited one of the interior towns of Kentucky, breathing forth fire and showing the traditionary horns, tail, and cloven hoof. Mrs. Surratt still treads the chambers of the mansion in which she lived, clad in the robes of serge in which she died, and is reported to have actually lowered the rents of the neighboring houses—the only recorded instance of any agency, material or immaterial, which has hitherto succeeded in lowering the price of anything in Washington. For it is to be noticed that the ghosts who are now coming into fashion are not altogether like those whom they have succeeded, and who contented themselves with frightening children and servants. They are of a far higher character. They no longer haunt solitary hearths, sombre groves, solemn churchyards, and lonely houses; they seek now the companionship of man, frequent crowded streets, linger about the densest quarters of cities, and seem to have a praiseworthy taste for cultivated society. They have no longer need to be exorcised; with many they have now become a part of religion itself. If we go on, indeed, at the rate we have been going on for the past ten years, it is not an unreasonable anticipation that the time will come when every well-furnished mansion will no more be considered complete without its own private ghost than it is now without its bath-room or hot-air furnace.

But, seriously, among all the phenomena of the present century, there is hardly one more remarkable than the rapid growth of the belief in the possibility and existence of a constant intercourse between the material and immaterial worlds, and the fact that this belief does not prevail so much among the ignorant, but is confined rather to the educated classes. Under the name of spiritualism it has spread to an extent which would seem incredible were that sublimated mysticism anything more than a natural reaction from the intense materialism of an age which practically believes in nothing that cannot be seen or felt or demonstrated. And truly a faith which, if the claims of its adherents be correct, numbers its proselytes by millions; which can point among them to many men certainly highly cultivated and commonly esteemed clear-headed; which boasts of a literature of its own, already almost infinite in quantity, though infinitesimal in value; such a faith deserves consideration for what it has done, if not for what it is. At any rate, clear ideas should be held as to the nature of its claims and proofs. Yet about these there is the least knowledge, owing principally to the fact that the moment a man begins to believe in spiritualism, he does, it must be admitted, often begin at the same time to talk and write on that subject a kind of transcendental twaddle to an extent which furnishes new and uncomfortable conceptions of the immense abysses of absurdity in human nature which still lie unexplored. It is the aim of this article to give a general idea of these claims and proofs, translating only the vague and misty language in which they are ordinarily couched into the vernacular idiom.

Spiritualism, then, according to the claims of its adherents, is the natural successor of the Christian religion. The latter is represented as having been a good thing, and as having done a good work in its time. Like the Mosaic dispensation which it superseded, it came into the world at the period in which it was wanted, replaced the worn-out faiths then existing, and lifted man up to a higher plane of thought and action. But its day has now gone by; it has outlived its usefulness. Everywhere over the earth are prevalent vague feelings of unrest and dissatisfaction upon all matters appertaining to religion. This is seen more especially among the young and highly educated. They feel that they cannot be satisfied with believing what their fathers believed, or living the life their fathers lived. It was a state of mind precisely similar to that which prevailed in so marked a manner throughout the world at the time the Saviour came—this discontent with existing forms, this longing for something higher and purer. Spiritualism comes in to supply this want which men vaguely feel but cannot all express. In its turn it will be succeeded at some future period by a higher and purer religion still.

For the support of this claim spiritualism relies almost entirely upon a direct, constant, and intimate communication with disembodied spirits. It presents, in favor of such a communication, an array of evidence which, whether true or false, has been sufficiently striking to challenge the attention of the curious, sufficiently plausible to shake at times the doubts of the most incredulous, and sufficiently convincing to gain the assent of many men of education and capacity. Indeed, it is a singular fact that nearly all who have begun the practical investigation of the subject, no matter how sceptical they were at the outset, have ended in becoming ardent believers in the new faith and advocates of it. Many, perhaps all, of the marvellous stories told may be untrue; but, under the circumstances, it is hard to say that they are in themselves absurd. However this may be, the supernatural machinery for manufacturing miracles is limited in its workings in two most important particulars, of the latter one of which notice has rarely been taken. The mediums, or spirits asserted to act through the mediums, have never yet been able to foretell coming events, which, to be sure, may be no more within the power of a spirit in the other world than of a spirit in the flesh; but, further, so far as our observation extends, they have never been able to tell any particular person what he himself did not know already. The enquirer does not wonder at the fact; he wonders only how the medium became possessed of it. In cases where he is told what purports to be a fact, and, if such, is a fact which he did not know, the information is of such a kind that, by its very nature, he is unable to test its truth.

Spiritualism has hitherto generally been assailed by denying the miraculous nature of the facts upon which it bases its claim to be of divine origin; but the facts of Spiritualism are the very things out of a belief in which its adherents can never be reasoned. It would seem to be a more conclusive argument to admit them, but deny the conclusions drawn from them.

One point in connection with them, however, must not be overlooked. It is constantly assumed by Spiritualists, and often brought forward as an evidence of the divinity of their faith, along with its rapid progress, that the human mind naturally shrinks from a belief in the possibility of a communication between the visible and invisible worlds. Nothing can be further from the truth. The success of Spiritualism has been due not alone to its being a senseless reaction from the equally senseless materialism of the age, but, in part, to the fact that it makes so strong an appeal to a predisposition of the mind to believe in the seemingly impossible, simply and solely because it seems impossible. This tendency to credit everything unexplainable by the reason to supernatural agency, however dwarfed by education, or hid by fear of public opinion, is as universal as the race, and crops out, at times, in most surprising forms. Of all the paths, indeed, wherein we walk by faith, and not by sight, it is the one in which we are most prone to tread. For all those mysterious problems which, some time in life, come to each one of us, and the solution of which we grope after in vain, in the soul's own darkness, it furnishes the speediest and most satisfactory answer. Mankind are like Horace's bad poets, who persist in introducing a god, whether the difficulty be worthy of the appearance of one or not. And it is to be remembered that while there is nothing save the infrequency of direct supernatural agency to contradict such a belief there is much both in history and revelation to strengthen it. It is an illusion, if it be entirely an illusion, which the traditions of all nations have favored, and in which the wisest and greatest men of all ages have shared. It has formed the groundwork of the most striking portion of the legendary lore of modern Europe. There has been no time in which it has died out utterly; it is not until a comparatively late period that it has even died out in the minds of men of commanding ability. Every one knows that no longer ago than the preceding century Johnson went on a ghost-hunt to Cock-lane; and Addison, who lived in an age inclined to be sceptical in all matters spiritual, and himself noway given to credulity, in an essay ridiculing the vulgar horror of ghosts, took pains to add that he thought a person terrified with the imagination of spectres much more reasonable than one who, contrary to the reports of all historians, sacred and profane, ancient and modern, and to the traditions of all nations, thinks the appearance of spirits fabulous and the belief in it groundless.

But the admission of the miraculous nature of the facts of Spiritualism serves only to render clearer the inherent weakness of the system of belief they are brought forward to sustain. It may be granted, for the sake of the argument, that they are the work of supernatural agencies. The barriers between the material and the immaterial world are not so high and broad that they may not be overleaped. But if the wonders of Spiritualism are perfectly real, they are just as perfectly worthless. They prove nothing but the powerlessness of those who execute them, whether they be spirits or mortals. And they are worthless because the wonderful things upon which so much stress is laid are not in themselves wonderful. Their mediums cannot foretell the future; in that respect their manifestations have not even the value which is sometimes attached to dreams and presentiments. They cannot tell an enquirer what he does not know himself; and it is not worth while going to the unseen world for information which one has already, or which can be gained much more easily. They do, indeed, move chairs and tables, draw pictures and talk twaddle by the hour, as they claim, by direct spiritual agency. But it is nowhere asserted, nor can it be truly asserted, that the mediums move furniture half so well as day-laborers and porters; that they make drawings which are equal to those executed by hundreds of artists; or that they have as yet said or written anything worth reading or printing. It is the utter uselessness of what they do, their utter powerlessness to equal not the best but the mere ordinary efforts of ordinary men, that fill a rational mind with the most profound contempt for the new faith and its apostles. If what is done is done by the agency of spirits, what respect can a reasonable being have for spirits that work so much and accomplish so little, and that little of no account whatever?

It may be said, and it is sometimes said, in reply, that it is not for their usefulness that miracles are wrought; that it is a low view to judge them by any such test. They are wrought, it is asserted, to establish the proofs of a new faith; to demonstrate that its origin is supernatural; to awaken the attention of careless men and convince the minds of prejudiced men. It may be granted that these ends are had in view; still, the fact remains that God does not do wonders for the sake of doing wonders, but for some great beneficent purpose. The miracles recorded in the New Testament as having been performed by the founder of the Christian religion were not performed save when good to individual men was to be accomplished by their agency. Not for money, not for show, were those wonders wrought. Moreover, they were wonders such as man could not do. Christ healed the sick, gave sight to the blind and hearing to the deaf, made the lame to walk, brought the dead to life, and foretold what was to be. Upon these works he rested his claim to be of divine origin. But Spiritualists ask us to believe in the divinity of their faith because their mediums, by an inappreciable exertion of power, can lift a table a few inches from the ground, which, by a fuller exertion of power, any man can lift several feet. Christ proclaimed as fundamental truths doctrines then strange, novel, only dreamed of by speculative men if ever dreamed of at all, though now they are too common to excite surprise; but he proclaimed them in language so simple that he who runs may read. The great apostle to the Gentiles, in unfolding the highest mysteries of the faith he preached, traversed with matchless ease the uppermost air of speculation, and the wisest of men still reverently quote his words and adopt his conclusions. Now we are asked to accept for the simple but sublime statements of Christ, or the clear conceptions and exalted theories of Paul, the rhapsodies of diseased brains, in which no meaning can be found because none exists, and whose claim to be supernatural is that they are incomprehensible.

Still, mothers are losing their children by death; fond fathers unwillingly give up the only son of their name to the grave; each day how many die, some of whom are long and some of whom are always bitterly mourned by the survivors—mourned with "blind longing and passionate pain." And this being so, it is vain to look for a speedy ending to a belief that offers the living one more opportunity to speak with the beloved dead.

ENGLAND.—CHRISTMAS AT CAMBRIDGE.

CAMBRIDGE, December 27, 1866.

THE newspapers are all lamenting over the dearth of news; near five hundred men were killed in a colliery explosion the other day; but, as few of us work in collieries, that incident has quickly died out of memory. I therefore venture to send you a letter treating of a subject of a different character. I am here in one of the oldest colleges at Cambridge, keeping Christmas according to the rites of our ancestors, in a fashion which is almost extinct in England, and which, I presume, is unknown in America. I am tempted to think that a description of some of our customs may not be uninteresting to you. Railways and other shameless innovations have considerably affected even these hallowed retreats. It used to be customary for many fellows of colleges to pass their Christmas here; fellows having been, till the year 1859, necessarily bachelors. This restriction having been partly removed, and the facility of travelling having so greatly increased, most of them are now attracted to the bosoms of their families. This college forms a gallant and, I think, a solitary exception. We still stand upon the ancient ways, and keep up our festivities in defiance of cavillers and reformers. Our fellows are nearly all lawyers, and, at other times of the year, are for the most part in London. At each Christmas we gather with a small circle of such friends as we can tempt from family pleasures, and drink milk punch, eat boar's head, and play whist as our predecessors did before us. Some two hundred years ago, a former master of the college spent a thousand pounds in buying a piece of land. He left it to us with the condition that we were to erect to his memory a memorial, "not curious nor costly, but lasting," and to bury him beneath it in our chapel. The rents were then to go to provide waxlights for Divine service, to pay a small sum to every fellow or scholar who should attend a certain commemoration of which I will speak directly, and the balance, if any balance was left, was to be applied to "some small provision of supper" on the same day. Old Dr. Eden sleeps soundly, I hope, beneath a monument which is certainly not costly, but which has lasted fairly enough. We still provide waxlights;

and, once a year, on the 24th of December, we gather in the chapel to the number of about thirteen. There the will is read; a few prayers are put up, giving thanks for former benefactors (we can't quite pray for their souls); then a fellow reads a Latin oration in praise of the civil law; curious coincidences have been remarked in the expressions used in different years, lending some countenance to the theory that the oration is not always original; it grows, however, gradually shorter, neither Latin orations nor civil law retaining their ancient charms; after the oration comes a list of the benefactors. It begins with the bishop who founded us in the fourteenth century in order to provide lawyers for his diocese, the then existing generation having been killed off by a plague. I doubt whether modern bishops would look upon such a plague as a very heavy dispensation of Providence; however, our worthy founder doubtless found the college useful, for he stipulated that our fellows should always defend his causes "*for a competent fee.*" When our statutes were altered a few years ago, some of the fellows made great difficulties about abandoning this regulation; but, strange to say, the present bishop did not seem to value highly his privilege of getting a lawyer by paying for him. The list of benefactors continues through five centuries, closing with a gentleman who lately gave some books for our library, and, still more nobly, sends us a fat swan for our feasts every Christmas. It is really a pity that we cannot pray for his soul. Service over, we do a certain quantity of business in regard to our landed property. The point of the will, however, which is observed with most scrupulous fidelity is that relating to supper. In fact, we spend, I suspect, a good deal more for that estimable purpose than the whole revenue of the estates. In former days men used to dine early, say at four o'clock, and, with the digestive faculties of the generation when two-bottle men were common, they were eager for supper before ten. They kept up a succession of dinners and suppers every alternate day for a fortnight. The dinner was of the solidest, and was washed down by no meaner liquids than sherry, madeira, and port; claret they despised; but a glass of strong beer might be interpolated somewhere about the cheese. Thus fortified, nature supported them till supper-time, when a light repast of oysters, boar's head, game-pie, with spiced ale and milk punch followed. Any ill effects were obviated by the sovereign remedy (as it was held) of a baked apple, eaten the last thing at night. And so these jolly old gentlemen went to bed, and, let us hope, to pleasant dreams and slumbers light. Time has brought changes, staunch conservatives as we are, but they may be summed up as follows: Dinner is now at six instead of four, the supper remaining at ten; claret has been added to the wine-list after a long constitutional struggle, and there are even hopes at some future day of champagne; and the dinners, instead of being spread over a fortnight, are compressed into a week. One old gentleman has stood fifty years of this heavy feasting, and bids fair to survive many more; but he is careful not to overwork his brains in the intervals. I think our founder should be as much gratified at this celebration as the shade of some ancient hero at the slaughter and consumption of hecatombs of sheep and oxen.

I fear I may have given you the impression that our hospitality is rather substantial than delicate; but, to say the truth, it is chiefly kept up as a show rather than as a reality. I do not mean to deny that some gallant diners still encounter the perils of old-fashioned supper supervening upon a modern dinner; they are the young or the strangers. Any who are at home consider that we are going through a time-honored ceremony, but one which has few other claims to honor. We play a quiet rubber or two at whist, for there is something eminently respectable and almost High-Church about whist at Christmas. There is supposed to be somewhere a strait-laced sect which thinks card-playing unbecoming to the clergy; but here the severest of parsons thinks that there is something incomplete about his Christmas unless he has won or lost a few shillings. Sometimes we venture upon an oyster or take a glass of milk-punch on principle, for that milk-punch has a traditional celebrity, the recipe having been presumably handed down through successive butlers through several centuries past. But boar's head and game-pie are things to look at, not to be touched. They harmonize well with the appearance of the rather low room with an antiquated marble mantelpiece, with dark oak panels, lighted by waxlights in silver sconces and adorned with the portraits of ancient worthies. Lord Chesterfield and Bishop Gardiner, of persecuting memory, are the only two likely to be known beyond the Atlantic, and they form a curiously contrasted pair. The sight is picturesque, but the atmosphere of such rooms is apt to grow muggy and suppery, and I prefer a quiet cigar and conversation in the rooms of a friend, for at this time the students' rooms are pretty well filled with old fellow-students coming back to revive their college associations; and, on the whole, heavy though the feasting may be, we have no bad time of it.

There are seventeen colleges in Cambridge, each of which is an independent corporation, keenly jealous in some respects of its rivals, though, as against the outside world, they are bound most strictly together. The most significant of our Christmas ceremonies is the passing of the grace-cup. It is handed backwards and forwards across the table, each man standing up to drink, and his next neighbor standing up (as is traditionally explained) to prevent any enemy taking advantage of the attitude and stabbing the drinker whilst his head is buried in the cup. In this venerable fashion we drink the solemn toast, "In piam memoriam fundatoris nostri." I offer you this picture of somewhat elephantine hospitalities not because a chronicle of milk-punch can be very interesting in itself, but because it illustrates certain peculiarities of English university life. The old custom, the ancient cup, and the sentiment expressed give the central idea of an English college. It has to the imagination of its members a kind of continuous personality, unbroken by the lapse of ages. They feel bound not only to each other, but to the dead who have gone before them. Our own roll of worthies is not a long one, but such as they are I cannot help regarding them with a certain affection. I can pardon Gardiner for burning a heretic or two, and I think less severely of Chesterfield's morality, when I remember that, after all, they were Trinity Hall men. It is not, I am aware, a plea of much weight to the philosophical historian, but, as a mere question of sentiment, it is agreeable, and has its elevating influence; it helps at any rate to strengthen the bond—one of the pleasantest that we can form in life—of fellow-studentship. To have been at a brand new "academy" together is something, but it is much more to be a fellow-sharer in so many memories and associations stretching back into the dimness of the past. I need not enlarge upon this text, for it is my experience that strangers are apt, if anything, to regard such sentiments with more indulgence than they deserve. We often admire a picturesque old building, such as are some of our colleges, where fragments from many centuries have been gradually mellowed by the lapse of time into a harmonious whole, a great deal more when we see it from outside than when practical experience has taught us its many inconveniences. And so it is with this strong college spirit. The power with which the colleges affect the imaginations of their members is pleasant, but prejudicial in many ways. Thus, it is very difficult to legislate for the university systematically without interfering with some vested interests. To take one example: Every one would admit that the great revenues of the colleges would be better applied if a larger part of them were devoted (say) to the encouragement of natural philosophy. But each college insists on applying its own revenues as it chooses, without being accountable to any one; no college chooses to give much encouragement to natural science, for the very reason that, as it is neglected at present, the college which encouraged it would be filled by the less eminent men. Each of the seventeen colleges wishes to attract the students who distinguish themselves most in the most popular studies—that is, at present, in classics and mathematics; so that, for want of any central power, a foolish competition takes the place of what might be a most useful co-operation. These things will come in time. Meanwhile, the university is like an ancient and clumsily constructed piece of machinery, in some respects, although I should do it great injustice if I did not add that I believe it has never been fuller of vigor nor in a better way towards reform.

LETTER FROM CRETE.

CANEA, CRETE, Dec. 1, 1866.

AT last we begin to have from the outer world faint echoes of the sounds of the Cretan insurrection. After two months' heroic and triumphant resistance of half-armed and wholly unorganized men against the trained troops of a whole empire; after battles that have been without parallel since Bunker Hill, Lexington, and old Fort Ti, and in some respects even more unique than those; after feats of arms which ought to be immortal (and will be if the Cretans win), the men who govern and enlighten Europe begin to be aware that the revolution means something, to suspect that men may be goaded by bad government and long endurance of wrong to revolt in the very face of destiny, and European statesmen begin to enquire what can be done to extinguish this fire which begins to threaten the overthrow of all their Oriental arrangements, and to light anew the fires of liberty in the elder world.

It is not Crete alone that is in question, though Cretans alone bear the brunt of battle. She is to the new revolution what Massachusetts was to the old one. If she can endure the armed shock until the other Greek states can prepare, the doom of the empire of Omar is come. The Sultan has poured all his disposable legions in here, and a fleet of war steamers coast continually the circuit of the island. Two months ago they began by a battle which the governor could watch with a glass from his palace, and to-day they are only fifteen miles beyond the first battle-field, where he has now been ten days, not daring to attack the insurgents.

I don't think any two months since Xerxes played out his *rôle* have seen so much heroism of the true old type. At Vryses less than 3,000 Cretans, without artillery, without bayonets, and with guns that their grandfathers owned, attacked in their camps 4,000 Egyptian troops, shut them in, fought 2,000 more who tried to force their way in, and after four days, when the troops asked for terms, about a thousand men came out, leaving everything they could not carry behind them At Keramia, the Cretans attacked the troops advancing, and, fighting back Parthian fashion, finally repulsed them, 11,000 strong, though at no moment were more than 3,000 Cretans engaged. At Candanos they defeated the troops and drove them into the town, where they blockaded them, and it required a force of 16,000 troops to raise the siege, and even then the Cretans pursued them, as the Americans did the British after Concord, to within sight of Canéa. At Sourba, 500 Cretans defended the village against the assaults of the troops, who numbered in all 21,000, and at the end of two days' resistance, the 500 having increased to 1,200, pursued the Mussulmans out of the valley. And, not to go through the whole series of battles small and great, at Vafé, the only decided victory the troops have so far won, 600 Cretans resisted the whole army, 14,000, and, finally coming hand to hand, retreated, but not before having put *hors du combat* at least their own number, and some accounts say 800 men. A small body of them assaulted the governor's camp, cutting their way to his tent, where they did not however find *him*. They lost many killed and prisoners, 30 of the latter being brought in, the only ones the troops have taken so far, except three of the Greek officers taken at Vafé for the sake of information. The troops don't seem to fancy taking prisoners, and the Cretans don't fancy being taken.

The affair of Sourba seems to me one of the most brilliant things in history. The wounded of the previous battles were collected there, and when the attack began only 500 Cretans could be collected, the others being distributed all over the island to defend the passages from surprise. The army made four distinct assaults, and the roar of their artillery, plainly heard from my house, was incessant for two days, and they could be distinguished as coming over the ridges nearer and nearer to Canéa, as the Turks fought a retreating fight, pursued by the Cretans.

The individual dash and pluck seems to be almost at the maximum; but the fight once over, the Cretans disperse, and perhaps when the troops return to the attack the pass so obstinately defended is deserted and the next is defended. The *élan* in attack is equally remarkable, and they will charge for miles in a helter-skelter way, which suits the character of the country, running from cover to cover with great rapidity and firing at close quarters with deadly effect, though they have no rifles or even good smoothbores, and their arms would figure in a museum. Within a few weeks they have received rifles and a few pieces of artillery, and I hear that they are throwing up works against the city of Retimo.

The Ottoman troops seem to have become so much demoralized by these energetic attacks and the sharpshooting that, a retreat once commenced, they never make a decided stand again until they get behind the walls of one of the fortresses or in the open plains, where their artillery and horsemen can act; and to-day, so far as we have heard, there is only outside of the walled towns the main movable force of about 16,000 men, all concentrated for the attack of the famous passes of Askyfo. There this same Mustapha Pasha who now commands suffered one of the most disastrous defeats in the whole Greek revolution of '21-'30. It is not believed he will venture the attack now, but, if he finds the Cretans resolute, will turn eastward and measure his strength with Coroneos, the general-in-chief, who has under him most of the Greek volunteers, and occupies the country around Mount Ida.

But heroic, and brilliant even, as has been the defence of the mountain lands, the Cretans have had sufferings to endure compared to which Valley Forge was but camping out for exercise. Shut in the narrow valleys of their rugged mountains, where they were driven by the inevitable massacre that awaited every Christian, man, woman, or child, that fell into the hands of the troops, the families have endured things incredible to those who only know what war is in civilized countries, and the men, who would have disregarded personal hardship, are half disarmed by seeing their wives and children driven, starving, into the snows of Asprovouna and dying by hundreds under the hostility of the heavens. Between butchery on one side and death from cold and hunger on the other, they, like David, have chosen the hand of God to be their discipline. Yet even in the mountains they were not always safe; all could not reach Sphakia, but, hiding in caves and in the gorges of the nearer hills, have been hunted out by the Cretan Mussulmans and butchered in cold blood, or smothered by smoke *à la* Pelissier. On one threshing-floor of the village of Kaysonos they say that one hundred and twenty dead bodies of children, decapitated, lie in a heap; in one cave of Kephala over two hundred men, women, and children were smothered by fire and smoke, beside many smaller parties, who found their deaths by the same means, scattered all over the island. Credible reports state that thousands of women and children have perished between the knife, the elements, and the want of food. A Greek officer in command at Askyfo wrote his wife a month ago that for eight days he had only eaten carobs.

Yet all this does not bend them. To every overture of the Mussulman authorities they only reply, We will fight while any remain. Their villages are all destroyed, their crops all lost, nothing remains but their bodies, and those they will fight for, was the answer they returned to the summons to lay their arms down and accept the mercy of the Sultan. When, a few days ago, the pasha summoned the Cretans in Askyfo to surrender, and promised them an amnesty if they delivered up their arms and the cannon the volunteers had brought, they replied that the cannon belonged to the strangers, and as for their own arms, if he wanted them he must come there and take them.

He has, so far, taken very few. His formidable army is met in all the difficult passes by a few hundred Christians (they have never had more than 3,000 in the fight at once), and in almost all cases repulsed. Making slow way by flank movements when they can be made, and changing the direction of his march when they cannot, as now, we find that, despairing of entering Sphakia by force of arms, he has moved off towards Retimo, where Coroneos is carrying all before him. It is a pity such a heroic struggle should only end in defeat by exhaustion—as it will, if Europe should not intervene—but exhaustion, I fear, of all the best blood of the island.

You will admit, I think, that it is a noble race, worthy of liberty; but, as my letter is an ethnological rather than a political one, I do not enter into the question of political rights or wrongs, and only say that the last chance of studying personally the old Greek stock from living models and examples will soon be lost if this war goes on. These men are, to my mind, the legitimate successors of Leonidas and Epaminondas, Agesilaus and Themistocles; what wonder would it be if we found some of their vices as well as their virtues?

I must defer to another letter some of the curious facts developed by a comparison of the Mussulman and Christian Cretan, of the same blood and, until a few generations, of the same education—comparisons which will show wherein Mohammedanism fails to comply with even the requirements of this simple and antique civilization. W. S.

Fine Arts.

SOMETHING ABOUT NEW BUILDINGS IN NEW YORK.

I.

One of the most noticeable of the new buildings in this city is the large white marble-faced structure which, as the public generally know by this time, is intended to enshrine the *New York Herald* establishment. This building stands in so very conspicuous a position, on that celebrated corner lot from off which Barnum's Museum was burned a year and a half ago, that passers are compelled to look at it. As one walks down-town-ward along the western sidewalk of Broadway, and enjoys the cheerfulness and daylight effect of the wide open space called, by way of a joke, the Park, the big white Herald building begins Broadway again, shuts in the street to its inadequate eighty feet, and *will* be looked at. So all the walkers look at it, and all the walkers in couples and at leisure talk about it and discuss it. There is a sort of free school of architectural criticism always being carried on, where he who listens may have his choice of tastes and theories. Just now it is the fashion to admire French roofs; this one is an extra large French roof, and is duly admired. Just now it is the fashion to admire large windows, and things colossal in scale, generally; for which reason Messrs. Ball & Black's store, at the corner of Broadway and Prince Street, is a great favorite, with its windows that seem only moderately large, until one goes near and finds them nine feet wide. But the *Herald's* new windows are rather small compared with the mass of the building, and this offends some of the talkers, and is approved by none. A few of the peripatetic critics look sharply enough to distinguish the numerous groups of J. G. B. over the windows, and these wonder why the G should be so much the largest of the three, and further they say nothing. Then, from afar off, half-way up to Chambers Street, it is perceptible that a row of street cars have been raised to the roof, and are doing duty there as skylights of portentous dimensions; these meet the popular approval, as suggestive of a well-lighted composing-room at the top of the house. So that if it be any gratification to those concerned to fill the mouths of the passers-by, they have that gratification, and to a much greater extent than is usually granted to the builder of buildings in America.

There is one respect in which this new building is really "an ornament to the city;" in this, that from further up Broadway—from about the corner of Duane Street—the green trees of the Park swell out beautifully between white walls, above and below. The trees peeped out from behind Stewart's store prettily of old, but the hideous Museum building closed the picture. Now we have a finer combination, or, at least, we had it last fall before the huge French roof was put on, and possibly even that has not spoiled it.

The first story, on the level of the sidewalk, is of iron, and painted white, of that peculiarly offensive sort of cast-iron work that imitates without at all resembling marble construction. This, in contrast with the marble, looks as cheap as its worst enemies could wish. The coarse, untransparent, dirty-yellowish white of the painted iron is bad enough when it is alone, without the contrast of the crystalline translucency of marble, as it is in the great store at the corner of Tenth Street. But the iron lower story of a marble building is ugly enough to shock, one would think, even New Yorkers' taste. In the case before us, as is usual, there seems to have been no sufficient reason for making it of iron at all; there was certainly none for giving it the ridiculous pasteboard look which is achieved by boxing out the thin iron into a wretched similitude of rusticated blocks of marble.

From this to the cornice on the two longer sides the building is calm and grave and reserved in general effect, beyond most of our buildings. The moderate-sized windows are good, and their squareness is good, and when one is far enough away not to see the detail that surrounds and caps them, the rows of quadrangular holes cut squarely into the thick wall, and following each other around the obtuse angles of the corner, tend to make the building solid and simple in effect. On this account, the triple window over the main door and the three-centred arch heads of the other windows on that front are to be regretted. They mar the unity of the façade while adding no variety, deny its general character of quietness and horizontalness, and make the principal face the poorest and meanest. There are barbarisms in all parts of the marble work, but, on the whole, there is a sort of virtue in the general design not very common in our restless and "loud" Broadway buildings. The cornice, impure in detail as all the rest of the outside, is about the right size for it, has about enough parapet for it, and is not very showy. So that the marble work ends decently enough; before the roof was put on, one looking from a distance might think the building before him an unusually inoffensive and temperate building for New York.

Above the parapet rise the dormers, huge, sprawling, and shapeless. They dwarf the whole exterior. What are the windows below but pigeon-holes, and the high massive walls more than a screen, if these great receiving-tomb-looking edifices are the right size for garret windows? The largest dormer, that over the entrance, is the worst one we know of—really a monster. Above these dormers is a second row of windows, circular, surmounted by frames like mirror frames prepared for gilding, and hooded with semicircular caps which make the windows seem higher than wide. The detail of dormers and mirror frames is of the coarsest and clumsiest character, true to the traditions of cast-iron. These are painted white, contrasting forcibly with the dark roof. Painted white, also, are wide bands marking each hip of the roof, so broad and glaring as to reduce all the marble pilasters below to absolute nothingness. The shape of the ground-plan, not otherwise unfortunate, gives cause for six of these, four of them rising from the prominent angles of the building and leaning toward each other, destroying all the quietness it might have had, and seeming even to shake its stability.

As for these modern cast-iron adornments, there seems to be a contest between rival establishments which shall produce the most novel and unexpected *tours-de-force*. There are continually new and more remarkable designs hoisted into place, making the beholder wish that there were no fusible carbonate of iron, that metal were to be worked only on the anvil. So far as we know, cast-iron has never been rightly used in our supposed ornamental building; only in the most purely utilitarian structures are its good qualities rightly employed. There are buildings wholly of iron which, at another time, will be themes of discussion.

The difficulty that inheres in the criticism of such buildings as the one before us is this: It is not architecture at all that we are considering. It is wholly a misuse of the art of architecture to suppose or allow that there is anything in common between it and such buildings as this. Because large and costly, they attract the notice that in other and happier times was given to what was architecture indeed. Because attracting such notice, they demand criticism which ought not to be wasted upon them, which ought not to notice at all as works of fine art things that have no part nor lot with fine art.

We have found a few relative merits—better say relatively slight faults—in the building we have been considering, and a few accidental merits, so to speak. Let us mention another accidental merit, but a very enjoyable one the great south wall, one unbroken and perfectly smooth sea of dull red brick, mottled as walls of common hard brick always are, glowing warm in the sunlight or shadowed by passing clouds like the slope of a mountain. When the proposed building for the Park Bank shall shut out from view this noble wall, unless it shall be the best building on Broadway, it will be less fair than what it conceals.

Correspondence.

THE NEW JERSEY RAILROAD.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Dear Sir: I have just read the article in The Nation of Thursday, 3d inst., upon the Dwight railroad accident. I hope you will make no concessions to the New Jersey monopoly or its conductor. Both public morality and safety require that the facts, and especially the habits and customs of that arrogant concern, should be thoroughly sifted and ventilated. The result to you cannot be doubtful if properly contested with first-class legal talent on your side, bold enough to be independent of the great monopolists, and fighting your side with zeal.

For the past twenty years or more I have used the New Jersey Railroad once or twice a year, and, until Congress has been lately investigating the doings of the company, I never once passed over the road without being made to feel that its managers treated the public simply as a milch cow—with no rights which a white man was bound to respect.

Reading your account of the sad tragedy lately occurring there, I feel that neither it nor the treatment of the lady sufferer were accidents, but rather the natural results of the monopolist spirit which has long ruled there. An experienced eye can always read the spirit of a company in the behavior of its employees—from the ticket-seller down to the brakeman, baggage-master, and switch-tender.

I think a reprint of your article under review sent to each member of Congress would have an excellent effect upon the action of that body. The free use of the company's money (so freely drawn from the people) in lobbying, printing, and other modes of influence, together with the differences of opinion as to State rights, make it very difficult for Congress to resist the taxation which this company and its pliant servant the State of New Jersey, exact from the rest of the country; but right will prevail in time.

Yours truly, —— ——.

Boston, Mass., Jan. 7, 1867.

To the Editor of The Nation:

I again read in this week's issue your article respecting the Dwight accident on the New Jersey Railroad, and your remarks respecting Mr. Rostine Parker, his claim for $10,000 damages for libel, etc., etc. It is to be desired that this suit against you may be and will be determinedly pushed forward with vigor, in order that a prominent opportunity may be given to the public to hear a dissection of the manner in which passengers are cared for on the rail, particularly by the New Jersey Railroad. As to the *finale*, you need entertain no fears; any of the daily riders over the road can honestly sustain your position and remarks, and it is high time railroad monopolies were given to know that the public and the press are their masters. With this I hand you an article from the Newark *Daily Advertiser* of January 3, 1867, which may be one straw more for the wind to blow at.

Yours, Justice.

Newark, N. J., Jan. 6, 1867.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

W. J. WIDDLETON, New York.

Philip the Second. Charles Gayarre. 8vo. Adv. below. $3 00

LITTLE, BROWN & CO., Boston.

The Works of Edmund Burke. Vols. IX., X. . . . .
A Treatise on the Law of Partnership. Theophilus Parsons, LL.D. Adv. below.

CARLETON, New York.

Liffith Lank; or, Lunacy. C. H. Webb. A travesty. Adv. below. . . . . Cloth, 1 00 Paper, 50

HURD & HOUGHTON, New York.

Antonius. J. C. Heywood. A dramatic poem. 1 75

The Nation.

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The Week.

MR. BOUTWELL on Tuesday introduced and carried to a third reading a bill excluding from practice as lawyers before the Federal courts all persons guilty of having aided or abetted the rebels, an enactment which the Supreme Court has already pronounced unconstitutional, as being in the nature of a bill of pains and penalties. The bill is in effect an assertion on the part of Congress of its determination to have its way as against the court, and is therefore highly important and worthy of careful and calm discussion. But Mr. Boutwell refused to allow it to be debated, and is, as we write, forcing it through under the previous question, without allowing the minority to express their opinion upon it, and sooner than yield his point, has kept the House up all night voting on dilatory motions. This may be legislation, but it is not the legislation of a deliberative assembly.

◆

THIS has been, on the whole, a great week for Billingsgate. Mr. Stevens displayed his almost unrivalled powers in an attack on Mr. Seward, which will certainly keep Parson Brownlow and George D. Prentice awake for the next month. We do not admire Mr. Seward, and have said our say about his course since 1860; but he is a man who for nearly forty years used great powers for the promotion of noble ends, and was an anti-slavery man when anti-slavery men were scarce, and who has consequently, in his day and generation, done honor to his country. The spectacle of another old man, therefore, bespattering him in Congress with abuse such as may any day be heard in any Democratic bar-room in this city is not edifying.

◆

THE Judiciary Committee is said not to be making much if any progress with the impeachment investigation, and it now seems probable that the preliminary investigation, as well as the proceeding itself, will be bequeathed to the next Congress. According to Mr. Sumner, the whole North is eager for the impeachment; but if we may judge from the press, very few people are eager for it. The Washington correspondent of the Springfield *Republican*, who is generally both sensible and accurate, estimates the chance of impeachment as one in a hundred, and the chance of conviction as one in a thousand, which we think is probably a fair estimate of the extent of Mr. Johnson's risk. We may add that we doubt if Mr. Sumner is helping any cause by delivering such tirades of abuse as he poured on Mr. Johnson last week. All he says is, perhaps, true; but then, Mr. Johnson is not improved nor the country enlightened by saying it, and Mr. Sumner's reputation is certainly not increased. What is called a "scathing denunciation" is a kind of performance to which almost any intellect is equal; and certainly Mr. Sumner might have found a thousand better ways of using his great powers than "exposing" Andrew Johnson. Mr. Johnson has put himself beyond the reach of the moral censure of wise and good and even decent men. Anybody who "swung round the circle" as he did last summer may fairly bid defiance to criticism.

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NEBRASKA and Colorado are admitted into the Union as States if the bills for their admission are not vetoed, or, which is very doubtful indeed, are passed over the veto that is pretty sure to come. They are not to come in, however, until the Territorial legislatures have accepted a condition precedent which binds, or which is supposed to bind, or which some persons pretend to believe will bind, the new States never to make between their citizens any political distinctions based on color. An honest imposition of this requirement the necessary majority in the House and Senate could not be brought to make; but they have succeeded in seeming to insist severely on impartial suffrage. Two years from to-day a Colorado or Nebraska convention does what it likes in the matter. But the Radical strength in the next Congress will be increased by the coming in of the new members, and the accession may be useful should it be decided to offer an impartial suffrage amendment to the Constitution—the only way in which the friends of impartial suffrage will make quite sure of it.

◆

MR. W. E. DODGE, of New York, spoke strongly in the House, on Monday, against the impeachment, which he deprecated as "not only unfortunate in a political point of view, but vastly more unfortunate in paralyzing the industrial and business interests of the country." He mentioned, in illustration, a charitable institution in New York which had agreed to invest its surplus capital in United States securities, but, on account of the impeachment proposition, changed its decision and put the money in a trust company. Nobody is better qualified to speak on this point than Mr. Dodge, and we hope the Ashleys, Loans, and other wise men will heed what he says.

◆

MR. MORRILL's bill, obliging the Secretary of the Treasury to give six days' notice of his intention to sell gold, and to dispose of it to persons bidding for it in sealed proposals addressed to the Assistant Treasurer, and to be opened by him in public, has passed the House. The bill deprives the Secretary of a power which we believe was not abused, but which might be, and which, whether or no, no man ought to have.

◆

MR. COWAN has been nominated as Minister to Austria in place of Mr. Motley, who, Mr. Johnson says, resigned, but who, Mr. Sumner says, has been removed expressly to make way for Mr. Cowan. Mr. Sumner has therefore very properly called on the President for the correspondence in the case, and should it prove that a man like Motley has been turned out of the public service to make way for a man like Cowan, we trust the Senate will do its duty and see that the arrangement is never carried out. The Pennsylvania Legislature is highly indignant at Mr. Cowan's appointment, on the ground that after they have pronounced him unfit to be senator, it is an insult to the State to make him a national representative abroad. We should share in this view if senators were never turned out except for bad behavior, but, unfortunately, they are so often dismissed simply for the purpose of giving some one else "a chance" that dismissal does not necessarily carry with it a moral or political stigma. Mr. Cowan has lately laid down his own views on the subject of tenure of office, in which he promulgated the doctrine of rotation in office in the very form in which every trickster, intriguer, vagabond, knave, and adventurer loves and upholds it. We trust, therefore, he will get no place of honor or profit, and that the Senate will make a firm stand on his case. Mr. Lincoln put into office the best set of foreign ministers we have had in many a day, and all our representatives at first-class courts for the last six years have been men who were in every sense of the word an honor to the country. We might perhaps make an exception in the case of Cassius Clay, but though "a child of nature and a child of freedom, and having his bright home in the setting sun," he is an honest and an honorable man, who, whatever discredit he might bring on the national rhetoric, would never bring any on our national character. They are now being removed one by one to make room for the broken-down adherents of "the policy," and if anything can be done to stop the process, stopped it should be. That "bright illuminating jewel" of New Jersey, Mr. Rogers, will probably be nominated for some mission before long.

◆

A STORY has been set afloat in the newspapers that, being full of gratitude on account of the Supreme Court decisions, Mr. Johnson intends to displace Mr. Adams, American minister in England, to make room for Mr. Dudley Field, whose brother is one of the justices of the Supreme Court. The story is destitute of truth, unjust to three of the four persons mentioned in it, and palpably an invention of some mind transported beyond the bounds of honesty and decency by the late decisions. A report much vaguer in its charges, to which currency has, however, been given by the respectable authority of the Boston *Advertiser's* Washington correspondent, is to the effect that the very well known Jeremiah Black, often irreverently styled "Jerry Black" and "Buchanan's man Jerry," the constitutional adviser of President Buchanan, who, as Attorney-General, informed that public functionary that the United States could not legally coerce a State to obey the Constitution, is the fountain whence Mr. Justice Davis draws his legal and political opinions. This is said to be the common belief among radical Republicans in Washington. It would, no doubt, be tolerably hard to prove it true; but, at any rate, the fulsome laudation of Justice Davis delivered at a late "banquet" by Mr. Black, who is a practising attorney at the bar of Judge Davis's court, was in sufficiently bad taste, and has helped to get credence for a report which Mr. Black may like to have credited, but in which Judge Davis probably takes not much delight. It is getting to be more and more the practice to punish men of prominence who may happen to differ from the majority by inventing a little story showing them to be animated by the vilest motives. Thus, Mr. Beecher wrote the Cleveland letter, we were told, to get his son reinstated in the army after having been dismissed for drunkenness, and, if we remember rightly, for swindling. The slander is usually manufactured by some of the "lively writers" who act as chiffonniers for the press, and then solemn and sedate politicians take it up, pass it about, and draw long, lugubrious faces over it as if the spectacle of human depravity was getting to be too much for them.

◆

THE New York *World*, in its best style—which, like its worst style, is not easily equalled—has recently shown the extreme foolishness of one or two projects for lessening the power and authority of the Supreme Court which have been broached by the Chicago *Tribune*. One of the two, we see, has been put into shape, and on Monday was offered in the House as a bill. It ordains that whenever the Supreme Court is called upon for a decision in regard to the constitutionality of any law of Congress or of a State, the hearing shall be before a full bench, and the decision, to be binding, shall be made without a single dissenting voice. This is a shade worse than the Western journal's plan, which only provided that the voices of three-fourths or two-thirds of the judges should be required to set aside a statute. But even then, as the *World* points out, in every case tried some one man, plaintiff or defendant, would have to submit his cause to a tribunal in which the chances against him would be as three to one or as two to one. The Supreme Court is not a Council of Revision. It is only in suits between citizens or States that the constitutionality of a law comes before it, and this the Chicago *Tribune* seems to forget. It is true that in jury trials one of two men must convince the twelve jurors that he is in the right, and one dissenting juror can prevent his winning his cause; but in such cases new trials and appeals are always easily possible. A Supreme Court decision is for all practical purposes final. We have not space to examine that journal's theory in regard to the appellate jurisdiction of the court. It is as carefully prepared as the other, and as entirely mistaken, reminding one of certain philosophic theories which Longfellow's American traveller found abroad in the natural home of lager and smoke. They were ingenious, elaborate, beautiful; they seemed like wide roads which must conduct the traveller somewhere; but they had a way of getting into waste places and contracting, and finally, like squirrel tracks, they led up a tree and stopped.

◆

THE insolent indifference of our great common carriers to anything but the making of money has, during this stormy week, had the completest possible illustration. Hundreds and thousands of passengers between New York and the opposite shores of the North and East Rivers have had the satisfaction of waiting two and three hours in ferry-houses, and even two and three hours aboard boats stuck fast in the ice, unable to cross, while tug-boats were moving about apparently with perfect ease. Some one of the many men who have lost valuable time by the gross and impudent neglect of these corporations ought to prosecute them in the courts. Nothing would be easier than for such a prosecutor to have a purse made up for him out of which to defray the legal expenses attendant on doing a great public service. Then, too, we have had the squabble between the directors of the Central Railroad and those of the Hudson River line, which has been settled we neither know nor care how, but which in its progress brought on the travelling public an amount of inconvenience which has found expression at Albany. "Travellers," we are told, "were compelled to walk across the ice at East Albany and take charge of their own baggage; the local trains to Troy ceased running; the new bridge might as well not have been built." The bill introduced into the State Legislature is not all that is wanted; but that and the comments of the press and the anger of the sufferers prove progress, and are a promise of better things to come. By-and-by the community will fully believe, and make these tyrants believe, that a franchise granted by the people the people can take away when it is shamefully misused.

◆

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS died on the evening of his sixtieth birthday—January 20, 1867. For many years sickness, almost constant, and his editorial work for the *Home Journal*, had withdrawn him from all literary labors of a kind more pretentious than trifles for that paper or more likely to be of permanent value. He had outlived the greater part of the fame which he once possessed, and at no time since 1850 would his death have been really an event in the literary world. His prose writings have been extensively read; gossipy, light, even frivolous, they yet were cleverly done and once were very readable; his touch was lighter, his expression more piquant than in his time was at all common among us. But their day is pretty much done. For a generation or two, however, Mr. Willis's name is likely to remain; he was an American author at a time when authors were rare in America, and he was author of one or two little poems which, whenever and wherever produced, would deserve to be called excellent.

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THE news from England is unimportant. Trade is depressed, and the iron trade is largely passing into the hands of Belgians, who are able to undersell the English dealers owing to the continued differences between the English workmen and the masters. A terrible snow-storm has added to the distress already existing, and the Government is said to hesitate about introducing a reform bill; but there appears to be no doubt that the arbitration proposition made by the United States for the settlement of the differences growing out of the war will now be gladly accepted. The prospects of trouble between Austria and Hungary continue to increase, owing to the determination of the Hungarians to keep the control of their own army. But above and beyond all these minor troubles looms the "Eastern question," that portentous monster which, for fifty years, has troubled the repose of every statesman in Europe, and which no spell or potion yet devised seems strong enough to quiet. But the chances are that, before very long, the experiment of a Greek kingdom on a larger scale will be made, but it will be very long, we fear, before any power will venture to propose that the Turks shall leave Europe.

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We publish in another column an interesting letter from our Cretan correspondent, giving a detailed account of the fight at the convent of Arkadi—an episode in every way worthy of the best days of Greece. Spartans might have done worse; they could not have done better. The way in which the Turks treat their captives, as described by our correspondent, is the way in which they have always treated them; the beheading of the dead, and the presentation of the head or ears to the pasha in command, is an old military custom of the Ottomans, and was practised, to some extent, in the Russian war, but repressed in deference to French and English prejudices. So that the appearance of the practice in Crete argues no increase of ferocity on the part of the troops, but it does argue a monstrous bluntness of the moral sense on the part of the European Powers. In these days barbarous modes of warfare are justly regarded as an offence against civilization, which will justify remonstrance, and even interference, on the part of neutrals. The English press teemed with denunciations of Russian barbarity in opening fire, without notice, on the unready Turkish men-of-war in the harbor of Sinope, and the editor of the *Saturday Review* writhed in agony for two years over General Neill's execution of ten guerrillas in Missouri. The rebellion of Crete affords a good outlet for some of this abounding humanity. Turkey is the ward of France and England; they have only to say, Let the Cretans alone, and Turkey withdraws from the island; they have only to say that the Cretans must be treated like civilized belligerents, and it will be done. Ten words of joint protest from the ambassadors at Constantinople would settle it. But for people who could not bear General Butler's rule in New Orleans to submit month after month to the massacre of women and children and the mutilation of prisoners in a Christian island by hordes of Asiatic barbarians, cannot but be regarded either as a display of great feebleness or a proof of great hypocrisy.

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Louis Napoleon has struck another of those unexpected blows, and the effect shows how largely the element of suddenness has entered into his statecraft, and at the same time how much wiser man he is than most of his personal adherents. His management of the Prussian difficulty, his failure in Mexico, the ignoble issue of his troubles with the United States, and the unpopularity of the scheme for the reorganization of the army, had all seriously impaired his popularity, and, consequently, endangered his dynasty, for he is nearing sixty years of age and is somewhat broken down in constitution. Ten or fifteen years ago he would probably have sought fresh strength in a foreign war; he now turns his thoughts towards peaceful political reform, acknowledges in an indirect way the responsibility of the ministers to the Corps Législatif, and places the press under the protection of the courts—the correctional, not "convictional" courts, as the telegraph amusingly and somewhat ominously announced; and, though last, not least, legalizes public meetings. He may say now with an approach to truth that he has fulfilled the promise of 1852, and "crowned his edifice" with liberty. We say, "with an approach to truth," because one thing is still wanting, and that perhaps the most important of all, the individual responsibility of public functionaries before the courts of law for all their acts, whether done "*par ordre supérieur*" or of their own mere motion. Without this, French liberty cannot be said to rest on any substantial basis; but still an immense step in advance has been made, and we must all hope that the work of political discussion which is now reopened in France will show that the sound experience of the past eighteen years has not been thrown away, and that France will resume in the world of ideas the place for which no depth or length of oppression seems to disqualify her. Perhaps the worst feature in her case just now is the fact that a breed of newspaper writers has grown up during the reign of repression so worthless both in character and mind that they will probably use their newly found liberty in such a way as to disgust the public with the press and prevent the better class of journalists from exercising their just influence.

THE FREEDMEN.

Communications from Texas represent that in the north-eastern counties of the State the freedmen are more oppressed and brutally treated than in the days of slavery. Says the report: "The lash is more cruelly administered than ever before;" and freedmen who have cultivated land and raised crops have been robbed of all the fruits of their toil. A member of the grand jury of Red River County was heard to say that they dared not indict these criminals known to them to be guilty. Outrages, from cold-blooded murders down, have occurred, and there is no one to whom the blacks can appeal for redress. A recent letter from Austin gives an account of the murder of two freedmen—one near Austin, and the other at Home Bend. The murderers were white men. A case is reported where a freedman at Prairie Lea was cruelly whipped for addressing a young man as "Tom," instead of "Master Thomas." Another was shot for refusing to lend his bottle of whiskey to two white men. The civil authorities will not take any steps to bring the offenders to justice. In Panola County there exists a gang of five or six white men who live by robbing the freedmen. The citizens themselves are afraid of them, and the civil authorities powerless, because witnesses dare not testify against them. The military commandant at Victoria having refused to assist the Freedmen's Bureau officers, General Griffin, the military commander of the State, has issued an order to the effect that all military officers must assist the Bureau in the contingencies provided for in the Bureau and Civil Rights acts. The only cheering news from the State relates to labor. General Kiddoo, in a recent tour of observation, found the negroes actively making contracts for the ensuing crop. In spite of immigration, there is still a paucity of laborers.

—A colored man in Wilmington, N. C., has had letters of administration granted him as executor of the estate of another colored man, deceased. It is probably the first instance of such a grant or such administration at the South. A Northern colored man has been denied admittance to the bar of Georgia by the Superior Court of Chatham County. The court doubted its power to contravene a regulation of the State. The applicant, unfortunately, has found it difficult to practise long at any bar, and his forthputting is now, as it has often been both North and South, a positive injury to his race.

—The first news from Louisiana (Jan. 4) declared great willingness on the part of the freedmen to accept employment. On the 9th, we heard that the negroes of the interior had been very "restive" during the holidays, but were now "quieting down;" that the planters, however, found much difficulty in procuring help for the new year, "the freedmen being backward." On the 12th, the attitude of laborers and planters was reported "favorable." "The former are now generally contracting, where good crops were made last year, for shares, and, where bad crops were made, for wages. . . . Amicable feelings seem to prevail, *especially where no troops are stationed*." (Who knows whether this, as Tennyson enquires of war, is a cause or a consequence?) And finally, on the 18th, "The freedmen are deserting the plantations by hundreds, their contracts having expired, and the full amount of their wages having been paid to them. They refuse to work except at exorbitant rates."

—The burning of twenty-two colored prisoners (not necessarily criminals) in the jail at Kingstree, S. C., seems to have occurred in consequence of the inhuman hesitation, to say the least, of the jailor and sheriff. The only white prisoner was released. Maj.-Gen Robinson has ordered Gen. Scott to arrest these parties, ascertain the facts, and then hold the culprits, if so they prove, in military confinement on the charge of murder till the civil authorities are willing to try them.

—Wayne County, N. C., is afflicted with "regulators," the terror of the authorities as well as of their special victims, the freedmen. In Green County, five negroes, imprisoned on a charge of rape, were taken out by armed men and visited with "a horrible punishment"—so horrible that no other word than lynching is used for it. The action of the State courts in regard to apprenticing colored children has given rise to such complaints that Governor Worth has invited Inspector-General Sewall, of the Bureau, to investigate the alleged abuses.

Notes.

LITERARY.

The first number has appeared of a new quarterly journal called the "Southern Review," published in Baltimore. It is edited by Albert Taylor Bledsoe—formerly professor of mathematics in the Universities of Mississippi and Virginia, and late Assistant Secretary of War to the Confederate States, a prolific writer for the Southern press—and William Hand Browne, of Baltimore. It "is intended to supply a need long felt at the South; the need of an organ for Southern men of letters, and of a high class of periodical literature for Southern readers," and will "represent the South not as a party, but as a people." Besides literature, art, and science, it will temperately discuss politics, in the higher sense of the word, and education, the Southern people having found "that they can no longer trust the mental and moral training of their sons and daughters to teachers and books imported from abroad." This number contains 256 octavo pages, and has eight leading articles, two of them political. "The Legal Status of the Southern States" is a commentary on, and conclusions from, the cases decided by the U. S. Supreme Court during the war, by Mr. Russell, late Attorney-General of Virginia and member of the Confederate Congress. Dr. Craven's "Prison Life of Davis" is made a peg on which to hang a virulent and violent accusation of the War Department for the imprisonment of Mr. Davis. Dr. Bledsoe contributes the leading article, on "The Education of the World," and Mr. Wm. B. Reed, of Philadelphia, a review of Earl Stanhope's "Life of Pitt." "The Daughters of de Nesle" gives a very entertaining account of the first three mistresses of Louis XV.; and a very severe and amusing punishment is administered in another article to Mr. N. C. Brooks for his "Viri Americæ Illustres," in which the almost innumerable mistakes and errors of that gentleman's Latin style are pointed out. Two other papers treat of "Craftsmen's Associations in France" and "Mental Physiology." Altogether the Review is less Southern than would be expected, not in sentiment, but in style, which is, except in one article, calm, temperate, and often really good. In ideas it is somewhat behind the age, as is natural, the South having been, in great measure, cut off from literature for the last five years. Most of the books reviewed are already old to the Northern public. The writer of "Mental Physiology," for example, would doubtless have written very differently if he had seen the theories and facts on that subject that have been published in the last ten years, his knowledge of the literature of the subject seeming to stop short at 1856.

—Messrs. Hurd & Houghton are about to publish "The Open Polar Sea," by Dr. Hayes. It is a history of the expedition made by the author in 1860 and 1861, and contains a full discussion of the question of an open Polar Sea, and a description of Greenland ice, and of the formation of icebergs. It will be illustrated with engravings and vignettes, and three maps. Dr. Hayes succeeded in getting to latitude 82° 45′ north, within seven and a quarter degrees of the pole, after much danger and difficulty, a great part of his journey having been made with sledges. After his return in October, 1861, Dr. Hayes was actively engaged in the medical department of the army until some time after the close of the war, which accounts for the late appearance of the book. Messrs. Hurd & Houghton have now ready the first number of their reprint of "London Society," from duplicate plates.

—The Prince de Polignac, who served in various capacities in the Confederate army during the rebellion, is endeavoring now to do the South service with his pen. In a late number of the "Revue Contemporaine," an organ of the French liberals, he has a long article on "The American Union after the War." It is one of the most amusing misstatements of the position of the North that we have yet seen. Of course the prince discusses the war and its cause, which, he says, was not slavery, as is often mistakenly alleged, but the opposition of the South to a consolidated, unconstitutional form of government. He thinks the laws against the education of the blacks were not made for the persecution of the negroes, but to guard them from the pseudo-philanthropy of the North, who wish to put in their hands the knife and not the pen. Besides, these laws were never enforced. "What negro who wished has not learned to read?" "The black population of the South was more moral than any other black population on the globe. It was certainly more moral than the white manufacturing populations of the North. There was a double reason for it; they had no Yankee schools, and they had the example of the family," the family being the basis of all Southern institutions. The article ends with a tirade on Montalembert for his pamphlet on this country, and an appeal to the instincts and sympathies of the French nation. It shows very truly the feelings of the Polish nobility as to progress and liberty, and is a comment on the Polish as well as the Southern insurrection.

—De Tocqueville somewhere says, "Freedom creates a thousand times more property than it destroys, and in states that enjoy it the resources of the people increase faster than the taxes." This, if not the motto, is certainly the moral of a book just published by Cotta, of Stuttgart, written by Dr. Karl Freiherr von Hock, Imperial Privy Councillor of State of Austria, on "The Finances and the Financial History of the United States." The author states in his preface that he began his special studies of the subject in the fall of 1862, induced to do so by the wonderful aspect which the finances of the United States began to present, by the readiness with which burdensome taxes were borne and loans contracted after a long period of immunity from taxation. His work was long interrupted by the negotiations between Austria and the German Customs Union, in which he bore a conspicuous part; but, as often as he returned to the subject, he recognized more fully its general and permanent interest. The analogy of the internal affairs of the United States to those of Austria made it important "to enquire what were the means employed in America to secure the triumph of the Union, a higher degree of cultivation, freedom, and the increasing prosperity of the people, while such results could not be achieved in Austria." It is important, too, for the emigrants from Europe to know something about the financial laws and administration of the country of their adoption. A careful reading of the book would, doubtless, be also of great value to many native Americans, and we hope that a translation of it will be made. Von Hock published in 1857 a work on the financial administration of France that has been much read and studied in France, and in 1863 he published another on "Taxes and Public Expenditures," that was also well received.

—Dr. Ori, of Tuscany, well known in Italy as a scientific man, has lately returned to Cairo from a very adventurous expedition into the interior of Africa. He had been appointed by the Viceroy of Egypt physician-in-chief of the Soudan country, and made his journey of seven years in the little-known territories of Darzaleh and Darfur, under the patronage of Victor Emanuel, who paid his expenses. In Dr. Ori's explorations, which have extended over five thousand miles and into districts never before visited by a European, he was accompanied by his wife, an Italian lady of great endurance and courage. He is now preparing for publication his journal, and an account of the many specimens of rare animals and plants which he has brought home with him. His medical knowledge and his acquaintance with several African dialects were of great advantage in conciliating the friendship of the tribes through which he passed.

EDUCATIONAL.

Four very interesting and valuable articles by Emile de Laveleye, on "The Instruction of the People in the Nineteenth Century," have appeared in recent numbers of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. Their translation and republication in this country, with suitable notes and additions, would be of great service to the cause of education. Even a condensation of the articles, or the selection of such portions as most pertain to our affairs, would be a welcome contribution to the pages of any one of our many educational journals. The first of the series is a general review of the public school system in the United States. Taking little notice of slight local differences, the writer presents in a clear and compact form the essential features of what is fitly termed the American system. Four nations, he says at the outset, can boast that all their (native) citizens can read: North Germany, Norway, Switzerland, and the United States; but only in the one last named does every one read in order to understand political, religious, and industrial discussions. In the Union, he continues, there is twice as much printing as anywhere else, and as much paper is consumed as in France and England together. With this flattering opening he proceeds to describe and discuss our school system, pointing out its defects as well as its good points, and strongly commending it to European statesmen.

The second article is a review of the systems pursued in England and her colonies; and the facts which are here collected show forcibly that where the government simply favors instruction, without doing anything to enforce it—in other words, where private and corporate schools are established, and public schools, in the American sense, are not organized—the education of the people is not accomplished. The argument here presented is one of the strongest we have ever seen in reply to the saying that "the State cannot keep school." In our opinion, the writer shows conclusively that if the State does *not* "keep school" the people will grow up in ignorance.

The third article of the series is a consideration of the possibility and desirability of enforcing attendance at school, and the means by which compulsory laws are carried out. The last of the essays which has yet appeared is one of the most important, being a discussion of the religious question. To Holland is attributed the credit of having first solved successfully the problem which has vexed all communities of different religious creeds. The radical separation of theological education from secular, first attempted there and subsequently accomplished in this country, in Upper Canada, and elsewhere, is specially commended.

Superintendents of schools, and all others concerned in public discussions of the principles which underlie our educational systems, will find these essays instructive and suggestive.

LIFE OF WINTHROP.[*]

THE sons of the earliest Massachusetts sires take an equal pleasure and pride in writing their memoirs and in standing by the legitimate results of their noblest principles. The library of her histories and biographies is becoming a voluminous one. Most of the modern works, however, are but a corrected or enriched and amplified rehearsal of the staple matters related in a fragmentary or incomplete way by writers of the old time. The coming to light of ancient collections of papers of prime historical value gives us, from time to time, either a new theme or fresh materials for filling out or elucidating an old one.

The man of highest mark and service among the founders of Massachusetts was John Winthrop, its first governor. His son, of the same name, became, in his early manhood, a resident of Connecticut, of which colony he was the governor while his father held the office in Massachusetts. The descendants of the elder are now represented principally in the two States which represent those original colonies and in New York. A large collection of family papers, including a mass of original letters, was discovered a few years since in New London. They proved to be of just the sort and variety most prized in the preparation of memoirs. Two large volumes of these letters have already been published under the title of "Winthrop Papers," in the collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society. The president of that society, the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, has, during the whole term of his office, been most unwearied in promoting its interests and in quickening the zeal of its members. Under the prompting, we may believe, of an equal desire and motive to do his own part in the service of that society and to commemorate fitly his own honored ancestor, he has now completed a most pleasant and profitable task.

The documents to which we have referred contained, among the family papers, many of a private nature relating to the domestic affairs of the Winthrops in their English home, and helping, by the aid of personal research instituted by the biographer in two visits to England, to fill out at large the history and experience of the governor during that earlier portion of his life about which before we knew very little. A volume, published three years since, was devoted by the biographer to the history of his ancestor, his family descent, his education, and private life at home. Those of our readers who are acquainted with the contents of that volume found in it matter of a charmingly quiet and tender interest for such as love a picture of ancient home life and the delineation of character under the most attractive training of Puritanism in its softer phases.

Furnished with a most convenient line of division in the treatment of his subject, the biographer now gives us a second volume, dealing with that portion of the life of his ancestor which was spent in the New World. He arrived in the harbor of Salem with the large fleet bringing the intended colonists, June 22, 1630, N. S. He died in Boston, March 26, 1649. The interval between, with its matter of local and personal interest, as involved in the career of the subject, covers the term of years of which this volume is so far a history. Matthew Cradock, who was the governor of the trading company resident in England, administered under the Massachusetts charter, as he could not come over himself, resigned his office in order to allow the election of John Winthrop, under whose auspices and guidance the company had agreed to transfer itself and set up its jurisdiction with the royal patent on this soil. It was only after the most deliberate and well-weighed consideration of the inducements and discouragements, the helps and the obstacles to the enterprise, that the momentous measure had been resolved upon. Winthrop was its master spirit; the one who was to bear the heaviest sacrifice if it failed; the one on whose devotion, constancy, and full-nerved resolution feebler spirits would rely, under the stern exactions which they could foresee as sure of encounter, and the temporary and unlooked-for disasters which might dishearten.

The biographer has performed his own work with great discretion and dignity. The temptation which he might have felt, if he had had a less noble and a more exceptionable subject, to constitute himself expositor, defender, and eulogist of his ancestor, would undoubtedly have been restrained by his own good sense and high-mindedness. But, happily, there was no matter or occasion for such temptation. John Winthrop was a conspicuously true-souled, pure-hearted, and able man; a providential man to lead, to regulate, and to ensure the success of such an undertaking as only a wise and good man would have ventured, and only a thoroughly earnest and great man could have led on to triumph. His biographer has only to allow him to show himself for what he was, and in what he purposed and did, and as he bore himself and vindicated himself when under question, rivalry, or temporary misunderstanding, and his subject stands free of all need of a champion or a panegyrist.

His wife, expecting the birth of a child, remained in England when the fleet sailed, bringing him with a part of his family. His son Henry was drowned at Salem on the day after his landing. When the wife, the noble-hearted and beloved Margaret Winthrop, followed, she was called to commit the new-born infant to the deep on her passage. For twelve years, including that in which he died, John Winthrop was chosen governor. The years were not continuous. The cautious men whose affairs he administered, not without some little stirring of their anxiety by private jealousy, feared lest the office might be regarded as held by a life tenure. To guard against this fortuity they dropped their best man often enough to break the continuity of his chief magistracy, retaining him, however, as one of the "assistants," but recommitting their supreme honor to him again and again after they had made sure that he had learned his lesson of humility as faithfully as they had learned that they could not dispense with his services. Some of the finest touches of the portraiture in the book before us are those which relate to his bearing under the rivalry of one prominent man, and the questionings of many stern but honorable scrutinizers of his course.

The very full journal which Governor Winthrop left in manuscript, and which has been edited in two editions with such rare and elaborate painstaking by the Hon. James Savage, whose notes are often as quaint as the original text, has always been regarded as the most valuable of all the historical works of Massachusetts. The truthfulness and candor of the writer, his piety, the generosity and magnanimity of his spirit, his relations with all the prime movers in his enterprise at home and abroad, and his evident wish that posterity should be informed of the purposes and plannings of the first comers, give his pages authenticity and bring the reader directly into his confidence. It is, of course, mainly by this journal, with the illustrative aid of letters and other private with a few public documents, that the biographer has drawn out the life. The subject of it shared, of course, the superstitions, limitations, and religious prejudices of his contemporaries. There are many strange stories in his pages, many things which will move a smile in the reader, and some few which are painful, not to say shocking. But they are the reflections of the narrowness and darkness of view which marked the times and the men. And yet there was no austerity, still less was there anything of the malignity of bigotry or of the cruelty of superstition, in the character of John Winthrop. Were he with us to-day, just as he was when he trod the grass-fields and worshipped in the thatched meeting-house of Boston, he would be recognized as a most saintly and lovable man, and as accessible by knowledge or argument to all the new truths and all the real changes for the better which mark these days of ours. We have never heard of him as being summoned by any of the rapping mediums, who might well stand in awe of his grave and rebuking dignity. But sure we feel that of all the original settlers on the soil of Boston there was not one whose words from the spirit-world to those who occupy the scenes of his hardships and noble accomplishments would be more wise or gracious. The Bostonians are indebted to him for their Common, and we may take that fact as symbolical of the sort of claim in kind, but in enhanced degree and wide variety, which he has upon the gratitude and love of the people of the whole State.

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[*] "Life and Letters of John Winthrop, from his Embarkation for New England in 1630, with the Charter and Company of Massachusetts Bay, to his death in 1649. By Robert C. Winthrop." Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1867. 8vo, pp. 483.

The visitor to the chapel of Mt. Auburn sees at his left hand, as he enters the door, a marble statue seated, with the stiff neck-ruff and the costume of a gentleman of the ancient time. The face bears a good resemblance to the original portrait of the man for whom it is designed as a memorial, hanging in the senate chamber of the Massachusetts State House—viz., John Winthrop. In the secretary's office, in the opposite wing of the State House, is suspended the charter, that charmed document which he brought over with him, which legitimized the government set up on the new soil, and which was so tenaciously, not to say slyly, or artfully, or evasively, held in spite of royal commissions sent over to reclaim it. The man thus presented in portrait and statue, and the parchment which he resolved should never, if he could help it, recross the ocean, as he determined he himself would not, are treasures of which Massachusetts is proud. Yet it is not with a conceited or a local pride. She believes that the man and the parchment have a national significance for our country, and that they represent what is best of the influences which are to be our common aims and safeguards for the future. John Winthrop, as a man and a magistrate, had many contemporaries who, while greatly honoring him, shared many of his virtues. Indeed, there was a singular likeness and harmony of spirit between him and Bradford and Eaton and Haynes and Williams, whose offices and services in the other New England colonies were similar to his. How much the living generations owe to their lofty probity, their piety, their spirit of self-sacrifice, and their wisdom in legislation and in the establishment of precedents in new relations, only those can know who, after watching the aspects and currents of our modern life, turn back in quiet hours and read thoughtfully such books as this on which we have thus been moralizing, after having richly enjoyed its perusal.

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LESSING.*

The life of Lessing, just published by Mr. Spencer, is a work of permanent value. It is the best of the many books which have been written and compiled for the purpose of portraying the character and career of one of the most illustrious scholars and thinkers that even Germany has ever produced. It combines judicious selection with ample information, criticism with narration, and presents with comparative brevity an outline of labors the benefits of which the world is now enjoying in almost every department of learning and culture.

The translation is excellent: it is a faithful reflection of the spirit and style of the original, and at the same time is good idiomatic English. We have carefully compared it with the German, and find it not only critically correct, but also so free in the structure of sentences and the choice of words that one would scarcely suspect from reading that the story first took shape in a foreign tongue. Even the verses in the text are in most cases good poetry as well as exact rendering. This excellence deserves particular commendation, because the work, from its treatment of philosophical and dramatic topics, is uncommonly difficult to put into English dress; and especially because very many translations nowadays are done in so hasty and slovenly a manner as to be mere caricatures of the works which they attempt to render.

The external life of Lessing is so intimately interwoven with his literary labors, and the powerful influence which he exerted on his own age sprang so directly from his personality, that we must here give a slight sketch of his history.

He was born in 1729 in an obscure village of Northern Saxony. From both parents he inherited a taste for scholarly pursuits, and his love of study was developed at an unusually tender age. His father was a Lutheran pastor, and brought up his children under strictly orthodox influences. But a passion for free enquiry and a keen subtlety of thought and reasoning were characteristic of Lessing from his early youth; hence the rigid system of instruction in the grammar school and the university, although of great advantage in training his brilliant powers to patient investigation and accurate conclusion, did not have the effect to destroy his originality. His regular studies were prematurely ended, partly through lack of pecuniary means and partly because he soon outgrew the slow processes of academical tuition, which are necessarily designed for mediocrity. From this period he was thrown upon his own resources; nay, more, he was all his life harassed and impoverished by the claims of needy relatives upon the inadequate recompense of his labors. For a time after leaving the university Lessing was engaged at Berlin in the publication of a literary journal and review; afterwards, his favorite department of literature, the drama, received his attention and the stage his active support. "Lessing," says Heine, "was the literary Arminius who freed the German theatre from every foreign domination," and what his vigorous emancipating genius did for the drama it accomplished also for the other departments of German art and letters. As he was obliged to choose such occupation as would bring him instant and regular pay, his most powerful inclinations were often held in abeyance, and he wandered from place to place, and from one situation to another, as opportunity offered. Thus at one time he was travelling as companion to a wealthy gentleman, at another he was brought into the din and tumult of war as secretary to a general of the Prussian army. Again, we see him striving to establish a national theatre at Hamburg, and this project having failed, through the ignorance and indifference of those with whom he had to deal, he accepts, after trial of other unsatisfactory plans, the post of director of the ducal library at Wolfenbüttel. Here he spent the last ten years of his active life, and here he died, after a laborious and singularly unfortunate career—unfortunate so far as his personal happiness was concerned, but gloriously useful and successful in its influence upon his fellow-men, and growing more radiant as his prophetic ideas find development in the actual progress of the race towards the liberty he demanded and the truth he adored.

Allusion has been made to his misfortunes; and it would, indeed, seem that in his private experience he was the mere football of fate. All his best hopes and wisest plans were thwarted, and it is certain that his life was shortened as well as saddened by anxiety and disappointment. He wished to pursue a scholar's quiet and absorbed existence, and he was early thrust forth to employ his store of learning towards practical ends of the commonest kind; he wished to travel, and, with the exception of a disastrous attempt to visit England, and a hurried tour through a portion of Italy as companion of a capricious and weak-minded prince, his movements were confined to a few of the petty kingdoms and duchies of Germany; he enjoyed the society of friends and the interchange of thought with kindred minds, but, in his ardent love of truth and sincere pursuit of knowledge, he rose to heights where his companions could not follow him, so that he was continually wearied with loneliness, and pained by the misapprehensions of those to whom he would fain have turned for sympathy and support. He longed, as only a man of pure mind and life can long, for the sacred pleasures of a happy home; and his marriage to the only woman he ever loved was delayed by adverse circumstances for six weary years, until the prime of life was past for both; and when the union was at last secured, he was granted only one year of wedded happiness, and only a few hours of the pride and joy of paternity before the grave closed upon wife and child.

But though we may regret the vicissitudes that made Lessing's life one long tragedy, it must be acknowledged that his experience was of a kind best fitted to discipline and direct his remarkable faculties, and that the result was the greatest possible advantage for the progress of culture in his native land, and for the spread of liberal ideas throughout the world. It is difficult for us of the present day to realize the state of German literature a hundred years ago. We regard with admiration this splendid, concentrated, skilfully arranged treasure of learning, the achievement, in great part, of Lessing's efforts; but, in his time, its departments and its institutions were as isolated and disintegrated as were the political interests of the land that cherished them. Each duchy, each city, had its exclusive clique or coterie of scholars and thinkers, who looked upon all outsiders with contempt. There was no desire for united labor, no pride in national success; and servile imitations of French rules and models hindered all characteristic development.

But Lessing was exempt from all weaknesses of parties and schools. Saxon by birth and Prussian by habit, he lived, in the midst of a deadly war between the two powers, entirely free from partisan prejudice, yet warmed with a holy patriotism for Germany as he dreamed of it and as it is destined to be—a united and powerful nation. Educated into reverence for the French standards of art, and surrounded by mongrel specimens of literary taste which were pronounced masterpieces by his age, he yet broke loose from all these trammels, and dared to express in his native language the lessons of truth which were taught him by the instincts of his own heart and by actual experience, thus filling up the gulf which had long separated literature from life. He was a philanthropist and an emancipator at a time when Jews were denied the protection of civil law, and free-born citizens were sold like cattle to fight for foreign powers; he was a Christian after the pattern of Christ's precept and example, while the arrogant religious world in which he lived was confined within the narrowest limits of bigotry and superstition. It need not be said that he found hosts of enemies, who exhausted their devices to destroy his influence, and even called to their aid the strong arm of tyranny to annoy and silence him.

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* "The Life and Works of Gotthold Ephraim Lessing. Translated from the German of Adolf Stahr by E. P. Evans, Ph.D., Professor of Modern Languages and Literature in the University of Michigan." Wm. V. Spencer, Boston. 1866.

Heine's wish that not a lyre, but a sword, might be laid on his coffin, would have been eminently fitting for Lessing, whose life was a constant battle. His mission was to war against prejudice, to overthrow the authority of bigots, to detect and dissipate shams; and nobly did he fulfil this work. His residence in various parts of the German empire, his sympathy with progress in every department of life and knowledge, his unquestioned authority in all matters of literature and art, his brilliant reputation as a scholar and a writer, his unselfish tenderness towards all forms of misery and sorrow, his hearty appreciation of excellence in others, even the nobleness of his personal appearance and the fascination of his manners and conversation, made him the central and combining influence amid the conflicting elements of his country's development—the key-stone of the arch of German literature.

And the good that he did lives after him. He who was named by Macaulay as, “without doubt, the first critic in Europe,” laid down rules of art which still retain their force; while the grandest trait of his character, his fearless and unwearied search after truth, found its reward in the gift of prophetic insight, leading him to utter sentiments which are brought forward in our day and hailed as new discoveries, without recognition of his silent but ceaseless influence.

We cannot better sum up the rightful estimate of this great and good man than by quoting the initiatory verse of the book now offered us:

> “Type of the perfect man he came;
> Of highest Truth the peerless Knight
> (Himself her image, pure as light),
> And Freedom's champion, void of blame.”

TWO NOVELS WORTH READING.[*]

SOME years ago a slender novel of English authorship made its way to these shores, where from inadequate advertising, it would seem, it met with but a small sale. The title was a rather singular one and easy to forget, and readers who, like ourselves, caught a glimpse of it at the time, must have been wondering since what ever became of that very good story which had for a heroine a certain Lill Tufton, and for a hero an ostracized Italian patriot, a Mr. Giuliani; a story written in the Ruffini vein which was not Ruffini's. But the other day Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt issued a pretty little volume bearing the title “Who Breaks—Pays,” a translation of the Italian proverb “Chi rompe—paga.” It was a republication of the neglected English novel, a second reading of which only served to strengthen our former liking.

The story opens with the rather trite occurrence of a “foreigner,” poor yet noble, who gives Italian lessons to support himself, falling in love with his rich and beautiful pupil, even as that model of the “deeply, darkly, desperately” delightful, Thaddeus of Warsaw, did before him, and under much the same circumstances as those in which Ruffini's Paolo falls in love with Miss Lavinia Jones. But it is pleasant to see what a nice judgment of the natural consequences of education and character and circumstances can make out of this romantic and hackneyed starting-point. Without unduly foreseeing the results, the reader likes to feel satisfied, when they come, that they are just what ought to have been expected. This merit, which may belong to the simplest little narrative, and which never belongs to the sensation novel with the “ingenious plot,” and, in fact, forms the great distinction between novels enjoyed by the thinking and the unthinking classes, is pre-eminently true of the great works of fiction. “Why, anybody could have thought of *that!*” has been the voluntary exclamation of many an inexperienced person after reading one of Dickens's most life-like passages. It is the old story again of Columbus and the egg. “Lavinia,” just alluded to, did not possess this attraction of natural sequence, so to speak. Doubtless all the things recorded of her might have happened, but certainly they never did. Ruffini, however, was not always wildly romantic, as everybody knows who has read “Dr. Antonio.” The author of “Who Breaks—Pays” has evidently studied that work with a deep and abiding admiration. Had he been a person of less ability, his book might have been a mere imitation of it. As it is, the resemblance between them is only a sort of family likeness—nothing more. But there will be those to insist, at least, that Giuliani is modelled after Antonio. We think it possible that two men being of the same blood, bred under the same political influences, and taught by like experiences of privation the governing principle of self-renunciation, may be strongly alike and yet not be the same men. From beginning to end, Giuliani is the object of an interest and sympathy to the reader that no mere weak rehash of somebody else's conception could lay claim to.

Perhaps, after all, there is no use discussing the originality of any “latter-day” book-born beings. Since the time when Dr. Johnson called Miss Burney “a little character-monger” there have been so many thousands of novels written, that a type of everybody has been produced and nobody can be a “character-monger” any more. Except for this fact, it would have been a temptation to give the author of “Who Breaks—Pays” and “Skirmishing” high praise for “original” *dramatis personæ.* But if “originality” is out of date, “appreciation,” as everybody knows who has to visit picture galleries or report on the merits of the last programme at the Philharmonic, is in high request. It may then be said, without violating the conditions of our sophisticated state, that the mind which has depicted “Lill, beautiful, sprightly Lill,” “surnamed Espiègle,” capital Miss Crumpton, that “vicious terrier” Sir Mark, and the Townsend with her queer religion, is delightfully appreciative of human nature. Not a person in the book but is individual, even down to the “broad-faced, broad-shouldered” Russian girl, Mlle. Arsenieff, who plays Chopin at *soirées musicales;* or pretty Edward Tufton, who listened so unconsciously when Lill sang at him:

> “There was a little man, who had a little soul,
> And he said to his soul, let's try, try, try,
> To make a little speech between you and I, I, I.”

Sir Frederick Ponsonby comes nearer being a lay figure than any one else, unless, perhaps, where he appears at the closing of the last scene—the whole of which is so deeply pathetic—and is made conspicuous by being painfully unnoticed. It was so with the poor Queen in “Ruy Blas,” whom fate or Victor Hugo leaves to commit suicide if she chooses, or else to find her way through the night as best she can out from that balcony, heavy with death and crime and despair, back to an inquisitorial etiquette that will call for an account of every step of her nocturnal wanderings.

It is a skilful biographer who can describe an entanglement through all its phases as justly, keenly, sympathetically, as the entanglement in this book is described. No vulgar partisanship betrays an inward pique which the wounded novelist seeks to avenge by relating it to the world. The perusal of Lill's history would be a real balm to a girl—and many a one there is—who is or has been in Lill's predicament; *i. e.*, pursued by a superior man whom she knows she ought to love, but whom, somehow, she cannot love. How tenderly, and yet with what unflinching insight, are her weaknesses dealt with! How the delicate touches of humor lighten the picture without ever rendering ridiculous the real suffering of the poor, young, thoughtless, fashionable thing! It is impossible not to pause here, and guess that a woman tells the tale. No man could ever so relate a girl's experiences; not even the great Mr. Reade himself, who pretends to be able to see through a woman's very soul and down to the marrow of her smallest bones. This author dissects with gentleness and fellow-feeling, like a woman; not like a man who runs his sword through the Gordian knot of feminine complexities, and, holding up the ravelled cords, cries, “There's your mental formation, madam!” But if our entertainer's sex is betrayed by her fineness, it never is by her femineity. She generalizes like a man. She is free from affectation. She does not permit one's feelings for either hero or heroine to conflict with the justice due to the other; one is forced to understand how there may be two sides to a story.

In general terms, what is true of “Who Breaks—Pays” is true of “Skirmishing.” But although of a lighter character, and still shorter, we think the latter to be more complete than the former. The racy dialogue is racier than before. The plot unfolds with the dash and rapidity of a French comedy. The plot is a gem of a plot. There is a spicy little mystery whose catastrophe is positively a surprise even in these Coldstream days; and yet not a bit of a forgery or a particle of the Braddon machinery of secret springs and subterranean passages is employed. It is the kind of a story that suggests dramatization, only that by making a play of it the clever descriptions, and the scraps of philosophy scattered throughout, would be lost.

One is not annoyed by wordy, irrelevant rhapsodies on scenery, or anybody's reflections on looking at the cot where he was born, or, in short, by any of those tedious sentimental passages with which so many story-tellers feel called upon to interrupt an otherwise meritorious tale, in order to prove their possession of taste and feeling. Yet there is no disdain of word-painting. Every successive situation is a picture. The unimaginative reader must see in his mind's eye the actors and their accessories, a passing train of vivid figures, beautiful, grotesque, or humorous. There was the lovely Mrs. Brown at the rectory party, "in her plain black silk dress looking like a portrait of Vandyke surrounded by pictures from a fashion-book." And Mrs. Lonsdale, was also there. "She shone with gold wherever gold could be put—neck, arms, fingers, and waist. She and her husband had spent several years of their life in Australia to some purpose; she was very suggestive of nuggets." Here are the portraits of the grave lady and her equally grave husband, who came to pay a visit at the rectory, and for whom the party was given:

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[*] “Who Breaks—Pays. By the author of ‘Cousin Stella,’” etc. Leypoldt & Holt, New York.

“Skirmishing. By the author of ‘Who Breaks—Pays,’” etc. Leypoldt & Holt, New York.

> "Two most cruelly unamusing and unamusable people. They could not talk on politics or religion or literature; on principle they would not play at whist or écarté, backgammon, draughts, squails, croquet, or Aunt Sally. The gentleman allowed of chess; but there was no chess-board at the rectory. Mr. Greatorex tired himself to death taking the husband over the church, and explaining that nobody could explain what a certain painted glass-window means, or how it came there, or indeed the church itself; there it was, nobody knew who had built it. This did seem a subject of interest to the guest, who, having heard that the Romans had certainly been in that neighborhood, though some time ago, no doubt, expected to have seen, at least, concrete bricks—yes, he did confess to an interest in concrete bricks."

The odd boy, George Brown, whom nobody can make out—with his mixture of good qualities and the free Continental ways and dislike of church that give so much scandal to the rural neighborhood—he is at the party to amuse the "pair of petrifactions" with his wonderful piano-playing. The female petrifaction would like to have any one tell her that is not a professional performer, indeed! The precocities and peculiarities of the young genius are equally sustained from his entrance to his exit from the book.

But the central figure of interest is Mrs. Lescrimière, the heroine Maud's French-descended grandmother. We read of all sorts of old ladies in books, sharp, or senile, or benevolent, or pious, but rarely one of that kind which is rare enough, but still to be found in real life—an old woman who adds experience to natural ability without extinguishing the warmth and spontaneity of youthful feeling; who joins to that fine result a quick wit, a keen sense of the ridiculous, a touch of defiance of public opinion, the utmost benevolence, and a mind well stored with the reading and events of her day. Mrs. Lescrimière remembers her own part, too, in the French Revolution. She tells an apt story well. Her good-humored antagonism to British prejudices is delightful. Her ruling principle is expressed in the motto quoted from her on the title-page: "Never repent a good action, however it turns out for yourself." Such a person in one's house would be a perfect specific for all sorts of selfishness and moroseness; we are not sure that it is not a partial cure just to read of her. How she vexed the conservative curate because "she never would receive any notion on authority, but would persist in discussing its reasonableness or credibility"! It was the "quickness of her circulation" which led her, in the course of her life, into many "admirable mistakes." "The wonder to her friends was that, after her sad experiences, she should be still so full of life and hope, and what Escott [the curate] denominated speculative optimism."

RECENT SCHOOL-BOOKS RELATING TO THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

THERE has been within a few years past in this country a noteworthy progress in the study of the English language. The publication of the books of Marsh, Trench, Max Müller, Craik, B. W. Dwight, W. A. Wheeler, and others indicates an increasing interest in philological studies, for most of these writings are popular rather than scientific, intended for what used to be called "The General Reader" rather than for the scholarly few, fitted rather to stimulate than to satisfy the appetite of scholars. So, too, our public libraries are paying more and more attention to the collection of early English literature, and likewise better books are preparing for the study of the English language in high schools and colleges. We are still without a first-rate series of manuals illustrating the grammar, the history, and the literature of English, and consequently it is commonly the case that young men who are liberally educated enter upon their professional lives having far less acquaintance with their mother tongue than they have with the languages of ancient Greece and Rome. Without disparaging the study of Latin and Greek, we give a special welcome to all books which are intended to promote a critical and historical study of English.

Among the publications of this character is an "Outline of the Elements of the English Language," by N. G. Clark, lately a professor in Union College. His book is made up of lectures given before a class of college students, chiefly on the history of the language, to which is appended a series of extracts illustrating the changes of the tongue between the days of Alfred the Great and Sir William Temple. The writer exhibits no special powers of investigation, drawing his facts chiefly from the larger works of Marsh and Craik, but he shows good judgment in the selection and arrangement of his materials, and his book is well adapted to the high school or academy. It will not satisfy the best informed teachers, but it fills a gap which has long been left open. Spalding's "History of English Literature" (Appleton) is a more elaborate treatise, occupying nearly the same field, but it is too comprehensive and minute for ordinary classes. It gives a much more thorough survey of the literature than the volume of Mr. Clark, yet, so far as our observation goes, it is wearisome to young persons who know next to nothing about many of the writers it discusses, and who tire of the hurried introductions to so many distinguished people. As a manual of English literature simply, Shaw's history is an excellent volume, and the lectures of Professor Henry Reed on English poetry and English literature are unequalled in their power of awakening in young minds the love of letters.

A most appropriate companion to either of these volumes is a book which in older classes a skilful teacher can make most interesting—"Five Centuries of English Literature," one of the well-known Tauchnitz series published in Leipzig (Leypoldt & Holt). At a moderate cost the young student has here at command the text of Wycliffe's version of St. John, one of Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales," extracts from Hawes, Thomas More, Spenser, Ben Jonson, Locke, and, finally, Thomas Gray. The careful perusal of this little volume would be no bad introduction to the history of English, presenting, as it does, the exact text of prolonged extracts.

As a manual of English composition, the very best which we have seen is the recent book of Alexander Bain, professor of logic in Aberdeen (Appletons). We are among the number of those who believe that the power of writing well is acquired by the study of good authors and by constant practice with the pen, rather than by the perusal of formal treatises on rhetoric and logic; but there are advantages in definite instruction on the principles of literary taste and the structure of sentences, paragraphs, and treatises. Blair and Campbell and Kames were once useful in this way, but they have long since been laid upon the shelf. Whately's essay on "Rhetoric," though never written for a text-book, has held its own against all rivals, because the author was not a maker of school-books, but an able and earnest man who wrote with all the freshness of a practised dialectician. His "Rhetoric" is a stimulating book to those who are learning to reason and argue; but for younger scholars and for those who would study other forms of composition the persuasive Bain's is a more useful manual. Day's "Rhetoric," in some respects, comes nearer to Bain's than any other work which we know. It shows a familiarity with some of the best German philosophical treatises on grammar and on æsthetics; but the style is too dry and technical for common classes. Bain is precise and philosophical, but not dry. He introduces an abundance of examples and illustrations, chosen, for the most part, with keen discernment both of beauties and of faults in composition. The treatise becomes in consequence a series of interesting critical remarks on the usage, good or bad as it may be, of distinguished writers. Moreover, its philosophy is good, and its opinions show common sense. Its study will tend to make accurate and vigorous writers, but not to make finical or sentimental critics. While the reader must not expect in this book much originality in the main course of instruction, he will not be disappointed if he look for acuteness of observation, freshness of suggestion, and an appreciative acquaintance with English literature.

There are two new aspirants for grammatical laurels. One of these, Mr. W. G. Tenney, has published a "Grammatical Analyser" (Appletons) which is a labored but not a successful attempt to exhibit the formation of words by the addition of prefixes and suffixes. The writer shows no acquaintance with modern linguistic investigations, and his scheme is by no means well arranged for showing the structure of the language, or for awakening a love of grammatical study. It would be easy to point out grave defects in the plan and execution of the work, but we forbear.

Kerl's grammars (Ivison, Phinney & Co.), of which there are three, First Lessons, Common School, and Comprehensive, profess to be original treatises putting the science of grammar "on a more simple, natural, and practical basis." The author is an enthusiast who goes about commending his own methods, and silencing, if not converting, those who differ from his views. There is a great difference of opinion among practical teachers as to whether he has really improved the art of teaching grammar or not. Some portions of his books have certainly the merit of simplicity, even to bareness of expression. Throughout the series there are copious illustrations of good and bad usage. Many of the technicalities presented in other grammars are omitted, and, by means of a variety of type, the essential and the subordinate remarks are clearly distinguished. But the author's use of English sometimes shows the stiffness which comes from studied brevity, and in general we think that he errs by too frequently employing definitions when illustrations and descriptions would be of more service. Thus, he defines a relative pronoun to be "a pronoun that generally stands in close relation to an antecedent and joins to it a descriptive clause." What idea will that convey to a young scholar? In the smallest book there are six tables for illustrating the plural forms of foreign nouns; but the simple rule for distinguishing between the nouns in *y* which make the plural in *ies* (liveries), and those which make it in *ys* (keys, monkeys, etc.), is omitted. His explanation of the use of the subjunctive is much better than that which is found in most school grammars, but it is too succinct to be easily mastered by ordinary scholars in the common school. Fuller explanations of its significance in English, and especially a history of its use and of its disuse, would seem to us desirable. On the whole, we have formed a favorable impression of the value of Kerl's grammars, and when some of the innovations become familiar to teachers, we are confident that their merits will be acknowledged.

We defer a notice of some of the primers, which are constructed on new and attractive plans.

NEW LAW PUBLICATIONS.*

THE value of a legal treatise must be determined by the practical test of experience in its use as a daily counsellor. Under this test many books of fair appearance prove worthless; and some which have an unpromising look to the hasty reviewer prove most valuable. With this preliminary warning to our readers, we proceed to express the best judgment which we have been able to form upon the law-books now before us.

Professor Parsons's treatise on "Partnership," like most of his other works, has the great merit of a more thorough citation of English and American authorities than can be found in any other book upon the same subject. From these authorities he deduces rules of law, which he states in the text with general clearness and simplicity of style. His arrangement of the different subdivisions of the general subject is very satisfactory, strongly contrasting with his arrangement of his great work on "Contracts," against which we shall never cease to protest until he is induced to put it into something like logical order. The treatise now before us proves that Prof. Parsons can discuss legal propositions in orderly sequence if he will, and will make the republication of his work on "Contracts" without revision on this point inexcusable.

The author first discusses the general nature of partnership; then defines who are partners; states their mutual rights and remedies, and the rights and remedies between them and third persons; states the law as to real estate held by a firm, and shows how the firm may be dissolved; what is the effect of a dissolution, and what proceedings are had thereafter. The last three chapters are devoted to the subjects of limited partnership, joint-stock companies, and part ownership of vessels.

One criticism that we are led to make, perhaps from local feeling, is that Professer Parsons hardly gives adequate weight to New York decisions. We do not claim exalted ability for our courts, but the rules of law settled here, whether they are right or wrong, are decisive of the rights of parties in an immense proportion of the legal controversies of America. As an example of what we refer to, we mention the questions of a partner's power to assign all the property of the firm for the benefit of creditors, and of the liability of the partnership property to be actually seized for the individual debt of a partner; upon both of which points we understand our law to be opposed to the general rule laid down in this treatise, though it does not so appear with sufficient clearness by either the text or the notes. The careful reader will, however, find enough New York cases cited in the notes to enable him to satisfy his own mind upon these points by an examination of the authorities.

Mr. Raff's "War Claimant's Guide" is a useful compilation of the laws and regulations concerning applications for military pensions, bounties, back pay, etc., with a large number of carefully prepared forms. The author has had considerable experience in this branch of business, and we think his book can be relied upon.

The "Law Review" for January opens with a well-deserved though very severe criticism of Mr. Wallace's reports of decisions in the Supreme Court of the United States, showing that he is unable to comprehend the points decided by the court, or to state the facts of the cases with clearness or dignity. Mr. Wallace's appointment was generally welcomed by the bar, under the impression that he was the author of some excellent criticisms upon other reporters, but he has been a deplorable failure, and we hope the court will no longer hesitate to supersede him.

Mr. J. C. Hurd contributes an able article upon reconstruction, which is well worthy of the attention of legislators, while it will interest all classes of readers. An article on "Estates upon Condition" shows the state of the law in this respect to be somewhat unsettled, and makes useful suggestions for reform. Eighty-four pages of digested decisions by the highest courts in England and America are alone worth the price of the whole magazine; while the book notices, summary of events, etc., are both interesting and instructive.

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The New Gospel of Peace according to St. Benjamin. (New York: The American News Company. 1866.)—This satire is now republished as a bound volume, and will be purchased, we suppose, if by nobody else, by the collectors of the literature of the war. The preface and a not very large body of notes are new; the text remains, we believe, unchanged. The preface is devoted to an attempt at appearing to say, without in fact saying, that the work is not from the pen of Mr. R. G. White; to an account of the great success which it had when it first appeared, and to a defence of the work and of the style in which it is written against criticisms made in these columns. It was remarked in this journal at the time of the appearance of Book Fourth that a great part of the credit due such a performance was due to the writer who first employed the device of parodying the language of Scripture. This, it was said, the writer of the famous Chaldee manuscript had done, and it was further said that the biblical style was better preserved in that work than in this of St Benjamin. Whereupon Mr. Grant White replies, and his reply is a part of the preface, that he had never heard of the manuscript in question till after "The New Gospel of Peace" was published. It is to be inferred that if Mr. White had not heard of it, the author of the "New Gospel" had not heard of it. To this it is enough to answer that both of these gentlemen might have seen a copy, and that it was so widely read in this country years before the rebellion that a critic would have done wrong if he had assumed that, far asunder as Mr. White and the modest author may have been, both of them had not read it in the "Noctes Ambrosianæ." As to the respective claims of the two works in respect of accuracy in their imitation of scriptural language, we are clear for awarding the palm to the elder. A philologist would make sad work with the claims of either. But neither was addressed to philologists, and we are pretty confident that this passage, for instance, from "the Chaldee"—a description of snuff-taking—"and he took from under his girdle a gem of curious workmanship of silver. . . . . And he took from thence something in color like unto the dust of the earth,"—this, we say, we feel confident will to the general ear sound far more biblical, even though to the eye it may seem less biblical, than such passages as this from the "New Gospel." Let us remark, by the way, that the latter has its first solecism on its title-page; it calls itself a *gospel*, though its manner and its matter cause it very much more to resemble a book of the Old than of the New Testament. As for the manuscripts of the Chaldeans, we do not know that they were not much the same as those of the Hebrews. But to our promised quotation: "For Robbutleeh will surely be victorious, and then shall the city of Gotham and the province of Gotham be without defence against him, and the end shall come the more quickly and the gospel of peace shall prevail, and the bonds of this nation shall be dissolved and I shall be a satrap in my province," etc. The minuteness of criticism which Mr. White has learned in his Shakespearian studies he brings to bear on this subject, and after saying that the writer of "the Chaldee" seems to be unable to think in the dialect in which he chose to write, he pronounces quite out of keeping such phrases as these: "Whereunto I may employ you," "put your trust under the shadow of my wings," "and by these means you shall wax very great," "and he framed songs," "that had put such amazing words into the book," etc. To us, we confess, they seem not nearly so unscriptural as expressions like these which we find in the "New Gospel:" "and compromised themselves," "could not be conquered, no, not even by calamity," "*ere* they march," "a patriarchal land," "nether garments which are unmentionable," the word "satrap" in the passage quoted above, and two or three others which Mr. White himself discovered, as "a splendid despotism," "slavery," etc. But this subject had never any importance, and has ceased to have any interest. The work was often puerile, often bright, witty, bitter, and shrewd, but it was in its nature ephemeral, and is henceforth a book only for the curious.

Swingin' Round the Cirkle. By Petroleum V. Nasby. Illustrated by Thomas Nast. (Lee & Shepard, Boston.)—We have already spoken somewhat at length of the characteristics of Mr. Nasby's humor and of his title not only to literary distinction, but also to the gratitude of his fellow-countrymen for his powerful exposure of the late Democratic party. We said then, in reviewing the first volume of his letters, that, unlike most of his fellow-humorists, Mr. Nasby improved as he went on; and the volume before us, comprising the letters for the year 1866, is a proof of the correctness of our position. It remains to add, since these later productions are still fresh in the minds of most people, that they are much more elegantly printed than the former, and that Mr. Thee Jones must certainly acknowledge the superiority of Mr. Thomas Nast's illustrations to his own. Mr. Jones's "lait pastor" is a figment of the imagination. Mr. Nast's is a type derived from the study of very corporeal men, with the seal of strong drink and "Democracy" upon their faces and bodies, and shares the peculiar merit of the text which it illustrates—absolute fidelity to the life, caricature without distortion, humor rather of selection than of representation or misrepresentation.

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* "A Treatise on the Law of Partnership. By Theophilus Parsons." Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1867.

"The War Claimant's Guide. By George W. Raff." Cincinnati: Robt. Clarke & Co. 1867. Price $4.

"The American Law Review: January, 1867." Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION *should be addressed to the Editor.*

THE CRETAN STRUGGLE.

THE Cretan question has enlisted the liveliest sympathy of the whole liberal press of Europe. It is recognized, at length, as not a merely abortive revolutionary movement, but as the energetic and powerful resistance of a nationality that is struggling for its rights, of a people who are every day pitilessly butchered under the very eyes of the representatives of nations that profess to be foremost in progress and civilization. It began with the burning of villages and the reducing of their inhabitants to the last extremity of destitution; it has ended with becoming a desperate struggle for life—in a word, a war of extermination. The English Government, moved by the recital of the atrocities committed by the barbarous hordes of Mustapha Pasha, is said to have instructed its consul at Canéa to draw up an exact statement of the cruelties perpetrated by the Turks in Crete as impartial as his long acquaintance with the people will enable him to render it. And, accordingly, he is reported to have transmitted to his government a conscientious account of all that has occurred in that unhappy island, painting, in very sombre colors, a sad picture of its present condition, and giving a full description not merely of the acts of barbarity that have already come to the knowledge of the public, but of the unheard-of atrocities over which the enemies of Greece have thus far succeeded in drawing a veil. And the recent voyage of an English gunboat to Crete for the purpose of taking off the starving women and children from the island, together with the formation of a very influential committee in London for the purpose of receiving and forwarding supplies to the insurgents, gives a certain confirmation to these reports.

The cabinet of St. Petersburg, also, as we learn by recent advices from Athens, is said to have addressed a note to the powers by whom the Hellenic kingdom was originally constituted and is still protected, proposing the annexation of Crete to the kingdom of Greece. The cabinet of the Tuileries is said to have accorded a favorable reception to this note; but, not wishing to be outdone by any other nation in the recognition of that emancipation from a degrading yoke which the Greeks are contending for with a persistency and a self-sacrifice that are in themselves a guaranty of success, the Emperor is thought to have gone further, and to have proposed the annexation to Greece of several of the Greek continental provinces of Turkey.

These reports may not be true, and we fear they are not, at least not accurate, but it is evident that the public opinion of France and England is setting towards the policy which they indicate; for even the most unreflecting minds are becoming rapidly aware that if France and England would not alienate from themselves the Christian nationalities of the East, they must do something more than they have done hitherto to prevent them from throwing themselves into the arms of Russia. "Greece awaits her liberator; . . . he will win a noble crown of glory," wrote Napoleon from St. Helena; and sympathy with the Greek cause and an ardent desire for the rehabilitation of a people so remarkable for the persistency with which it has clung to its nationality, to its religion and its language for so many centuries, has always characterized the French people. And the same is true with England. English scholars and English liberals from the days of Byron have taken and still take the liveliest interest in the fortunes of this long-suffering but still aspiring race. The recent cession of the Ionian Islands to Greece, so honorable to English statesmanship, was but a sign of what the heart of England yearns to see done. It is an earnest of what it will do when, as we hope, it becomes a little more enlightened and ceases to have its clear perception of the inevitable course of events in the Eastern Mediterranean so clouded by its fears as it is now.

At the breaking out of the war of the revolution which, after eight years' desperate fighting—fighting like that in Crete, of which all the records of antiquity furnish no parallel for its heroism and high resolve—a French statesman exclaimed that he desired no greater glory than that of writing the treaty of the deliverance of Greece with his heart's blood. And that sentiment has been the key-note, so to speak, of all liberal French thought ever since. But England and France, it must be remembered, have international alliances which hamper them. There are dark clouds on the European horizon of which, in our judgment of their conduct in this matter, we take, perhaps, too little account. There are difficulties in the question of Greek independence as it presents itself to them which we cannot understand, or rather do not make sufficient allowance for. Their policy, therefore, has been to civilize the Turk and liberalize Turkish institutions. But how shortsighted that policy is, the present revolution in Crete and the constant restlessness of the whole Christian population of Turkey sufficiently indicate. The truth is, Turkey is beyond civilizing so far as regards its rule over races as intelligent and progressive as the Greek. The time has come when the whole question must be looked in the face. England and France tried to look it in the face in 1852, and they brought down upon themselves the Crimean war. It is no wonder, therefore, that they shrink from interfering in the present struggle, the issue of which no man can foresee. They do not wish to repeat the terrible experience of Sebastopol, and therefore they hold off.

And nothing, perhaps, could be more opportune for the Greeks than just such a state of things. They are able to win their own liberty if left alone. It may seem extravagant to say so; but with Turkey steadily decaying as it has been in moral power, bankrupt as it is in material resources, the Greek race, energetic, quick-witted, with a splendid future to reward them and an invincible determination to sustain them, are to-day quite a match, if properly organized and properly encouraged by the friends of liberty throughout the world, for all the forces the government of the Porte can assemble. Even this comparatively small island of Crete, toward the close of the great struggle in 1829, had been so far successful, by its own almost unaided efforts, as to have driven the Turks to such extremities that in a week longer they would have been forced to abandon the island or to perish in their last stronghold, when, with a barbarity hardly paralleled in diplomatic history, the Allied Powers stepped in and gave the island over to Egypt, by whom it was afterwards restored to the Sultan.

What the Cretans did in 1829 they can do to-day. They had our sympathies and our aid then; let them have it now. They ask us to feed their starving wives and children for a little time until they can have closed with the Turk in one deadly embrace, without the sickening thought to paralyze their arms that all they hold dear are abandoned to the ruthless brutality of a foe that spares neither sex nor age.

England and France are restrained by considerations which can have no weight whatever with us. We are free to act as well as to speak. No international law forbids us to feed starving women and children who have taken refuge in a friendly country. And let us remember that in aiding the Greeks we aid in building up a free people, a people that, having bought its liberty with its life-blood, will know its worth; that we aid in organizing and sustaining free institutions in a region now abandoned to a tyranny more blighting than any ever known in Europe; and that in diffusing democratic ideas in the East we strengthen them immeasurably in the West.

We hope to see committees formed in every city throughout the country, and generous aid go forward at once to these heroic people. They do not ask for arms or ammunition, but only for bread.

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WHY THE SOUTH CANNOT ACCEPT THE AMENDMENT.

WE publish in another column a letter from "A South Carolinian" which, though it contains nothing very new, puts some old things in a very clear light. The article which called forth his letter seems to have struck him as the revelation of some recently conceived and desperate designs on the part of the majority, inasmuch as it declared roundly that they would, in the long run, have their own way in the government, constitutionally, if possible; but if not possible, unconstitutionally. Now, that this should be news to any Southerner of education, we confess surprises us. This is the doctrine which John C. Calhoun and every one of his followers have been preaching for forty years, and which every politician in the South has for the last twenty years professed steadfastly to believe. Moreover, it was, according to their own account, because they believed this that the Southern leaders determined on secession. They said there was no security for the rights of the minority in the Union; that the numerical majority of the North had ceased to respect their constitutional obligations; and there was, therefore, nothing left for those whose interests were thus endangered but separation. So that "A South Carolinian" asks a little too much when he asks us to believe that he has now for the first time heard that there was some risk of the North refusing to be bound by the letter of the law in dealing with the revolted States. There is, undoubtedly, on the part of the Northern people, the strongest desire to do all things constitutionally. Respect for the Constitution has been, in fact, with the great mass of them carried to the verge of superstition. All through the war even, when everything had been in reality left to the arbitrament of the sword, their efforts to fight legally, to find a justification in the books for the various acts committed in the field, were amongst the most remarkable and interesting features of the struggle; and, finally, when everything had been done that could be done to make the Constitution meet the emergency, and the case still remained desperate, the "war power" was devised for the satisfaction of tender consciences, and under it the nation was saved after the lawyers and metaphysicians had licked it into a decent resemblance to a legal doctrine. In reality, however, the "war power" was nothing more, when put into plain English, than the determination of a nation not to be strangled—to save its own life at whatever cost. It was only near the close, however, that this was acknowledged, and the reluctance there was to acknowledge it at all was, perhaps, the most striking illustration ever offered of the respect of the majority for the forms of law.

The South seems to have expected, it is hard to say why, that it would be impossible to drive the Northern people to this extremity. When the Southern senators and representatives left Washington, they seem to have supposed that all that was necessary to secure the peaceful establishment of the Confederacy was proof that the Constitution made no provision for the coercion of States, and this little task they left to Mr. Buchanan and other Democrats, who did the work reasonably well; but it had about as much effect on the course of events as Dr. Lardner's demonstration that a steam vessel could not cross the Atlantic has had on ocean steam navigation. The States have been very thoroughly coerced without, we venture to say, one thousand of the two millions of men who took part in the enterprise ever troubling their heads seriously as to whether the war was a constitutional war or not. Every one asked himself, it is true, Is this lawful? but every one was satisfied if he was shown that it was necessary. What was necessary was done; and this, let us add, is the only mood in which a people can in supreme moments, when their all is at stake, achieve great things. Had they been animated by any other feeling, the Northern people would have bequeathed to posterity a ruined continent divided into warring states, an indefinite postponement of free government, the raw materials for a ferocious despotism based on the degradation of the poor and weak, and some fine editions of the Constitution and of the Federalist, with the commentaries thereupon of Mr. George T. Curtis and of the *World* newspaper, all of which would have remained to the remotest ages a lovely but somewhat ridiculous monument of the popular respect for legal traditions.

"A South Carolinian" expects, now that the war is over, the majority shall resume its old chains, and not only behave constitutionally up to a certain point, but agree to behave constitutionally under all circumstances and for ever. That is to say, he thinks the South ought to be bound by the Constitution when it suits it, but the North ought to be bound by it always. The South formally refused to be bound by the decisions of the Supreme Court, and appealed to the sword, and the sword having decided against it, it wants to get back into court and begin the old arguments as if nothing had happened. Now we have no doubt angels could carry on controversies in this way. Beings devoid of human passions and prejudices, and blessedly ignorant of the ways of this wicked world, might be willing to carry on a struggle with the South for the settlement of the organic law of the nation, even when they held in their hands overwhelming superiority of force, sometimes by fighting and sometimes by arguing, just as the South might find it convenient. But the Northern people are not angels; they are men governed by human motives and swayed by human passions. The South, it is true, is placed at their mercy by the result of a bloody conflict. The ordinary penalty of such a defeat is the execution of leaders and extensive confiscation of property. No such penalty has been inflicted. It is useless to say that this was not an ordinary rebellion; no rebellion is in the eyes of the rebels an ordinary rebellion. All rebellions arise out of a disputed title to sovereignty. It is true that "the armless sleeve," as our correspondent says, "cannot strike, and would not if it could." But a man's losing his arm does not involve the loss of his brains. He can still think about the terms he ought to make with a victorious enemy. The South, on its own theory, carried on the war as an independent power, and its armies surrendered *as armies*, on the mere condition of personal immunity for officers and men; the terms of political settlement have still to be made, just as they have to be made after any other war. The Confederate Government having disappeared, the negotiation has to be conducted with the separate States, and Congress has offered these States certain terms of peace and reunion which are now under debate. "A South Carolinian" says we may impose these terms, but we must not ask the Southern people to agree to them, because this would be asking them to be the instruments of their own degradation.

It is really difficult to treat this argument seriously. Were it sound, no treaty of peace would ever be made or have been made at the close of a war. Nearly all wars end in one of the belligerents getting the worst of it and having to ask for terms. These the victor invariably prescribes, and they are harsh or mild according to the extent of his victory. If the vanquished is utterly incapable of further resistance, they are such as humanity and sound policy may dictate. If the vanquished has still the means of protracting the struggle, he is usually allowed to make proportional modifications in them. When after the disastrous day of Novara, to borrow from the history of our own time illustrations such as all history abounds in, the Piedmontese found themselves with a ruined army, an exhausted treasury, and a defenceless capital, and the Austrians offered them peace upon payment of the expenses of the war, what would the world have thought of the Piedmontese Government if it had refused to pay the indemnity, told the Austrians to collect it themselves, and declared with fustian dignity that it would not be the instrument of its own degradation? Would not all Europe have laughed a horse-laugh? And when the Prussians the other day broke the Austrian power at Königgrätz, and had Vienna almost within range of their guns, and called on Francis Joseph to pay their costs, give up Venetia, and retire from the German Confederation, in which his house has for five centuries played the foremost part—does anybody suppose that he did not writhe and groan when he consented, and that the proud aristocracy who have bolstered up his power on so many bloody fields did not share his grief and humiliation? But what should we have said if he had replied: "Do your worst; I will sign no treaty. Drive me out of Italy and the Confederation if you please, but my pride will not allow me to retire; levy contributions on my subjects if you choose, but do not ask me to degrade myself by paying you a kreuzer out of my treasury"? Would not his own subjects and family on hearing talk of this kind have pronounced the Kaiser crazy, and deposed him? Who are the Southerners that they cannot, after defeat in the field, accept fair terms from the victor? What is there in their origin or history or character or achievements to make it impossible for them to do what the bravest, most accomplished, most famous, and proudest men of all ages have done without a murmur, and without a suspicion of disgrace or dishonor? What nation so completely defeated as the South has been has ever had as good terms offered it by the victor? And what nation is there which, under similar circumstances, ever refused terms half as good? Is there no common sense left amongst the adherents of the "Lost Cause?"

WHAT WE PREDICT AND WHAT WE ADVOCATE.

The *Evening Post* seems to be either troubled or puzzled or outraged by the opinions of The Nation on the subject of the powers and disposition of the majority as regards the Supreme Court and the Constitution. A weekly paper labors under heavy disadvantages in carrying on a controversy with a daily one, as the latter has the argument all its own way for five days, or, in other words, as long as the public cares anything about it; but nevertheless, at the risk of being once more saddled with an epithet next Friday afternoon, and having to carry it till the following Thursday, we shall restate our position.

We *know* as a matter of fact that there is a point of danger or difficulty at which a people will not be bound by a written constitution. There never has been a constitution drawn yet which has not been disregarded in times of great national peril. The Magna Charta even has been treated as a nullity as often as the public safety required it. The Federal Constitution was systematically disregarded during the war on the plea that it, by implication, provided for its own suspension in dangerous crises. For instance, Mrs. Surratt was illegally tried and illegally executed in defiance of the *habeas corpus* and of the courts. This is not our opinion only. It is the opinion of the Supreme Court, and the conduct of the Government in this illegal action had the approval of nine-tenths of the people.

We *predict* that the North, having fought for and won the right of reorganizing the Union on the sure and lasting foundation of certain great principles, will respect the forms of law and the decisions of the Supreme Court as long as there is a fair prospect of gaining its ends in the regular constitutional way, but that whenever it shall appear that there is no hope of reaping the fruits of the war by regular means, the majority will not be bound by the opinions of the court on great questions of public policy. We predict, for instance, that should the Supreme Court, in the Alabama case now before it, decide against the policy of Congress, or should it declare the Civil Rights Bill unconstitutional, its decision will be treated just as its dictum in the Dred Scott decision was treated. If anybody asserts that we are wrong in this, there is no use in arguing about it. A prophet cannot be refuted. The resource of those who do not like his prophecies is to disbelieve him.

We *advocate*, therefore, the speedy concurrence of the South and of the Northern minority in the passage, by regular constitutional modes, of such changes as the majority has evidently set its heart on, and has determined by hook or by crook to carry into effect, if these changes would really afford better security for personal liberty and for equality before the law, which, we beg leave to say, are the two things for which this nation exists. As long as there is the shadow of a hope that these things can be secured by regular constitutional methods, we are in favor of ordinary agitation; and we may add that our disposition would be to continue this kind of agitation until even the *Evening Post* got tired of it. But then there are large numbers of very influential people whose temperament is more ardent than ours, and who believe, which we do not, that they could frame, if they got on the Judiciary Committee of either House, a better government between a late dinner and an early tea than the wit of ages has ever imagined. Who these gentlemen are it is not necessary for us to say. But they exist and have a great following, and we are in favor of having all that is reasonable in their demands granted as speedily as possible, for the reason, amongst others, that we have a very high opinion of their destructive powers and a very poor opinion of their constructive powers, and that we believe that every day that the present "Conservative" resistance is protracted aids them in bringing courts, constitutions, and legal forms into greater and greater contempt. We rate Mr. Thaddeus Stevens as a legislator no higher than the *Post* rates him, but he holds in his hands principles which the country deems sacred, and as long as he holds them and asks in vain for their legal recognition, the masses will follow him, Jack-o'-lantern though he be, through any number of political quagmires. The best political friends of Mr. Stevens and Mr. Phillips just now are those, of whatever school of politics, who deride their claims and arguments. Their worst political enemies are those who urge the concession of their demands by regular constitutional process. If they should hereafter get tired of long waiting, break loose and smash a few "constitutional bulwarks," we shall, however, be no more responsible for the mischief they do than for the Cretan insurrection or the low price of wool.

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THE MILITIA SYSTEM.

It is the opinion of certain writers that it is essential to the happiness of mankind that they be amused with some sort of humbug or other; that the great question is to furnish them with as harmless and inexpensive a one as possible; that it is of no practical importance what it is, so long as people do not actually believe in it, but only think they believe in it; and that the greater humbug it is, the more solemnly should it be discussed and the more tenderly treated by the few who know it to be such. Believers in this theory will be apt to have their faith confirmed by much that is said and done in regard to the militia system, which, in its present form, is a humbug peculiar to the English-speaking race. This, however, can be said in favor of it, that if, in times past, it has not done much good, neither has it done any particular harm. But now that in this State it is becoming colossal in size; now that it yearly gathers into its maw hundreds of thousands of the public treasure and constantly cries for more; now that men begin to talk and act about it as if they really had faith in what they were saying and doing: in view of all these things, it is high time to examine the nature and pretensions of this system which, not content with adding grievously to the burdens of the State, threatens now to add to those of the nation also.

The governor, in his late message, states that the effective strength of the National Guard of New York consisted, on the 1st day of December, 1866, of 104 regiments of infantry, 3 regiments of cavalry, 1 regiment of artillery, 1 battalion of infantry, 2 battalions of artillery, 3 batteries of artillery, 1 battalion of cavalry, 1 independent battery, 2 light howitzer batteries, and 1 squadron of cavalry. He makes the standard and approved remarks in regard to the advantages of a well-disciplined citizen soldiery, and takes occasion to say that had we been better supplied with such organizations at the beginning of the rebellion, its suppression might have been a work of months instead of years—a cheap phrase which, absurd as it is, has done more service since the close of the war than any militia regiment ever did during the progress of it.

Yet every one who has made but a superficial examination of this matter knows that this imposing force exists only on paper. Every one knows that outside of cities there is in it neither company nor battalion drill; and that even in cities there are but a very few regiments where either kind of drill is kept up with such spirit as to render their members proficient in the service. Every one knows that in time of war it is a very peculiar state of affairs when the rank and file of a militia organization can be got to take the field in a body for even a few weeks; that when ordered out, the places of a large number, unable or unwilling to go, are always filled by raw recruits. Every one knows that the penal provisions of the statute for securing the efficiency and discipline of the State troops are never carried out, and, moreover, that they never will be carried out. Every one knows that during the rebellion, when militia regiments were ordered to the field, their members, in manifold instances, refused to go, well aware of the fact that, so long as they were not mustered into the national service, they could not be tried for their conduct by United States officers, and feeling secure against the result of any court-martial managed by State officers. Every one knows that the money raised from the vexatious taxes and fines imposed upon citizens for not performing military duty has never added one dollar to the revenue of the State, has never furnished it the slightest aid in defraying the expenses of its military establishment, and, indeed, has never got beyond the pockets of the officials directly or indirectly concerned in its collection. Above all, every one knows that in case of war we should not, for the purpose of carrying it on, rely upon the militia regiments now formed or forming, but upon volunteer organizations that will then spring up of themselves.

Every one knows these things. Yet every governor in every annual message dwells in the stereotyped phrases on the necessity of a well-organized militia to the security of the country. Every newspaper takes up the solemn theme and calls for the adoption of some plan, it has no clear idea what, which will enable us to enter upon any future war with a vast, well-disciplined, and well-appointed force at our command. Every legislature appropriates money, and of late has begun to appropriate large sums of it, for the maintenance and increase of the military establishment of the State. Not content with this, a bill has now been introduced into Congress to add to the legitimate functions of the War Department the costly, cumbrous, and utterly inoperative machinery of a national militia system.

The popular delusion in regard to the value of this system has mainly sprung from the success of a few volunteer military organizations in some of our large cities. To such places such organizations are both important and necessary, because, however lacking they may be in themselves in discipline, *matériel*, or *personnel*, they are almost certain to be always far superior in all these points to the bodies of men against which they need at times to be used. But it must not be forgotten that such organizations are not indebted for their existence to the State, nor for their prosperity to its fostering care. They are not the result of enactments made by legislatures. They do not owe their efficiency to appropriations made in their behalf. They are simply the outward expressions of that inherent love of military life and taste for military pursuits which are peculiar to the people, and which always manifest themselves in some manner wherever large numbers of young men are massed together, where opportunities for meeting and drill are frequent, and where the rivalry of different bodies tends to give to every member of each one a personal interest in its success. They will flourish without the State; indeed, it may almost be said that they will flourish in spite of the State. It should certainly be the aim of every government to encourage and strengthen all such organizations, where they do exist, by every method consistent with a wise economy. But it should not fall into the common mistake of imagining that by the granting of privileges and subsidies it can create similar organizations anywhere. For though such organizations will succeed in cities if the State does nothing for them, they will not succeed in the country if the State does everything. For none of the conditions which conduce to the success of military organizations in the city exist in the country. There the situation is far different. Young men are comparatively few in numbers, and, moreover, they rarely remain long in one place. They live at distances too far apart to meet for frequent drill. In summer most of them are employed during the day in severe bodily exercise, which leaves them too much exhausted for any exertion at night. In winter, suitable and convenient places for assembling are usually procured with difficulty, and even if at all, are procured at an expense which the volunteers cannot, and the State would not and should not, be called upon to defray. The regimental organization extends at present by statute over an assembly district, and must, under any circumstances, extend in the country over a large tract of territory; and it is simple folly to say that there can ever be any battalion drill worth speaking of when the members of a regiment are scattered over an area of several hundred square miles. No *esprit de corps*, the life and soul of volunteer organizations, can possibly be infused into men who do not meet often enough to know their officers or to feel that they are either learning or doing anything of value to themselves or to others. Militia regiments, in consequence, have in the country always been a failure; practically they have never existed save on paper; and their nominal members can rarely be persuaded or forced into attending even company drill. It is not a matter to cry over. The people act with common-sense, however they talk; they have it, whether it finds expression in their laws or not. They see that in time of peace military organizations outside of large places are not desirable, and, if desirable, not possible; that in time of war no militia regiment ever takes the field for any but the most limited period; that if it apparently does so, it is only apparently, inasmuch as it is a new regiment which goes out under the old name, rank and file and officers of the line and officers of the field and staff being so completely changed as to leave visible scarcely the least trace of the skeleton of the original organization.

The delusion in regard to the benefits derived from the system has, moreover, of late been fostered in part by the exaggerated notions that prevail in regard to the operations of the militia during the rebellion. Without detracting from the real value of the work done by some of them, we say that in the main they were the most useless and expensive regiments which the Government ever had in its pay. Yet an imaginary importance has been attributed to what they did from the fact that they were usually called into the service at a time when the War Department was straining every nerve to increase the offensive strength of the army, and desired to withdraw all veteran troops either from places where there was no danger but where there might be, or from places where there was need to keep up a show of strength though not its reality. In addition to this, the exaggerated ideas of many of those who went out under such calls as to what they had seen and suffered increased the common belief in the value of what they had done. For it is a notorious fact that the shorter time a man has been in the field, the more terrible have been the hardships which he has endured and the greater the services which he has rendered. This is a natural feeling, and gave to many an unwarranted notion of what they and their regiments had accomplished which a fuller experience would have removed. The impressions produced in their minds they, however, communicated to others. And even now there are many persons who honestly believe that the victory of Gettysburg was in good part due to the timely arrival and heroic efforts of New York militia regiments hurried to Pennsylvania by Gov. Seymour; who cannot be persuaded that not a member of one of those regiments was within gunshot of the battle, or even within hearing distance. In truth, Gov. Seymour himself seems to be of that opinion; though it would be hard to convince of the fact any of the much-worn men who, while anxiously but vainly waiting during those long three days for the succor rumored to be on its way, felt that there existed no North save that which was under their feet.

Let us by no means be understood as advocating the giving up of the militia system entirely, or as denying not simply the importance but the absolute necessity of maintaining volunteer organizations in time of peace. But it is a useless and foolish waste of time and money to attempt to make that universal which from the nature of things can only be local; to spend millions in constructing elaborate machinery which at the first shock of war will all be thrown aside. It is not desirable to incur a vast expense in securing objects which can just as certainly be obtained for little or nothing; or to add to the already complicated labor of the War Department the unprofitable task of breathing the breath of life into that senseless model of a military establishment, a national militia system.

A BOSTON NOTION.

WITHIN the last thirty or forty years, and in Massachusetts even, many a youth thirsty for knowledge has had for his whole library not more than three or four books. And very likely many an elderly man can bethink himself—as his children, living in Boston, freely range over the hundred and thirty thousand volumes of the Public Library, not the least of that city's many glories—of the farm-house days when he used to count himself happy that the family Bible, besides the Old Testament and the New, contained the Apocrypha, unsuggestive of preaching, to delight him with the downfall of boasting Nicanor and profane Antiochus, and to charm him with the wonderful history of Tobit—a virtuous man indeed, but not in strictness a Bible character, and whose story was, perhaps, boys being rebellious, none the worse "for example of life and instruction of manners" that acquaintance with it was made not in Sunday-school, but on the floor in the Best Room. Now and then, as the eldest daughter of the house, week in and week out, brings home some blue and gold poet, or the "Flower-de-Luce," or Hurd & Houghton's "Lalla Rookh," perhaps he reminds himself of his garret readings in the one old canvas-covered volume, his grandfather's before him, an odd one of a set, which nourished his youthful mind with what succulence the age of thirteen could find in Dr. Edward Moore and David Mallet and John Dyer; days in which John Gay gave him "Æsop's Fables" in verse, for his benefit as well as the infant royal duke's, and applied the morals to the times of George the First; when Lord Lyttleton and Mr. Shenstone had, indeed, made him a sufficient Damon or Paridel or Daphnis, but he looked round the meeting-house in vain for any Phillis or Daphne, disdainful or kind, to whom he might apply the song he admired:

> "See Daphne, see, Florelio cried,
> And learn the sad effects of pride;
> Yon sheltered rose how safe concealed,
> How quickly blasted when revealed;"

when he knew by heart several versions of "The Death of Hercules;" when

Mr. Cawthorne addressed him in numbers such as the following, and taught "The Regulation of the Passions, the Source of Human Happiness":

> "Passions, like colors, have their strength and ease,
> Those too insipid and too gaudy these;
> Some on the heart, like Spagnoletti's, throw
> Fictitious horrors and a weight of woe;
> Some like Albano's"——

do something quite the contrary for a reason which his memory may probably fail to recall.

It is true that if he is philosophically inclined, and has a Bostonian belief in the great Emersonian doctrine of compensation, he may refuse to mourn that he was confined in that arid waste to browse on twigs so dry, and reflect that better food might have been put to worse uses and brought him calamity; that but for the chill penury of these forgotten bards, which repressed his noble rage, he might himself have been a writer of poems. Nevertheless, he will rejoice that such days as his are gone; that his boys and girls, if they know none of them by heart, can have dozens of Tennysons for one Akenside; that they may look, if they like, at stereoscopic views of

> . . . . "The Theban obelisk
> Immense along the waste; minuter art,
> Gliconian forms, or Phidian, subtly fair,"

which he could only read about, seeing them very dimly in "The Ruins of Rome;" that each subscribes to a magazine, and that he even has to sign a petition to the city school committee praying that pupils may not be required to study out of the regular school hours.

We have seen recently a private letter of which our supposititious parent, in his childhood's days and famishing in his dearth of books, could have hardly dreamed. It was written by an influential member of the Examining Committee, which has just reported to the city of Boston on the condition of the noble library which we have already mentioned. It contains his view of the use to be made of libraries. He says that he is "every year more and more persuaded that people ought to give up the old notion of anxiously *protecting* books, in favor of the better one of getting as many books as possible *worn out by fair use*." For, in his opinion, to which our friend will now assent, though once he might have wondered at it, "the great difficulty about libraries, public and private, is to induce people to read the books in them, and that we must go out into the highways and hedges for customers. At any rate, we must get as far as possible away from the habits of the Middle Ages, when the manuscripts were chained, very properly I dare say, to the desks where they were to be used—just as they still are in the Laurentian Library at Florence."

The Boston people seem to be of his persuasion, for their fine collection of books, to which the year 1866, the fourteenth of its existence, added about nine thousand volumes and four thousand pamphlets, may be said to be absolutely free to all residents of the city. And if any reader entitled to the privileges of the institution desires a work not already among its stores, a printed notice in every book which he borrows informs him of the way to proceed in order to gratify his wish. He is urgently requested to fill out a blank form, which the librarian furnishes him, with the name of the work desired, and if there be no moral objection to its acquisition and it be obtainable, it is obtained and a notification of the fact sent to the person who asked for it. The published report says that during last year three hundred and six books were thus asked for, that forty-six of them were already on the shelves, one hundred and thirty were ordered and are now in the library, one hundred and twenty-eight were ordered and will arrive, and only two were not ordered. From the fact that two only out of three hundred and six were considered objectionable, and from the fact that in the list of newspapers kept in the reading-room we find the name of the *Investigator*, it may be inferred that no bigoted or sectarian standard of what is morally objectionable is applied by the committee.

The same anxiety to make the library fulfil the intention of its founders —"be what no other library in the world has either attempted or desired to become, a powerful and direct means for the intellectual and moral advancement of a whole people without distinction of class or condition"—is evinced in the pains taken to save the borrowers from trouble and expense and loss of time, and the library from loss of books. Every volume taken out may be kept twelve days, and as it is taken out the borrower's name and address are set down. The date of borrowing is stamped on the cover, that the book itself may be a reminder of the time when it should be returned. If it is kept out till the thirteenth day, the borrower is warned by mail that he is incurring a fine of so many cents a day by its detention, and that after the eighteenth day has gone a special messenger will be sent for it at his expense. During thirty-five days of which the report speaks, after this system was adopted, the whole number of books lent was 29,352; the delinquents whose cases were referred to the messenger numbered 82; the books recovered were 40 in number. This system will very greatly diminish, in the future, the likelihood of losses and injuries. Reliance must perforce be placed, unless the character of the institution is to be changed, upon the honor and honesty of the population of the city. At first, and for four or five years, the result of so doing was a matter of pride to every Bostonian, and though of late there has been a change for the worse, the state of affairs is not now in the least discouraging. The alcoves containing works of fiction are, of course, most exposed to misuse and depredation. In fourteen years they have lost 1,678, and the number which had to be condemned as worn out or as odd volumes was 1,029. Of those two classes 940 books have since been returned or had their places supplied by the purchasing committee. In other departments the losses are very much less; out of the Bates Hall, which contains 105,312 volumes of the 130,678 comprising the library, only 43 have been lost during the past six years, and a part of these it is said will be returned. A part of the remedy for this evil, as we have said, will be found in the new system of recording books and of providing for their return; the committee propose, further, that the Legislature be asked to apply some suitable penalty which can be readily enforced in all cases of gross and wanton abuse.

We have mentioned the reading-room. A change not long since made in the management of it has excited a good deal of comment among the Bostonians, but seems to be justified by the statements of the report. If we are not misinformed, even the sacred precincts of the British Museum, an institution not exposed to the inroads of a democratic population, have been invaded by persons whose behavior was incompatible with literary labor or with comfort. Pendennis, let us say, goes there to read up for one of those articles the erudition of which is to astonish his mother and Laura. By-and-by Miss Blanche Amory enters. Open flirtations, it is said, are carried on; love is made and small talk talked in the reading-rooms, and women constantly and unnecessarily come there for fictions, till the steady old habitués are bitterly exasperated, and the authorities are anxiously considering what can be done to restore peace and quietness to their disturbed domain. A like evil has afflicted the serious frequenters of the Boston reading-room. Worse than that—as anybody and everybody, strangers as well as citizens, boys and school-girls as well as men and women, could go in and out without question, it was found that periodicals were stolen and scribbled on, that peaceable reading was impossible, and that the room presented rather the appearance of a receptacle for refuse pamphlets than an orderly apartment for study and silent amusement. So of late the magazines, instead of being spread out on the tables, are stored in desks and placed in charge of an official, and whoever would read one, sends up a card with his name on it, and an attendant quietly brings him what he wants. The trouble, so far as the writing goes, must be very slight to the reader, and attendants in libraries are not always in the nature of necessary evils. We know of a library in Brooklyn, and there is another, a famous one, in this city, where the borrower is made to feel that the loan of a book is a great favor. Would that such grudging dispensers of a wisdom that is not theirs were willing—we use a metaphor which, though a vulgarism, he will not disallow—to take a leaf out of his book, the suavest and most courtly of men, whom we remember as custodian of a college library not very far from Boston! An attendant, it is possible, may be civil, and he may know something of the library, and he may be a help rather than a fussy hindrance. Of those in the Boston library we have pleasant recollections, and if they are still what they were, we are at a loss to know why objection should have been made by any reader to the plan of the committee. Opposition, if it still exists, will probably not last long. The statements of the report seem to furnish complete justification for the change. Readers can now find what they want, the superintendent says; the room is quieter, magazines are no longer defaced or purloined, and we are glad to hear that "the groups of idle boys"—"unknown quantities of idle boys" might be a fitter phrase—have been "eliminated." The making of love in the room, to the distraction of everybody's attention and the disgust of the right-minded and married, is not mentioned as having been among the evils formerly existing in Boston and now removed. But we should suppose that on either side of the water a policeman or two would be found efficacious, and we offer the suggestion to the management of the British Museum.

Turning over the leaves of the report, we find several facts of interest besides those which we have given above. The total number of lendings this year was 193,187, and as the number of days during which the library was open to the public was 278, the daily average of lendings was about 695. The circulation increases with each year. In 1866, the works lent belonging to the department of English history and literature were 18 per cent. of the whole number lent, a heavier percentage than is shown by any other department. The English Patent Specifications, which are not lent for home use but must be used in the Bates Hall, were called for by

187 persons, and the whole time of their use was 249½ hours. No record was made of the use of periodicals or of a collection of atlases, cyclopædias, dictionaries, gazetteers, and other works of reference numbering several hundred volumes.

Of course it is not possible to estimate with accuracy the value of an institution such as this, which does its work upon the minds and hearts of men. It is safe, though, to say that its results are immeasurable, not only because they are of a kind to elude estimate, but because they are so great as to be immeasurable; and the whole history of this grand public charity, if that name may be given it, shows that in Boston, at any rate, it is determined to trust the people and to keep them fit to be trusted. Certainly there seems little danger that the mediæval management or the mediæval use of a library will ever be in vogue there. When will New York have a free library? Or, to put the question in another way, When will Boston have free fights in her Common Council room?

PARIS GOSSIP.

PARIS, Dec. 28, 1866.

AT this present writing all Paris is doing its New Year's shopping. The crowding in the fashionable thoroughfares is as dense as usual; the broad sidewalks of the Boulevards, narrowed for the time by the rows of booths, ignoble but characteristic, erected along its edge, being well-nigh impassable. The representations of the Infant Jesus in the manger, life-size and lit up with wax tapers, have yielded their usual sum of delight to the children of the capital; the midnight masses, with their impressive and beautiful music ushering in the Christmas morning, have been followed, according to custom, by the festive supper of the *Réveillon;* and Christmas day has witnessed the usual concert of dinner parties, with imitations, more or less successful, of English plum-pudding, followed by the lighting up and rifling of Christmas-trees, borrowed from "the Germans' Fatherland," that is at last so rapidly developing into the long-dreamed-of Empire of Germany. The customary homage to tradition having thus been paid by the capital, its energies are now devoted, and will be so for another week, to the business of admiring the countless charming temptations so lavishly displayed in the shop windows, and which will be gradually appropriated by those whose purses enable them to purchase as well as appreciate, after being longingly stared at by those to whom fate has been less propitious.

To attempt an enumeration of the wonderful display of the season would be simply to make of this letter an abridged catalogue of an industrial exhibition; suffice it to say that, while the manufacturers of costly and elegant trifles seem to have surpassed themselves in every department of varied industry of this busy city, Susse, Giroux, and Siraudin, as usual, divide between them the palms of popularity. The Emperor and Empress have been amusing themselves with their usual Christmas inspection of the two renowned repositories of elegant trifles, and have bought largely at each; and the Prince Imperial has laid in a large store of the ingenious mechanical toys in which the second of those great houses is without a rival. Giroux's needle-guns, especially, are "the rage" of the season among the boys, as are his mechanical dolls among the girls. These dolls pronounce several words with tolerable distinctness, roll their eyes, cry, and work their legs and arms after the fashion of angry infants. They have beautiful long hair that can be combed, curled, and made up into a fashionable *chignon;* and they are provided with a house full of furniture, including beds well furnished with sheets and coverlets, and chests of drawers containing an ample store of all the elements of a fine lady's toilette. Some of these new-fangled dolls, with their accessories, cost several thousand francs, and find purchasers. The attention of the public is pretty equally divided between the gay little ladies of Giroux's grand display and the brillant collection of dolls at a neighboring establishment, got up in exact imitation of the various epochs and leading personages of French history.

As for Siraudin, the renowned poet, deputy, playwright, and inventor of marvels innumerable in the sugar-plum line, his establishment, under the auspices of his partner, Rheinhard, a kindred and congenial genius, comes out this year stronger than ever. No other confectioners come within gunshot of the achievements of these unrivalled makers, whose "creations" are works of art in their peculiar line. To say nothing of a hundred other wonders, their new *bonbons,* named after Goethe's "Mignon" as "done into music" in Ambrose Thomas's new opera, and those which have the exact flavor of fresh cherries (most fugitive of all fruit flavors, and hitherto the despair of confectioners), are melting marvels which it would seem impossible for even their skill to surpass. The coffers, cabinets, boxes, and baskets, in ivory, ebony, mother-of-pearl, and marquetry, in pearl-embroidered satin, cloth of gold and silver, and every other rich material, ornamented with carvings, incrustations, paintings, jewels, and destined to contain these sugary *chefs-d'œuvre,* are miracles of taste and workmanship, but, alas! as costly as beautiful. And as, in this city of display, gifts are apt to be prized in the ratio of their worth in money, the value of these splendid objects, for the offering of which the artistic sugar-plums form a convenient pretext, is often still further enhanced by the presence of a lace handkerchief, a Cashmere shawl, a bracelet, or other costly element of the feminine toilet, ingeniously hidden under the *bonbons.* As usual, the distinctive feature of Siraudin's display is a couple of great dolls, got up with an utter disregard of expense, and, as usual, all Paris is flocking to look at them, and forming a *queue* outside the shop, as is done at the doors of the theatres. The two little ladies who have thus succeeded to the honors of "The First and Second Empires" of last year represent "The City of Paris" and "The Exhibition of 1867." The busts of these dolls are by Talrich, rival of Mme. Tussaud in the world of wax-work, and are faithful likenesses of two of the most renowned beauties of the day, of whom one is said to be "la plus jolie de nos femmes galantes," and the other "la plus galante de nos jolies femmes." The dresses are by Madame Baron; that of "La Ville de Paris" is a perfect miniature, in rich brocaded silk, of the narrow skirt and long train in vogue just now, set off with a profusion of diamonds; that of "L'Exposition de 1867" is of white satin, spreading out to an immense width, and embroidered over with the arms of all nations of the planet. From the waist hang *oriflammes* of satin of all the colors of the rainbow, on which are embroidered, in gold and silver, the attributes of the various arts and industries. The head-dress, necklace, and other ornaments are composed of gold and silver medals.

Of the two other main "attractions" of the moment, viz., the Advent sermons of Father Hyacinth at Notre Dame and the masked balls at the Opera, it will suffice to say that in the last of the orations in question, having for subject "Morality in its relations to family life," the fat old monk launched out into such glowing and rapturous descriptions of the delights of "Christian marriage" as seem rather to have scandalized than edified his auditors; while the net profits of the last of the much-denounced orgies of whirling and folly in the vast enclosure of the Rue Lepelletier amounted to 25,000 francs.

That other popular favorite, Thêrésa, of the Alcazar, is preparing to rejoice the ears of her admirers by a return to the scene of her triumphs. The affection of the throat from which she was said to be suffering has subsided, or, according to another version, was merely a pretext to enable her to rest her voice in view of her engagement for the period of the Exhibition, during which the coffee-house *diva* will receive eight hundred francs per night. In acknowledgment of the chapter in M. Louis Veuillot's late book, of which she is the subject, Thérésa will signalize her reappearance not by *Rogomme,* not by *La Pieuvre,* not even by *L'Etrangleuse,* but by an entirely new ditty called *Les Odeurs de Paris,* composed for the express purpose of giving "tit" for the "tat" of the pious sledge-hammerer. The persistent preference of the usually fickle public of Paris for Thérésa and her songs, so excessively irritating to all who stand up for classicality and "respectability," is shared by many who, in the judgment of the latter, "ought to know better;" and, among others, by La Patti, who is one of Thérésa's most enthusiastic admirers, and is frequently to be seen in her box at the Alcazar, braving the clouds of tobacco smoke which fill it, and applauding with might and main the extraordinary ballads which Thérésa has brought into vogue, and which, whatever may be thought of them from a moral and philosophic point of view, and as a "sign of the times," are amazingly clever in their own low way. Which profound remark reminds me that the numerous company of scribblers belonging to the lighter divisions of the literary army are just now excessively indignant with the Academy, which, having to elect a new member, is said to be intending to name a respectable nonentity, M. Duvergier (de la Hauranne), author of an unreadable history, to the vâcant arm-chair, and with the Academy's "perpetual secretary," M. Cousin, who, when sounded in regard to the candidature of Jules Janin, "the prince of feuilletonistes," whom the writers of gossip, criticism, and fiction have long desired to see in the Academy as their "representative man," contemptuously replied, "*Jules Janin! c'est de la basse litérature.*"

The culinary department is decidedly looking up in this capital of the universe. Baron Brisse's "Three Hundred and Sixty-five Dinners" is having a large and rapid sale; and that gentleman, with Alexander Dumas, Dr. Véron, the well-known editor of the *Constitutionnel,* Gouffé, considered to be the greatest living repository of "the traditions of the French *cuisine,*" and eight other equally distinguished *gourmets,* have enrolled themselves into a club for the purpose of enjoying, once a week, the most exquisitely perfect dinner which the present gastronomic conditions of existence render possible. These worthies, each of whom contributes a minimum of 40 fr. to each repast, have just had their first collective feast. On this occasion

sion the dinner was ordered and its cooking superintended by Gouffé, who was attired in the traditional costume of the French head-cook, all the other guests being dressed as kitchen boys. The members appear to regard this dinner as a sort of foretaste of the joys of a higher sphere, and have signed and published a declaration stating it to be their firm belief that no other cook of our day could have "created" a repast so every way perfect. The exalted authorities in question have, moreover, given it as their decided opinion that the enormous results of cramming just seen at the great annual poultry exhibition of the Champs Elysées, and over which an unenlightened public has been going into raptures, are mere monstrosities, overgrown masses of fat and oil, and that those who have paid a hundred francs for the great turkeys, half that sum for geese resembling large square pillows, and proportional sums for the fat and bloated fowls and pigeons, have shown an utter ignorance of what constitutes the true merits of poultry, and have contributed to the demoralization of the public taste.

LETTER FROM CRETE.—THE ARKADI TRAGEDY.

CANEA, CRETE, Dec. 11, 1866.

OF all the sad stories of the Greek struggle for independence, none is so completely tragic as that of Arkadi. It is three weeks since the affair, and we scarcely know the whole truth now ; but history rarely gets that, and we must, in all probability, be content with what we now know.

On the nineteenth of last month, Mustapha Pasha marched out of Retimo with 12,000 men, mostly regular Egyptian and Turkish troops, to attack the fortified convent of Arkadi, which was the headquarters of the insurrection in the district of Retimo, and a depot of gunpowder and provisions as well as the refuge of the inhabitants of the villages of the surrounding plains, whenever Turkish invasion menaced them. The head of the convent, a true fighting priest of the kind developed largely by the conditions of Cretan life, hearing that an attack was intended, and confident in the strength of the convent to resist, sent out for reinforcements, walled up the gates, and notified Coromos, the Greek commander of volunteers in that district. The chief of the neighboring district of Mylopotamo sent a reinforcement of about 30 men. Coromos was too far away to get there in time ; and on the 19th, in the night, the army of Mustapha suddenly enveloped the convent, cutting off all retreat. Two messengers were let over the walls, however, one of whom succeeded in penetrating the lines of the Turkish army and carried out the news ; the other was taken prisoner and killed. There were then in the walls of Arkadi about 960 souls, of whom a little above 300 were fighting men, the rest the women and children of the plain. Sixteen volunteers from Greece were included in the garrison, which, beside these, was composed of the 30 of Mylopotamo and the husbands and fathers of the women and children there, the *personnel* of the convent, and a few priests from convents in the adjoining districts. On the morning of the 20th they were summoned to surrender, and refused, upon which the attack began. The Turkish artillery, being small mountain guns, were advanced very near the wall opposite the great gateway, a magnificent specimen of Venetian military architecture, three hundred years old, and so extremely strong that it was found, after several hours, that their pieces would make no serious impression on it. The Pasha then sent to Retimo for heavier pieces and mortars, with reinforcements, which were sent him to the number of about 4,000 men. All the Cretan Mussulmans of the district and city were forced into the service if they did not volunteer. The heavy guns were advanced as near the gate as the deadly and incessant fire of the Christians permitted, and, after about 1,200 rounds of shot, the gate was breached and an assault ordered. It was received with such a hail of bullets that the troops recoiled out of its range ; another and another were ordered, and met in the same way, their bodies being piled several deep in the breach and on the ground in front of it. Barrels of powder, with lighted matches, were thrown down from the walls with deadly effect. A stone mill, which flanked the gate, was garrisoned by a party of Cretans—some say 10, others 30—who kept up an annihilating fire on the column, and the artillery was finally turned on it, and brought it down in ruins, burying all of its defenders but one, who, by the accounts of the Turkish officers, kept up his fire over two hours from the *dêbris*, until he was killed by a shell. Albanians, native Mussulmans, and regular troops alike recoiled from the fire the garrison kept up, until, finally, a battalion of Egyptians were driven in at the points of a file of bayonets pitilessly used on those who turned, and the breach was entered. The Christians then withdrew to the cells and chambers which surrounded the court, and kept up a fire of the same determined and deadly character on the masses of troops who poured in, for six hours. The Turks were obliged to bring their artillery into the court and batter in the cells, each of which was defended to the death of its garrison. Twenty-eight men in the great refectory defied all the attacks made on them. The Hegemenosos (head of the convent), seeing resistance hopeless and capture inevitable, blew out his brains ; several of the priests gave each other a farewell kiss and stabbed each other. In the great room of the Hegemenosos were gathered many of the families, with most of what remained of the defenders. Underneath the room was the principal magazine, and when the defence became no longer possible, a pistol was fired into the powder and all together finished their resistance and suffering. The refectory held out until all the ammunition of the Christians there was exhausted, when they surrendered on the oath of the Turks to spare their lives. They were all beheaded as soon as surrendered. Six men in another cell shared the same fate. Men, women, and children were massacred without mercy ; only thirty-three men and sixty-one women and children reached Retimo out of the nine hundred and sixty-six who were there. Others left Arkadi in the train, but, wounded, sick, faint, they were pitilessly killed when they could walk no further with the troops. One of the survivors says that he saw a woman, holding her infant in her arms, draw up to the wall as a Turk passed her, as if to get out of his way. He struck off her head and that of the babe as she stood with one blow of his sabre, and the body remained poised some minutes before death assumed all his rights. Many women threw themselves, with their children, into the flames, that now were raging all round the enclosure—the church, the chapels, the stables, and, in short, everything that contained combustibles being fired ; and three days after the attack commenced, the army set out on its return. Its losses, from the admission of Turkish and Egyptian officers and the evidence of the surviving Christians, as well as those who saw the hopeless combat from the hills and came down after the army had gone away, could not have been less than three thousand killed and wounded. The care of the latter and the losses suffered obliged the Pasha to return to Retimo, though Coromos was in sight on the near heights when the affair was over.

Two weeks later the Pasha returned to Canêa with his laurels, and yesterday set out for Selinos, where most of the Christian families have taken refuge. The Cretans have prayed the European powers, if they will not interfere for justice and humanity, at least to take away the families from the barbarities they have been and are still exposed to, and let the men fight it out ; but though a large fleet of "Christian" men-of-war are here idly waiting the progress of events, not one government will permit an interference which might look like meddling with the Eastern question. The English minister at Constantinople being questioned if English men-of-war would be permitted to take on board families asking asylum, replied that they would not refuse refuge to those who came, but that he hoped that they would avoid putting themselves in such a position. The French commander told the Cretans point blank that if any came to him he should give them up to the authorities, and the Russian dare not do what the others do not permit by their example. Within two weeks, unless the God of battles favors the Cretan Christians in their desperate struggle, the same history may be told of every strong place in the new field of Turkish glory as has been told here of Arkadi.

Correspondence.

WILL THE MAJORITY RULE ?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION :

We have but little taste for any kind of politics in our State now, and this is the case throughout the South. Our ancestors led us into what has proved to be a frightful mistake, by declaring that all government derives its just power from the consent of the governed ; while, in truth, the majority claims to rule and does rule.

Your article on the "Lesson of the Crisis" attracts my attention for the reason that it is the first open declaration I have read that the majority shall rule, and that "constitutional forms will count for very little," etc., etc.

It is to be regretted that the Constitutional Amendment should be the means to the end of any further agitation, and it is more to be regretted that such a condition should be attached to the amendment as precludes an acceptance by the South. That prostrate section does not refuse the operation of the amendment when passed, if that shall be considered the proper adjustment of the difficulty ; it only begs that it shall not be its own executioner.

This is all. The South fully realizes that her sceptre has departed for ever, that her power is broken, and that, if restored to-morrow, she must, for this generation at least, wear her sackcloth and ashes in humble but, in the light of her teaching, honest poverty. For this generation, did I say?—yea, for *ever*; for in thirty years the great North will so completely overshadow the sparsely populated South as that the latter will be only as an election district. Why, then, trample on the crippled body? The sleeveless arm cannot strike, and would not if it could.

Is there not some middle ground upon which the rising generation of the South can take their place for the Union, or are the hot passions and teachings of 1860–65 to be perpetuated?

I have nothing further to say than that, if the minority are not to be considered at all, they should have at least their humble petition granted: that condition of peace and quiet which will at least aid them in restoring their own homesteads and rebuilding their waste places.

Will you do me the favor to give this a place in your paper, and oblige

A South Carolinian.

P.S.—Governor Orr and Senator Perry belong to that miserable, disgusting Democratic party, the cause of all our troubles. Their elevation is accidental, and grew out of the confused condition of affairs in 1865. Senator Campbell, recently elected for a six years' term, by an almost unprecedented vote, declared *before* his election that he had had enough of that party (see his published letter), etc.

He represents a large class in South Carolina who want new friends; but it seems we are to be for ever cut off by the heat of passion now ruling the North.

New York Hotel, Jan. 17, 1867.

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The Week.

BEYOND the failure of Mr. Stevens's bill, nothing important with regard to reconstruction has occurred during the week, and the attention of Congress has been concentrated on the tariff. There have been nineteen new tariffs within the last forty years, and of these we have had eleven within the last five years. Nothing but the extraordinary energy of the people and richness of the soil has prevented these changes from proving ruinous. No other country could possibly have stood them. The tariffs of the last five years have steadily risen until, if the present one passes, we shall have an average of about seventy per cent. on all foreign imports. Now, the extreme protectionists—the prohibitionists—who would destroy all foreign trade, are an exceedingly small and not very influential section of the community. So, also, are the extreme free-traders, who would raise the revenue by internal taxation only, if that were possible. Those who would even raise it in the English way, by duties on a very small number of articles, are few in number. The great body of the people are perfectly willing that the greater portion of the revenue should be raised by customs duties under a moderate tariff, so distributed as clearly to give the native producer an advantage over, or at all events put him on an equality with, the foreign one. But the tariff of 1864 satisfied all these moderate protectionists. Since then the controversy before Congress has not been between free trade and protection, but between an importunate and unscrupulous lobby and the community at large; and the facility with which Congressmen are manipulated by the lobby is, in our minds, one of the signs that the Republican party is forgetting what are the conditions of long retention of power in a free country. No man of ordinary intelligence will venture to say that he believes the tariff which the Senate has been passing will, if enacted, last over a year; that it will not be found intolerable, incomprehensible, onerous, incapable of execution, promotive of fraud and smuggling, and that a desperate and successful attempt will not be made next session to modify it. Its promoters, too, seem to be losing the little sense they ever had, and their organ, the *Tribune*, last week displayed its contempt for the popular intelligence and the spirit of the age by holding up for our admiration and imitation the barbarous legislation of mediæval England.

MR. STEVENS suffered another defeat in the House on Monday in the reference of his scheme of reconstruction to the joint committee on that subject. This was certainly a proper disposition of the bill; yet we trust that the committee will not understand this reference as implying that they are expected to smother the project entirely. The central idea of the bill—reorganization of the Southern States *as States* by universal suffrage—is the only sound proposition before the country. It is intolerable that the South should drag or be dragged along for years under the present system of no-government prevailing there. It ought to be reorganized upon a constitutional basis, and that immediately.

◆

WE may say that we have information which leads us to believe that while no decisive steps will be taken toward the impeachment of the President during the present session of Congress, it yet is the settled purpose of the majority to impeach him at the opening of the next session, and probably to insist upon his suspension from office during his trial. Mr. Wade, whose name has found a place in almost all the reports of this sort which have been put in circulation, is said to be the senator fixed upon for President of the Senate after the 4th of March, with a view to this contingency, which will undoubtedly require the presence in that position of a man of iron nerve.

◆

THE Colorado bill has been vetoed, as every one expected. Some of the reasons assigned by Mr. Johnson are very strong against the admission of the new State; but nobody supposes that his real reasons are those which he sets forth. Nor will the reasons assigned by Congressional speakers for overriding his veto be those which really actuate them. The real motive on either side is a desire to increase or prevent the increase of the majority in the Senate. We do not think there is sufficient population in Colorado to make its admission desirable; but we do not know that the small States have ever done much harm, though it is easy to conceive of grave mischief to result from the increase of such small constituencies.

◆

SENATOR GRIMES, of Iowa, who makes no pretensions to the name of an orator, made a speech in the Senate the other day which achieved a success not often attained by the professional orators of Congress; it actually seems to have shaken the opinions of some other senators. He showed by conclusive figures that the tariff bill before the Senate was not framed with any attention to the wants of the revenue; and that, by an ingenious and deceptive arrangement of its details, it was made to levy upon many articles of prime necessity duties of 100 to 250 per cent. *ad valorem*, which would never be sanctioned by the country if fairly placed before it. He dissected the little scheme by which the farmers were to be persuaded to assent to an enormous increase in the prices of everything which they consume, in consideration of a duty upon a single article which is raised by farmers; an arrangement which will cost the farmers, as a class, three times as much as they can make out of it. We are glad that a senator representing the original Republicans of 1854, and thoroughly in sympathy with the radical sentiment of the North, has taken so bold a stand on this question, which must be fought out within the lines of the Republican party. The grave rebuke administered to Mr. Grimes by the *Tribune* for the violence of his language is worth reading by everybody as a specimen of the way in which the pot can be outraged by the blackness of the kettle.

◆

THERE are few incidents in diplomatic history more thoroughly disgraceful than Mr. Seward's correspondence with Mr. Motley, published yesterday morning. A cackling, and evidently vulgar busybody, whom Providence has afflicted with money enough to enable him to travel in Europe, has thought proper to forward a dish of worthless—no doubt in most cases lying—gossip about the opinions and conversation of American ministers in Europe, and in doing so charges Mr. Motley with using language about his own country and his own Government such as probably rarely is heard except from an English bagman in "the thread and needle line," and which, if true, could only have been revealed by Mr. Seward's informant through a gross breach of confidence. This wretched rubbish, which, considering who Mr. Motley is and what his antecedents are, Mr. Seward should hardly have stooped to light his cigar with, he makes the object of a grave and most insulting diplomatic despatch, which we hope, for the credit of the country, his successor will remove from the archives of the department. What makes the thing all the more discreditable is, that this same Mr. Seward published last summer, with great gusto, a piece of indecent abuse of Congress from another United States minister, and appears to have seen no impropriety in it, and his friends are now begging Congress to continue to pay the writer's salary. We have all along opposed impeachment, but if every official of the Government is to be converted into the creature of Messrs. Johnson and Seward, even the most moderate men will soon be reconciled to any measure, however desperate, which promises to relieve us of the odious burden of their administration.

◆

General Thomas is neither a "Radical" nor a "Nigger-worshipper," and if there are half a dozen Americans in public life whose characters stand better before the country than his, we do not know who they are. He is in command, and has long been in command, of the military district which includes Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama, and Georgia. Moreover, he is a man of deliberation. In his examination before the Congressional Committee, which has just been investigating the facts of the well-known South Carolina murders, murders of white soldiers in Anderson and of freedmen who were burnt in the jail at Kingstree, General Thomas testifies that in his district there is no justice and no prospect of justice for the blacks before the courts. "A supervisory military power" is, in his opinion, necessary throughout all the States mentioned above. We have no reports whether or not General Thomas's opinion in regard to giving the negro the ballot was requested, but have no doubt as to what it would be. He would want a guard of United States troops at every polling-booth on every election day, and it would be a bold man who should say that this measure would not be a necessary one. Meantime, if Republicans like Mr. Greeley, who think universal suffrage a complete panacea for our political ills, find in General Thomas a disbeliever in their doctrine, so also do Republicans like Mr. Bingham, who regard the Constitutional Amendment as a sure cure. Mr. Julian or Mr. Stevens, however, would find themselves quite at home in General Thomas's company, and it is likely enough that we may yet see a working majority of the Republican party fixing upon Mr. Greeley's scheme for the future, and General Thomas's for the interval between now and then.

◆

The Maryland Democrats are mercilessly using their victory in the late election. A bill has been passed enfranchising the formerly disfranchised rebel soldiers; the city government of Baltimore has been removed and a new election is ordered for Wednesday next; Judge Bond's jurisdiction is to be very considerably curtailed, and bills to effect this purpose are already passing; the bill which orders the holding of a constitutional convention bears hard on the liberal and loyal counties, and is unblushingly partial to the old slaveholding strongholds—Washington County, for instance, which is Republican in politics, whose population is thirty thousand, and whose taxes amount to $43,508 89, is allowed six delegates, but Charles, Calvert, Caroline, and St. Mary's Counties, which, in the aggregate, are inferior to Washington County in wealth, white population, and amount of taxes paid, are to have thirteen delegates. Until these little matters were settled, the Democrats kept the Johnson men hard at work and would pay out nothing. Governor Swann must have suffered agonies for several days. To have performed such services as he did is misery enough, but to have performed them and fail of the reward, would be too severe a punishment to be inflicted on an imaginative and reflective person. At last, however, he was made United States Senator.

Mr. H. Willis writes us a furious letter "stopping his paper" because we do not agree with him as to the expediency of impeaching Mr. Johnson. He says "he has no *patience*, nor will he take a paper that will defend so infamous a traitor as he is, a perfect low, mean blackguard at best;" and he invites us, if we or Mr. Johnson think Mr. Willis is severe in his denunciations, "to cast the odium on Mr. Johnson's own miserable, guilty soul, for giving him (Mr. Willis) an opportunity to thus truthfully cast it home"—a job which we respectfully decline. Finally, he cries, "Away with such limber-back, weak-kneed advisers as H. Greeley and The Nation, and others of like mushroom journalists!" We have considered this argument attentively, and cannot say we are convinced; but Mr. Willis ought to have forwarded his opinions to this office week by week, and then we might possibly have kept in the right track by "writing them up," as the reporters say.

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The application of the artists for the imposition of a duty on cheap foreign pictures has, as we anticipated, created a great stir amongst the small fry of native novelists, historians, and poets, and they are sending on a powerful lobby to get a duty clapped on foreign literature, not on the paper and binding—the publishers are looking after that—but on the thought. They say that, with proper protection, they are confident they can before long furnish as good histories of any period or country, ancient or modern, and as good fictions, sonnets, epics, madrigals, and even conundrums, as any foreign authors—they care not who they may be—and they ask Congress to stop Tennyson, Swinburne, Mommsen, Merivale, Grote, George Eliot, and Reade, and others, from taking the bread out of their children's mouths. The free admission of the works of Shakespeare, Virgil and Dante, Spenser, Chaucer, Livy and Thucydides, and some other old masters, they say they have no objection to; but, as for the herd of their modern imitators who are now corrupting the taste and morals of the American public, they want to have them rigidly excluded.

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If the managers of the Cooper Union lottery or Soldiers' Home lottery were honest in every detail of the drawing of numbers, some of their patrons must be excessively stupid good people. The chief manager of the drawing, having been asked by the reporters for the names of the most fortunate ones, made the answer that they could not be furnished to the press, as many holders of tickets "had conscientious scruples about letting their names be known." It is no wonder that a community which holds a great number of blanks should imagine it smells something like swindling in such an excuse for secresy as this; but we dare say it was offered in good faith. It hints a truth in regard to these lottery schemes which is well worth considering. The two great enterprises of the kind that have recently been carried through have had for their patrons thousands on thousands of respectable people, who would never have thought of gambling if that most unprofitable and at the same time most fascinating of all vices had not presented itself in a guise of such respectability. Not unlikely, many men who would never have thought of buying a Ben. Wood lottery policy, and would have shrunk with horror from a faro-table, have, by means of these "national" schemes, which have broken down the barriers of traditional hatred of gaming, got a taste of gambling which may eventually prove ruinous. The evil is a growing one, and certainly more stringent legislation is requisite; and as the laws at present practically give to any one State leave to render nugatory the prohibitory laws of any other, we do not know why statutes punishing holders as well as sellers of tickets would not be of some advantage.

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"One of the Passengers" who, on the 17th of January, rode on the half-after four o'clock train from Philadelphia, on the New Jersey Railroad, writes a severe letter to the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin* about the barbarous manner in which the several car-loads of human freight were used by the railway officials. The train seems to have got about three miles out of New Brunswick, N. J., when, the road appearing impassable, it was backed to within a mile or so of the hotel. Nothing, says the passenger, prevented the backing of the train to the hotel, instead of keeping it where everybody aboard was compelled to spend fourteen hours in the cars. The conductor, it is alleged, did not so much as visit the ladies' car to give intimation of what might be expected, and there was an entire failure on the part of any one connected with the road to interest himself in the comfort of the unfortunate persons who had trusted themselves to the tender mercies of one of these corporations, which, by a pleasing fiction, are said to be chartered for the public convenience. We wish there were some hope in steady grumbling. As a remote cause, at any rate, of the legislation of the future, we intend encouraging and disseminating it in all ways possible.

* * *

New England does not raise grain enough to feed its inhabitants. Virginia does. New England has but one hog for every ten New Englanders. Virginia has for each son of the sacred soil one hog and three-fourths of another. The prosperity of New England is dependent upon the extent of the Yankee commerce and manufactures. The extent of the Yankee commerce and manufactures was formerly great, because the South employed the New England shipping and kept the New England mills going. But New England with fanatic cruelty has destroyed slavery, and Virginia and the rest of the South will begin manufacturing for the Southern people. What can be clearer than that the grass will by-and-by spring up in the streets of Lowell; that Boston will soon resemble Tyre, Nineveh, Troy, Tadmor in the Wilderness, Charleston, South Carolina, and other unhappy marts once mighty but now dwelling-places of foxes? The *Richmond Enquirer*, which seems not in the least moved by the mournful truth, is our authority for these facts and deductions.

* * *

An ocean despatch from St. Petersburg asserts that the American portion of the Russo-American telegraph has been completed to Behring's Straits. We sincerely trust the work has received this extension, and that in autumn, as is now predicted, the line will be entirely finished. But it seems a little extraordinary that the present news has not reached us *via* San Francisco before it could make its way to the Amoor, thence to the Baltic, and so round to this city, and it may, therefore, perhaps be viewed as premature.

* * *

A correspondence has just taken place between H. R. H. Prince Alfred and Mr. James Gordon Bennett, Jr., which is of rather an amusing character; but, as it is held that the interesting sentiments which it conveys "tend to show the feeling of England towards the United States," we suppose not much is to be said about it. Mr. Bennett offers his yacht to the Prince as a gift from one gallant young yachtsman to another, and the Prince, with abundant courtesy, declines so costly a gift. We must say, however, that Mr. Bennett puts it rather strong when he asserts that the reception of himself and friends will always be remembered "with the warmest gratitude in the United States." Perhaps, though, he means after himself and Mr. Jerome and the other gentleman get back to this country. The race with the *Viking*, we hope, is not to be broken off by reason of this little affair.

* * *

In the season of storms our European intelligence by the cable is apt, as this last week, to come to us like the thawed tune from Munchausen's horn. What the restored land telegraph has at length transmitted to us has been symptomatic, rather than positive news. Prussia and the North German Confederation are evidently fast consolidating as Prussia wishes. The Elbe Duchies have been formally annexed, and the German Diet is to have its first meeting on the 24th proximo. The South Germans are said to be coquetting for a military union with the Confederation. Austria is showing her uneasiness by increasing her forces in Galicia and on the borders of Russia and Turkey. Telegrams from Paris and London represent great dissatisfaction in France with the new *idées Napoléonniennes*, reforms though they professed to be, and concessions undoubtedly were. As for Crete, the insurrection is suppressed for the hundredth time, but there are rumors of a triple intervention by the leading powers of the Continent; and it is certain that foreign war-vessels, American included, are removing non-combatants from the desolated island.

THE FREEDMEN.

Mr. J. W. Alvord, the general superintendent of schools for the Bureau, has just made his monthly report for November, in which are some items of interest concerning the number of schools, teachers, and pupils. There are 998 day and 358 Sabbath-schools officially reported, and 140 day and 96 Sabbath-schools not regularly reported. The number of teachers is 1,868, of whom 981 are colored; of pupils who attend only one school, viz., either day or Sabbath, 94,121. 302 schools are sustained wholly by freed people, and 244 in part. 260 school buildings are also owned by them. 10,419 pupils paid $10,109 30 for tuition during the month, out of $36,638 10, the total expense of the schools during the month.

Mr. Alvord closes his report with certain suggestions to the Commissioner relative to his department:

> 1st. He recommends strongly the employment of colored teachers. They can penetrate further than whites, and are tolerated better by the planters themselves. Gen. Armstrong, at Fortress Monroe, says he could secure the employment, with suitable pay, of fifty such teachers in South-Eastern Virginia.
>
> 2d. The proposals of the Southern people, which are coming in, to sustain these schools, should be cordially met. "Let the motive be what it will, under the superintendency of the Bureau, any experiment they may choose to make must be productive of good."
>
> He also recommends the encouragement of the appointment of Southern whites as teachers, as tending to disarm prejudice; the establishment of normal schools for the preparation of teachers of either color; and the teaching of adults as well as of the young.

—We said, in comparing Gen. Howard's estimated census of the Southern blacks with that of 1860, that the figure of half a million repressed or destroyed by the war "would undoubtedly be swelled from the statistics of Alabama and Kentucky." An official census has just been concluded in the former State, and it appears that there were 442,445 blacks at the close of 1866, against 438,770 in 1860. As the natural increase in six years would have been at least 10 per cent. (which is the rate we used in our former calculation), we should have had in Alabama at this time 482,647 persons of African descent—a charge upon the rebellion and its consequences of about 40,000 souls, dispersed or lost, but by all odds lost rather. The *Tribune*, it seems to us, has failed to appreciate this fact.

—Very serious troubles, fomented, it is said, by the colored lawyer who failed to get admitted to the Georgia bar, arose lately on the "Delta plantation" of Mrs. Cheves, on one of the Sea Islands on the Carolina coast. The negroes refused to contract with the new lessee, Capt. Barnwell, an ex-Confederate, who summoned the military to make them give place to willing laborers. But the small force sent was utterly inadequate to overawe the disorderly, who even assumed a semi-military attitude. Fortunately, the humanity of the officers deterred them from precipitating bloodshed, and a special visit from Gen. Tillson put the affair in the right way for settlement. Twenty acres of land on St. Helena had been offered the malcontents before his arrival. The occurrence is regrettable enough, but it flows, not unnaturally, from the conflicting orders and policies of the Government with regard to the confiscated property of the Sea Islands.

—The shocking murder of a negro coachman by Dr. Watson, of Lexington, Va., which was undergoing military examination when the President, conspiring with the Supreme Court, put an end to the trial, has received new light from a personal friend of the murderer, who writes to the *Herald* that the doctor refused to accept pecuniary or other equitable satisfaction from the coachman (who was merely obeying orders when the accident occurred), but sought him in the field where he was sowing wheat, and attacked him. The writer (*soi-disant* "Justice") adds:

> "Dr. Watson is one of the most respectable gentlemen in the county and one of the most popular. He is a man of kind and amiable manners, and his conduct towards the blacks since their freedom has been more than ordinarily good. He is near-sighted, and the plea advanced in his behalf is that by firing his pistol he intended to frighten Medley, and hit him only by chance. I believe that no one regrets the painful circumstance of Medley's death more than he does."

—The Maryland Legislature has repealed the distinction of the State codes between black and white offenders. This prevents Judge Magruder from selling more negroes into slavery, but it ought not to shield him from the penalty of violating the Civil Rights Act.

Notes.

LITERARY.

Among recent American announcements of new books are "Good English, or Popular Errors in Philology," by Edward S. Gould, to be published by W. J. Widdleton. Messrs. G. P. Putnam & Son announce a new book by Bayard Taylor, "Colorado, or a Summer Trip," being his letters to the New York *Tribune* last summer; "Natural Theology," Lowell lectures by Prof. P. A. Chadbourne, of Williams College; and a series of Irving's works in 16mo size, called "Railway Classics." Messrs. Hurd & Houghton will soon publish "An Enquiry into the State of Political Parties in the United States," taken from the papers of the late President Martin Van Buren. Messrs. Ticknor & Fields are about to issue the "Diamond Edition" of Dickens's works, each novel to be complete in one small volume. "The Pickwick Papers" is already published, and is quite handsome in appearance. As for the pictures, they seem not so much attempts at a fresh illustration of the text as echoes more or less faint of Cruikshank and Browne.

—Ex-Governor Andrew, Mr. John G. Palfrey, and some fifty others have published a letter to Gen. William Schouler, the late adjutant-general of Massachusetts, requesting him to write a history of the services of that State in the recent rebellion, deeming that his knowledge of the various sources of information and his official labors render him eminently competent for the task. Gen. Schouler replies that it has long been his intention to write such a work, and that he has already begun to make preparations for it. He hopes to be able to complete the work in a reasonable time, and says that as all the official correspondence of the commonwealth has been carefully preserved, he shall be at no loss for material. Gen. Schouler was at one time editor of the Boston *Atlas*.

—At a recent meeting of the Board of Overseers of Harvard College the Committee on the Library recommended that the library should be weeded out and its worthless books disposed of, and that greater facilities should be given the public for its use. They rightly held that the use of a library was to diffuse and not shut up knowledge, and therefore demanded a convenient reading-room and the opening of the library on every day of the year except Sundays and public holidays. The committee also thought that the library should have an annual income of at least $10,000; and that the first and chief necessity was a new library building. The friends of the college will, therefore, be called on to subscribe for two funds of $150,000 each, one to defray the expense of a new building and the other to furnish an income for the purchase of books.

—The report of Mr. A. R. Spofford, the Librarian of Congress, tells us some interesting facts with regard to the state of the National Library on Dec. 1, 1866. One wing of the new library extension has been completed, measuring ninety-five feet by thirty, and the other wing will soon be finished. The total length of shelving at command in the library is now 26,148 feet, or nearly five miles, affording space for about 210,000 volumes. The whole library is now considered perfectly fire-proof. During the past year the library received 7,251 volumes and about 600 pamphlets; of the books 5,603 volumes were gained by purchase; 645, chiefly official documents, by gift; 167 by exchange, and only 836 by the operation of the copyright law. The library now contains 99,650 volumes, exclusive of the 40,000 volumes, more or less, of the Smithsonian Institute, which are to be incorporated with it as a special deposit. The librarian recommends a more stringent provision in the copyright law, since few owners of copyrights, excepting the leading publishing houses, comply with its provisions by sending a copy of the work to the library without notice.

—During the last year the "Historical Magazine" has come into new hands, and has been enlarged and improved by the present editor, Mr. Henry B. Dawson. It is now a valuable repository of many original papers reprinted for the first time, and of articles and notes relating to disputed points in the history of this country that find no place so proper elsewhere. The December number contains among other things a paper on the political relations of the early Methodist Church during the American Revolution; a defence of General Sullivan from Mr. Bancroft's strictures, by Mr. Thos. C. Amory, of Boston; some interesting and amusing correspondence relative to the reputation of President Reed, of Pennsylvania, and a reply by Mr. George H. Moore to the criticisms of a Boston paper on his "Notes on the History of Slavery in Massachusetts." In the January number, which will appear together with that for February about the middle of February, will be printed the paper on Governor Andros which Mr. Brodhead recently read before the New York Historical Society. The March and April numbers will appear together in March, after which the magazine will be published at the usual times.

—English papers announce the death of Mr. Alexander Smith, a poet who first appeared to the world in a volume of spasmodic poetry called "A Life Drama," in 1853. Later, he published "City Poems" and "Edwin of Deira." His poetical reputation having faded, he began to write in prose, first essays for various magazines and afterwards "Dreamthorpe," "A Summer in Skye," and a novel of some excellence which was published about a year ago, "Alfred Hagart's Household." He was appointed secretary of the University of Edinburgh in 1854. He died on January 5, at the age of 36, leaving a wife and a large family of children.

—A poetical translation of Ovid's "Fasti" into the heroic metre has just appeared in England, by Mr. John Benson Rose, who, not long ago, published a poetical version of the "Metamorphoses." A calendar is not a particularly interesting subject, and even by Ovid is a little wearisome. It is not to be wondered at, then, that there is no respectable translation of it into English, save the prose version in Bohn's "Classical Library." Mr. Rose's translation is, in many respects, very good, and if more care had been bestowed on correcting and polishing it, it would be hard to equal. One of his great faults is his constant use of the most daring Latinisms, so that in many cases verses are transferred rather than translated. Locks are "concussed," men's steps "titubate," "Bellice Mars" is translated "O Mars bellicé," which we might suppose was for the rhyme's sake, were Mr. Rose careful of it, and did we not have also "Germanicé" and "Ah! Romulé" not at the ends of lines. "Romanæ spatium est urbis et orbis idem." "The orb is 'urbs Romana' and our home," is very awkward. A question can easily be raised, too, as to the suitability of the metre.

—From one of the numbers of the Russian *Book Intelligencer* for 1866 we learn that in 1863 there were published in Russia 1,652 volumes and 1,836 in the next year. St. Petersburg heads the list with 951, and 1,097 volumes in the two years. Moscow comes next with 459 in the first year and 432 in the second; the provincial cities have smaller numbers, and many such as Irkutsk, Astrakhan, and Archangel have only two or three apiece. In 1863 there was published one book at Kiakhta, the furthest trading town on the Chinese frontier. In St. Petersburg are issued 143 periodicals, in Moscow 31, and 158 in the rest of the empire. The majority of the provincial newspapers are mere organs for local intelligence, and entirely devoid of general interest. The periodicals of St. Petersburg and Moscow are very different in character. Beside the newspapers and the Government journals, there are five or six literary monthlies, each large and containing more matter than the "North American Review."

—There has recently been published in the "Hildburghauser Bibliothek ausländischer Classiker" a translation into German of Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales" by Prof. Wilhelm Hertzberg. It is in the metre of the original, and of itself affords a valuable commentary on the text. But there are also added a biographical and literary introduction, and numerous notes and comments, which greatly enhance the merit of the work as a contribution to the literature of Chaucer. Prof. Hertzberg has before this been a successful translator, his versions of Ovid and Plautus being well known. In 1853, he published a German translation of Tennyson's poems, and in 1864 one of Scott's "Lord of the Isles."

—The publishers of Müller and Zarncke's "Wörterbuch der deutschen Sprache in den Mittelaltern" announce that it is now finished after a labor of twelve years. The preparation of Grimm's Dictionary has received a new impulse, and there is a prospect that the present generation will see the concluding numbers. Single copies of Grimm's "Sagen," published in 1816, and the earliest notable work of the never-to-be-forgotten brothers, have commanded over twenty thalers. After having been out of print over forty years, the Saga have been reissued in one volume at two thalers. Koberstein's "Geschichte der deutschen Literatur" is at last completed. Twenty long years have been given to this fourth edition. It is especially full in its history of the literature of the last century. Three-fourths of the entire work treats of the period between 1725 and 1830.

SCIENTIFIC.

Immigration of Plants.—Whenever a new country is settled, the character and quality of the incoming settlers vary in accordance with a tolerably definite law of progression. The settlement of Rome, of Venice, and of Virginia all illustrate the working of this law; the building up of the towns on the banks of the Mississippi, the peopling of California, and of the metalliferous territories of the Rocky Mountains, are recent instances in point. At first, a generation of horse-thieves and desperadoes of every grade—men who have most emphatically left their own countries for their countries' good—rush in. These men are commonly, but unjustly, reputed worthless, even as first occupants of a wild territory. As pioneers, they are redeemed by their intense vitality; taken in mass, they can endure and live through vicissitudes and hardships such as are supported by no other human beings excepting galley-slaves. These first comers not only drive away or destroy the original native residents, but they bear the brunt of that inevitable warfare with an unfamiliar nature which is so harassing to colonists. Speculators, more or less honest and enterprising, follow quickly upon the horse-thief's steps, and these in turn make room for the commonplace farmer with his traditions of law and habits of morality. Thus the new land soon ceases to be a Vale of Gehenna for the human refuse of the world.

The United States are always cited as a remarkable instance of this admixture of all sorts of elements poured forth from other lands; to the average English essayists on America, this country is still a simple sink wherein are gathered the scum and offscourings of other nations; the American, on the contrary, likes to think of this mass of fragments as in the act of being shaken in the great kaleidoscope of nature, there to assume incessantly new forms of beauty. Meanwhile the naturalist finds in this unwonted commingling of diverse germs and atoms a new field of research, for it is not with human life alone that the new country is freshly stocked. With man come in a multitude of plants and not a few animals. As regards animals, the laws of immigration are obscure, for from the rats and mice in the first meal-bags up to the camels of the plains—from the huge elephant to the flea in the blanket—the imported animals are mostly mere parasites, hangers-on to man wherever he may be. Man purposely carries certain animals to his new home. It is quite possible that, in the course of time, house-sparrows, and even skylarks and red-breasts, may come to us from Europe, but in all cases of the importation of animals the direct, and usually the intentional, intervention of man is apparent. With plants, however, the case is different; their immigration is independent of man's volition. In the Eastern States of this country there have long been firmly established some sixty or seventy species of vile weeds, which have come over to us from Europe. A list of these weeds would include such questionable characters as the ox-eye daisy, the thistle, and the barberry bush. When shall we have the daisy proper and gorse as well? Besides the numerous representatives of pernicious classes of plants, we have a host of honest foreign grasses and clovers, and many imported flowering plants. It has been reported of late that the heather has come over to live among us, patches of it having been found wild in Massachusetts and Newfoundland.

Everywhere along the Atlantic border the indigenous plants of the country are rapidly yielding to the inroads of imported species, in the same way that the red man upon the frontier is disappearing before the advancing white. At the Natural History Society of Boston, Dr. Sprague descants upon the singular fact that the weeds which grow broadcast around the New Englander's door are all of foreign origin; the weeds of native growth being now confined almost exclusively to unimproved lands. At Philadelphia, on the other hand, Prof. Porter informs the Philosophical Society that foreign plants which were recently esteemed by botanists to be rare have already taken such complete possession of the valley of the Susquehanna that the time may soon come when a large part of the flora of that region will have an essentially foreign character. A specially noteworthy locality is mentioned by Prof. Porter as existing on a reclaimed portion of the bank of the Delaware, below the Navy Yard at Philadelphia, and within the city limits, where at least ninety species of perhaps seventy genera of plants have been discovered, belonging for the most part to the flora of the Carolinas, Florida, and other Gulf States as far west as New Mexico, and some of them being Western plants. This colony of plants is divided into two groups, growing upon the two banks of a narrow lagoon, one bank consisting of heaps of refuse dirt from the city, and the other composed of ballast thrown from vessels trading coastwise with the port. Some of these botanical waifs have been found also growing on similar accumulations thrown upon the opposite or New Jersey shore.

The ways and methods of importation by which the foreign plants arrive and the means by which they are disseminated are manifold. Botanists have remarked the growth of strange German weeds around the hovels of newly-arrived German immigrants, and many observers have noticed the introduction of plants from the dust and rubbish obtained in cleaning foreign rags and wool at paper-mills and factories. Railroads, according to Prof. Porter, appear to be one of the most active agents in the process of naturalization.

EDUCATIONAL.

The delegates of the Clarendon Press in Oxford have entered upon a school-book reformation which promises to be of service not only in England but in this country. There, as here, teachers seem to be conscious that the text-books in many branches of knowledge are unworthy of the present progress of literature and science, and especially unworthy of the most approved methods of teaching. There, we presume, as here, far too many books are simply "manufactures" made "to sell," by writers whose chief aim is a large pecuniary return.

The competitive examinations now in vogue in England, and the more recently devised "local examinations" held by the universities for the sake of testing the scholarship of those who wish to be enrolled as "associates in arts," have revealed in the clearest manner the deficiencies of the received manuals. The university authorities seem most impressed with the want of good editions of Greek and Latin classics, school histories, and simple treatises on physical science. Books illustrative of the English language are also needed.

Now, to supply this want several professors and fellows connected with the university propose to write and print practical school-books, each in his own specialty. Books prepared by other persons are also to be included in the series. Four volumes have already appeared—a chemistry for students, by A. W. Williamson, a new edition of Veitch's Greek Verbs, a treatise on heat by Balfour Stewart, of Kew, and a collection of specimens of Early English (A. D. 1250–1400), edited by R. Morris, Esq. There are also in preparation more than fifty other manuals on different topics. It is not to be expected that all these books will be equally good; but the aspect of the enterprise is most promising, and we have no doubt some of the treatises will be the best in the language.

NAPOLEON'S CÆSAR.*

The indifference with which the second volume of the Emperor Napoleon's "Life of Cæsar" has been received is in marked contrast to the expectant curiosity excited by the long-delayed publication of the first. This curiosity was speedily satisfied, and succeeded by—we will not say a feeling of disappointment, for disappointment there was none—but by a comfortable sense of satisfaction in not being disappointed, and of acquiescence at the conviction that the Emperor had very little to tell us on this subject, and it was well to know it. Naturally enough, therefore, the second volume was neither watched for nor, when it arrived, did it awake any general interest. The handsome but somewhat clumsy volume stands, no doubt, with uncut leaves on many a shelf, where it seemed a duty to place it in order to match the first.

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* "Histoire de Jules César. Par S. M. I. Napoleon III." Tome Deuxième. New York: D. Appleton et Cie, Libraires-Editeurs, 443 et 445 Broadway. MDCCCLXVI. 12mo, pp. 552. "History of Julius Cæsar." Vol. II. Harper Bros. 1866.

And yet this second volume is by no means valueless or unimportant. The first and largest part of it, indeed (Book III.), has very little worth for us. It is for the most part a mere paraphrase of the "Commentaries on the Gallic War"—and a poor one at that—preceded by a tolerably good view of the condition of Gaul at the time of Cæsar's invasion—nothing to compare with what we have already in English, in Merivale, for instance—and accompanied by some minute and certainly very valuable notes on the topography of ancient Gaul, and especially of Cæsar's campaigns. These results of the extensive explorations and investigations which the Emperor has carried on are unquestionably the most considerable contribution which he makes to positive historical knowledge. It is worth while—and to a Frenchman very interesting—to have it decided whether Bièvres, Bruyères, Neufchâtel, Beaurieux, or Vieux-Laon is the modern representative of Bibrax; but to the reading public, and to scholars, too, in general, it is enough if we have it rightly placed on Kiepert's next map.

The text of this portion of the volume is incredibly meagre. It is, of course, a disadvantage to a modern historian, when treating of certain periods of antiquity, that he can hardly make anything but a paraphrase of or a commentary on some particular author. To do this with success calls for high qualities in an historian. Certain chapters of Grote, for instance, are hardly more than free translations of Herodotus, Thucydides, and Xenophon, with a running commentary; but as commentaries they leave little to be desired, and are among the most valuable portions of his work. So, for the Gallic war, Napoleon had no choice but follow Cæsar; it is his own weakness that he follows him only blindly, almost without comment, criticism, or illustration. The motives, the internal history, the bearings of events, are all passed over; this is not a history: it is little more than an abridgment.

The second part of the volume, Book IV., is better. It contains a general history of events during the ten years of Cæsar's Gallic campaigns—beginning with his first departure for his province, and ending with the crossing of the Rubicon. It is indeed a continuation of Book II., in the first volume, which contains a similar account of the few years preceding the Gallic war, and in the same general style. These two books are much the best and most genuinely historical portions of the work, for the first Book contains only a rather poor summary of the earlier history of the city; and yet these cannot lay claim to any high historical merit. One is naturally led to compare these chapters with the two most conspicuous works—English and German—which have recently gone over the same ground, the histories of Mommsen and Merivale. We find in the French author, as we might perhaps expect, neither Mommsen's profundity, wealth of learning, and earnest eloquence, nor Merivale's easy and masterly development of political movements and situations; but neither do we find, what the eminence of the French in the department of historical literature might lead us to expect, a brilliant, graphic history. It is dull. It has indeed the French merit of *système*, and that is its one saving quality. It is perhaps the best accessible outline of the events of this disturbed period, fully and succinctly stated, and arranged by years. We shall not find in these pages, as in those of the other books we have mentioned, any new views, any subtle analysis of action or character, any powerful presentations of historical truths; but we shall find it easier to trace out the succession of events, and learn precisely what happened in each year, in this volume than in either of the others. Its merit is that of a chronicle.

Besides these chapters, which are the most valuable in the volume, we have some appendices containing important material, and prepared with great labor. They will be of great aid to the student in unravelling the complications of those disturbed years. Appendix A contains a harmony of the Roman dates of about twenty years (B. C. 64 to 44) with those of the Julian calendar. It is well known that the Romans before Cæsar attempted to correct the errors of their reckoning by an intercalation, once in two years, of alternately twenty-two and twenty-three days. Even with this clumsy contrivance, the dates fell so much behindhand that it was necessary for Cæsar, in reforming the calendar, to insert two intercalary months (*Prior* and *Posterior*) of sixty-seven days in all. Of course, with all this irregularity a Roman date gives only an approximation to the real time of the year—with a calendar at least sixty-seven days out of the way, and with so huge an intercalation in alternate years. This table will be, therefore, of the greatest practical service. That the dates should be absolutely exact is neither necessary nor to be expected. Mommsen, for instance, in his "Römische Chronologie," has made it at least probable that the intercalation took place not always after the Feast of Terminalia (Feb. 23), but every other time after the Feast of Regifugium (Feb. 24); the result of which would be that the intercalary months were always of equal length, 27 days; while these tables follow the commonly received opinion that it took place always after the Feast of Terminalia, by which the month of February would on the years of intercalation always be of equal length, 23 days.

Appendix B is shorter, but perhaps equally useful, containing a harmony of the hours of the Roman day and the modern reckoning for every day of the year B. C. 55, which, of course, will not be far out of the way for any year.

A reference on p. 340 (and one or two others scattered here and there) to Mommsen's "Römische Geschichte" led us, on taking up the book, to suppose that we might find here some of the results of this eminent scholar's researches, worked into a more readable form than he has himself given them. But we see no signs of this great work having been studied and digested—a task too formidable, perhaps, to demand of an emperor, and a French emperor at that; and we very much suspect the references to be thrown in for the look of the thing—the more so, as the one already mentioned is incorrectly given. The Senate, he tells us, professing to quote Mommsen, "qui gouvernait le monde, était impuissante à gouverner la ville." Now, it is not of the Senate that the "célèbre historien allemand" makes this remark; but of the "coalition" (that is, the so-called first triumvirate) in the absence of Cæsar. But apart from accidental slips like this, it seems as if the author were incompetent to appreciate and reproduce the spirit of Mommsen's work, or to draw from it any considerable inspiration for his own. Both these authors, as well as Merivale, study the career of Cæsar from the same point of view: that the monarchy came too late rather than too early; and that it was the peculiar good fortune of Rome which gave her a man of Cæsar's stamp for the founder of the empire. This identity of principle provokes still further comparison, in which the Emperor gains nothing. His treatment of the subject, in comparison with theirs, is cheap and superficial, neither calculated to impress nor to convince. The "Propos de Labienus" destroyed whatever influence his reasonings might have had by their own weight. But, leaving personal considerations of this nature aside, the unbiassed reader would find in these labored details of the corruption and violence that reigned at Rome no such vivid picture of the degeneracy of the times as is presented by the calm narration of impartial historians.

THE MAGAZINES FOR FEBRUARY.

"HARPER'S" for February is a very characteristic number, except that there is less than the usual amount of poor poetry. But it contains plenty of pictures of natural history, of travel, of politics, of jokes stale and fresh, and of those little tales of love without which "Harper's" would not be "Harper's," the whole medley being readable by the average citizen and his wife, and not absolutely unreadable by anybody. The opening paper, by Major G. W. Nichols, is illustrated, and is itself a picture of the wild life of frontiersmen, a race once commoner than now, which will follow the Indian westward, and, like the Indian, is soon to pass away. It will pass away the sooner now that slavery has perished—that social system under which, as Mr. Olmsted well remarks, all life was more or less of the frontier sort. Next after "Wild Bill" come two articles also profusely illustrated, and both of a kind that has pleased the readers of the magazine for many years. One is icthyological, and the other is a traveller's sketch of men and manners in Calcutta, the City of Palaces. For love stories we have the second part of "Old Aunt Matilda," who in the first part had a soul-lacerating misunderstanding with Nathan Armstrong, who wedded a city bride, and now this month returns to his former love to "kiss again with tears." Also, we have "My Lost Alice": "I know not why I should be so sad when I think of Alice Glendenning. It is truly no cause for sadness when one has fought a battle and gained the victory—when one has earned rest—when one has entered into life. Dare I affirm that I believe in the infinite joy of heaven and yet sit stranded on the shore of time weeping with vain human longing," and so on, all in the mournfulest manner, which it was her young man was the cause. "Old Mrs. Hunter" has in it love and the triumph of self-sacrifice. "Two Ropes" is hardly a love story; but, in its own way, it is very amusing. Mr. Carlyle, if it may be whispered, was once in the habit not only of bearing testimony against what he calls "Governess English" by precept and by his written example, but also by occasional bursts of oral English which might well make a duly proper governess stare and gasp. One can fancy his forcible expressions should the broken Carlylese of the end of "Two Ropes" ever meet his eye. It might have been written by a late London correspondent of the *Tribune*:

"No cock-fighting to-day for Fernando—add no inclination therefor—as you may well suppose. For a no-way-to-be-distinguished corpse, decently veiled by a heavy blanket, and a sister in so frantic case as the resuscitated Anita, did suffice to indispose for everyday disportings."

"Struggles for Life," a very pleasant talk about the animal life of our fields and woods, we take to be the work of Mr. John Burroughs. Now that Thoreau is dead, we know of no American who seemingly lives in closer intimacy with bird and beast than this agreeable writer. In this article he sets out with the assertion that "animals do not die what is termed a natural death." "Nature red in tooth and claw" might have been his text. Among the other articles, the more noticeable are a good review of Mr. Stillé's work on the Sanitary Commission, and one entitled "New York to Washington," which, we think, will be found to be one of a series which will systematically grumble at the treatment of travellers in this country. *Harper's Weekly*, we see, lays it down for true that constant grumbling at directors is our duty and our only resource. Our heartfelt good wishes are with the agitators. One element of success the new sect has in boundless profusion—the blood of the martyrs. The "Easy Chair," which is good-natured as usual in its talk on other topics, is very severe upon the railway depot in New Haven, the public halls there, and the halls and lecture-rooms in almost every other town in the Union.

The "Catholic World" this month is worth its price; it contains the sermon preached by John Henry Newman, on the 7th of October, 1866, the feast of the Holy Rosary of the Blessed Virgin, which is a day of prayer for the Pope. "The Pope and the Revolution" the discourse is entitled, and it contains the Roman—we had better say the Roman Catholic—view of the Italian question. Dr. Newman compares the Roman people to the Israelites, who sinned in asking Samuel for a monarchy, and attributes their disgust with the Papal government to the instigation of the devil. It is the weakest argument from this author's pen that we have ever seen, but is full of interest, both because it is his and because it is so characteristically Romanist. In several of the late numbers of the "Catholic World" we have read with pleasure some religious poetry considerably above the usual magazine level. Specimens of it, to be found in the February number, are the verses "On the Request of Herodias's Daughter" and "Pardon." In a footnote to another article, the editor states that he has received a letter from a member of the Guérin family, asking if it would be possible to interest devout souls in America in the reconstruction of the little church of Andillac, the parish church of Eugénie de Guérin.

In the "Atlantic Monthly" the article which will attract most notice is the one signed "Joseph Mazzini." It peremptorily raises the republican flag, and bitterly abuses the Italian monarchy, charging Victor Emanuel's government with shameful subserviency to the French Emperor, with not being allied to the spirit and tendencies of the age, with debauching the public virtue of Italy, and with being responsible for the reverses of the late war and for the national debt. One would suppose that republics were never wicked or foolish or unfortunate, and that the Italians never needed foreign aid, and, beginning to-morrow, could successfully carry on Mazzini's ideal government. This declaration of war shows all its author's high spirit and constitutional eagerness for reformation. It is formation, however, which Italy seems to need just now, and Mazzini has many years of fervid labor before him before he gets Italians to overthrow the kingdom.

At the end of his seventh chapter the author of "The Guardian Angel" contrives a real surprise for his readers. The story moves not very rapidly, which, in Dr. Holmes's stories, is not a fault; we go with him for what we get by the way. In this part, Byles Gridley, A.M., occupies a good deal of our attention. The old college tutor is a favorite figure with Dr. Holmes. We do not know whether other readers like it or not—and we know that an author is privileged to be a petty providence among his creatures; but to us Dr. Holmes, in enacting that character, seems even dreadfully omniscient. He anatomizes as if he was not only dissecting to get at the real structure, but as if the students on the benches were to admire the skill of the operator and he were admiring it himself.

Mr. Whipple's "Characteristics of the Elizabethan Literature" is unmistakably Mr. Whipple's, and contains with much that is not particularly fresh some very just remarks upon the genius of Christopher Marlowe, which are perhaps not very new either, but which it was very well to make, it being an impression on the minds of some who should be better informed that Marlowe's vices of style were attributable to an effeminacy of his genius instead of being the products of unregulated strength—an impression strengthened, perhaps, by what Lamb calls "the luscious smoothness" of some of his verse.

Two exceedingly pleasant essays are contributed, one by Mr. Higginson, who writes "A Drift-wood Fire," and one by Mr. Howells, whose "Forza Maggiore" is marked by the peculiar and delicate humor which is the chief among his numerous merits as a writer. "How Mr. Frye Would Have Preached It" is by Edward Everett Hale, and but for one thing is very good indeed; Mr. Frye never would have preached it so. Strange things are seen in boarding-houses, but no boarder—unless a boarder at the State's expense, as they say in Massachusetts—ever deliberately sat down and made such a confession of crime and meanness to his landlady and "the gentlemen and ladies of the house." Bishop Kip gives us "Recollections of John Vanderlyn, the Artist," a painter but very little known for a man so well worth knowing as he seems to have been. "The Standpoint of the Boarding-house" says "the kernel has its meaning, and so, too, has each of its husks, if you can fairly get at them"—a statement to which we call the attention of transcendentalists; and perhaps it would be the better for a little revision by Mr. G. Washington Moon. Professor Agassiz finds in Maine what seems to him unmistakable evidence that North America was once covered by the vast sheet of ice which figures so prominently in his science of geology. The poetry of the number is by Alice Cary, Aldrich, and Trowbridge, who have each done better than usual, and by an anonymous author, whose "Elizabeth's Chamber" is a poem of unobtrusive beauty. The remaining articles are Mr. Shanly's "Comic Journalism," more of "Katharine Morne," and the first part of "George Bedillion's Knight." If it is true that in the thing seen the seer discovers just what he himself brings; that when we say we have seen thus and thus, we confess what is behind the eye as well as report what is before it; then the "Author of Margret Howth" is not a person to be envied. "George Bedillion's Knight" is to be a powerful and, we fear, a repulsive story—a revelation of the meanness, selfishness, and vanity of some weak natures, the morbid heroism of others. We read such a story, and then turn to the men and women of our acquaintance with the feeling of one awaking from a wretched dream to the wholesome sight of the sun.

In "Hours at Home," Mr. Donald G. Mitchell, who, we believe, intends taking up the profession of landscape-gardening or landscape-architecture, treats of the laying out of grounds. Dr. Bushnell begins a series of articles, in the nature of sermons, on the "Moral Uses of Dark Things," and first discourses of "Night." Dr. Philip Schaff, who has been writing brief biographies of the early fathers of the church, has a paper on "Saint Chrysostom," and Mr. Paulding draws from his memory some readable recollections of New York when New York extended but a little way from Whitehall Street and the Battery. The article on Damascus is also readable; and altogether the February number of "Hours at Home" is the best that we have yet seen. When, however, we find such verses admitted as those which Mr. J. D. Sherwood seems to have written in his journal of travel, the doubt suggests itself if the goodness of any given number of the magazine is not in great part the effect of chance. This is how Mr. Sherwood's muse was affected by the recent battle at Kissingen:

"Guns flash and roar,
Balls, whizzing, pour
Their deadly hail
O'er hill and vale;
And rockets far
Upbursting jar
The solid ground
With wide rebound."

The "Galaxy," which was always handsome in appearance, has latterly discarded its chocolate and gold, and is now very gay. It maintains the standard of excellence which it set up for itself in the beginning, and wears a prosperous look. A "weird story," as an exchange says, which it is now publishing—"Tristan" is the name of it—seems to us the only very poor thing that it has lately had.

Of the many juvenile magazines "Our Young Folks" seems to us, who are not young folks, still considerably the best. But perhaps this is a matter in which, as in horse-trading, age is not entitled to respect.

ROBERT SEVERNE.[*]

It is frequently said that of all the learned professions the medical has given most pens to literature. But even if sermons are not literature, and if we refuse to admit polemical works into the list of "books that are books," this saying is probably false. As for legal treatises, we suppose lawyers themselves would make no question about their exclusion, and we believe no man of law has claimed for his brethren a pre-eminent place among the professional men who have distinguished themselves in extra-professional literary labor. But though every man knows that of the works produced by clergymen there is a most enormous mass to which Foster's savage description applies in all its fulness—"a vast exhibition of the most subordinate materials that can be called thought in language too grovelling to be called style"—nevertheless so many great names of clerical sermonizers and ethical writers, and religious poets and essayists, and historians and biographers, occur to the memory upon the slightest consideration of the matter, that we have no doubt that the case for the doctors could not be made out.

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[*] "Robert Severne, his Friends and his Enemies. A Novel." Wm. A. Hammond. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

Even in a region of the domain of literature, that of novel-writing, where one would have supposed the physicians would have much the better of the ministers, the advantage seems to lie with the latter. So far as concerns English novels, the names of Sterne and Swift balance if they do not outweigh the name of Smollett; Goldsmith is hardly so much to be called a doctor as Dr. Johnson a divine; the Rev. Charles Maturin may be set against Dr. Moore and his "Zeluco;" and in our own day Samuel Longfellow and Charles Kingsley are no bad match for Dr. Holmes and the young surgeon, if he was a surgeon, who wrote that excellent sea-story, "Tom Cringle's Log."

Physicians, however, though literary history rates them, we think, lower than the profession which, at least among modern nations, was in the literary field generations before them, may very likely yet attain the first place as novelists. They are men of more than ordinary intelligence; they are in the daily practice of close observation; they watch the mental and bodily health of men and women; they are better acquainted, at any rate in Protestant countries, and for novel-writing purposes practically better acquainted in all countries, than any other class of men can hope to be, with the comedies and tragedies contained in the histories and secrets of families; they are accustomed to penetrate beneath appearances and to reason; and, as we have said, one would suppose that their success would be great in a branch of literature where a knowledge of character, of the interaction of motives, of the influence of men and women on each other in the social relations of life, and the possession of a fund of incidents, are qualifications so largely contributing to success. Other things being equal, one would expect the novel of a physician to be more readable and better than the novel of a man who had not had a physician's opportunities for studying life. Dr. Holmes, consciously we suppose, and, at any rate, quite successfully, has used the advantages which his profession gave him, and is once again improving them, but besides him we know of no one who has done so. Smollett, who is always mentioned when physicians' contributions to literature are mentioned, seems to have laid off the doctor altogether when he took up the pen, and his profession apparently did no more for him as an author than to take him to sea and make him acquainted with seafaring men and with foreign towns.

Yet of this novel, "Robert Severne," we may say that whatever in it is not written by its author as doctor is not worthy of much attention. Dr. Hammond, once Surgeon-General, and who has the cordial esteem of all honorable men who know him, is very well known as a student of insanity. A little pamphlet recently written by him, entitled "Insanity in its Medico-Legal Relations," and containing his opinion upon the testamentary capacity of a Mr. Johnston, a North Carolinian recently deceased, whose will was contested by the heirs-at-law, shows his familiarity with this dreadful malady, both as it is described in the books of the authorities and as it is revealed in the sufferer himself under treatment. It is not out of place for us to remark in passing that the definition of insanity laid down in that pamphlet has been pronounced more satisfactory than any ever before given, and we are glad to lay it before our readers. According to him, the disease is "a general or partial derangement of one or more faculties of the mind, which, whilst it does not abolish consciousness, prevents freedom of mind or of action."

This exceedingly interesting subject having occupied so much of Dr. Hammond's time and careful attention, it is not surprising that when he came to write a novel—and "Robert Severne" is his first venture, we believe—he should allow insanity to make an important figure in it. The plot turns upon the act of an insane man. Severne, who is rich, a marvel of learning, handsome, not old, and an untiring student, injures his health by six months' unintermitting mental and manual labor upon a philosophical work which he is writing. One morning, going to the Astor Library, he sees walking before him a woman whom, by her dress, her gait, a chain about her neck, and at last by her features, he recognizes as his wife, whom he knew, or thought he knew, to be dead and long buried. He is horrified; for the woman had not only died, but she had given her husband every reason to be very glad that she had died. Thinking on the circumstance, his thoughts become morbid, and although his conduct to the woman while she lived had been forbearing to a degree almost faulty and disgraceful, he begins to accuse himself of having driven her to her death. She was a suicide. Plunging into his studies for relief from his thoughts, he can read nothing in the printed pages but accusations and curses; he begins to fear that he is insane, and he is sure that he is ill, so he attempts to write a note to his physician requesting him to call. Having written it, he reads it over before sending it away, and discovers that unconsciously he has written as follows:

> "June 28th.
>
> "My Dear Lawrence: It is said that an honest confession is good for the soul. I hope my soul will be benefited when I acknowledge to you that I admit myself to be guilty of my wife's death. I am her murderer. I no longer wish to make a secret of it. I am now suffering the torments of the damned. Yours, in utter despair,
>
> "Robert Severne."

Perceiving what he had done, he had the sense to know that he was a victim to incipient insanity, and ceasing from work he went to bed. Up to this time he had believed the woman whom he had seen was from the other world; but, on the morning after his confession was written, he was astounded by receiving a call from her, and by hearing her assert that she was still living. He took measures to settle upon her a great part of his estate if she would leave him alone, but she refused, and continued to come to his house, whereupon he called the attention of his servants to her, and directed them not to admit the lady again.

This is the story which Severne tells Dr. Lawrence, when that gentleman, who is fully cognizant of all the facts attendant on Mrs. Severne's death, pays his friend a visit. The doctor is talking when the lady in question knocks at the door. The servants are positive that it is the same person whose coming has on one or two occasions seemed to agitate their master. When she enters the room she is seen to be a Mrs. Wiggins, whom Mr. Severne had employed. The medical man advises foreign travel, and Severne sets out on a trip round the world. While he is gone, his legal agent Freeling, who hates him and has determined to ruin him, finds and steals, and is seen stealing, the insane confession, and when Severne arrives in England, Freeling is there, and a warrant is out for the murderer's arrest. He gives himself up to the officers of justice, is tried and triumphantly acquitted, while Freeling goes to jail.

"Robert Severne, his Friends and his Enemies," the book is called. Freeling seems to have been his only enemy after the death of his wife. For friends, he has Sarah Tompkins, one of the most moral and sweet-natured and simple-minded prostitutes and female pickpockets that can be found anywhere out of French fiction. She is an unpleasing impossibility. There is no danger, however, that hard-hearted men of the world will adopt and educate any Sarah Tompkinses, being led thereto by Mr. Severne's example; neither they nor any one else will ever find such a creature any more than they will find such people as the burglars with whom Sarah consorts, or the preacher to whose flock Mrs. Wiggins belongs, or Mrs. Wiggins herself, or the widow that Mr. Joshua Joshua was going to marry, or Mr. Joshua Joshua, or the Baron Ulric de Hutten. Grace, and Mrs. Langley, two other of the friends, may be found in almost any of Mr. T. S. Arthur's stories. John Holmes is also a friend of the hero's, and very wise in bibliography; the same may be said of Miles Standish Goodall; and Miss Margaret Leslie, granddaughter of John Holmes, becomes Mrs. Severne. These, we believe, are nearly all the friends and enemies, and the character of none of them is well drawn. Skilful delineation of character, probable incidents, valuable thought which reconciles us to many novels devoid of plot and not strong in respect of characters, natural dialogue, wit, humor—these we are bound to say we can hardly find in this book. But there is in it something interesting about insanity; the plot, if carefully worked up in its details, would be a good one; there is something in it—albeit lugged into it by the head and shoulders—about the black art, the mighty magic of the pentagram, and a tale which hangs thereby about Ulric de Hutten's vengeance, and there is something in it about John Holmes's search for the philosopher's stone, or, to speak more exactly, his endeavor to discover the elements which compose gold, and his barren success in the attempt. Whoever cares for a smattering of such lore—and there are readers to whom the names of Raymond Lully and Cornelius Agrippa are as comfortable and edifying as the pious old lady found the Scripture word Mesopotamia—will find a little of it here. The book is so evidently a first book, and written sketchily and in haste, that in spite of its shortcomings we are inclined to invite the author to write again. It is plain to be seen that he is an able man, and we suppose that, in order to produce a novel which shall be really very good, he has only to remember that literature is no more a pastime than medicine is, but a most laborious occupation.

Observations on the Genus Unio; together with Descriptions of New Species in the Family Unionidæ, and Descriptions of New Species of other families of Mollusks. By Isaac Lea, LL.D. Vol. XI., with 24 plates, pp. 143, 4to. Printed for the Author. (Philadelphia. 1866.)—In his earlier years, and in the intervals of the demands of an active business life, Mr. Lea always found time to devote himself to the study of natural history; and the eleventh volume of his "Observations on the Genus Unio," now just published, shows that, with his time more at his disposal, his zeal remains unabated. This volume contains the descriptions of sixty-two new species, which, added to those previously described, give to the "unionidæ" seven hundred and thirty-six species, making a seriously long list for a student to look at. The present volume contains purely scientific descriptions, well illustrated with plates, and here and there some general observations. It possesses unusual interest from the fact that it contains descriptions of species from the most widely separated localities; Texas, Lake Winnipek, Assyria, Siam, India, and the great African water, Lake N'yassa, are all represented.

As we look over Mr. Lea's descriptions, we cannot help feeling some forebodings. There was a time when naturalists felt justified in establishing a species of shell, insect, or other organic form, on the examination of a single specimen. Comparative anatomists have gone further than this, and have been satisfied with a fragment of a bone. But now, after so much has been revealed by the comparison of large numbers of the same species of different ages and sexes, and, after so wide a range of variation in species has been made manifest, we cannot see how any careful naturalist will again be satisfied with a single specimen of anything. Mr. Agassiz, by his extended comparisons of fishes, has shown that different genera, and even different natural families, have been made from the males and females of the same species in cases where the individuals of the two sexes were very unlike. From want of care the genera Mollinesia and Pœcilia were made of the males and females of one species of the last mentioned genus of fish, and in the study of fossil osteology the multiplication of species from fragments of bone of the same species is but too well known. Mr. Lea, as will be seen by any one who turns over his pages, has often compared numbers of individuals of the same species of different ages and sexes; he has even paid some attention to the embryos, and, so far, has conformed to the actual demands of science. But in too many cases only single individuals are described, and rarely does the animal itself appear in his descriptions. This circumstance, added to the inherent difficulty growing out of the constant running together of the forms of the shells of the *unionidæ* when arranged in series, will render the permanency of those species, established on limited data, in the highest degree problematical. If it be answered that only one specimen existed, and the best was done that could be done under the circumstances, we can only reply that, under such circumstances, it is the duty of the naturalist to wait. Whatever may be in store for the future, almost each day's progress in zoölogy shows that the time has not yet come when a single fragment of bone, a tooth, a shell, or even a whole animal, can be said to afford a suitable foundation on which to establish a species. That a species sometimes can be established on such data is not to be denied; but the chance of failure is far greater than that of success. As one looks back upon the immense number of species formed on insufficient data with which the literature of natural history teems, the amount of work to be done over again seems disheartening.

The Campaign of Mobile; Including the Co-operative Operations of General Wilson's Cavalry in Alabama. By Brev. Maj.-Gen. C. C. Andrews. Maps and Illustrations. 8vo. (New York: D. Van Nostrand. 1867.)—Brevet Major-General C. C. Andrews's "History of the Campaign of Mobile" is a handsome book, but as for its contents it is just what the shield of Achilles was not, for its material is far better than its workmanship. The author has collected a large quantity of apparently trustworthy information, from both Federal and Confederate sources. He has taken infinite pains to use it faithfully, and the result is a careful, impartial, circumstantial, and dull book. There is hardly a line of good description in it from beginning to end, not a single striking sentence or phrase, not an instance of a military proposition well laid down and ably illustrated. His usual method of description is to take a front of operations, and then, beginning at the left or right, as the case may be, to tell us what each company or each regiment did and suffered on a certain day, and so work through the line from one end to the other, and then repeat this process for as many days as the troops whose movements he describes were in front of the enemy. The result is what might be expected. There is almost a total want of *ensemble* in his description, and the attention is fatigued with the unceasing recurrence of statements that Private Brown was killed and Corporal Thompson wounded. The general writes with all the detail and none of the spirit of Kinglake. His book will be welcome to the rank and file of the army that operated against Mobile, for hardly a man who was killed or wounded there is without mention in it, but for the general reader it is almost absolutely worthless. He writes much more as if he had been a private than as if he had been a division commander, as he was. His descriptions are those of a man who heard the incidents of each day described by the men as they collected around the camp-fires at night; of what passed at division, corps, and department headquarters he seems to be altogether ignorant, and of the strategy of the campaign he knew very little.

He probably little thought how completely he confessed that he was no soldier when he wrote that some of our artillery was "only four hundred and fifty yards from Fort McDermott—so near, indeed, that the men could hear the music of a brass band inside that fort" (p. 78).

It is to be said to his credit that he has written in good taste and with the utmost modesty, and that he has increased the value and interest of his book by inserting in it several excellent maps and some good anecdotes. A good deal of interest also attaches to his descriptions of adventures on the skirmish line, and of the movements of assaulting parties, though this is owing more to the abundance of detail than to any dramatic quality in the author. His book will furnish many good bricks for the true builder; but it is of little worth except as a collection of material. His competency as a military critic and historian may be judged from a single sentence, which is found in the first paragraph of his description of the operations of Wilson's cavalry in Alabama, p. 241: "The operations of that column included results beyond those of a co-operative character, and they have hardly ever been surpassed even by the achievements of Alexander."

King René's Daughter. A Danish Lyrical Drama. By Henrik Hertz. Translated by Theodore Martin. (New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 1867. 16mo, pp. xii., 100.)—There are, perhaps, a few cultivated Americans who have read some of the works of Henrik Hertz in the original Danish, but most of those who are at all acquainted with this author have got their knowledge from the German translation of this poem, or from seeing it acted on the stage, as it was some fifteen years ago, Mrs. Mowatt, we believe, taking the part of Iolanthe. "King René's Daughter" is a poem of such beauty that we are glad to see it made the first of a series of poetical translations projected by its publishers. It will greatly conciliate the favor of the public. Henrik Hertz is, with the exception of Hans Andersen, the most celebrated author of late years in Denmark. He was born in 1798, of Jewish parents, and, after studying law, turned himself to literature. His first published work was a comedy, written in 1826. After that followed, in rapid succession, comedies, tragedies, novels, and poems. In 1845 appeared the work of which the present is a translation, which at once met with great success. It has been translated four times into German, and four times into English, and also into various other languages, and has been acted in all the leading theatres of Europe. It is a drama on an event in the life of René, King of Provence, in the fifteenth century, celebrated as a troubadour. Yolande, his daughter, married Tristan, Count of Vaudemont, to settle a dispute about the succession to Lorraine between the two families. In the play Yolande, or Iolanthe, as she is called, is blind, and the plot turns on her being awakened by Tristan and informed of her blindness—of which, till then, she had been brought up ignorant—on the very day when such a proceeding was necessary to her recovery of her sight by the arts of a Moorish physician. The poem is full of the most delicate touches, which have been felicitously rendered into English by Mr. Martin, who has become since well known as the translator of Horace and Catullus. The impression which the beauty of the poem made on us when we first read it has not been effaced by the dozen years that have elapsed since then, and we have thus read this translation with a double pleasure. The passage in the fourth scene, in which Iolanthe first learns her blindness and is unable to comprehend what it is of which she is deprived, is exceedingly lovely; and again of equal beauty are the few lines in the fifth scene, in which she asks explanation of what Tristan told her:

> "What is it, then, to see?
> Can I, O father, see his voice, which touch'd
> My soul with joy and sadness? Can I see
> With these my eyes the nightingale's thick note,
> Whereon I've mused so oft, and vainly striven
> To follow it in thought, away, away?
> Or is her song a flower, whose fragrant breath
> I know, but not its root, and stem, and leaves?"

"King René's Daughter" is to be read, and not to be criticised. In the sense of delightful enjoyment its perusal gives, a critical testing of it is impossible. We hope its success will cause the speedy publication of the "Frithiof's Saga," by Tegner, and of the other books promised in the series, especially Pushkin's "Boris Godunoff."

A New Chemical Nomenclature. By S. D. Tillman, Professor of Technology in the American Institute of the City of New York. Pamphlet, pp. 23. (Albany. 1866.)—Like the interminable boxes within boxes of Chinese art, the system of nomenclature here presented is a marvel of ingenious compaction and painstaking elaboration. It is of value in so far as it illustrates what may be done with mnemonical systems, and what may reasonably be expected from such systems when applied to the exposition of chemical knowledge. The subject of mnemonics appears, in truth, never to have received from chemists a fair share of the attention which it deserves; patchwork names of interminable length are still coined daily as designations of the most inoffensive substances, and the tendency is ever towards an increase of jaw-breaking names. Ridiculous, however, as many of these compound names may seem to be in Mr. Tillman's eyes, the great fact remains that most of them have come into common use, have gained possession of the ground, and really represent, more or less fully and clearly, the habit of thought now prevalent in the science to which they appertain. A radical change of the existing system, or want of system, of nomenclature, can probably be effected only slowly and gradually, and by very general agreement among the devotees of the science. Mr. Tillman must not, therefore, take it too much to heart if he finds that the majority of the chemists of to-day esteem his essay as something possessing about the same intrinsic value as the Oriental toy with which we have compared it.

Our Boys and Girls. Oliver Optic's Magazine. January 5, 1867. Vol. I., No. 1. (Lee & Shepard, Boston.)—The ingeniousness of the several pretexts for establishing the various children's magazines which have blossomed with the New Year is very enjoyable, and children as well as adults may be permitted their *embarras du choix.* "Oliver Optic" says our boys and girls ought not to be kept a whole month in suspense over continued stories, so he publishes a weekly for them. And this is the chief difference between his magazine and "The Little Corporal," or "The Riverside Magazine," or "Our Young Folks." The reason is as good as another. There are two continued stories, one by the editor and one by "Sophie May;" a short poem by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe; some short antiquarian notes by Mr. William A. Wheeler; a humorous dialogue; a speech prepared for declamation; the usual collection of enigmas, rebuses, etc. The title-page bears a tasteful vignette, in which a young gentleman and a young lady are mixing base-ball with croquet in a merry manner.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION *should be addressed to the Editor.*

CONGRESS AND THE BAR.

WE should be sorry to see Congress admit the doctrine which the Supreme Court has propounded, that the legislature of the United States has no right to say what qualifications shall be necessary to enable a man to practise in the national courts. As long as the Senate does decide, and Congress may decide, what manner of men shall be judges in these courts, there is something unreasonable in declaring that it has no power to say what manner of men shall be professional pleaders before them. If it were once admitted that the Supreme Court had exclusive jurisdiction in the matter of determining the fitness of the lawyers who practise before it, it would be in the power of that body to convert the Federal bar into a close corporation, and give to a few men a most odious and dangerous monopoly of a very lucrative and important business, and the people would be without any means of redress. It is quite true that the possibility that a power will be abused is not by any means a conclusive argument against its existence; but as long as its existence is disputed on other grounds, it is a very strong reason for steadily refusing to concede it.

While claiming for Congress, however, the right to fix the qualifications for admission to the Federal bar, and while heartily approving of Mr. Boutwell's bill so far as it is merely declaratory, we cannot help saying that we think it is a great mistake to attempt, as Mr. Boutwell is attempting, to exclude men from practice in the Federal courts because they may have aided or abetted in the rebellion. Every argument which has been used in support of this measure is based on a mistaken conception of the relations of an advocate to the public and of the whole theory of his duties and rights. Whatever may have been or may now be the position of the bar in other countries, it is not true that admission to it in this country can or ought to be considered as in any sense a "privilege" which the Government has in its power to bestow or withhold. The bar in England, as well as in France, has come down from the Middle Ages as a close guild or corporation, like every other trade or calling, and in the former country admission to it has always been and still is saddled with restrictions, for the avowed purpose of reserving the profession for men in a certain social position. But the bar in America has no such traditions or antecedents. The profession of an advocate here rests on the natural and inalienable right of every man who seeks justice in a court of law to be heard in his own behalf; and from this, if by reason of ignorance or infirmity he cannot speak for himself, his right to be heard through the medium of some one better able to state his case, and chosen by himself, is an inevitable deduction. This right cannot be impaired or destroyed by any guilt or depravity, or the commission of any crime; in fact, the more heinous the crime of which a man is accused, and the more terrible the punishment which awaits him if found guilty, the stronger and more sacred does the right become.

Persons accused of treason and felony were, down to a very recent period, refused the assistance of counsel in England, on the ground that it was an indulgence to which they were not entitled, and by which the dignity of the king's courts would be impaired, and that the judge would take care of their interests; and one of the finest pieces of wit, sarcasm, and logic ever produced by Sydney Smith's pen was devoted to the demolition of this barbarous and inhuman fallacy. But neither the theory nor the practice has ever made its way across the Atlantic. It has never been denied here that a prisoner's or suitor's right to avail himself of the services of a clever brain and readier tongue than his own is part and parcel of his right to be heard in his own defence. When the state steps in to prescribe rules for admission to the bar, or to determine the qualifications of those who shall exercise the calling of an advocate, it does so not by way of granting a franchise, but for the purpose of protecting suitors and prisoners from being wronged or defrauded. The object of its interference is to guarantee to the public that attorneys and counsellors have a fair knowledge of the law and are of good moral character, and that cases may be entrusted to them without risk of miscarriage either through gross ignorance or dishonesty, and other qualifications than these we deny the right of the Government to insist upon. These restrictions may be imposed, because they are for the interest of the citizen; but other restrictions may not be, because they are not necessary to the citizen. The fact that a man has committed treason may be good cause for excluding him from the bar, if he has been convicted of treason in open court; but treason is not a crime which renders a man unfit to perform an advocate's duties faithfully. If so many persons have committed treason that it is impossible or inexpedient to try them for the offence, it is also inexpedient to expel them all from the bar on account of it. To exclude every man from practice in the Federal courts who has aided or abetted in the rebellion, is to exclude nearly every Southern lawyer of character or ability, or, in other words, to leave the whole Southern people without the means either of seeking their rights or defending themselves in courts of justice; and this penalty, we repeat, we have no right to inflict on any community, no matter what offence they have committed, though it were "the unpardonable sin" itself. As long as we keep courts of justice open, we must allow men to appear in them by counsel of their own choice and in whom they have confidence; but if we prescribe a qualification which throughout half the continent not one hundred lawyers can show, we practically deny people the right to appear by counsel.

What the North asks for, and what Congress is bound to provide, is perfect equality before the law for all classes, colors, and conditions, and such protection for life and property at the South as it is in the power of the Government to furnish or secure. For these things we go at all hazards. Whatever is plainly necessary to secure these great ends, the country is willing to do or have done, cost what it may; but bills like this of Mr. Boutwell's, which can serve no purpose but that of alienation and irritation—which, so far from hastening the restoration of order and law, will do much to retard it by shaking the confidence of the Southern people in the national courts, will not, unless we are greatly mistaken, command either the sympathy or support of the people. We must look at these questions from a practical point of view, after all, no matter what our feelings may be. We sympathize with Mr. Boutwell's indignation at seeing Bradley Johnson practising in the Supreme Court, but we cannot reconstruct the Union in principles of holy wrath. As long as there are four millions of traitors at the South, and we have to live under the same political roof with them, or else slaughter them, we must submit to much that tries our patience and wounds our patriotic sensibilities. But pray let us meet this necessity like men. "If, like children, we cry for the moon, like children we must cry on."

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THE WISDOM OF OUR ANCESTORS.

WE have been profoundly impressed by some articles recently published in the New York *Tribune*, which eulogize the wisdom of the plan adopted by our British ancestors for the protection of domestic manufactures, and we were especially struck by the *Tribune's* enthusiastic praise of King Edward III. for his judicious care of the woollen manufacture. The writer commenced in this eloquent strain:

> "Edward III., King by that grace of God which gives nations rulers with sense and patriotism enough to develop the industry of their realms, summoned a parliament to make laws for the encouragement of the woollen manufacture of England. For five centuries, the system of protection to the wool-growers and wool-manufactures which this wise monarch inaugurated, was continued by succeeding British sovereigns and parliaments without a break. Monument of legislative labor in behalf of national industry, the abstract of the British statutes relating to the growing and manufacturing of wool enumerates *three hundred and eleven laws*, all tending inexorably to one object—the encouragement of cloth-making in England."

Some of these admirable statutes the *Tribune* cites as follows:

> "One of those statutes required that all black cloth and mourning material worn at funerals should be made of British wool exclusively. Another of them, thoroughly carried into effect for 130 years, and which was in operation close down to the present century, required that every person buried in England should be buried in a shroud composed of woollen cloth exclusively, and of British cloth. Talk of protection! On the application of the London and Canterbury woollen weavers, the wearing in Great Britain of Indian cotton calicoes was forbidden by law. Afterward, when the

rising cotton manufacture gave cause for apprehension that the great national woollen industry might be interfered with, the use in Great Britain of British printed calicoes was restricted by statute to those of a single color —blue."

No wonder that the editor, a little carried away by pardonable enthusiasm, adds:

> "Yes, those British statesmen were great men and greatly in earnest."

The *Tribune*, however, has failed to do entire justice to these earnest statesmen. They not only protected woollen manufactures and wool-growers against the base competition of cotton and the importation of foreign goods, but with impartial hand also protected domestic buyers against the extortion of sellers or the competition of hateful foreigners.

By the statute 11 Edw. III., chap. 1, it was enacted that no wool should be exported from England, thus protecting the wearer of cloth from any increase of price, while, to give corresponding protection to the wool-grower and manufacturer, it was ordained that no foreign cloth should be imported, and that no person, other than one of the royal family, should wear any clothes made abroad. Any person violating this law was to be deprived of his garments; though whether officers were appointed to examine every man's doublet, and determine whether it was native or foreign, does not appear; nor is it clear whether foreign clothes were to be confiscated in the street, or whether the wearer was allowed to go home before being stripped. We trust that when Congress revives this excellent law, it will require these outlandish clothes to be seized wherever found, without delay, lest, going home to divest himself of the "accursed 'things,'" the culprit evade the pursuit of justice.

But it was not alone in respect of wool that this great king and his counsellors cared for the public weal. Finding, as we do now, that provisions were very expensive, they fixed the prices at which all articles of food should be sold. It is true that the result of this legislation was that food disappeared from the public markets, since farmers would not sell at all at the prices fixed; and thus the actual prices paid were much higher than they would have been had no attempt been made to regulate them. But this was surely no fault of the earnest legislators. They bore testimony against high prices, and cleared their consciences.

As an example of these laws—which, though framed with that profound wisdom which characterized our ancestors of five hundred years ago, and of which so little is left now, except in the columns of the *Tribune* and the mind of Mr. Thaddeus Stevens, appear, for some mysterious reason, to have failed to produce all the benefits that might justly have been expected from them—we note a statute enacted by this most wise and gracious king to prevent the herring-fishers of Yarmouth from asking exorbitant prices; which for this purpose directed that no herrings should be sold after sundown, and that upon a sale being made, all merchants present should have an equal share of the herrings sold at the price agreed upon by the first purchaser. But such was the perversity of man and the obstinacy of natural laws in refusing to bend to the superior wisdom of Edward the Third, that his majesty was obliged to confess, in his "statute of herring," of the thirty-fifth year of his reign, that the earlier statute had almost ruined the herring trade, since a large part of the catch was taken in the night, and the delay of twelve hours sometimes made the fish unsalable, while the poor fishermen were perplexed and bewildered by the multitude of persons among whom they were compelled to divide every load of fish. Accordingly, the old statute was repealed; but an excellent saving clause was enacted by which merchants were strictly forbidden to outbid one another, it being provided that no one, seeing another making an offer for herrings, should make any higher offer. Such a law is urgently needed at this time, particularly for the protection of buyers at auction sales, where the law should imperatively require every article to be knocked down to the first bidder.

And here we must notice other wise enactments for the protection of buyers. By 4 Edward IV., chap. 4, all purchases of wool, before it was shorn, were prohibited in certain counties (including the larger part of England), while no one was allowed to purchase any wool at all in those counties for one year after it was raised, unless he was an English manufacturer of woollen goods. The statutes against speculative purchases were almost numberless. It was made a penal offence to buy goods on their way to market, or to buy them in market with intent to sell again in the same town. Especially was it a high crime to speculate in articles of food. This, indeed, was an offence at common law, but the punishment was made more severe by statute. Laws were frequently passed to compel innkeepers, bakers, butchers, and grocers to accept prices to be fixed, from time to time, by justices of the peace, who, as everybody knows, are peculiarly qualified for such a duty; being, as *Dogberry* justly said, "the most senseless and fit" men that can be found.

Nothing was better known to our sagacious ancestors than that their substance was devoured by "middle-men." We have shown how they protected themselves against the machinations of speculators in food. But in 1390 the Parliament of Richard II. (successor of the great Edward), seeing that the wool raised in the country was first bought by native merchants and by them resold either to retailers or to foreigners for export, determined to secure to the wool-grower the full benefit of dealing with the latter parties. Accordingly, "for to make higher the price of wools," as these great and earnest statesmen expressed it, they forbade all Englishmen from purchasing wool except for their own private use. This was to compel the foreign merchant to go into the interior and pay the sheep-owner the prices which he had been used to pay the English merchant. What a masterly conception!

The attention of these accomplished legislators was also frequently directed to the evil practices of foreign merchants. It was observed at an early day that foreigners often left the country richer than when they came to it. At first, in order to prevent them from thus impoverishing the realm, the simple and straightforward plan of depriving them of their wealth was frequently adopted. In 1306, Edward I. seized upon them and put them in the Tower until they gave security not to take anything out of the kingdom without the royal permission. But this method having for some reason the effect of discouraging foreigners from bringing money *into* the country, although no objection had ever been made to their doing so, these harsher measures were finally abandoned, and his majesty contented himself with prohibiting the exportation of coin and bullion; so that in any case merchants should be obliged to take out something besides gold and silver. When this order was relaxed, they were required to give security that they would spend at least half the proceeds of their importations in the purchase of English goods.

Nor was this all. Wisely jealous of the competition of foreigners, the British Parliament at one time forbade any sales to be made to foreign merchants otherwise than for cash down; at another time (1439) forbade them to sell to one another; then required them to sell only at wholesale; and for a while insisted that they should sell out their whole stock in forty days.

Space fails us for the production of more of this wisdom of our ancestors. We must, however, refer to their judicious settlement of the labor question, which has been adopted as a pattern by our Southern brethren since the close of the war. In this matter, too, the wise Edward III. led the way. By the statutes 23 and 25 Edw. III., for the better protection of masters against the encroachments of servants, who, as these statutes recite, were through "malice," "seeing the necessity of masters," unwilling to serve "unless they may receive excessive wages," it was enacted that all agricultural laborers should hire themselves openly, and should be compelled to serve any man who should offer them the wages commonly paid five years before. It was further enacted that none should pay haymakers more than a penny a day, mowers more than five-pence a day, or reapers more than three-pence, "without meat or drink, or other courtesy." No laborer was to leave his winter residence in the summer, if he could get these wages. And as a further wise precaution against the evasion of this statute, the constables were required to make every laborer take an oath twice in each year to observe these rules, and in case of refusal, the recusant was to be put in the stocks three days, and afterward into jail until he submitted. Similar provisions were enacted in relation to carpenters, masons, and mechanics generally, their wages being fixed by the paternal wisdom of his majesty and his counsellors. Those who should escape from one county to another to evade these statutes were to be pursued by the sheriffs, like fugitive slaves, and imprisoned until they submitted to work for the two or three pence a day allotted to them.

It seems to have been found hard to carry out these benevolent laws; and therefore, in a later statute, it was provided that not only should the laborers be punished for asking more than their legal dole, but that employers should be punished for giving more; and that any one who should say or do anything to encourage workmen against the statute should be "grievously punished by the discretion of the justices." In substance, these laws were continued until a comparatively recent period.

In recommending these statutes for adoption here, we should of course recognize the principles of democratic equality, which we fear were overlooked by the statesmen of five hundred years ago, and which have been also ignored by the Southern legislators. They only provided that every laborer should be compelled to serve any one who wished to hire him at the legal wages. We propose, while adopting this rule, further to compel every employer to hire all the men who offer themselves for his service at the legal rate of wages. Thus will justice be rendered with an even hand to both parties.

We have thus too briefly recapitulated some of the leading measures of these early statesmen, with a view to urging a prompt return to these good old paths. Let the manufacturer be protected by the exclusion of imports, and the purchaser by the prohibition of exports. Let us have no more of the ruinous fluctuations in prices which are now experienced, but let the law require everybody to sell at a certain price and everybody to buy at a certain price. Let all speculators be put down, and every consumer buy directly from the producer. In order to save interest, no loans of money should be allowed; to save commissions, no sales should be made by agents; and, above all, to save the enormous expense of freights, which eat out the life of farmers, no produce should be allowed to be carried more than ten miles from the place where it is raised. If our commerce needs encouragement, let there be a tax levied to employ sailors in navigating empty ships. A bounty to be paid to everybody who grows or manufactures anything should, of course, be paid out of the public treasury. We are about to pay, as a nation, some $70,000,000 a year to encourage the growth of wool, the whole annual value of our crop of which is $46,000,000. We rejoice at this "bold and comprehensive" policy, but insist that it should be extended to all branches of industry. Thus shall unbounded prosperity attend us, and our favored land realize all the bright visions of those great and earnest statesmen who framed the laws of England in the golden days of Edward the Third. If the tariff is to be so framed as to afford good protection to such branches of native industry as promise some day to be able to do without protection, do not let us, by any means, advocate this course in a sensible and reasonable manner. Let us have a brigade of abusive writers, mercifully bereft of the reasoning faculty, to roar daily for a return, in the middle of the nineteenth century, and in a model republic, to the mediæval legislation of a semi-barbarous monarchy.

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THE POLITICAL SITUATION IN GERMANY.

The enthusiasm of last summer and the bright hopes entertained for the future of Germany have given place to a feeling of depression. Natural as this reaction may be, its keenness has been augmented by the severity of the Prussian officials, who possess the unenviable reputation of making themselves odious when odium can well be avoided, by involving their best measures in chicanery and petty annoyances, and who, within the last few months, have acted in a manner which fully deserves this reproach.

Notwithstanding this reaction and the vicious course of the Prussian Government, remarkable progress has been made in Germany during this time. The tumult of conflicting views and opinions, of vague ideas and impracticable theories, has been succeeded by a calmer appreciation of historical circumstances and of their results. Even the opponents of the present Prussian policy are animated with a certain national pride, perceiving that Germany is in a fair way to resume her former and proper position among the nations of the world of which she was deprived at the time of the Reformation.

The change in this respect most worthy of note has taken place in Southern Germany. Among the liberals few remain except the radical Democrats, who have formed an alliance with the Ultramontane Catholic party—or, more properly, who have been used as its tool in the interest of Austria against Prussia—who do not desire the closest union with the North. In Bavaria, the late minister Von der Pfordten has resigned, and his place is now occupied by Prince Hohenlohe, an avowed advocate of an alliance with Prussia. In Baden, a short time ago, the Secretary of State, von Freydorf, delivered a speech to both Houses of the Legislature, in which he proved that a small state could not live, and asserted that it was an anomaly and was dependent upon the favor or indifference of its neighbors, that it has no inherent stability, and that its existence should be terminated as soon as possible, and, in conclusion, he expressed the opinion that the best interests of his state would be subserved by a speedy connection with Prussia. We never before had an example of one of the ministers of a small state declaring its utter incompatibility with its rights and duties as a member of a great nation, and pleading against the encroachment of a petty sovereign. This same minister has been endeavoring, though thus far without success, to have the army placed at the disposal of Prussia. At Stuttgart, in Würtemberg, in November last, a meeting of the old liberals who are opposed to Prussia, under the lead of Welcker and Mittermaier, was convened to advance the project of the establishment of a south-western confederation; but it failed so signally of support that its leaders dare not publish their own resolutions. This faction of the liberal party occupies an inglorious position, somewhat similar to that occupied by the Union party in our own history whose existence was so summarily terminated in the contest of 1860. Even in Würtemberg, the centre of the opposition to Prussian domination, the portion of the liberal party favorable to annexation, or, at least, a closer union, is perceptibly gaining ground. Reinhold Pauli, a professor at Tübingen, a liberal of this class, incurred the displeasure of the Government by writing for the "Preussische Jahrbücher" an article expressing advanced liberal sentiments, and reflecting severely upon the course of his Government, and was deprived of his chair at that university and sent to a small theological seminary at Schönthal. In Hesse-Darmstadt the liberal party of annexation is now, and has hitherto been, opposed to the minister Dalwigk, and he was only sustained in his chamber by a bare majority, obtained by a coalition of the Ultramontanists with the radical Democrats of the school of the "Deutsches Wochenblatt" of Mannheim, who do not, indeed, openly profess a preference for the old state of affairs in Germany, but who do not hesitate to declare a choice for the division of Italy into many states to a united Italy.

In North Germany, the assembling of the new parliament, which has been convoked for the twenty-fourth of February, is anxiously awaited. It does not augur well that no official publication has been made of the plan of the new constitution agreed upon by the Prussian Government, and that the general features now carrying out are the same which were marked out in June of last year, before the victory in the late conflict; but what is already known does not exhibit any design of a liberal policy being pursued by Bismark. However, it is not our intention at present to speculate upon the provisions of this constitution, but we reserve its consideration for a subsequent article after the constitution has been agreed upon.

Those who concluded, from the adoption of the principle of universal suffrage in reference to the elections to the new parliament, that Bismark will pursue a more liberal course, and that that is an indication that he entertains more liberal principles, are grievously disappointed. This principle, liberal in itself, which the Prussian Government took to itself considerable credit in adopting, is one which it has embraced for the promotion of illiberal purposes, and one toward which that Government stands in marked opposition. Its policy, which in relation to internal affairs is conservative, from the nature of the case, in reference to the German question is revolutionary. In all its dealings with the latter it is under the necessity of preserving an apparently liberal policy. Its adoption of universal suffrage is not, as may at first appear to be the case, very unfavorable to the Government. Experience has shown that the great body of the opposition is composed of the educated class, which is capable of being influenced by publications, and that it is probable that the class now to be included among the electors will add to the conservative force. Besides, it is believed that the new parliament is designed as a mere show, and is necessary as evidence of a popular movement which will not need, in reality, any valuable privileges. In Prussia, the scheme for the erection of the new parliament is regarded with distrust. At Berlin an anecdote is current which represents Bismark as having threatened to destroy the parliament by the parliament. The liberals, not at all deficient in the national sentiment, are unwilling to see their duly constituted legislature rendered powerless, or to concede any of their rights until duly satisfied that it will be for the common good. The result is they regard with more favor the proposition that the old Prussian parliament should receive deputations from the other states, thus constituting a body which should legislate for the whole, and which, having control of the budget, would not be powerless under the encroachment of the Government. Whichever may be the national parliament, it is their desire that it should have all the powers of a central government, and that all the other parliaments and assemblies should merely legislate for municipal purposes. This would approach very nearly our system, and would make the general government more powerful while harmonizing the movements of the different parts. In Prussia the liberals have long been endeavoring to obtain the passage of laws making the civil and military officers responsible for their conduct before the courts. This reform, if effected, would afford a mode of redress for those many grievances which irresponsible officials delight in inflicting upon the people while satisfied of their perfect immunity from punishment. In regarding the struggle there for constitutional liberty, we should hold in mind the fact that Prussia has been a military government for two generations; that it is the aim of the present King and of Bismark to make her a strong military power, which is inconsistent with the demands of the liberal party, and consequently that those demands will be granted with extreme reluctance; and the necessary reforms cannot be obtained in a few months, but must be acquired, piece by piece, at long intervals, until a sound constitutional existence is gained. Viewing the matter in this light, it will be seen that much progress has been made.

The Prussian Government pursues the same short-sighted policy of wanton injury to its subjects in the recently annexed provinces as it now pursues in Prussia, notwithstanding the pretended reconciliation with its subjects. Thus the people of those provinces have cooled in their ardor for incorporation with their powerful neighbor, and many little demonstrations of discontent have taken place. The national sentiment among all, however, is unchangeable. While the Frankfort money-changers (mark these patriots !) engrave upon their letters a red eagle with the motto "Strong in the right" surrounding it, or in their invitations after the initials "U. A. W. G." (for "ananswer is requested") insert "O. P." ("ohne Preussen," without Prussians), or the Hanoverian children at sight of the Prussian eagle exclaim "Cuckoo," in reference to the bird which appropriates its fellow's nest, these are but harmless ebullitions, transitory in their nature, which, the moment a more enlightened path is pursued, will be succeeded by a cordial support of the government which will accept their lead to the realization of the national idea. In Germany there is now but one power, and that power is Prussia; and for any German not to see this argues wilful stubbornness to his best interests. Of the task of Prussia we can say as the First Consul said to the English ambassador who had refused to acknowledge the French Republic: "Acknowledge it or not. It is as the sun, and he is blind who does not see it."

THE PHILOSOPHY OF STOPPING ONE'S PAPER.

A WISE phrenologist might, perhaps, say that the chief obstacle to the progress of our race lies just behind its ears rather than in the length of them. It is the average man's bumps of "combativeness and destructiveness"—to speak after the manner of Professor Fowler—which are most in the way of his enlightenment. Criticism, without which progress is impossible or extremely slow—for are not two heads better than one ?—seems to affect his cerebellum first and his cerebrum only afterwards. Irrationally, he will persist in considering his antagonist his enemy. That "our antagonist is our helper," as Burke saw and said, the ordinary human being can in no way be made to believe; to any such whisperings of modern truth he is what you may call a Deaf Burke; opposition, because it is opposition, rouses in him all the prize-fighter. As the saying goes, knowledge has to be knocked into him; experience alone teaches him, and she has to teach with a ferule. It is from this intolerance of contradiction that we had the old-time stonings of the prophets—as regards which practice, at least, the ancient Hebrews were by no means a peculiar people; hence have we the noble army of martyrs, for there was never a religious persecution that had not at its root more of this feeling than of the better feeling that each of us is responsible for another's errors in faith; hence, also, the fact that the vocabulary of abuse is almost precisely coextensive with the wealth of gracious language which the painters and the poets have bestowed upon the fraternity of critics; and hence, not to attempt completing the list and compassing the infinite—hence nine in ten of the savage notes which so often so peremptorily direct the editor to "stop my paper."

Suppose a journal prints as its critical opinion of a certain author, that he is not a dramatic poet at all equal to Henry Taylor or Robert Browning, that certainly he is surpassed by William Shakespeare, that as a hymn-writer he must, for reasons given, be held inferior to seven or eight other American hymn-writers; that, in general, reasons being again given, he must be regarded as possessing no remarkable measure of the poetic faculty—then it will be really a wonder if the next mail does not bring one or two indignant letters from several gentlemen who say, in effect, this: "Sir, you have said so-and-so, which is shameful, for I think thus-and-thus (here almost always a hiatus); therefore, I desire that you stop my paper immediately." The suppressed sentences might, we suppose, be written out in some such words as these: I take a paper to read; but I want to read nothing that I did not believe before. I should be stupid to read and to pay for reading anything that disagrees with the opinions I have already formed, and of the truth of which I am convinced and intend to remain convinced. Besides, I intend to punish you for contradicting my views. Therefore—and so forth and so forth, as above.

As for the anger which is almost sure to breathe from this sort of communication, some enquirers make that more difficult to be accounted for than the existence of the letters themselves. Probably the editor who has to endure it instinctively falls back on the old definition, *ira brevis furor est*—the man is *non compos*. But this method is too comprehensive for philosophical purposes, and appears indeed to be a mistaken one; and although the entertaining of it may be excusable in the editor, it would, at all events, even if it were true, be desirable to find, if possible, some solution less discouraging to the friends of humanity. As the Count Joannes has feelingly said, insanity is a malady, almost always incurable, which is transmissible to the insane man's offspring. If, now, each child of each man who ever stopped his paper is to be considered to be a lunatic, we have, indeed, "a mad world." It indicates and it nourishes a sort of extreme and wicked misanthropy to bring, even indirectly, by definition, so sweeping a charge of insanity, especially when there is another accusation which is truer and answers every purpose. Insanity may be incurable, but every human being who has passed from infancy to man's estate is a standing proof that imbecility, or at any rate most of the innumerable degrees of it, may be remedied by education and patience, though, perhaps, in all cases the cure is but partial, and in many cases the lapse of several centuries is required to effect it. For example, the grandfather or great-grandfather of the last enraged subscriber to THE NATION may very likely have been a very stupid person and helped to mob Abolitionists or Quakers or Mormons or Temperance Lecturers or Missionary Baptists; but his grandson or great-grandson or more remote descendant may be a man such as would put to shame the Stuart Mill of our day by the greatness of his love for freedom of discussion and thought and action. It is at any rate more cheerful, and we think, in view of past experience, more reasonable, to hope so than to set down the unborn innocent as a probable maniac. A crazy man we must give up; but a contemporary fool, as the wisdom of our ancestors teaches, may come to something in his posterity.

The view which we have already suggested is a true one. The people who fight with coolness, dispassionately, without anger, are not nowadays extant. A Berserker fought from the tumult in his blood, from his pride of life, in joy of battle; but he is defunct, and his descendants cannot support the prize-ring. The Irishman at Donnybrook used to do something similar, and all in friendship break bones; but Donnybrook Fair was, and is not. The British tar as he rolled about the stage, and the bold light-weight or heavy-weight as he appears in the ballads, used to stand up to their acquaintances and friends, and had their little breezes and skrimmages, and visited each other's conks, and caught it on the ivories, and went into mourning as to their peepers, and turned on their claret, and in other highly metaphorical and apparently savage ways showed their real loving-kindness and manly affection for one another. French gentlemen, in French novels, fight duels with gayety, and destroy the foes of their house with a nonchalant courage and impassiveness which the people of other lands may emulate but must not hope to equal. But as for us, we live in a world of police courts and prosecutions for assault. We can exclude anger neither from our quarrels nor can we disguise our anger. We are as far from the deceptive suavity of the French marquis of a hundred and fifty years ago as from the bare-sark Northman of four or five centuries after our era. Engaging in a contest of any sort, we are very apt to feel and to show anger with our antagonist.

Let us now adopt the method once common among itinerant preachers, and try to get at the meaning of our text by throwing the stress of voice first on one word and then on another, we may, perhaps, get at some hints suggestive of such truths as we are seeking. We shall not need to dwell long on the first word, "Stop." It illustrates the principle already laid down: the subscriber conceives that he has found an enemy; naturally, he strikes out; he has been attacked, and, by way of defence, makes a counter-attack and ejects the defender. But emphasizing "my"—"Stop *my* paper"—we get, as it seems to us, something that does throw a little more light on the state of mind in which these correspondents very generally are when they take pen in hand. They are not only angry because contradicting, going into action; they seem to have a notion, none the less influential that it is perhaps never put into words, that they are the victims of a breach of contract. They subscribed to a journal; it has taken their money. By this consideration it is bound to be their "organ" and express their minds. The contract was only implied; but they are just as much cheated when it is broken as if it had been expressed in writing, and have just as much right to be angry with the offender. "It is my paper," these gentlemen say each to himself,—"it is my paper, and here it is opposing Johnson's impeachment, though I hate Johnson, and my paper ought to denounce him;" or, "It is in favor of a villanous railroad round Hoosac Mountain, although I've got money, and for years I've had money, invested in a road that is to go through the Hoosac tunnel;" or, "It opposes protection; and I'm an iron-master! My paper, too!" Some such delusion must, we think, have lodgment in the brain of our letter-writer, or he would hardly take the trouble to sit down and write out his extreme displeasure.

The very frequent absurdity of the letters in question, even when they are not vituperative, it is hardly worth while to dwell upon. Sometimes the writer appears perfectly astounded that the journal to which he writes does not perceive that a course which displeases him must be a ruinous course. He frequently forgets or seems to forget that to be long worth anything, or ever worth much, the opinions of any journal must rest on the conscientious convictions of its managers, and not opinions dictated to them to-day by one, to-morrow by another, till soon even the agility of the *Herald*, which seeks to follow the opinions of the mass of men in America, would be infinitely too little for the needs of a journal which should attempt to satisfy the prejudices or opinions of each individual of the mass.

Of course we are not saying that no man has ever a right to show his disapproval of the course of his newspaper by refusing to continue his pecuniary support of it. Last summer and fall three of the leading newspapers of New York opposed themselves to the opinions of patriotic duty held by a majority of the Northern people. The *Times* preached the somnolent platitudes of that melancholy convention in Philadelphia; the *Herald's* buffoonery was astutely directed against the side that was to win, which to the *Herald's* managers, whose sagacity appears to be wise for an inch and foolish for an ell, seemed to be the side that was going to lose. As for the *Evening Post*, it was in a four or five months' maze, and confined itself to repeating the letter of the Constitution—an instrument for which it appeared to think the American people were created. The result was that the three of them, perhaps it would be as well to say the first and the last mentioned of them, no doubt lost a good many of their subscribers. The *Tribune*, at any rate, gained about 40,000 at about that time, and it seems reasonable to suppose that they were citizens who had been taking a paper before and whose political opinions were opposed to the policy of Mr. Johnson. Now, the persons who thus transferred their allegiance we do not pretend to blame. If you say that they were of the intolerant and stupid kind who kick at correction and criticism and despise instruction, there are half a dozen replies that can at once be made. In the first place, there is hardly a paper in the country, from the Boston *Advertiser* down to the New York *Daily News*, which does not allow its news to be more or less colored, with one color or another, in order that the news may match the editorial columns. This is a truth so notorious as to be trite and a truism. Again: among the readers of the *Evening Post* or the *Times* there was not in August, September, and October of 1866 a single person who had not been made familiar, almost to nausea, with the wearisome, old, old arguments on the reconstruction question. At this present moment there is no topic in the world so worn out as reconstruction, and at that time the arguments had long been exhausted and were valueless; it was impossible to put complete reliance on the news of any of the opposing journals; a man, then, would have been more than human who, under such circumstances, did not prefer to read the opinions that coincided with his own and the news which corroborated their correctness. Again: the fight between the two parties was then hot, and its event by no means certain; a question of duty was involved, and each man believed the one cause or the other to be the right cause and to have claims upon his support. Support, therefore, was given by many men with the deliberate intention of spreading doctrines in which they believed and the preachers of which they wished to encourage. And some men may have even been philosophic enough to have withdrawn from the offending journals their support with the view of making them take up a new position. If this seems like attributing too much philosophy, we may reply that we attribute it not to the majority of the forty thousand above mentioned, but to the minority; and that if it were a pleasant thing to say, we might add that such tactics have very frequently been successfully brought to bear in the world of newspaperdom.

We go even further; it would be folly to deny any man the right at his own sweet will to give up reading what he dislikes. We agree that it is not a privilege; we admit that it is a natural right of every American citizen to stop his paper the moment it becomes disagreeable to him. But we are decidedly of opinion that more often than otherwise it is rather a foolish thing to do, and that, at any rate, the gentleman who does it has no right to be abusive and does ill to be angry.

Fine Arts.

SOMETHING ABOUT NEW BUILDINGS IN NEW YORK.

II.

THE huge and costly building of the New York Stock Exchange, fronting on Broad Street, on New Street, and on Wall Street, but reaching to the corners of none of these streets, has been for nearly two years a finished building. It is especially worthy of remark as a typical example of the generation of large buildings which is coming into existence in this unfortunate city—a city which has never yet known how to use its wealth, its energy, and its shrewdness except for the production of more wealth. These new buildings are not more ugly or more absurd than many of the old ones. But they have two faults which are peculiar to themselves: they are enormously expensive and they are fire-proof and practically indestructible. The heinous character of the latter fault must be immediately evident to every one who looks with proper abhorrence on the building we are about to consider or on any of its dozen *confrères*. But the former fault is many-sided, and all the sides are not perceptible at the first glance. Not only is the good money used in vain, having changed hands without producing any good result in its passage, which is bad economy for a business community, but the buildings are almost sure not to be torn down, at least for many years; they are important enough to influence more or less the character of future buildings; and their influence is felt in still further dulling the public taste, which is always slow to perceive weaknesses and absurdities in buildings which are large and showy and which represent wealthy associations. It cannot be said that anybody loves or admires, for instance, the Broad Street front of the Stock Exchange. But it has an influence over many people, over their opinions, and over their possible future action; over some by making them careless as to what they have, so long as it seems expensive (for is not the rich and powerful Stock Board satisfied with a building that has no other merits than cost and solidity?); over others by making them despair of getting any good architecture out of this generation; and over others by making them believe that this, after all, is the true nineteenth-century architecture. This latter class, a hopelessly unreflective one we cannot but think, is yet larger than people would suppose who have not watched the signs of the times. There is always such a class of true conservatives in the day of every attempted reform. The efforts themselves that are being vigorously made to raise architecture from the slough in which it has stuck and struggled so long, have given courage and voice to the always existent and now awakened reaction.

The building which has been the immediate cause of these remarks is principally known by its Broad Street façade. The lowest story of this, raised only three or four steps above the sidewalk, but very high in the ceiling, has its front of cast-iron of the same character as the cast-iron lowest story of the Herald building, mentioned in our last number. This is, perhaps, worse in detail than that, as nothing can exceed the naked ugliness of the projections which would be keystones of the window-arches if of stone, as they pretend to be; or the overdressed ugliness of the things that would be modillions under the same circumstances; or the poverty in design of the castings, which are meant to look like marble capitals; or the general badness of proportion and form of the three-centred arches, the parapets under the windows, or the prominent and over-conspicuous porch of four big cast-iron columns and a cast-iron pediment. But as nothing but weakness, or worse, can be expected of all ornament which, in cast-iron, is meant to look like carved marble, so these iron shells which mask the real construction are entirely beneath criticism; they are neither architecture nor good building, nor even building at all. But there is one distinction which we may allude to here, the distinction between iron construction where it is needed and where marble would have done as well. In the case of those buildings, stores on narrow streets and the like, where all the light and window space is wanted that can possibly be had, and this especially in the lowest story, the uprights of the lowest story, and perhaps of those above, are rightly made of cast-iron. But in such buildings as those of the *Herald* and of the Stock Exchange, the piers of the *rez-de-chaussée* are large enough to be quite safe if built of marble. And why they are not is to us inexplicable, except by the supposition that some iron-casting firm wanted a job and had influence enough to get it.

The façade of which we are speaking is of marble above the first string course. This upper part of it presents the singular and almost unique spectacle of three stories precisely alike in design. We distinguish no difference whatever, except in the slightly flatter curve of the upper than of the lower pediments of the central windows. The design is awkward and feeble, and the detail wholly worthless; but none of it is unusually bad except the cornice, which has a striking deformity wholly its own. It ought to be observed that there is no classical or other good authority for the details or for the proportions of this building. The architects of Renaissance are guiltless of its sins; and there is nothing to palliate them in the practice of any school of revived classic which is generally held worthy of study. What is called, in New York builders' slang, the Corinthian style, is wholly of New York devising. To find an equally flagrant misuse of the revived classical architecture, where all its faults and shortcomings exist without the gracefulness of design which has almost made them seem virtues, we have to go to the semi-savage buildings of St. Petersburg. All over Europe there are very impure pseudo-classic designs, built since the demand for originality has been loud and constant; but they have been built by men who felt, and could not but show, some regard for the beauty of Renaissance or else of Greek detail; and therefore their parts have been good even when their general design has been irrational, or ungraceful, or in every way bad. It is in New York and, as we have said, in Russia that costly and grandiose buildings are at once mean in mass and vile in detail.

The narrow front on Wall Street, consisting of an entrance doorway on the ground floor and two stories of one window each above it, has even less pretension than its larger neighbor to classical correctness of design, and is as "original" as the nineteenth century can ask. It is unusually clumsy, because of the great solidity and largeness of its parts, which yet add nothing to its apparent importance. Thus, the huge pilaster at each side, the heavy brackets of the cornice and pediment, too large and twice too many, the size and character of the mouldings, the elaborate construction around the windows—all are the parts of an architectural Black Dwarf, a stunted giant. The ornament itself is very poor and meagre, and belongs to the worst and coldest school of módern machine carving.

The front on New Street is only two stories high, but the second story contains the Board Room, so that the building holds its own in size. This face, because built of red brick, with plain, square windows, is not so bad as the elaborate façades we have been considering. It is pretty well spoiled, however, by the shapeless and too heavy window heads and sills; and the cornice, which would redeem the whole by its comparative plainness and by its better proportion, seems to be of metal. On this front nearly all that is not plain brick wall is cast-iron imitation of marble, and needs no further consideration.

It is matter of regret that there is nothing about this building that one can praise, for uniform censure is tiresome to writer and reader, and is apt to fail as criticism. But with the heartiest desire to relieve the monotony of blame, we cannot find anything admirable or pleasurable as the result of all this expense and display. There is one thing in the Broad Street front which is pleasant to see at the first glance, the division of its width into three parts, the arrangement of three windows in each story, the middle one the largest; better, one thinks, than four would have been; not a surprising or unusual merit even in a modern design, but still good. But acquaintance with the interior shows that this very grouping of windows, which has seemed the building's one virtue, is, indeed, another architectural sin, for it contradicts the arrangement of the interior and the construction of the building. In the ground-story a girder, and a row of columns to support it, splits the entrance door, while the great staircase is exactly opposite a window; in the second floor the middle window is similarly served; above this a partition divides the building, and the middle windows are divided, half of each in one room and half in another.

The plan, indeed, is very faulty, or rather there is no plan at all beyond what seems a wholly fortuitous concourse of parts. Every staircase, passage, *route* of every description, is indirect and hard to find; goes somewhere off to one side and out of the way. There is no succession of rooms, no correspondence of openings, no opportunity to see a "vista" or a "suite of apartments" anywhere; the whole building seems to have been planned without any reference to symmetry or centre lines. There are many buildings where this shortcoming, though always a shortcoming, may yet be excused, but in this case there is nothing to atone for it; and stateliness and symmetry of plan once gone, the building becomes what it is, a complete and hopeless failure. The parts within are as bad as the whole; the stairways, doors, and windows (except the mosaic-pattern windows of iron sash and small lights of rough plate-glass in some of the halls), the plaster cornices and centre-pieces, are all of patterns taken from second-class private houses, made large, and yet not always even that. The castings, too, are of the poorest quality and entirely unfinished; for an accessible example, go in through the Wall Street doorway and look at the newel and handrail of the staircase there. There are some good floors of white marble and red slate, and there are the windows above mentioned; and that is all we can find worthy of praise in the inside of this enormous and expensive building. It is probably the worst large building in New York, and one from which we can safely take a departure, assured that everything else will compare favorably with it.

Correspondence.

MAN AND GOD.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the article on "Popularizing Science," in The Nation of January 10, what seems a singular and extreme position is taken concerning the knowledge of God and his works which is possible to man. The popular books of pious science and scientific piety may, no doubt, contain a great deal of nonsense, for which I have no desire to apologize; but is it true that the creature cannot in any degree apprehend the Creator and come into conscious and intelligent relations to him? If so, let us know it at once. If (as the teaching on page 34 seems designed to prove) man can know nothing of God, if such reason and experience as we have can take no hold on the Giver of both, then we may as well throw up our Bible and our Christianity and sink into a dreary deism, or, what is the same thing, a practical atheism. All this may be answered by Mr. Mill's argument and the comments upon it on page 29 of the same number. If God is a being of attributes, simply inconceivable, neither to be tested nor approached by our standards, he is no God at all for us; and if faith is not founded, however remotely, on reason and knowledge, it is not faith, but superstition.

The position which we are disputing is maintained in the article mentioned, on two grounds: First, that the earth is a very small fraction of the universe, and man a proportionately minute object among created beings. Very probably. There may be in the universe a million other races of rational and immortal creatures, half of them superior to us; they may have unfallen natures; or, if they too fell, redemption may have been provided for them as sufficient as that which is furnished to us. No one will dispute these possibilities; but we have simply nothing to do with them. God says to man, "You are my child; I have made you and redeemed you, and your duties are so and so." The road between earth and heaven is just as clear and open—a Jacob's ladder, as of old—as if between there were not ten thousand unknown planets, peopled, perhaps, with "distant brothers" of our own. The universe is one thing, the earth another; and the earth's economy, though it may be an infinitesimal part of that of the universe, is yet complete in itself as far as regards the moral relations of the dwellers on it. Even in the universe man can scarcely be considered so unimportant as the barnacle in the ocean, at least so long as it continues to be supposed that man has a soul and the barnacle has not. But though in the assembly of worlds he may be comparatively insignificant, on his own planet he is supreme. If we may believe an ancient record, "God said, let us make man in our image, after our likeness; and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth. . . . And God blessed them, and God said unto them, Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth, *and subdue it ; and have dominion* over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth." If the existent order of facts were not conformable to this plan, we should have discovered it before now. As it is, man has, to a great extent, gained dominion over wild beasts, over winds and waves, over the visible and the hidden powers of nature. And in view of all the facts of experience and statements of revelation, it seems not so utterly absurd to say that, counting out the universe and considering merely this planet, which is all that ordinary men, not savans, have to do with, man is the centre of the scheme, the capstone of creation, with reference to whom, finally and chiefly, the earth was made.

If it be profane to exalt man too high, it is useless and pernicious to sink him too low. We have had nothing truer than that trite line of Young's:

> "How poor, how rich, how abject, how august."

He is what he is ; and if, in the constitution of things, that be not something ideally magnificent, the matter cannot be remedied at present. Within his sphere, such as it is, he must live as he may. After all, he is God's son ; and what a monstrous system of creation that would be which prevented the child from getting at or even enquiring after his father!

The second reason is, forsooth, that investigation is improper, because it often discovers difficulties and produces doubts. Exactly similar is the Oriental philosophy : walking is better than running, and sitting than walking, and lying down than sitting, and sleep than waking, and death than life. That may be ; but since we are alive, we might as well make the best of it. What are we put here for but to live and learn, to investigate, to overcome difficulties, to endure doubts, and by them attain a manlier, more rational, better grounded faith? Every earnest thinker, every intelligent believer, knows that the appointed path is, in one form or another, from night to light, through the darkness of mental conflict to the day of enlightened and enduring faith. The vile dogma, "He that doubts is damned," is by this time put away with the other tools of mediæval torture. What sort of system is this for grown men in the nineteenth century that says, "You must not go out of doors, you might be struck by sun or lightning; you must not travel, the boiler may burst or the stage upset ; you must not go among men, your purity might be corrupted or your pocket picked; you must not think on serious subjects, you may get into difficulties and doubts." Popes nor Puritans ever laid a heavier yoke on free thought and conscience. Professor Cooke is right. "It is not true that the material universe manifests a God of unmixed beneficence." The book of nature shows benevolence indeed, but it shows the contrary too. "Frightful conclusion," is it? There are some people who believe in something which they consider better than the book of nature ; one easier to read and plainer in its teachings, which, without contradicting the other, solves some problems which that had left dark. It tells them to walk by faith and not by sight. Having previously found that walking by sight is impracticable, they take to this counsel kindly, and so ascertain that it is possible to believe in the divine goodness without either pretending, on the one hand, that it can be perfectly proved from a consideration of the material universe or from any experience of this life; or, on the other, that faith excludes investigation—that one can believe the better the less he knows. There are two spurious sorts of reverence afloat, each having or professing in its own way a zeal for God that is not according to knowledge. The one is credulous, gaping after novelty, eager to find a complete system of theology in every clam-shell and tadpole, somewhat as the High Anglicans propose that the church building should by its shape indicate the doctrine of the Trinity. The errors of this are properly enough exposed in the article on "Popularizing Science." The other error, into which the article itself seems to have fallen deeply, lies in saying, "God is so great and you are so small that you can know nothing of him, and have nothing to do with him. To mention his name is to incur the risk of profanity; to study his works, that of unbelief. You respect him best by keeping out of his way; and the only faith you can have must be founded in wilful ignorance." Of these two modes of belief the first is juvenile and unadvised, but commonly sincere; the other has a tendency to drive religion utterly away from a man's words, thoughts, feelings, life. B.

[The answer to the above is that "B." does not truly state the positions of the article in question, and therefore does not confute them. It did not maintain that "the creature cannot in any degree apprehend the Creator, or enter into conscious or intelligent relations with him." It did maintain that naturalists have not discovered, and cannot discover, by the study of the physical universe what was God's object in creating it, and that if they pretend they have discovered this, they impose on their audience.

When anybody tells us that, by the study of plants or animals or rocks, he has discovered something new or certain as to God's purposes in creating and maintaining the universe, he becomes subject to the criticism in the article on "Popularizing Science," but not otherwise. We have never asserted "that God was a being of attributes simply inconceivable." This would be a close approach to nonsense. What we asserted was that he was a Being whose designs were inscrutable, who cannot be found out by any amount of searching. It is only by believing firmly that his designs are inscrutable that we can hold fast to the faith that he is infinitely good. If we know the whole range of his purpose, we must conclude him to be the author of evil ; we do not know the whole range of his purpose, and we may, therefore, still conclude that if we knew *all* we should see that what appears evil here is, on the whole, really good.

We have not compared man to the barnacle ; man's relations as an animal to the physical universe we have compared to the barnacle's relation to the ocean. But the comparison is not strictly accurate. In comparing the barnacle to the ocean we compare two known quantities ; in comparing man to the universe, we compare a known quantity to one not only unknown but inconceivable. It is only with man as an animal that naturalists have to do. Of man as a moral being naturalists can tell us nothing new, and it is only the moral being who has intelligent relations with his Creator, and the study of these relations is the business of theologians and moral philosophers, and not of naturalists. With the nature of man's soul, or its relations to God, the naturalist has nothing to do. On this subject his science tells him nothing, and what we ask him to do is to desist from pretending that it does. No examination of our physical organs, and no theory of our physical origin, whether by development or instantaneous creation, sheds the least light on our moral relations to God, on our own aspirations or our destiny. All these belong to a different order of ideas—a field in which Agassiz or Darwin or Huxley walks with as uncertain a step as many a man who does not know what the word "vertebrate" means.

Finally, the scientific man has nothing to do with "the useless or pernicious" any more than with the useful. His business is to discover scientific truth, and to declare it; and there is no truth he is bound to declare more faithfully than the exact limit of his own knowledge. Moreover, it ought not to be forgotten, though "B." apparently does forget it, that there is a certain amount of absurdity in our discussing what is and what is not insignificant in God's sight. It is not necessary that man's enjoyment should be the chief end of creation, in order to make him important in God's eyes. To infinite capacity there are no degrees of importance. To our finite capacity there are degrees of importance, because we cannot grasp all the relations of everything we see. We have to select a certain number of these relations for our attention and let the others pass unnoticed ; but it is absurd to suppose that an Almighty Being judges things in this way, or, in other words, that God measures his care of man, or his concern for him, by the smallness of the place he has assigned him in the physical universe. It is only those who hold this doctrine who have a right to be shocked with our dwelling on the exceeding minuteness of the sphere assigned to man and his habitat, and the exceeding smallness of the part they play in God's cosmos. A thousand years may be in the Creator's sight but as one day, and the solar system as but a speck, but yet not a sparrow falls to the ground without his knowledge.—ED. NATION.]

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The Week.

THE impeachment business apparently makes progress, though the formal investigation has not yet commenced. Mr. Ashley is presenting his *primâ facie* case, but we believe nothing or next to nothing is known of his proofs. The reports as to the probable action of the House are very conflicting. Business men who come back from Washington, as a general rule, say there will be no impeachment; while politicians are generally satisfied that there will; and the press is very silent. Meanwhile, the President is giving what the reporters call "state dinners," which, we presume, are something very fine, and has, it is said, invited Messrs. Ashley and Boutwell, having come upon them in their alphabetical order.

◆

THE Senate Tenure of Office bill has passed the Senate and gone to the House, where it has been amended by subjecting cabinet officers to its operation, and making them, as well as all other functionaries, removable only with the advice and consent of the Senate. This bill is undoubtedly one of the most valuable of those of which Mr. Johnson's folly has furnished the occasion, and, coupled with Mr. Jenckes's, would do all that legislation can do for the purification of our politics. The provision with regard to cabinet officers does not make them responsible to the Senate, because as long as the President is responsible they need not be, but it gives the Senate the revision of the President's reaons for removing them. The cabinet officers in America are, in spite of the importance of their duties, clerks of the Executive, and not, as hey are in England, the constitutional advisers of an irresponsible uler; so that the arguments which have been put forward in some quarters in favor of their having seats in Congress in order to defend hemselves or explain their conduct, seem to us to have much less force han is claimed for them, even in view of the pending change. The proper weapons of an American official, when assailed, are pen, ink, and paper. A secretary who cannot confound his enemies on a quire of foolscap, may fairly despair of doing it on his legs in either branch of the legislature. The exception in the bill is said to be made for the enefit of Mr. Stanton, but whatever effect the measure may have on his olitical fortunes, it will hereafter render the desertion of his party by President all but impossible.

THE Tariff bill has got down to the House, where the Senate "amendments" are now under consideration. We hope it may pass with a considerable increase of all the imposts, because we are satisfied that nothing but actual experience of the effect of this kind of legislation through several years will rouse the country into resistance to it. After what has occurred since 1864, we do not believe argument is of much use. We now venture to predict, and we beg our readers to keep it in mind, and if we prove wrong to throw it in our teeth, that the condition of trade and industry will be in no way improved by the present tariff; that during the coming year it will, on the contrary, grow steadily worse, and that next spring and summer all, or nearly all, the interests for whose benefit the present tariff has been framed will be clamoring in the lobby for still higher duties. We are, therefore, in favor of having the experiment fully tried. We feel just as sure of how it will end as we do of the position of the earth in the solar system, although Cardinal Cullen has on several occasions, in a Roman literary journal, exploded the popular Copernican ideas on this subject.

◆

THE bill punishing certain offences in relation to the currency has been passed, but we fear it will prove inoperative, to a great extent at least, owing to Mr. Johnson's tenderness for this species of crime.

◆

MR. JOHNSON, Mr. Sharkey, Mr. Orr, and some other gentlemen are reported to have been hard at work lately devising a plan of reconstruction—we beg their pardon, restoration—which is to become the successor and heir of the President's late policy, and to take the place of all constitutional amendments and other Congressional schemes for giving us national peace. Only hints of what the plan is to be have as yet escaped; but apparently the North is, at any rate, to admit by implication that the South is in a position to treat with the Government, and there is to be no extortion by the United States of irrevocable guarantees of any kind from the States of the former Confederacy. It remains to be seen whether the proposition will even be entertained. For that matter, it remains to be seen whether it will ever even be made. It may be a weak invention of the reporters.

◆

GENERAL GRANT is said to have called a meeting of army officers to consult together upon the necessity of maintaining garrisons in the Southern States. General Grant, it is understood, would like them to be withdrawn. Mr. Williams, of Oregon, offers a bill providing that each State which has been in rebellion shall constitute a military district, in charge of a major-general or brigadier-general, whose duty it shall be, in brief, to exercise an authority paramount to that of all courts in the State. The bill further provides that United States courts may issue writs of *habeas corpus* in behalf of prisoners in military custody in the South only when some commissioned officer on duty in the district where the prisoner is held shall endorse upon the petition a statement certifying that he believes the imprisonment wrongful. To us it seems that the question which of these two plans shall be adopted, is answered when an answer is given to this question: Shall the United States protect from tyrannical abuse, from the most galling and open injustice, those citizens of the South who were and are loyal, and who alone are loyal, or shall it give them over helpless into the hands of people like this man, for instance, who writes in the Richmond *Times*, the most popular newspaper in Virginia? It is one expression of opinion out of a million similar, or only different in being worse. Texas is the subject of eulogy:

> "There the negroes have not been demoralized by the Freedmen's Bureau and the school-marms. The climate, too, of this magnificent State, although salubrious in the extreme, has been found unhealthy to the few straggling Yankee letter-writers and meddling negrophilists who have ventured there in quest of mischief. They have, in many instances, when they

> have stirred up ill-feeling between the races, been mysteriously devoured by wolves and bears, or scalped by the Comanches. The settlers in Texas have bitterly deplored those accidents, but they have not been able to prevent them."

The passage of the bill would, of course, be in effect a declaration of the opinion of Congress that the state of war is not ended, and for that, as well as the other reason, we are free to say we should be glad to see the bill pass.

◆

A FRIEND of Mr. Sumner's thinks we have misrepresented that gentleman in saying, as we did in a recent number, that he had declared in the Senate "that the whole North was eager for impeachment." We only seek to give in our weekly summary the impression which the speeches on which we comment make on an average understanding. Mr. Sumner, in his speech on the Tenure of Office Bill, accused the President of "usurpation in the interest of the rebellion." He said also: "The President has usurped the power of Congress on a colossal scale, and has employed these usurped powers in fomenting a rebel spirit and awakening anew the dying fires of the rebellion. This is the great and unpardonable offence for which history will condemn him if you do not," and so on. As to the remedy for this state of things, he said: "There is not a mail which does not bring *letters without number* supplicating *the exercise of all the powers of Congress* against the *President*. There is not a newspaper which does not exhibit evidence that you are already tardy in this work of necessity." Now, when an orator says that every mail brings innumerable letters asking Congress to use "*all its powers*" against an usurper in league with the public enemy, and that *every* newspaper shows that Congress ought to have sooner begun this work of necessity, we think it is not unfair to conclude that the speaker meant in plain English that the great majority of the Northern people—or, to use the common exaggeration, "the whole North"—wanted to have Andrew Johnson impeached. If, however, Mr. Sumner did not mean to say this, we can only express our regret for having imputed it to him.

◆

THE *Evening Post* seems to think that we have in some way changed our opinions on the reconstruction question since last summer. We are afraid this insinuation indicates want of that familiarity with our files which every good citizen ought to possess. We have maintained ever since THE NATION was started that reconstruction was the work of Congress and not of the President, and that Mr. Johnson, in assuming it, was guilty of usurpation; and we take leave to say that we drew attention to this fact, so far as we know, before any other journal in the country, and when a good many Radicals, who now want to impeach him, wanted him to play the dictator. We have maintained that the negro ought to have the franchise, if, for no other reason, for his own protection, and that the franchise ought to be accompanied by education; that all men are entitled to equality before the law, and that the General Government has no right to collect taxes or exact allegiance of a people whom it cannot or will not protect against violence or oppression; that all attempts to take vengeance on the Southern people, or inflict on them any disabilities which were not clearly necessary to the restoration of order, the security of the Government, and the establishment of justice, are impolitic, unstatesmanlike, unchristian, and inhuman. It is not possible to lay down this last doctrine in stronger language than we laid it down in THE NATION of July 12, 1866, and we have never ceased to reiterate it when the occasion offered. All these positions we still hold and shall continue to hold, but we have never "screamed" about them; in fact, it is our invincible repugnance to "screaming" about political questions which has caused most of whatever obloquy THE NATION has incurred.

◆

AMONGST the memorable things which the pressure on our space prevented us from noticing in our last number was the confession of the New York *Tribune* that calling a man a "liar" in political discussion was a "gross indecency," "an outrageous offence against the common decency of society," and that "to refuse to censure such a breach of decency is in effect to sanction it." There has been no worse offender in this particular in the civilized world than the *Tribune;* no journal of equal literary and moral character has done as much to teach those who read it and admire it that coarse and vulgar abuse of a political opponent was harmless; and thus far, therefore, its influence has been decidedly barbarizing. This sudden conversion is the most important triumph the friends of decency have achieved for many a day, but we have always felt it was sure to come sooner or later. The world does not go backwards, and Rome was not built in a day.

◆

ON the 1st of this month, at Hoboken, peace was declared between the Camden and Amboy and New Jersey Railroad Companies. The public at large may expect war more vigorous than ever. For twelve years, more or less, these two great corporations have been fighting—the Camden and Amboy for the completion of its road at the end nearest New York, the New Jersey for the extension of its road at the Philadelphia end; neither having absolute control of a through route between Philadelphia and New York. Uniting their forces whenever it was necessary to carry a scheme beneficial to them both through the Legislature, jointly making and unmaking governors and U. S. senators, even so closely connected in respect to other things as to seem to the general public almost one corporation, the two companies have, nevertheless, been at daggers drawn. The good name of New Jersey has suffered from the vassalage in which the State has been kept; the travelling public has been shamefully abused and imposed upon; but there has hitherto always been the consolation that the one tyrant kept the other in check. The treaty of Hoboken has taken away that comfort. Hereafter both the two will work in union; and their powers are not simply added together, but multiplied many times. Competition has utterly failed to protect us, and Congress is the only source whence the people—for a new road from New York to the southward is a matter of national concern—can expect help. That Congress has all the necessary power to act, we have already, as we think, shown conclusively.

◆

A WRITER in the Boston *Advertiser* has recently taken occasion to point to the prize offered by THE NATION to the person who shall, under certain conditions, send us in the largest number of subscribers, as proof that we are resorting to a species of lottery in aid of our business. We acknowledged some time ago that the *Advertiser's* philosophical method was capable of great things when applied to social phenomena, but remarked that it required very delicate handling. In this instance it has left the investigator in ignorance of what, even to the feeble mind of the general public, seems a very obvious distinction. The essence of a lottery lies in the fact that the purchaser of a "ticket" gives nothing for it but a small sum of money, and that whether he will get the prize or not depends, literally, on blind chance—the drawing of a number from a revolving wheel by a blind man or a child. Neither skill, industry, foresight, nor intelligence can affect the result in the smallest degree. The moral and social objections to lotteries are, therefore, the well-known ones which are urged against all gambling. What we have done, however, is to apply to the ordinary practice of paying commissions to persons who send us in subscribers the principle on which all competitive examinations are based. All we ask of a competitor is that he shall do a greater amount of hard work for our benefit than a certain number of other people. There is nothing in the matter of which he may not make sure except the amount of work or the measure of ability possessed by other competitors. Now, this is exactly the plan which is followed at all competitive examinations for prizes in colleges or places in the public service, in the case of prizes offered for essays, and architectural drawings, all over the world. Each candidate is required, in utter ignorance both of the number of those who will appear against him and of the nature of their qualifications, to do his best, and does not know until all is over what others have accomplished. Without uncertainty there would, of course, be no competition for anything. Most of the good things of life, wives included, are won in this way; and we know of no way in which this sort of lottery can be abolished except by the encouragement of a good breed of fortune-tellers, who, by letting everybody know what is going to happen to him, will save him the necessity of all useless exertion.

◆

TWENTY-TWO of the Fenians captured in Canada have been tried and convicted, twenty have been acquitted, forty-nine escaped by rea son of insufficient evidence or because no bill was found, three are awaiting trial, and twelve have been discharged upon bail. Stephens is one day said to be here and another day there. We believe, however, that the truth as to his whereabouts is that he is now at sea in a steamship of the French line between New York and Havre, having been escorted down the harbor about a week since by a party of friends who accompanied him from Brooklyn, where he spent the last of his stay in America, and who returned to this city in the pilot-boat when the steamer's voyage was fairly commenced. The ways of Fenianism are past finding out, and we attempt no explanation of the fact that the accompanying friendly party was in part composed of persons instrumental in the deposition of the C. O. I. R.

◆

The laconic Cable has announced in a single line such social revolutions as the actual abolition of capital punishment in Italy by the National Parliament, and in France the speedy prospect of abolishing imprisonment for debt. Italy is, we apprehend, the only country in Europe in which the death penalty is not employed with more or less frequency. Russia, with a singularity quite remarkable, was for many years a shining example to the contrary, though the substitute which she offered for the gallows would probably seldom have been the free choice of the culprit. It was one of countless contradictions in a nation which cherished at the same time the knout and tolerated slavery everywhere but in the dictionary. We may perhaps concede to the opponents of capital punishment that crime diminishes when the punishment is removed; but we shall still desire to be assured by an experiment in which the commutation to imprisonment for life shall be certainly and inflexibly enforced, and when the criminal whom to-day we think worthy to be hung, and to-morrow to end his days in prison, shall not, on the third day, by Executive pardon, be let loose upon the community.

◆

There is the greatest distress prevailing in England and on the Continent. The bad harvest of last year, the monetary crisis in England, and the extraordinary severity of the winter, are combining to produce an amount of suffering unknown since 1847. Thousands of skilled laborers in London, who are ordinarily able to earn two or three pounds a week, are breaking stones for bare food. Much the same phenomena are witnessed on the Continent. The political effect of this state of things in England is likely to be favorable to reform; and, in fact, the Queen's speech at the opening of Parliament on Tuesday, both announces a commission to enquire into the organizations of workmen and employers, with a view to improvement of the existing laws, and commits the Derby Government to a "free extension" of the elective franchise.

◆

The resignation of Count Belcredi, its acceptance by the Emperor of Austria, and the appointment of the foreign minister, Von Beust, to be president of the council of state, signify a victory won in behalf of a more liberal statecraft over the party of tradition and the *status quo;* and the credit of this, we suppose, belongs to the promoted minister. The development of his policy has been curiously, perhaps in some quarters of Europe anxiously, awaited, and thus far there has been little to show of achievement and little of promise on the part of Von Beust. But to have separated Francis Joseph from his idols is a monument of labor, at least, if not of high ability; and we shall soon see what the new favorite can accomplish for Hungary, and what he proposes to do to brace the empire to meet the impending "Eastern question."

◆

The Papal Government is, characteristically enough, abusing its last shred of power, in the last days of its wretched existence, by prohibiting Protestant worship in Rome, even in the houses of the foreign ministers. The act has, of course, called forth the strongest denunciations from the press of all civilized countries; but, as might have been expected, it has found defenders in the Fenian organs of this city, who claim for the Pope the same rights in the whole of Rome that Catholics have in their cathedral here; that is, a man may have a right to live and earn his bread in a place where he may not have the right to worship God in his own fashion. We commend this incident to the *Tribune* and General Banks as a good thing to praise for the sake of the Fenian vote.

THE FREEDMEN.

The result of the investigation of Gen. Sewall, Bureau Inspector, and Hon. W. S. Mason, of Raleigh, into the alleged illegal apprenticing of colored children in North Carolina, is, that the facts warrant the charge; that the children were bound under unlawful indentures, without consulting their parents or allowing them to protest in court. The commissioners recommend the repeal of such provisions of the law of apprenticeship as make discriminations on account of color. A bill to this effect has been introduced into the Legislature, and Gov. Worth is said to favor its passage.

—There is considerable mobility among the laboring population of North Carolina. Scarcity of work and abundance of destitution have induced many of the freedmen to emigrate under contract to Texas, Mississippi, Arkansas, and Tennessee. A movement has also taken place between Roanoke Island and the mainland, that colony having been reduced one-half since last September. This is in consequence of official orders, and is accomplished gradually, that the colonists may not suffer. The New Year dawned upon 118 schools, 122 teachers, and 3,941 pupils in North Carolina.

—The disturbance on the Cheves plantation, South Carolina, culminated on the 30th ult. in a collision in which a lieutenant of the Bureau was shot in the arm and one negro killed. The immediate causes have not transpired.

—The freedmen of Florida are seemingly prosperous, and are very generally renewing their contracts. Their number is constantly increased by arrivals from the adjoining States. The blacks among the Indian tribes of the Everglades are still held in servitude, and have appealed to the military for assistance.

—On the 31st January, the Alabama House of Representatives passed a bill to establish a public-school system, applicable to blacks and whites alike, except that the schools are not to be in common.

—The demand for labor in Mississippi is sufficient to attract immigration. Wages of $10 to $15 a month, with rations, quarters, and medical attendance, are the temptations to freedmen. The latter are industrious, and would be quite contented, except for their being prohibited by law from holding or owning real estate and from carrying fire-arms. Their schools are in good condition. Joseph Davis, a brother of Jefferson, is said to have written a recommendation of his late chattel, Mr. Benjamin F. Montgomery, to the office of postmaster at Davis Bend, he having "discharged the duties of that place from 1855 to 1861, a white man holding the appointment."

—The freedmen in Texas are unrestricted in making contracts. Military officers, in districts where there are no sub-assistant commissioners of the Bureau, are empowered, by a recent order of Gen. Griffin, to act as such. In this way the authority of the Bureau has been greatly extended.

—Obion County, in Tennessee, continues to be the scene of great lawlessness and savagery. In Logan County the blacks are miserably persecuted by "regulators," who plunder, beat, and assassinate at their infernal pleasure. The following is a copy of one species of their torments—a handbill posted in various localities:

I AM COMMITTEE.

1. No man shall squat negroes on his place unless they are all under his employ, male and female.
2. Negro women shall be employed by white persons.
3. All children shall be hired out for something.
4. Negroes found in cabins to themselves shall suffer the penalty.
5. Negroes shall not be allowed to hire negroes.
6. Idle men, women, or children shall suffer the penalty.
7. All white men found with negroes in secret places shall be dealt with, and those that hire negroes must pay promptly, and act with good faith to the negro. I will make the negro do his part, and the white must, too.
8. For the first offence is 100 lashes—the second is looking up a sapling.
9. This I do for the benefit of all, young or old, high and tall, black and white. Any one that may not like these rules may try their luck, and see whether or not I will be found doing my duty.
10. Negroes found stealing from any one, or taking from their employers to other negroes, death is the first penalty.
11. Running about late of nights shall be strictly dealt with.
12. White men and negroes, I am everywhere. I have friends in every place. Do your duty, and I will have but little to do.

Notes.

LITERARY.

Some hitherto unpublished letters of Lord Chesterfield have been lately printed in the *Athenæum*, all but one of which are addressed to his niece Gertrude, the wife of Mr. Welbore Ellis Agar. They put in no more favorable light Lord Chesterfield's morality, which has been the subject of so many diatribes, but are filled with pleasant, easy gossip on the people of the time, many of whom were distinguishing themselves in unenviable ways. One of these letters shows us that the earl's sobriety, which has been so much praised by his eulogists as an exceedingly great virtue in days when drunkenness was positively in fashion, was less owing to a religious disposition or good taste than to a weak stomach. He made a virtue of necessity, and gave up wine in order to cure himself of the vertigo.

—Victor Cousin, one of the most distinguished of modern philosophers, is dead, at the age of seventy-four. He was born in Paris in 1792, and early distinguished himself at school. In 1812 he was made assistant professor of Greek in the Normal School; in 1814, master of the conferences; and in 1815, deputy professor of philosophy in the Sorbonne, to succeed Royer-Collard. In 1820 his lectures were suspended on account of the supposed anti-monarchical tendencies of his views on free-will. After the revolution of 1830 he was restored to his chair, made a Councillor of State, a member of the Council of Public Instruction, was decorated with the cross of the Legion of Honor, and was elected a member of the French Academy. He was subsequently made a peer of France, and director of the Normal School, in which capacity he reorganized the whole system of primary instruction in France. In 1840 he sat in the Thiers cabinet as Minister of Public Instruction. His works are very numerous. He translated Plato, and Tennemann's "History of Philosophy," published many series of lectures on philosophy, and a series of studies on Jacqueline Pascal, Mme. de Longueville, Mme. de Sablé, and other great Frenchwomen. Translations of several of his philosophical works have been published in this country.

—Mr. Henry Bradshaw, of the Cambridge University Library, has made two noteworthy discoveries in that library. He has found some fragments of a Troy Book, written by John Barbour, the Scottish poet, intermixed with Lydgate's poem, in all about 2,200 lines. The evidence leaves not the slightest doubt of the authorship. Subsequently, in a MS. at Oxford, Mr. Bradshaw found 1,200 lines more of the same poem. The other finding is 40,000 lines of "Lives of the Saints," also by John Barbour. Were all librarians of English libraries as industrious as Mr. Bradshaw, many more valuable relics would doubtless be brought to light.

—Mr. R. Morris has done a very useful work for students of the English language in the book which has just been published as one of the Clarendon Press series, "Specimens of Early English, selected from the chief English Authors, A.D. 1250–1400; with Grammatical Introduction, Notes, and Glossary." A book of this kind has long been needed for our colleges and higher schools, and even advanced students have never before had the results of late study on the earlier English writers thus compactly set forth. Mr. Morris has noted and classified with great care the specialties of the early dialects, arranging them under the three heads of Northern, Midland, and Southern. The outlines of the Early English grammar are, however, based on the Southern dialect only. To each declension and conjugation is added the Anglo-Saxon one from which it was degraded, so that its origin is clearly seen. After treating all the parts of speech, Mr. Morris introduces a set of sentences as exercises on the grammar, and then begins his specimens. These include passages from every important work of the period, and are very fully and correctly annotated, with a complete glossary. It is proposed by the Oxford University Press to issue as a companion volume to this of Mr. Morris's a series of extracts illustrating the manners and customs of Early England. The idea is to make another chrestomathy of Early English, which shall give the boy or student the fullest possible picture of English home-life in the Middle Ages.

—Memoirs, even if they bring to light no new historical facts, are always interesting, because they are animated by the life of the time of which they speak, and reflect its character and paint the peculiar views of an actor in them. History rectifies their errors of detail, but the general impression remains in the mind, and we cannot thoroughly understand any epoch and its men unless we have studied them both in the historians and in the memoirs. The writer of the memoirs may not have genius, but he is not less troubled by the agitations of his age, and even if he does not write with art, through the brokenness of his style, or even the dryness of his narration, we catch sight of the man, and can reconstruct his individuality itself, independent of the details the book contains—a new index of the times gone by. It is for this reason that there is great interest in the "Journal d'un curé ligueur de Paris, sous les trois derniers Valois," which M. Edouard de Barthélemy has unearthed and annotated, and published by Didier, at Paris. It gives useful indications of the time, and especially expresses well the feeling of intolerance which was its most salient characteristic. Its author, Jehan de la Fosse, was priest of the Church of St. Barthélemy, in the centre of old Paris, just opposite the Palace. He was attached to the League and followed it with approbation in all its excesses. Zealous and ardent, he set no bound to his fanaticism and his hatred of heresy, and was opposed to every compromise or movement towards conciliation. He approves of and finds a sort of comfort in the numerous executions. He relates with a visible satisfaction the death of Jeanne d'Albret, and he does not neglect to tell us, letting it be thought an instance of divine punishment, that the Queen of Navarre died after having prevented the procession of the Fête-Dieu from passing her windows, "la maladie luy prit," he adds, "et en mourut le lundy d'après." The massacre of St. Bartholomew seems to him a very ordinary event, and there is reason to suppose that in the general excitement and trouble this horrible day did not have the importance that history has since so justly given it. Jehan de la Fosse speaks of it as a simple episode of the disturbed times: "Il y eust ce jour là, qui estoit le jour de Saint-Barthélemi, plusieurs grands seigneurs tués, lesquels avoient faict la mesme faulte que l'amiral. . . . Il y eust en ce jour beaucoup, tant hommes que femmes, tués et jetés à la rivière." The death of Coligny he relates in its minutest circumstances, plainly showing that he was an eye-witness of the indignities offered to the body. His fury continued through the reign of Henry III., opposing all that king's mild measures, and thus records his death: "Le 1ce doût fut tué Henri de Valois, par un simple religieux des Jacobins nommé frère Jacques Clément, natif de Paris, et ce *par permiscion divine*, consideré que ledict de Valois estoit de son naturel fort cruel et vindicatif, ne respirant aultre chose en son cœur que mauvaiseté et vengeance, principalement contre la ville de Paris dès le jour des Barricades." These terrible twenty-seven years taught him nothing; he refused to recognize Henry IV. as king, and was expelled from Paris. Here his journal ends, and all other trace of him is lost.

—The new German Christmas publications have not been so noteworthy this year as usual. Of the illustrated works the best is the "Journey in Pictures," a series of eighteen well-executed chromolithographs designed by Hermine Stilke. The traveller, starting in spring-time from an imaginary lake in Germany, is conducted by his pleasing courier through the Hartz and along the Rhine to Switzerland, thence through Italy by way of Rome and Naples, back towards Salzburg and Prague, returning home in the depth of winter. The name of the "Düsseldorf Artists' Album" has been changed to the "German Artists' Album," as the present volume (XVI.) of that well-known annual contains contributions from many artists who have never been connected with the Düsseldorf school. The two books which are attracting the most attention are the "Dörchläuting," a narrative in the Mecklenburg dialect by Herr Reuter, and Freytag's "Mittelalter." The first is one of those books of which one can give no idea except by quotations. Absolutely without plot, it is only a series of pictures, to which the quaint dialect in which it is written has given a pleasing vividness. The "Mittelalter," by Gustav Freytag, is introductory to his already published "Bilder aus der deutschen Vergangenheit" and "Neue Bilder aus dem Leben des deutschen Volkes." As these are being translated into English, we shall soon have an opportunity of reading them and of forming our own opinions. It is to be hoped that their English interpreter will do his work more skilfully than the one who rendered "Soll und Haben" into "Debit and Credit."

—A new edition of the "Compendium der vergleichenden Grammatik der Indo-germanischen Sprachen" (Compendium of the Comparative Grammar of the Indo-Germanic Languages), by Professor Schleicher, of Jena, has just been published. To be out of print in less than two years after publication is a rare honor for a scientific book in Germany. Professors Kuhn, Curtius, of Leipzig, and Meyer have assisted the author in the preparation of this new edition, which contains quite material alterations, especially in regard to the word formation of the old Bactrian and Persian languages. The first volume of Professor Bopp's new edition of his "Sanscritum Glossarium" is out; the second will appear early next year. The great advances made in the study of Sanscrit during the twenty years that the old edition has been in use have, of course, demanded an entire revision of the text. A new impression of his "Comparative Grammar," translated into English by Mr. Thomas Wright, and into French by M. Bréal, is also promised. The interesting fragment of Bhagavatî, discovered by Prof. Weber, is said to show that the Jaina religion differs from the other Indian religions *in toto.* A number of Roman inscriptions has been uncovered at government expense at Tria, on the Rhine. That they are not original, and that their forger knew so little of Latin that he has made many grammatical mistakes, has been quite conclusively shown by Professors Mommsen, of Berlin, and Brambe, of Freiburg (Baden). The latter has just published a very readable "Sammlung der römischen Inschriften im Rheinland" (Collection of the Roman Inscriptions in the Rhine Countries). The latest text-books are two Latin grammars, by Professor Neue, of Dorpat, in Russia, and by Professor Bücheler, of Greifswald. A new edition of Professor Curtius's "Griechische Etymologie" is in press.

—The small remnant of the past generation of Berlin men of the town read lately the announcement of the death of Herr Kranzler, whose *café*, during the quarter of a century preceding 1850, was their rendezvous. Situated in the most frequented part of "Unter den Linden," and protected, by the standing of its customers, from all intrusion of lewd fellows of the baser sort, Kranzler's conditorei was even as far back as 1820 the favorite resort of the beaux and wits of the city. While they sipped their coffee or chocolate after dinner, outside in summer and behind the windows in winter, they discussed till 1830 the merits and demerits of Roman Catholicism and Protestantism. About 1830 literary matters began to supply them absorbing themes; then a new opera, a new play, or even a new song, or a new ballet dancer, was sufficient to arouse them all. About 1837 it became *à la mode* to talk of Hegel, and to puzzle one another with questions suggested by his subtle theories. Kranzler's friends had become weary of this unsubstantial pabulum when '48 came with its queries and suggestions. After the uprising in 1848, political discussions were tabooed in open places, so the pleasant corner was resigned to the officers of the guard, who have passed it over to bankers and merchants. Every now and then some old gentleman revisits the place, and, as he comes away, speaks with a sneer of the conversations he now hears of stock companies and of inventions, of which the old habitués never spoke or knew. Those pleasant reunions are things of yore, and though many could be found willing to take the mantle of him who did so much to make them pleasant, none could wear it now.

EDUCATIONAL.

We have read with more than common interest the third annual report (1866) of the Superintendent of Free Schools in the State of West Virginia. Extraordinary difficulties beset the establishment of a good school system in this newly-organized commonwealth. The war, the deranged currency, the poor schools already in existence, the scattered population of many extended districts, the absence of books and newspapers, and the general apathy in respect to intellectual culture, were a part of the obstacles which embarrassed the friends of progress. Judging from the report, the lead has been taken by the right sort of men. Three hundred and fifteen school-houses were erected during the year, and two hundred more are in progress. A normal school, teachers' institutes, an educational journal, and a State board for the examination of teachers, are demanded. To induce teachers to establish themselves in the less attractive districts, it is proposed to offer teachers homesteads at low prices. The greatest difficulty of all is to secure local school officers competent and efficient.

The city of Wheeling has for some years past stood well in educational matters, and its example is likely to be of value throughout the State. We wish every one of the Southern States could show as good a beginning in the way of public instruction as this rising State. The boldness with which the phrase "free schools" is made a part of the official title of the department, instead of the more usual terms "public schools" and "common schools," is a significant sign of "the freedom" now enjoyed by a community long fettered.

—The sixth biennial report of the Superintendent of Public Instruction of Illinois presents the statistics for 1865–6. The expenditures in these years were above seven and a half million dollars, nearly four and a half million having been spent in 1866. The number of pupils in the schools, in proportion to the whole number of persons between six and twenty-one years of age, was a little larger in the latter year than in the former. The re-employment of male teachers in schools which, owing to the demands of the war, were put under charge of women, accounts for an increase of 653 in the number of masters, while the number of female teachers became less by 389. Private schools have decreased thirteen per cent., while graded schools have increased twenty per cent. The number of pupils in public and private schools is about 635,000 for 1866. The number of districts is a little less than in 1865. The Superintendent, Hon. Newton Bateman, strongly urges the adoption of the township as the unit for school affairs. Thirty-eight thousand officers are required to carry on the present system. The need of added help in the Superintendent's office (no deputy has ever been allowed in that great State), agricultural colleges, the relation of colleges to public schools, the Normal University, are among the topics here vigorously discussed.

BAYARD TAYLOR IN COLORADO.*

Mr. Ross Browne, we believe, is afraid, at any rate he represents himself as being afraid, to return on his old track of travel and go back to the people of Nevada and other Rocky Mountain districts. Another and greater Browne, A. Ward, is, if we are not mistaken, persuaded in his own mind that it would be highly inexpedient for him to revisit the Land of the Honey Bee or to ride again across the Plains. We fear that the population at various points along the route of Mr. Bowles look on that excellent traveller as a calumniator and regard him with undissembled hostility. For our far Western people hotly resent the telling of harsh truths about them and their domain, and would have none but good accounts of them go forth to their fellow-countrymen and the rest of mankind. This desire, said to be strong in all Americans, is in the breast of the Western man particularly strong. He loves the place of his residence—too often "he loves and he rides away"—with a proud fondness, a fervor of affection that seems nearly unaccountable. Among us of the seaboard, only the Bostonians, we imagine, can be compared in this respect with the more permanent residents of Chicago or Cincinnati, or St. Louis or Buckskin Joe, or Black Hawk or Golden City or Central City, or whatever other cities are "bound to be the biggest in the whole West, sir." The reasons for this state of feeling we do not propose to seek. As for Mr. Taylor, the latest traveller into those parts, we should say that if he wants to live honored and die happy, he could not do better than fix his future abode in Colorado or any other point west of the Mississippi. He displays an admiration for that region which must make him a host of friends there. For instance, the liberality of sentiment displayed in the following passage ought to procure for him, from every journal in the mining districts, the encomium of being "a most genial critic and acute observer" of Western life and manners:

> "The people pointed out to me a tree to which some of them had hung a Mexican, last week, on account of an attempted assault upon two ladies of the place. The criminal was taken from the sheriff's hands and lynched; and the few remaining Mexican residents, who appear to have had no fellowship with him, are ordered to leave the place. Affairs of this kind make an unpleasant impression."

About "square meals," which appear to consist mainly of pork-fat fried brown, coffee black and strong, and biscuits described by the Colorado landlords as being "sad"—that is, we presume, heavy to a melancholy degree—he is very outspoken, and he is wonderfully disgusted with what he considers the "vulgar and snobbish" habit prevailing between Illinois and California of calling every little collection of houses a "city;" but on almost all topics of which he treats he is enthusiastically commendatory. The scenery, the soil, the air, the mineral wealth, the glorious prospects of these Rocky Mountain territories delight him. As vision after vision of beauty unfolds itself to the eye of the traveller, he pays them compliments which the pleased frontiersmen will, no doubt, accept as eagerly as an ordinary Congressman the editorial article which likens him to a patriot of Plutarch's or the mother of the Gracchi. Naturally, they will rejoice on being told that Lawrence and the country about it reminded Mr. Taylor of a picture from Europe; that another part of Kansas recalled to his memory the valleys of Epernay; that Pike's Peak seemed to him to resemble that of the Jungfrau; that, save the hills of Palestine in May, he had seen nothing to equal the immense prairie gardens of natural bloom; that the average height of the Rocky Mountains exceeds the height of the Alps; that the fresh, delicious air of the Plains rivals the breeze of the Sahara itself; that in Colorado there are ledges resembling the Apennines of the Old World; that the best hotels of New York are no better than the Pacific Hotel in Denver City; that ladies accustomed to the air and scenery and society of that town return to Denver with joy after an absence in the East; that, finally, the wonders of Colorado have never yet been half explored, and the mineral riches of that territory and its neighbors are beyond computation; that the western portions of Iowa and Missouri and the States of Nebraska and Kansas constitute the largest unbroken tract of splendid farming land in the world, and that Colorado is so rapidly increasing in population, and shows herself so well able to support population as fast as it comes, that neither the veto power, nor any other power, will long be able to keep her out of the Union.

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* "Colorado: A Summer Trip. By Bayard Taylor." New York: G. P. Putnam & Son. 1867. 16mo, pp. 185.

All this is encouraging, and, judging by the glimpses Mr. Taylor gives us, we are disposed to agree with him in holding a very high opinion of the future of these regions as parts of the Republic, and of their present excellence in point of natural wealth and beauty. The volume is composed of letters written for the New York *Tribune* by Mr. Taylor during a summer's trip, and is now republished, he informs us, chiefly for the use of Colorado readers. For them it will have an interest by reason of its many local details which for us here it does not possess. There are some facts in it not known before, and, as such, worth knowing. But the fact is that any book which shall be written now about Colorado, in order to be of any great or permanent value, must be written in a way the reverse of desultory and hasty. It would be possible to prepare now a valuable, probably a pretty nearly exhaustive, report on the fauna and flora of Colorado, its mineral resources, its climate, its soil and productions, the advantages it offers to immigrants, and so forth; but such a report would have to be prepared by accomplished and laborious scientific explorers and observers. Any description of the present state of society there a very few years, we may almost say a very few months, would render obsolete. The remaining thing possible to be done now is to give a vivid description of the existing civilization and a very general account of the region, its scenery, soil, and the rest. This well done would be entertaining, if not particularly useful, reading. Two months' travel, however, would hardly fit a man for doing it, and the book before us seems to us not a great success in that direction. We do not regard the failure as a thing much to be regretted; Colorado can wait.

In conclusion, we may add that Mr. Taylor's known abilities in the way of description, often before exercised on subjects we dare say more to his taste, have not failed him. It is true at any rate that in this case they seem to have been employed more sparingly than would have been agreeable, somewhat too infrequently to relieve the rather tiresome journal of travel. We append a graphic description of a sudden storm on the Plains:

> "The green of the Plains here began to be varied with belts of dark purple, which we found to be what is called 'bunch grass,' a very fine and wiry growth, but said to be excellent forage. At a distance it resembled the heather bloom on the English moors. Over these brilliant green and purple tints the snowy fortresses of chalk started up with a dazzling effect. There is not the least approach to monotony in the scenery of the Plains; but continual, inspiring change.
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> "We were to have another new experience that day. Our route, for some distance, lay over an elevated plateau, around which, for an hour or two, dark thunder-clouds collected. Out of one of these dropped a curtain of rain, grey in the centre, but of an intense indigo hue at the edges. It slowly passed us on the north, split, from one minute to another, by streaks of vivid rose-colored lightning, followed by deafening detonating peals; when, just as we seemed to have escaped, it suddenly wheeled and burst upon us.
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> "It was like a white squall on a tropic sea. We had not lowered the canvas curtains of the coach before a dam gave way over our heads, and a torrent of mingled wind, rain, hail, and thunder overwhelmed us. The driver turned his mules as far as possible away from the wind, and stopped; the coach rocked and reeled as if about to overturn; the hail smote like volleys of musketry, and in less than fifteen minutes the whole plain lay four inches under water. I have never witnessed anything even approaching the violence of this storm; it was a marvel that the mules escaped with their lives. The bullets of hail were nearly as large as pigeons' eggs, and the lightning played around us like a succession of Bengal fires. We laid the rifles in the bottom of the coach, and for half an hour sat in silence, holding down the curtain, and expecting every moment to be overturned. Then the tornado suddenly took breath, commenced again twice or thrice, and ceased as unexpectedly as it came."

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DRAWING-BOOKS FOR SCHOOLS.*

THE two books whose titles are given below belong to a class which seems to have nearly superseded the "drawing books" of our childhood, with their gates and churns and cottages in coarse outline, followed by the same things "shaded." There are, fortunately, but few teachers of drawing now who still teach "drawing from the flat," as the euphemistic expression is for making bad copies of worthless lithographs. Not that there is actually no sale for drawing cards and the like; they still go off rapidly enough, and there still are schools where such things are used, but it is almost confessedly as a means of using up unoccupied time. Children who have six hours to stay in school, but whose lesson-getting capacity is gauged by four hours' recitation, may as well play with lead-pencils and paper as with anything else for the rest of the time.

The "object-lessons" of these and similar books are open to the suspicion of being used very often in the same way. The young children for whom such lessons are intended are sent to school rather to be kept out of mischief than to be taught; and the earlier lessons of both these books seem meant for innocent pastime rather than instruction. There is always a certain nonsensical look about these great machines for producing small results. We dimly remember that in one of the "Rollo Books," Mrs. Holiday teaches little Thanny to "take notice" by exhibiting oranges and the like. But the necessity of such a system is hardly obvious, because, whether "to read and write comes by nature" or not, the faculty of observing certainly does, and that betimes. It undoubtedly needs culture; and learning to draw is undoubtedly the one specific for cultivating it aright. But then it must be learning to draw in earnest, by trying to represent things which exist, *as* they exist. Now, let us look at Mr. Goodison's book. The first lesson will pass; it is a good first lesson and rightly put, the dialogue between teacher and pupils intelligently contrived to attract the pupils' attention. A slate is to be abstractly rendered by two parallel lines for top piece of frame, two at right angles with these for the left-hand side, and so on; and the space within the supposed frame is to be shaded a little to suggest the dark slate itself. This is good. The children are taken right "to nature," so to speak. A well-defined solid object is offered them, and they are shown how to seize some vital points of it, straightness of sides, rightness of angles, and even something of what a painter would call its "local color." Then, for fifteen lessons we find alternately such object-lessons as the fires, school-room doors, and windows to be represented, and, alternately with these, exercises of parallel lines, etc.; passable practice. In Lesson XVI. we are told to draw a room end, which is described. In Lesson XVIII., a building, also from description. And then follow similar lessons, in which things are to be drawn from memory, from rules given, and even from *pasteboard models*. The teacher is instructed to make models in pasteboard or shingle of a board fence, picket fence, a ladder, a pair of shears, a clock, one side of a wagon. Now the difficulty with this sort of work is that the pupils are directly led away from nature and facts. The good start given by the first few lessons will be soon lost to the class who go on with such trifling as this. To make the children put down lines from your vague description or vaguer pasteboard model of a somewhat complicated object is not drawing at all; it is not even object-lesson teaching. And, just as the first lesson led children to observe the essential facts about a slate, so these lessons will teach them to ignore the essential facts about an ox-yoke or a bucksaw, which are represented to them as flat silhouettes (for so we understand the idea of pasteboard models) and not as solid bodies. The tendency is always farther and farther away from the nature of things and from the appearance of things—which are the two lessons to be learned from practice in drawing—and nearer and nearer to the system of drawing

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* "Drawing from Objects. A Manual for the Teachers and Pupils of the Common Schools. By Professor John Goodison." New York: Ivison, Phinney, Blakeman & Co. 1866.

"Principles of Linear and Perspective Drawing for the Training of the Eye and Hand. Adapted for the use of Public and Private Schools. By William B. ~~Towle~~." New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1866. Fowle which the author truly says in his preface is vicious, copying representations and descriptions of things instead of things themselves.

In the second part the bad tendencies of the first part are carried farther, although, still like the first part, it begins well. The pupils are shown how to prepare geometrical solids for themselves. But the next step is not going to work to draw them carefully, but learning a long lesson on the first principles of perspective. And these principles are not clearly stated. Insufficient and trivial as they are in themselves—the principles of a pseudo-science, useful to know a little of, but a terribly dangerous staff to trust to, used by workmen like a pocket-knife, which will do a few things that no other tool will do so handily, but very limited in its uses—slight as these rules are, they are mixed up with a number of arbitrary directions not needed in this place, and these pages of the second course are little more than a burden upon the memory. The best perspective, as we have said, is a very ignoble thing—art, or science, or whatever it is—but the book before us gives to its students page after page of a false kind of perspective, a sham perspective, which is of no use whatever. No method of mathematical perspective drawing which is in common use gives actually true results in all cases; but this is a process which cannot by any possibility ever give a true result. Every student of drawing will understand what this is when we say that it consists of drawing in elevation one face of the object under treatment, and showing other faces as bounded by vanishing lines. One diagram showing this plan may be useful in a treatise on perspective. And once, in the course of a tolerably long familiarity with all the tricks and changes of mechanical drawing, we found this way of drawing a machine, though wholly false, yet handy. But it has no business whatever in this book. It is doubtful if any word about perspective has, though without it the book would be of noticeably smaller size. Three-quarters of it are devoted to rules and problems of perspective. And in all this we have found only two or three hints at that real perspective which has the value of producing approximately truthful results.

We need hardly say that the author's praise of perspective drawing in the beginning of the Third Course (p. 38) seems to us wholly misapplied and wrong. In learning "drawing from objects," the laws of perspective are about as useful as the laws of optics—that is, very seldom of any use at all.

Mr. Towle's book is almost entirely a treatise on popular applications of geometry. The first "class" has to do with squares, triangles, rhombs, etc., not as things to work out theorems with, but as things to draw on the blackboard from description. The second class is devoted to prisms, pyramids, and the like; the third class, to circles and their tangents and divisions; the fourth class, to solids of circular section. All this is well; it can be rapidly gone through—and much time ought not to be spent upon it—but it is a very good way to teach children a little about geometry while they also use pencil and ruler with increasing dexterity. With the fifth class we begin to find trouble. A number of profiles of architectural mouldings are given, and, although we do not accept the author's nomenclature, that is of small importance. But there follows these a "pedestal," then a vase, an ewer and basin, a bowl, etc., which figures are all in outline and shown as flat, though carefully described as round, and whose outlines are reduced, as far as possible, to circles, ellipses, and straight lines. The drawings are wretched, and cannot be used as models to copy from, but it does not seem meant that they should be. "The body is formed of a half ellipse, surmounted by a fancy curve," is said of a soup tureen (here called a Turenne, as if named after the Maréchal, "a highly merited compliment," as Holmes would say); it appears that something is to be made to suit the pupil, or perhaps the teacher, which must, however, be semi-elliptical below and "fanciful" above. These words, *fancy* and *fanciful*, are favorite words with the author, and describe every form not to be mathematically classified.

The sixth class introduces four of the dear old five orders, which are named, and then briefly described in words of which the ignorant brevity is delicious. And we are told that these orders of architecture are "modes of arranging the parts of a building;" that "each has three principal parts," of which "the pedestal is often omitted and its place supplied by a plinth only;" that in this latter case "the order is reduced to two parts only," and so on for two pages. There is an essay on modules, and some extraordinary statements therein contained, as, for instance, that in the Ionic order "the intercolumniation, or space between the bases of two columns, is 4⅔ modules!" That is excellent, and there are a number of such funny things throughout this brief treatise on classical architecture. It ends with a plate of the four favored orders, from which, like Macbeth's face, men may read strange matters and get strange ideas of Mr. Towle's architectural authorities.

Those who remember that famous Western high road which tapered off to a by-road, a cart-track, a horse-trail, a footpath, and finally ended in a squirrel track and ran up a tree, will be able to form an idea of the way in which this book descends from its architectural flights to various empirical maxims for the drawing of ellipses and sham ellipses made up of areas of circles; then to perspective, for a dozen pages, with no more than usual success, that is, no success at all; and ends in very simple problems in arithmetic applied to geometrical forms. But the squirrel track is the best worth following, for it is well to learn how to find the area of a square or the solid contents of a cube, and these final pages are a sort of appendix to the school arithmetic books, some of which works have nothing of the kind. The author's inaccurate way of using words and treating his subject follows him even here, as when he calls a cube a "solid square," as when (p. 81) he leaves his pupils to extract the square root as they can or if they can, not even hinting that it is sometimes harder to do than in the case he gives (25), and as when this astonishing problem is stated—to find the circumference of a circle when lengthened out into a right line!

It is a crying evil that such worthless school-books as these should find publishers, and in the regular way of trade should be advertised and puffed until they are adopted in schools, and begin to confuse and distract the minds of all the good scholars. The idle ones take care of themselves, and at twenty are healthier than the good ones, and have not lost much by giving such books as these the go-by.

THE MAGNOLIA.*

THIS is not the *magnolia grandiflora;* Wordsworth's towering

. . . . "magnolia spread
High as a cloud, high overhead."

It is rather, as the device proclaims which adorns the cover of the volume, the beautiful sweet-bay, as we have heard them call it in the Carolinas, which hides itself in remote spots and fills with delicious breath the places where it blooms half concealed. The book is a collection of some twenty or thirty poems by Dr. Thomas W. Parsons, whose true rank among American poets is far higher than his recognition as a poet is widespread.

But his merits are not such as have ever commanded popularity; indeed, they are not of the highest order, although it is true that some of them are of the rarest order. The essential poetical quality, imagination, which has been defined as having a two-fold operation, that of giving feelings, thoughts, and sentiments embodiment in sublime and beautiful poems, and on the other hand that of clothing the material universe with spiritual meanings which the soul furnishes—this highest power he possesses, but he does not possess it in full measure. And perhaps, too, he feels in himself that lack which, in his latest poem, one printed in the last number of "The Galaxy," he seems to attribute to another, when he says:

"And something rough and resolute and sour
Must with the sweetness of the soul combine,
For, although gentleness be part of power,
'T is only strength makes gentleness divine."

There is nothing in his verse that positively indicates this weakness unless we assign that character to some mild little jests that may be found here and there; but negative indications there are. Strength and justness of thought are not wanting, and no weak nature ever attained such precision of thought and such mastery of language; the words, nicely chosen, exactly fit. But such mastery may be reached by a nature not very strong, but which, well balanced, cultured to a high degree, marked by modesty and reserve, has learned the limitations of its strength and wisely refuses tasks beyond it. Scholarly, then, thoughtful, rich in delicate, melancholy sentiment, models, in their somewhat limited range, of the right use of English; delightfully calm, full of goodness, but without heat of passion or high flight of imagination or great force of thought, these poems please rather than stir the soul, and it is no wonder that the circle which they please is small. And it is for us, and not for the author, to be sorry that half a dozen names of poets—half a dozen of whom would not make one like him—overlay his name and keep it hid from the eyes of most. We could wish for room in which to lay before our readers some of Mr. Parson's longer poems, that, for instance, "On a Bust of Dante," to which the best judges give the highest praise, and which would deserve a place in the most critically selected treasury of American poetry. But here is a brief strain of graceful poetry, which the last line mars, that we copy from some stanzas addressed to spring lilacs:

"Thy perfume, like a flageolet
That once by dark Bolsena's lake,
  What time the sun made golden set,
  I heard (and seem to hear it yet),
A thousand memories doth awake
  Of busy boyhood's vanished powers;
    Of young ambition flushed with praise;

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* "The Magnolia. T. W. Parsons." Cambridge: John Wilson & Sons. New York: David G. Francis.

> Of old companions, and of hours
> That had the sunshine of whole days!
> Of Italy, and Roman ways;
> Of Tuscan ladies, courteous, fair,
> And kind as beautiful—forbear,
> O Memory!—those impassioned eyes!
> Beware! for that way madness lies."

An allusion in another stanza of this poem leads us to observe that, owing to the way in which the materials for this volume were gathered, it affords not so good means of judging the poet as other volumes of his which were originally intended for the public eye. We close with the following fine poem, "Her Epitaph," finished—except that it is unliterary and marked by a most natural ease—almost as Gray himself might have finished it; in which grief is tempered and colored and made beautiful by imagination; in which resignation is so sweetly expressed that the poem ought to become a classic:

> "The handful here, that once was Mary's earth,
> Held, while it breathed, so beautiful a soul
> That, when she died, all recognized her birth,
> And had their sorrow in serene control.
>
> "'Not here! not here!' to every mourner's heart
> The wintry wind seemed whispering round her bier;
> And when the tomb door opened, with a start
> We heard it echoed from within—'Not here!'
>
> "Shouldst thou, sad pilgrim, who mayst hither pass,
> Note in these flowers a delicater hue,
> Should spring come earlier to this hallowed grass,
> Or the bee later linger on the dew,—
>
> "Know that her spirit to her body lent
> Such sweetness, grace, as only goodness can;
> That even her dust, and this her monument,
> Have yet a spell to stay one lonely man,—
>
> "Lonely through life, but looking for the day
> When what is mortal of himself shall sleep;
> When human passion shall have passed away,
> And Love no longer be a thing to weep."

The volume in which these pieces are bound is a beautiful one. It was prepared by friends of the poet as a gift to him, and has the thick paper, the immense margins, the careful printing (and whatever else makes books handsome), which in a volume designed to answer such an end seem entirely fit. As may be supposed, but very few copies are on sale—some at Little & Brown's, in Boston, some at the store of Mr. Francis, in Broadway.

NOTES ON THE NEW EDITION OF WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY.

NUMBER XI.—STATISTICS OF THE VOCABULARY.

In entering upon this fruitful subject, I think it right to repeat the declaration, that I do not seek for errors or omissions, but point out only such mistakes and defects as accident has brought under my notice. At the same time, in order to count and classify the words composing the vocabulary, a somewhat careful examination of the word-list must be made, and in this process imperfections which have not yet betrayed themselves to me will doubtless be detected. All such will be noted in the order in which I fall upon them, without attempt at any more systematic arrangement.

Some of the difficulties in the way of making an actual enumeration of the words in any given dictionary have already been mentioned. It is probable that others will arise as I proceed in my task, and as I must go quite through the letter A before giving results, it seems to me that I shall make myself best understood by discussing questions as they come up in the course of the enumeration, and thus illustrating the principles and rules I follow by showing the application of them in actual practice.

The problem proposed is to determine the number of words rightfully introduced into this vocabulary as English, to point out the proximate etymological sources from which they have been taken, and to distribute them into grammatical classes. For a complete census of the vocabulary many other points ought to be considered; but we must stop somewhere, and there is room for the fear that what I have already proposed will overtask the patience of the reader.

To begin, then, with the first page of the dictionary. The separate titles or articles are as follows: A, Aam, Aard-vark, Aaronic and Aaronical; Aaron's-rod; Ab, Latin prefix; Ab, noun; Abaca, Abaciscus, Abacist; Aback, adverb; Aback, noun; Abacot, Abactor, Abaculus, Abacus, Abaddon; Abaft, preposition; Abaft, adverb; Abaisance, Abaiser, Abalienate, Abalienation, Aband—twenty-four in all; for the editors rightly treat the two forms, *Aaronic* and *Aaronical*, as a single word, and group them under a common definition. Now, how many words entitled, as English words, to a place in an English dictionary are contained in this list? First, is the *letter* A a *word* at all? It is the *name* of an alphabetic character and may be used as a nominative case, thus: "A is the first letter of all the European alphabets;" or as an objective, thus: "The box was marked with an A." Hence, though in certain cases the letter A is a mere element of words, in others it is a part of speech, and therefore a word. Again, A is used as an indefinite article. In this sense it was originally the Anglo-Saxon numeral adjective *an*, one, and has been contracted to a single vowel for euphonic reasons. The article is a part of speech, a word. Further; to their definition of A as the indefinite article, the editors add: "In such expressions as 'twenty leagues *a* day,' 'a hundred pounds *a* year,' 'a dollar *a* yard,' etc., it denotes each, every." It is true that in these and other like expressions the particle A may be said in a loose way to "denote," or rather to imply, "each, every." But the editors evidently consider A in these cases as identical with the indefinite article, and the passage I have just quoted is intended to illustrate one of the uses and meanings of the article. This is an error. In this use A is a preposition, and the observation of the editors belongs, if anywhere, to their fifth specification, in which they trace what they call the prefix in *afoot* to a prepositional origin. That in the examples before us, A is not an article, but a preposition, might be inferred, analogically, from the usage of the cognate languages. Thus, in Mœso-Gothic, Luke's Gospel, xvii. 4, we read: "Jah jabai sibun sintham *ana* dag fravaurkjai." The Mœso-Gothic *ana* corresponds in meaning, as well as in form, nearly to the Greek *ἀγά*, as also to the German *an*, and the Anglo-Saxon *on*, and is, in the phrase just quoted, certainly a preposition. So in Danish: "Tlan faaer ti Daler *om* Dagen, *om* Maaneden, *om* Aaret;" he receives ten dollars *a* day, *a* month, *a* year. "Han kommer kun eengang *om* Aaret;" he comes only once *a* year. *Om* is unquestionably a preposition. The French also has the same construction: "Il gagne six francs *par* jour." "Il ne mange que deux fois *par* jour." He earns six francs *a* day; he eats only twice *a* day. But we have better evidence still. The Anglo-Saxon Gospel of Luke xvii. 4 has: "And gif he *on* dæg seofensithum syngath." If he transgress seven times *a* day. So in Aelfric's Colloquies: "And melce hig tweówa *on* dæg;" and milk them twice *a* day. Nobody will dispute that in these cases *on* is a preposition, and every Anglo-Saxon scholar knows that in the phrases *a-foot, a-sleep, a-hunting*, and the like, the *a* is simply the Anglicized modern form of the A.-S. preposition *on*. *A* dæi occurs in "Layamon," Vol. II., pp. 224, 401, and *a* dai in the "Owl and Nightingale," v. 89, in the sense of *by* day, where, of course, it can only be from A.-S. *on;* and in Chaucer's "Court of Love," stanza 50, we have "twenty sithe *aday*." Upon the whole, there is no doubt whatever that in the modern *a-day*, now-*a*-days, *a*-year, etc., the *a* is the A.-S. preposition *on;* and thus we have the first word in our list, A, in a third meaning and third grammatical category. Under the third specification, the editors notice the use of *a* for *I, he*, and even *have*, as a barbarous corruption. Examples of this last vulgarism occur in Lord Berners' Froissart, and even in Sir Thomas More; but they are probably to be ascribed to the ignorance of the printer rather than of the authors, and as, in those uses, it is a mere corruption, it should not be treated as really a word in our enumeration. A is also the name of a tone in music; it is the first of the seven dominical letters in the Julian calendar, and it is often used as a numeral instead of one. In these three, and in other analogous cases, it is merely the *first* letter of the Roman alphabet employed to indicate the *first* place in other series. The meaning is substantially the same in all of them, and there seems to be no good reason for making A, in any of these last uses, a distinct word from the alphabetic A.

To sum up: We have A as the name of a letter, a noun; as an indefinite article; as a preposition; and again as a noun indicating priority of position. Counting the first and fourth meanings as properly but different applications of the same vocable, we find in A three words distinct in meaning, distinct in grammatical class, distinct in origin. It is plain, therefore, that A must be treated not as no *word* at all, or even as only one word, but as three; and from our examination of the title A we appear to be safe in laying down these rules:

First. Words identical in form, etymology, and grammatical class, though more or less differenced in meaning, are to be counted but once. This rule is exemplified in A, the name of the *first* letter of the alphabet, of the *first* tone of a musical scale, of the *first* dominical letter in the Julian calendar, and of the *first* in any series—all identical in form, all one letter in the Latin alphabet, and all nouns.

Second. Words identical in form, but different in etymology, should be counted separately; exemplified in A, the name of a letter, from the Latin A; A, the indefinite article, from the A.-S. numeral adjective *an*, one; A, a preposition, from the A.-S. preposition *on*.

The next word in the list which raises any question of principle in regard to enumeration is *Aaronic, Aaronical.* First: Do these two forms constitute two words, or are they too nearly identical to be fairly distinguishable? They do not appear to be discriminated at all in actual use, and it is probably a mere point for the ear, not for the intellect, to determine whether, in a given case, the one shall be employed rather than the other. Both are adjectives ; both are derived from the proper name *Aaron*. They are, therefore, the same in grammatical class, the same in etymology, and they are nearly identical in form. This case suggests rule

Third. Words identical in grammatical class, in etymology, and in meaning, but varying in termination according to the euphonic taste of the person employing them, are to be counted but once.

This rule, it must be admitted, is wanting in precision ; but at the moment I cannot substitute a better. Perhaps some improvement in the formulation of it will suggest itself as we proceed.

But behind the question we have just considered lies a more radical one still. Are *Aaronic* and *Aaronical* justly entitled to a place at all as English words in our vocabulary ? This is a difficult point, and I am by no means clear as to the proper answer ; but, as at present advised, I incline to reject them as, though English grammatical forms, not truly English common words. They still retain the quality of the proper name, and in their use they are limited to things belonging personally to, or derived from, *Aaron*. They have not become generic epithets, like *Ciceronian*, for instance, which, in such phrases as "he spoke with *Ciceronian* eloquence," means merely that the orator's discourse was distinguished by eloquence, amplitude, and logic, not that it was fashioned strictly after the model of *Cicero's* Orations or in accordance with the rules laid down in *Cicero's* rhetorical treatises. The objection to the introduction of such words is that their number is infinite ; and if we are to admit *Aaronic* we cannot exclude *Byronic*, *Napoleonic*—for both of which there is abundant authority—and so on *ad libitum*. Provisorily, therefore, I adopt rule

Fourth. Words formed from *proper* names, and still limited to express something directly connected with the person from whose name they are taken, and therefore not become *common* or generic, are not to be counted.

The next word on the first page, *Aaron's-rod*, does not come within this exclusion, both because the proper name is only employed in composition with an English radical, and because the word is generic in its use, and is from a fancied vague resemblance to the wonder-working rod of Aaron, applied to a form of architectural decoration not otherwise related to the object from which it takes its name. While on this subject we may as well dispose of the whole question relating to proper names and derivatives from them. No one would contend that if the editors of Webster had chosen to copy Lippincott's gazetteer into their dictionary, the names of places thus introduced ought to be counted as constituents of the English vocabulary, and it is evident that geographical proper names have no better claim than personal names. The same principle applies also to derivatives from both. Ethnological, geographical, and personal appellatives *as such* have no right to claim a place in any word-books but geographical and biographical dictionaries. Words of this class may, however, be entitled to admission by acquiring a signification distinct from their geographical or personal meaning. Thus *Asiatic* is used not merely as a designation of things properly belonging to the continent of *Asia*, but, generically, of analogous things, and it has accordingly become a *common* epithet. If one were to say of a rich American democrat that he entertained his friends with *Asiatic* luxury and *regal* splendor, nobody would understand that bird's-nests, shark's fins, and trepang were served up to them, or that he received them sitting upon a golden throne. In such cases the epithet is simply an intensive or term of comparison, its etymological meaning is lost altogether, and hence the rule just stated has no more application to them than a similar principle would have, in a German dictionary, to the word *Kaiser*, emperor, which notoriously comes from the Latin proper name Cæsar.

G. P. M.

Harvard Memorial Biographies. (Cambridge : Sever & Francis. 2 vols. 8vo. 1866. E. P. Dutton & Co., Boston.)—Possibly these lives, edited by classmate, relative, or bosom friend, may resemble somewhat those which commonly get upon tombstones. When one addresses not a remote posterity, but the stricken survivors of the lately dead, he will hardly neglect the respectable monition, *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*. If this practice serves to confound the motives of common actions, and suppresses the inspiring contrast between a worthless beginning and a glorious end of the human career, it has on this account a perhaps higher value as bringing into sharp relief that human sympathy which, on every grand occasion, demonstrates the essential unity of the race. But though professedly memorial, and therefore consolatory rather than critical or didactic, these biographies are remarkable for candor and truthfulness. They are even characterized by moderateness of statement and a tacit agreement to say little beyond the narrative, which tells so much. Where they are autobiographical—and they are largely so—some history of events but more revelation of character is obtained. And we are let in very close to the secret thoughts of the deceased. It is encouraging to turn from what seems a barren, even if diminishing, strife of sects, and a seeming decadence of the church, to the intimate connection here shown between the new birth into religion and the patriotic sacrifice on the field of battle. The old bloods, too, reappear—Mayflower, Roger Williams, Huguenot, F. F. V., laughing to scorn the ethnological pretensions of "chivalry." The native young men of wealth, the finest education, the highest social position in the North, challenge the slanderers of the Old World who taunted America with winning victories as she built railroads—with the hired muscles of the immigrant, the scum and spawn and riff-raff of Europe. Here and there—too sparsely for the whole truth, so we apprehend—a betrothed bride, a young wife, a posthumous child, is mentioned or suggested. But nothing could be said here of those other Harvard men who fought beside the fallen, offering themselves as nobly to the same fate, or who met death obscurely from disease contracted in the service, or in opening to the freedmen a new life and a new light. Nor could they hope to be remembered in such company who, through pitiful misfortune, it is true, perished miserably upon the other side.

It is an injustice to the public, who cannot allow these lives to be appropriated by any single institution, as well as to the great body of the alumni of all our colleges—Harvard not excepted—that only a small edition of these two elegant volumes was printed, and is already, if not exhausted, much enhanced in price. We learn from one to whose patient devotion this collection owes a large part of its worth, that an effort will probably be made to issue a popular edition, even at the expense and pains of resetting. We sincerely hope the effort will succeed. The publishers may gain equal credit by a less sumptuous outlay.

Poems Grave and Gay. George Arnold. (Boston : Ticknor & Fields. 1867.)—This is a book of poor verse preceded by a poorer preface. That is, both are weak ; but the preface-writer seems to be further from manly strength of any sort than the poet. This latter was a man who died at the not very youthful age of thirty-one, and whose favorite authors then were Balzac and Byron, as his friend tells us, and he tells it as if it were an interesting fact in the history of this individual young man, and seems unaware that it is a fact in the natural history of the genus to which the young man belonged—a genus of which, on the whole, considering how much we have heard already, and how little it is worth hearing about, the less we hear the better. The friend goes on to show more of the quality of his wisdom by printing in a book poems of this sort, which their writer (to do him justice—to partly save him from his friends) never himself collected from the newspapers for which he wrote them :

"IN THE ALCOVE.

"Round and round the waltzers twirled ;
Through the hall the music rang—
Viol's hum and cymbal's clang—
Is not this a pleasant world ?

"But Lady Clare passed by me,
And her lip was curved with scorn ;
I sat me down in an alcove,
And wished I never was born.

"Up and down the glittering room
Went each dame and cavalier,
In the triple atmosphere
Of light, and music, and perfume.

"But Lady Clare walked by me,
And tossed her delicate head ;
So there I sat in the alcove,
Wishing that I were dead."

Other "pot-boilers" of a comic kind, parodies of poems by Tennyson, Bryant, Hood, and many more, it is possible to read, and even, to a certain extent, praise. At all events, the crackling of thorns under a pot is a pleasanter sound than the plaints and heart-throbs of a certain sort of people. As a specimen of his mirth, the specimen most favorable to him that we can find, we copy a stanza which parodies Bryant's fine poem, "The Planting of the Apple-Tree." "The Drinking of the Apple-Jack" Arnold calls it :

"Come, let us drink the apple-jack !
Cut the tough lemon with the blade ;
Hot let the water then be made ;
There gently pour the liquor ; there
Sift the white sugar in with care,
And mix them all as gingerly
As poets mingle rhythmic feet
To print in some æsthetic sheet :
So mix we the apple-jack."

Sklaverei und Emancipation der schwarzen Race in den Vereinigten Staaten von Nordamerika. Geschichtliche Abhandlungen von C. Goedel. (Herausgegeben vom Züricher Comitê zur Unterstützung der befreiten Farbigen. Zürich. 1866. Pp. 150.) *Slavery and Emancipation of the Black Race in the United States of North America.* Historical Essays by C. Goedel. (Published by the Zürich Committee for Furnishing Assistance to the Freedmen.)—The title of this pamphlet, which we have given at full length, shows the shape which Swiss sympathy in the great work of our country has taken. The sketches treat of the history of slavery in colonial times, of its growth and extension in the United States, of its results, our rebellion, of emancipation, and of the condition of the blacks before and after the war. The introduction, after acknowledging the gifts already received by the society, declares the purpose of this pamphlet to be the dissemination of the true state of the case throughout Switzerland, as being at once the best appeal to the practical Christianity of the Swiss, and the only thing which is needed to interest the people of the one republic in the welfare of the other. The author is a man of business and not of letters ; but it is the acquaintance which he has formed with the American men of business, in the way of business, that has enabled him to make these enquiries, and properly to estimate their value and importance both to the United States and (indirectly) to Switzerland. Of course the sources of information and the information itself cannot be new to us, but such substantial sympathy and help must be useful and valuable. The names of the committee are given in the appendix, and among them we find clergymen, professors, merchants, and one or two local celebrities, Escher, Syz-Landis, and Hesendonck. It is to be hoped that some measures will be taken to collect and perpetuate all such evidences of the interest taken in this country by Swiss as ties between the two republics, and to extend them to other European states and cities,

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION *should be addressed to the Editor.*

IMMEDIATE RECONSTRUCTION A DUTY.

THE absolute rejection of the Constitutional Amendment by Mr. Johnson's State legislatures takes away all excuse for the thought of sanctioning his usurpations by recognizing the validity of the governments organized by him. It is, in every point of view, as well that this has happened. The amendment, though excellent in itself, would not be a complete settlement of the issues between the North and the South; while the recognition of States organized by a bald usurpation of the Executive, no matter upon what conditions, would be a highly dangerous precedent. In offering such terms to the South, we believe that Congress obeyed the will of the people; but we are confident that the people neither expected nor desired that, if those terms were rejected, Congress should do nothing more. Yet, some influential Republicans in Congress seem to consider the amendment a finality, and to hold Congress bound to wait for the Southern whites to ratify it, even though months and years pass by.

From this view we strongly dissent. The day of grace is past. All the Southern legislatures have met, and all have deliberately rejected the terms offered to them. If these legislatures should reconsider their action, ratify the amendment, and thereupon be recognized by Congress, it may yet be questioned in the courts whether such a ratification is valid; and after such recognition the amendment would clearly have no validity if not ratified by three-fourths of *all* the States, including those newly recognized. Congress is not bound to run any such risks, nor has it a right to do so.

The main reasons for further action by Congress are, however, to be found in the obvious dangers of delay in reconstruction, and the certainty that such delay will be almost indefinitely prolonged under the present policy. On this point we have frequently expressed our entire concurrence with the most earnest advocates of the Southern cause. It is absurd to deny that the unsettled condition of the South is prejudicial to the North. With no legitimate government, and with the whole influence of the *de facto* governments tending to injustice, inequality, and insecurity, it is impossible that the South should prosper. Nor is it possible for the North to prosper as it should so long as this unsettled state of society exists in one-third of the common country, depriving it of capacity to produce or to purchase as it otherwise would. The laborers of the South have no security for their liberty or their wages. Capitalists have no security for their investments. How can they safely lend money to governments which may at any day be overthrown? How can they act under charters from such governments? We do not wonder that the Southern States have had to allow large discounts on their bonds. We only marvel that such obligations should be salable at any price. The unpleasant situation in which Northern men find themselves at the South is notorious; nor can it be improved without a thorough reorganization of the local governments. Under such circumstances, the South cannot possibly contribute to the national wealth anything like what it would if law, order, and equality of rights were firmly established.

The political precedent involved in indefinite delay is also worthy of consideration. Ten governments are in fact controlling the internal affairs of as many States; and Congress neither recognizes nor disavows them by any decisive official act. Yet if they are not legitimate, it is the clear duty of Congress to suppress them and secure to the people regular government; while if they are legitimate, it is equally the duty of Congress to admit their representatives. A prolongation of the present state of things would be an excuse to future Congresses for either weakness or usurpation, as they might feel disposed.

Even from a merely partisan view of the case, the perils of delay seem intolerable. The whole question is put at issue every alternate year. A single defeat would be irremediable; for if the Southern States are once recognized, the act can never be undone. And every year would add to the strength of the existing governments at the South; since toleration would amount to a half recognition, and vast pecuniary interests would become involved with them. Add to these considerations the possibility that at any moment the validity of these governments, as the only ones in existence may be asserted by the Supreme Court, and the danger that delay will result in a triumph for the South does not seem small.

We therefore urge upon the present Congress the duty of immediate reconstruction. At the very least, an experiment should be made upon one or two States. Conventions should be summoned forthwith, and all the machinery of government be put in motion. We have repeatedly shown that Congress has the power to do this, and that the co-ordinate departments of the Government are bound to abide by the decision of Congress between conflicting governments. We shall not again set forth our arguments to this effect, because Congress no longer doubts its power, but only hesitates as to the expediency of exercising it.

Those conservative Republicans who oppose further action on this subject, from fear of its effect upon business, are, as it seems to us, short-sighted. It must be far better, in a mere business point of view, to bring this controversy to a head at once, than to let it drag on for years. Uncertainty is the curse of trade, which can accommodate itself to almost any settled state of affairs, but is ruined by doubts and fluctuations.

It is said by some that nothing can be done until Mr. Johnson is removed. But it is very plain that if an impeachment is to be had, an act of reconstruction, imposing simple and unmistakable duties upon the President, will either compel him to submit or furnish ground for impeachment too clear to be a matter of dispute. Thus, he may be required to issue a proclamation, or to provide for an election, or to do some other act involving a repudiation of the governments which he has set up. If he fails to comply by the day appointed, he will be so clearly guilty of a misdemeanor that no question can be raised other than one of pure law, upon which no argument need be made by the prosecution. Upon such a charge Mr. Johnson could be impeached, tried, convicted, and removed, within ten days, with the most perfect decorum, fairness, and legality, and with the general approval of the country. His trial upon an indictment such as General Butler presents would occupy six months or a year, while any attempt to supersede him meantime might precipitate us into civil war. On the other hand, if Mr. Johnson obeys the law, his defeat will be so perfect that he can no longer have any power to interpose obstacles in the way of Congressional action, he will mortally offend his present supporters (if he really has any), and must submit to carry out the whole policy of Congress.

Whether, therefore, an impeachment be desired or not, it is evident that the interests of society, both North and South, demand the early action of Congress upon reconstruction. However imperfect that action may be, it will at least establish something certain where all is now in doubt, and cannot, therefore, fail to be beneficial. But we have no fear that the measures of Congress upon this point will not be in the main judiciously framed. The principles which will govern it are well known, and are approved by the country. Now let it act, and act without delay.

THE TURKISH QUESTION.

ONE thing, and we might almost say the only thing, which is clear in the news from the Mediterranean is that the Cretan struggle is not over, and is not likely to end without producing serious complications in European politics. Whatever amount of sympathy and encouragement the Cretans may meet with in other countries, in Greece, at least, there is a desire to help them, which neither the Turks nor foreign powers can restrain. Turkish despotism differs from all other European despotisms in reaching all classes of the community, the lower even more effectually than the upper. The Austrian or Russian despotism presses most severely on the educated or wealthy classes, but that of the Turks has the peculiarity of being felt more bitterly in the cabin than in the salon, and of exciting indescribable hatred amongst those who have little sympathy with what is called "modern liberalism" and care little about national independence in its highest sense. The Greek peasants do not detest Turkish rule because they sigh over the ancient glories of their race, or long for a freer political development, but be cause they want to keep their wives, their children, and their scanty earnings to themselves. They hate Turks not as men hate tyrants, but as they hate wolves and tigers. Consequently neither their ignorance, nor poverty, nor want of union or organization, is likely to prevent the prolongation of the struggle, and the struggle can hardly be prolonged without bringing on the interference, either secret or overt, of the great European powers. It is from this fact, in our opinion, the Turks have most to fear. We do not anticipate any very rapid success from the efforts of the Greeks themselves.

What shape the interference will take, or who will initiate it, it is hard to say, but that it will come before very long seems every day more likely. The two powers now most opposed to the dissolution of the Ottoman Empire are, as in 1852, France and England. Each of them has the strongest interest in preventing the establishment of a first-class power in the eastern end of the Mediterranean—France because of the effect which such an event would have on her own influence in Southern Europe and Africa; and England, both for this reason and for the peril in which such a change would place her communications with India. It may, of course, be said that similar objection lay to the resuscitation of Italy, and this is true. But the moral arguments in favor of the resuscitation of Italy were too strong for any amount of political selfishness on the part of foreign powers to resist them, and they were backed up by the persistent efforts of the Italians themselves. The Ottoman rule in South-eastern Europe would long ago have shared the fate of the Austrian rule in Italy, and the Turks been forced to retire into Asia, had there been in European Turkey, as there was in Italy, a strong organized power amongst the Christian subjects, ready to take the place of the old government. As soon as there arose in Italy a disciplined, intelligent native force, which had proved its capacity on a small scale and satisfied the world that when Austria retired it could supply a national government, the maintenance of Austrian rule in the Peninsula became impossible, and the old maxims of the French and German fears of a united Italy lost all their force.

When the Greek kingdom was established it was the confident belief of its friends that it would play for the whole of Christian Turkey the part which Piedmont played for Italy; that it would prove a centre of national life, of political education, and would gradually acquire a moral weight in Europe which would compensate for its physical weakness, and thus become in the eyes of the civilized world the lawful heir and administrator of the Turkish "sick man," to use the Russian Emperor's illustration. The kingdom of Greece has not, however, answered these expectations. It has done nothing to win either the confidence or respect of the civilized world. It has displayed neither skill nor wisdom in home or in foreign affairs. Its finances and police have always been in disorder. There has never been either protection for life or property even in the immediate vicinity of the capital. The court has been a caricature, the army a mockery; and the leading politicians have displayed neither talents nor virtue, and have passed the golden years of modern Greek history in a disgraceful scramble for the spoils of office. What has been the cause of this failure—whether the smallness of the kingdom as constituted by the protecting powers, or the character of the sovereigns imposed on it, as the Greeks maintain, or the defects of the Greek character, as the French and English maintain—we do not propose to discuss at present. The fact remains that the Greek kingdom has proved a failure, and a very repulsive failure; that the great military exploits of the Greek insurrection have not been followed by the display of political virtue and capacity; and that during the last twenty years, in which Turkey has been in the throes of dissolution, the Greeks have not been able to offer to the great powers any proof that if the seat of empire on the Bosphorus were left vacant they were competent to fill it or to assume the control and direction of the other races of European Turkey. Consequently there is just as much uncertainty to-day as to what may happen after the demise of the Ottoman Empire as there was at the beginning of the century. Could modern Greece stretch out a trained and tried hand for Constantinople and for all the shores and islands which the genius of ancient Greece has glorified, there is no question that not one of the great powers would venture to dispute her title, and the "Eastern question," coming so soon after the "Italian question," would be settled on the same great principles of justice and morality.

The failure of the Greeks to make good their claim leaves the old jealousy between the European powers as strong as ever. Russia in possession of European Turkey, and with the Greek islands within her grasp, would threaten, or appear to threaten, the liberty and independence of the civilized world, and however Prussia, in consideration of her recent and prospective acquisitions in Germany, might be induced to regard it, it is certain that neither France nor England would ever consent to it without receiving compensation in the Mediterranean on the nature and extent of which they could probably never be got to agree. The negotiations, too, would be complicated by the appearance of Italy on the scene, with even stronger claims for a share in the spoil than any of the others. But France and England are evidently losing their old pre-eminence in the European world. They have for the last two hundred years played the leading part in European politics and occupied the foremost places in war, in literature, and in the arts, but it seems now as if the sceptre were passing away from them. France has been growing rapidly in wealth of late years, and so has England; but both seem unable any longer to make the gigantic efforts required for the maintenance of their old place in the world. The population of France is stationary, and the peculiar nature of her civilization seems likely to keep it so; and England, though not falling off in numbers, seems to be afflicted with a species of social and political paralysis by which nobody is more profoundly impressed than herself, and the only remedy for which even the most hopeful of her friends acknowledge to be desperate. Austria is already a half inanimate body, hardly better off than Turkey. Prussia and Russia, on the other hand, are growing at a marvellous pace. Every year sees the forces under their banners swell by tens of thousands; every ten years, for the next century, will probably see the area of their territory enlarged. The one rules over the very centre of civilization and gathers the flower of European youth into its armies, and the other holds in reserve the untold resources of that vast Eastern region from which Europe has been already once overrun. Now, Prussia may prove indifferent to Russian movements on the Black Sea, and should the two powers come to an understanding on the Eastern question, it is hard to say who could gainsay their decision with a chance of success. France, we may be sure, would not submit quietly to the loss of the influence she has wielded in the Mediterranean for over a thousand years, and France can do great things; but the world has greatly changed since one battle gave her Berlin and one campaign gave her Moscow. England is passing through a political and social crisis which would probably forbid actual participation in Continental broils, even if the last attempt to save Turkey had not struck so serious a blow at English prestige, and if the policy of non-interference had not since then been deliberately adopted. As long as England holds Malta and Gibraltar, her footing in the Mediterranean is not likely to be endangered by anything which does not actually diminish her fighting power, and she will probably, when the worst comes to the worst, leave Turkey to its fate. It is clear that, however the present trouble may end, the regions bordering on the Mediterranean are on the eve of great changes, and what with political transformations and the influence of the telegraph and railroad and the Suez Canal in bringing back commerce to its old channels, we shall probably witness, even in our time, the gradual restoration of the historic sea to the place of pre-eminence, both political and commercial, which it held in the ancient and mediæval world.

PAYMENT FOR PROFESSIONAL SERVICES.

WITHIN the last six months two attempts have ostensibly been made to get the architects of the country to send in drawings for very important public buildings—one the State Capitol at Albany, and the other the new buildings of the War Department in Washington—for a small fixed sum and without any assurance that the successful competitor would afterwards be employed to superintend the work. In both cases the leading architects have united in a refusal, in which they say that they will not make competitive designs for any work unless they are assured beforehand that the author of the accepted plan shall superintend its execution and receive compensation for his services in the customary way. The architect's commission in the case of the Albany Capitol would amount, at the usual rate for private work, to about $30,000; the "Empire State" offers, through its agents, $2,500 for the service. The compensation of the architect in the case of a building erected for commercial purposes of the character of the proposed War Office would amount to about $25,000; the United States, through a board of officers charged with the duty, offer from $1,000 to $3,000 as premiums for the best three plans, but nothing more.

The architects say, with great justice, that both these buildings ought to be not simply great piles of masonry, with a certain amount of office accommodation inside, but real works of art; not only the embodiment of the highest taste and cultivation of the country, but good enough to exercise a powerful influence hereafter upon the æsthetic education of the people. To conceive and put on paper a structure which would meet these requirements needs, in the first place, if not genius, the highest order of talent and imaginative power, either highly trained by study, reflection, and observation, or by years of practical experience, or by both. In short, in the mystery of arts, there is no higher grade than that of a first-rate architect, and nobody but a first-rate architect is capable of either conceiving or executing public buildings which will be worthy of the country and of the age. To offer to such a man, for such work, the sum of $2,500 or $3,000, displays deplorable ignorance on the part of the Capitol Commission and the War Office Board of the two things which it most concerns them to know—the kind of buildings they want and the kind of men competent to execute them; and behind this ignorance there is, of course, another defect, which is not peculiar to these two bodies of gentlemen, but pervades in a greater or less degree the whole community—ignorance of the real value of professional labor, or, to put it in another and perhaps less offensive shape, a tendency to under-estimate all services which do not result, or are not likely to result, in direct pecuniary profit to the employer.

Nevertheless, in the case of architects we confess there is something to be said in the way of apology, if not of defence, for the undeniable unwillingness of the public to pay them what they ask in the way in which they ask it—that is, by a percentage on the money spent. We grant without hesitation that $25,000 is not a cent too much to pay for a worthy expression of the idea which the people of a great State ought to have of the kind of building in which their legislature ought to meet. Hardly any sum would be too great to pay to a man who could *perfectly* express such an idea. Those who ask an architect to design a capitol for $2,500 do not think of anything more than providing what may be called a costly *shelter*, and of this any builder or carpenter is of course capable.

But there is, nevertheless, to most men something on the face of it a little preposterous in paying an artist, *qua* artist, according to the sum it costs to put his idea into execution. The value of his work lies in the conception, and of the value of this an estimate may be formed the minute he puts it on paper. He does so estimate it himself. He says: I will design you a building of such and such a character, containing such and such accommodation, and to cost $50,000. I will superintend its execution, and pledge you my professional honor that the mechanics' work shall be suitably done, for $5,000. You agree without hesitation to pay him this sum; but while the work is in progress, lumber rises or laborers strike, and the result is that the building costs $75,000 instead of $50,000; the architect's trouble and responsibility remain the same, but he receives $7,500. It may of course be said, and is said, in reply, that inasmuch as a rise in building materials or in labor usually indicates or accompanies a rise in the cost of living, it is only by making his professional charges rise with them that the architect can secure himself a fair share in the general advance of prices. It is also said, and with equal justice, that the difference between what most buildings cost and what it is calculated at the outset that they will cost, is due to a change of mind on the part of the owners, the introduction of new features at their request into the plans, and that the architect must protect himself against people's fickleness or caprice or inability to state clearly their own wants by making his compensation depend on cost. Although an artist in the highest sense of the word, he is not simply an artist. He is also a manager, and of course his trouble is increased in more than one way if modifications are made by others in his plans. Moreover, buildings are not simply works of art; they are in a very large number of cases commercial enterprises. The value of a bank or store or insurance office, for instance, depends largely on the amount of accommodation it affords, and on the number of well-lighted and convenient offices which it supplies for rent. If an architect's skill or ingenuity in arrangement, therefore, has added largely to the commercial value of the building, it is fair enough that he should share in the profit in the commercial way by charging commission. Moreover, they say the plan of charging by commission is not of their devising; that it prevails in almost every branch of business. Brokers and agents of all kinds are paid for their services not by a round sum, but by a percentage on the amount of money which passes through their hands.

All this is true, but it is not the whole of the truth. In employing a broker we fix to a dollar the amount of money he shall spend, and consequently the amount we shall pay him for his services, by fixing the minimum for which he shall sell, or the maximum for which he shall buy. The architect's compensation, as long as he is paid by commission, we cannot fix, let estimates be ever so carefully made. In the first place, no architect can possibly, by any amount of care, include everything in his estimates. In a large building hundreds of items are sure to be overlooked, each one, perhaps, of small importance in itself, but in the aggregate causing a formidable addition to the cost. For this reason neither contracts nor estimates ever give more than an approximation to cost, and yet it is the client and not the architect who suffers from these oversights—the latter actually profiting by them. In the next place, no client ever knows, or except in very few cases can know, what he wants, and can tell whether any plan submitted to him will really meet his wants, supposing he does know them. It is only to the professional eye, the trained professional imagination, that a drawing conveys a clear and distinct idea of what the building will be. To most men, the statement that a room will be so many feet in length and breadth, and so many feet in height, supplies little notion of what the reality will look like; and of the general effect in brick or stone even of "an elevation," seen only on paper, not one man in a thousand can form any adequate conception. Consequently the clients of an architect, when they put themselves in his hands, put themselves in his power to a degree unknown in any similar relation, and they are generally painfully conscious of their own ignorance. The people who think they know all about building do not employ architects. Therefore, under these circumstances—the ignorance, inevitable ignorance, of the client, and the difficulty of making exact previous calculations of the cost, combined with the direct interest which the architect has in having the work cost as much as possible—the whole profession, under the commission system, is exposed to the suspicion, as we believe the very unjust but not unnatural suspicion, if not of increasing cost, of taking no pains to prevent its increasing.

Although, as we have said, the architect is not simply an artist, but also a manager of work, he is, nevertheless, still more of an artist, and must be more of an artist than of anything else. Not only, therefore, is it for his pecuniary interest, under the present system of remuneration, that a building shall cost as much as possible, but his feelings as an artist lead him inevitably to treat cost as but a secondary consideration—perfection, finish, and beauty as the main one. That architects honestly endeavor not to be influenced by this consideration we have no doubt; but to assert that none of them are influenced by it, is to say either that they are more than human or not animated by true professional ambition. To put them on a right footing with the public, however, their compensation ought to be in no way affected by the amount of the builder's bills after the plans had once been made; because, in the first place, a building is hardly ever undertaken, in this country at least, the expense of which is of little or no consequence. As a general rule, the problem for the solution of which an architect's assistance is sought is not how to get a handsome house or store, but how to spend a certain sum to the best advantage.

In the second place, the art education of the American public, and indeed we may say of every other public, is still in too backward a state to enable them to appreciate the services of an architect at their full value. There is as yet both very little desire for beauty in architecture, and very great reluctance to pay much for professional labor of any kind. What an architect can do for a man only very few know; fewer still are willing to give for it what it is worth. When the honorable architect insists, therefore, on an arrangement which to the vulgar eye appears to give him a direct interest in leading his client into all possible expense, the mass of men are driven either to betake themselves to a thrifty quack, who, while making but low charges as an architect, is acquiring a fortune by connivance with knavish contractors, or to employ a builder who, with no suitable talent, education, or training, professes to be also an architect, and the popular indifference to architectural beauty is thus confirmed and perpetuated. The great majority of builders of houses in this country, whether individuals or corporations, are now, and will always be, limited in their means, forced before they begin to build to count the cost closely, and it may be questioned whether anything would be more likely to promote amongst them the employment of the highest architectural talent than the certainty that the architect has no interest in their overrunning their calculations. We admit that the present scale of charges is not one whit too high, and in charging a fixed sum, we think the architect should secure himself against the consequences of all his client's infirmities, be they what they may. There is no profession in the country in which the rewards of labor are not miserably low, unless when, as in the case of lawyers, there is some mode of turning the result of the professional man's exertions into dollars and cents before the mind's eye. But clergymen, doctors, architects, and writers all suffer abominably from the short-sighted tradesman turn of the Anglo-Saxon mind.

ENGLAND.

LONDON, Jan. 11, 1867.

THE newspapers are at present suffering from a dearth of news. Their columns are painfully filled with all sorts of inferior matter. Long discussions on the affairs of foreign powers, from Mexico to Montenegro, seem to be the most popular expedient. The apparently authentic news that Lord Stanley has proposed to refer the *Alabama* claims to arbitration has been one of the latest topics, and has been received with general satisfaction. Perhaps the greatest piece of luck for editors has been a sharp frost, which lasted for nearly a week. Frosts have almost gone out of fashion in London. During two previous winters we have not had a single day's skating, and on the present occasion the enjoyment of two days on the ice was quite a novel sensation. The mere record of the number of people who are half-drowned in the Serpentine would not be, of itself, very exciting; but the frost exemplified certain peculiarities of London with a good deal more force than was at all agreeable. A more dreary sight than London streets during the few days of frost would be difficult to conceive. A thick, cold fog brooded over the city. A heavy snow-fall had rendered the streets impassable. For two or three days the opposite sides of the Park were divided as if a Swiss glacier had flowed between them. Cabs could scarcely be tempted to venture on to the slippery pavements and to seek their way through the perilous fog by promise of exorbitant fares. The only population visible was that which was bent on skating or the bands of ragged laborers who parade the streets intoning the melancholy chorus, "We 're all froze out, we 're all froze out, we 've got no work to do." I live in a somewhat remote quarter, but I do not believe that a quarter of an hour passed throughout the day without my being treated to this dismal refrain, given out in strong nasal tones with the full power of five or six vigorous pairs of lungs. Now, it was a pertinent question why, when so many men were in want of work, and when there was such a pressing need that a particular piece of work should be done, mountains of snow should be left to block up our streets and convert each house into the likeness of a besieged fortress. To which answer was made that these frozen-out gentry really prefer raising money by roaring about the streets to raising it by a little hard work, and that it was therefore difficult, in spite of appearances, to get the necessary laborers at so short notice; snow being apparently held to be an inscrutable and unimaginable occurrence about Christmas time. This, however, is merely the official apology for incapacity; the true reason is that London is under the most anomalous and intricate system of government which ever ruled over an equal aggregate of human beings. Instead of being a city, it is a collection of overgrown villages, each governed by a set of practically irresponsible vestrymen. In any matters which want a little co-operation and intelligence, they invariably collapse; and as no one knows very clearly who deserves the blame, it becomes almost impossible to administer any chastisement. We are always grumbling about our water and our gas and our pavements, but nothing comes of it; and the hardship of being hopelessly snowed up in the biggest city of the world owing to the pure incapacity of its rulers, is merely another count in a long indictment.

A change will doubtless come before long, for London is going through alterations comparable to those of Paris, and every alteration makes more evident the need of some central power. The huge inarticulate mass is in need of some kind of intelligent organization, and the first step towards erecting a kind of federal union between its discordant atoms has been taken in the formation of the Metropolitan Board of Works. That board is already doing good service in forming the Thames embankment, the main drainage, and a variety of other important improvements; it will doubtless manage to acquire other functions, in obedience to the general instinct which prompts all boards to swallow up their smaller rivals. One most important change in this direction is being now brought forward by many men of high standing, some of whom had an interview the other day with Lord Derby. The railways which are beginning to pierce the very heart of London have incidentally caused great evils. They have knocked down large numbers of houses in the most crowded parts of the town. It is calculated that within four years fifty thousand people have been turned out of their homes owing to this cause. The result has been to crowd to repletion districts which were already so crowded as to be pestilential. Respectable working-men with their families have to herd together in one room, or even two or three families are forced each to occupy a corner. It is unnecessary to point out the moral and physical evils which are the inevitable results. One could not invent a better plan for directly manufacturing paupers and criminals by wholesale. It is now urged that railways should be compelled to provide suitable accommodation in return for that which they destroy, and further, that the Metropolitan Board of Works should have the power to condemn houses as unfit for habitation and to rebuild them on advances from the Treasury, repayment to be secured on the metropolitan rates. Lord Derby will probably have too much on his hands next session to be willing to burden himself with this additional weight. Moreover, according to that great doctrine of political economists which some persons take to be the whole of political economy, namely, that everything ought to be let alone, much may be urged against the plan. Considered as a remedy for a sudden evil, and an evil which has been produced by legislative action, it is plainly justifiable; if Parliament gives power to railways to knock down a whole town of houses, Parliament may certainly provide that such a power should be exercised so as to produce the minimum of inconvenience. But it seems rather a doubtful principle that the state should interfere to give people respectable lodgings any more than to give them a higher rate of wages. The only thing to be said is that in such cases it is sometimes wise to strike as hard as possible at a notorious evil and to leave general principles to take care of themselves. I will not, however, attempt to argue this question, merely pointing it out as one of those which will inevitably come up for solution before long. Next session has so many tasks already provided for it, that perhaps it may again be postponed; but it is certainly one of those which press most for a speedy solution.

To turn to a rather more lively topic, the approach of the session may be seen in another way. The reform agitation becomes more interesting, and the first proof of reviving interest is a new crop of libels against Mr. Bright. That generally excellent but rather heavy periodical, the "Fortnightly Review" (which, by the way, now appears only once a month), led the way with singular clumsiness. It professed to introduce a higher tone into English periodical literature by discarding anonymous writing. Its notice of public affairs, however, which of all parts of the "Review" most needed a responsible author, continued to be anonymous. In an article in the December number, Mr. Bright was quoted as having made these two statements: first, that all the land of England was in the hands of 150 owners, and all Scotland in the hands of 12; secondly, that the rich had no right to legislate exclusively for the poor, and, more than that, the poor had a right to legislate exclusively "for the rich." Now, in the first instance, Mr. Bright had said *half* England and *half* Scotland (a correspondent of the *Times* ingeniously argued that, to say that half Scotland belonged to 12 owners was the same thing as saying that the whole belonged to 24); and in the second case, the words "and more than that" are a mistake for the words "any more than." After some correspondence, the author of these statements acknowledged his name—he is a Mr. Danby Seymour, a Liberal M.P. and a friend of Mr. Bright's; he said that they did not matter much, and that, if they had been accurate, his inferences from them would have been justifiable, and a very lame apology was inserted in the "Fortnightly" for these gross and most invidious blunders. A Mr. Garth, however, a Conservative lawyer, has quite cut out Mr. Seymour. He asserted roundly that Mr. Bright was hated by his own workmen, that he had been hooted out of his own yard, that he had not subscribed for the mechanics in the cotton famine, and that, instead of subscribing, he had proposed to issue loans to the distressed, in order to keep them "as serfs at his beck and call." When asked by Mr. Bright to explain these audacious statements, he could give no authority for them whatever, except that two very extreme members of Parliament had once said something like some of them in election speeches, and that he did not know that they had been contradicted. Whereupon Mr. Bright told Mr. Garth that he was one of those persons who threw dirt recklessly, because they knew that, if necessary, they could afterwards eat it, which is about the truth. The most characteristic thing is, that a sound and rather eminent lawyer is perfectly prepared to believe any discreditable story about Mr. Bright, simply because it is discreditable, without so much as asking for evidence. Mr. Bright is, to Conservative imaginations, the incarnation of all that is diabolical, and the burden of proof is always upon him; he must establish his innocence or he will be assumed to be guilty.

These things forbode a degree of political rancor in the coming session such as we have not lately known. A rather unfortunate proposal has been made, which, if carried out, will not tend to diminish it. It has been suggested that another demonstration of working-men should be made at the opening of Parliament. As many men as possible are to go down, each bearing his own petition for the franchise, and the Liberal members of Parliament—such as Mr. Bright, Mr. Mill, Mr. Hughes, and Professor Fawcett—are to be asked to stand at the door of the House to receive them. It is a very ill-conceived and undesirable plan, in my opinion. It would look far too much like an exhibition of physical force not to disgust the great body of moderate men, and it could hardly end in anything but the collection of a huge, disorderly crowd. There would be no room near Westminster Hall for the numbers proposed, nor for any approach to them; and it is hard to see how the delivery of the petitions could be anything but a general scramble. The best Liberal papers, however, discourage it, and it will probably not come off.

Fine Arts.

PICTURES ON EXHIBITION.

MR. DERBY has opened very pleasant art galleries at 845 Broadway, and has "inaugurated" them by exhibiting the collection of pictures which was formed by Mr. Wright, of Hoboken, a collection chiefly known because of one picture, the "Horse Fair," by Miss Rosa Bonheur. This large picture hangs now at the west end of Mr. Derby's largest room, of which it occupies the whole width. There is no doubt in any one's mind that the picture is powerful and interesting. In some respects, and for some good qualities, it is even worthy of study. But such praise has been lavished upon it on occasion of former exhibitions, both here and in Europe, as belongs only to the greatest works of art; and this praise has been as mistaken as indiscriminate censure would be. The picture has nothing that makes it a great work of art. It is not even good art in any high and permanent sense. It does not pretend to be a work of color. It is not of unusual or surpassing excellence in drawing, nor are thoroughness and completion in drawing even attempted except in the nearest figures. The action, without being unnatural or theatrical, is often strained; and a general sense pervades the scene of immense exertion with no result but dust. There are plenty of weaker pictures, but some even of these the world could less easily spare. The great majority of female artists paint worse, and nearly all of them draw less forcibly; but after all, there has as yet been no female artist who could draw the human figure (for example) adequately, and none who has shown any power of color-composition on a large scale. The highest artistic powers, possessed by few, have never been manifested by women. And the accordance to Miss Bonheur of the highest place among women painters, and to Mrs. Browning of the highest place among women poets, does not include the ascription to those artists of power to produce great and immortal works of art. For the picture before us, meritorious as it is, there are better animal painting, better color, better landscape, better action and movement and stir, better human faces, better composition and picture-making, and better results from the union of these merits, or some of them, to be seen elsewhere and without going far. All of which in no way denies that the picture is valuable. It is well that this work of art is here in America, and is to remain here. But it is not well to go on praising it as if it were of extraordinary worth.

Mr. G. H. Boughton's little picture, "The Ambush," is a pleasant one to see, and it is good to compare it with the more recent and more highly finished "Hester Prynne" of the last Artists' Fund Exhibition. Mr. Boughton can paint a great deal better now than he did when this "Ambush" was painted. He now gives to snow and dresses and buildings and faces an appearance of reality very different from the shadowy suggestions of the same things in this picture. But the boys in the ambush seem to have been very positive existences in the painter's mind, faintly as they are shadowed forth on his canvas; very pleasant existences, too, "jolly companions every one," heartily fond of snow-balling and brimming full of mischief.

The picture called "The Village Perambulator," by Jules Adolphe Breton, of Paris, a celebrated painter now, but one of whose other work we have little knowledge, is very delightful, and probably the best picture in the collection. It curiously reminds the spectator of the recent pictures of Winslow Homer, though Mr. Homer draws better bare feet than those of the children in the picture before us. The breadth of ripening grain, with the squat church tower rising in the distance above the golden surface, and this group in the foreground, mother and children making the baby happy with corn-flowers and scarlet poppies, are as foreign to American soil as they are near to American and all human sympathies. We have no church towers like that, and if a good village church should somewhere be visible, it would not be five hundred years old, which we take to be about the age of this one before us. Nor do we have scarlet poppies in our grain fields—we only wish we had; but they grow with the wheat in Europe, from Yorkshire to Tuscany. We have no distinctive costumes, and probably never shall have; so that Mr. Homer will deserve our thanks if he will paint for us, with the accuracy he believes in and practises, and with the power he has gained by work, some of the beautiful things which we have not and which Europe is soon to lose for ever. His errand in Europe we hope is to do that. If he can do what he has done with American volunteers' uniforms and young ladies' dresses and hats, in Virginia camps and among New England hills, we shall have good things to expect as the results of his labors among the lake valleys of Switzerland, and in the as yet not rebuilt cities of Italy, and wherever there yet linger traces of national and distinctive costume. There was enough for him to do here, but there is also much that he can do to good purpose in Europe, and there is no use in denying that there are beautiful things for him to study which America has not and never will have.

The "historical" picture called here "The Diamond Studs," painted by J. N. Robert-Fleury, illustrating a very well known scene in the history of Anne of Austria, is one of those absurd pictures which have absolutely no artistic rank at all. M. Robert-Fleury is a very old man, if he still lives, and even in 1859, when this picture was painted, the strength he once had was gone. He was once a draughtsman of considerable power, and a historical painter of merit according to the last-century French standard of merit. But this picture has nothing but the pompous architecture of the background to give it even academical excellence. The drawing is as feeble as the composition or the expression of faces. There is no realization of the scene or attempt at historical truthfulness or possibility. The group is that of the operatic stage, with chorus and performers of wood. For the matter of color, which the artist's admirers think he gave his heart to in his age, the principal figures are invested in a uniform of purplish pink of which we never saw the like before, lights and shadows almost alike in hue; other parts of the picture are in a wholly different key, as notably some figures on the left, which are like stray bits of a ruddy-brown picture; there is not a smallest passage of delicate gradation, or an enjoyable scrap of pure and brilliant color, anywhere on the canvas. The whole work is almost below the reach of criticism, because hardly worthy to be called "art" more than the scrawling of a child on a slate.

Mr. Eastman Johnson's great and rapid improvement in the technical qualities of his art can best be judged by comparing his recent work, even the slightest of it, with this well-known and deservedly popular picture, painted only seven years ago. During those seven years the strong and dextrous painter has come into existence. It is especially delightful to see that this advance is not more marked in the faces and figures of men and women than in the slightest details; to see that this good and true painter has never lost sight of the rule, to paint everything as well as it can be painted. We do not know if this be his avowed principle of action; but he practises it in company with the good painters of most schools and eras, and with the great of all.

Mr. Leutze's "Lady Godiva" is here, and is one of the most offensive pictures that has ever been shown to the public. A coarse and vulgar woman, ill-drawn, worse painted, impossibly posed upon a very awkward horse, her streaming yellow hair without beauty of flow or of color, her blush a rough red wash; the lady of this picture seems to have been studied from an inferior circus-woman in tights. The painter seems to have imagined the scene as taking place in the seventeenth century; or so we read the meaning of the badly-designed architecture on the right. The half-timbered houses on the left have the look of a rather careful study from a tinted lithograph, which they strongly resemble in color. But all the valueless accessories are of little harm to a picture whose very essence is vulgarity. It seems to have been painted in close following of Tennyson: here are the famous "three tall spires," the "little wide-mouthed heads upon the spout," the "barking cur" who "made her cheek flame," and the other details of the poet's picture; but the painter's picture has none of the refinement which the noble legend demands and which the poet has given.

◆

MR. AVERY'S SALE.

MR. S. P. AVERY'S collection of pictures was sold on Monday night, and the sale marks the breaking up of the pleasant art gallery and the useful art agency which has been for several years at the corner of Fourth Street and Broadway. Mr. Avery goes to Europe, as everybody knows, to hang American pictures at the French exhibition. But one returns from Europe nowadays; and we shall hope that a new art agency with larger facilities, and a gallery with a fuller and more frequently changing exhibition will come of the journey. Mr. Avery will have it in his power to be of even greater use to American art than he has hitherto been, and we shall anxiously watch for his return.

Correspondence.

MR. BARTLETT'S AND MR. FRISWELL'S FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Dear Sir: Two years ago, Mr. J. Hain Friswell, of London, prepared a book of quotations entitled "Familiar Words." The "North American Review" of July, 1865, and the "London Bookseller" of August, 1866, in noticing the book, charged Mr. Friswell with a dishonest appropriation of the fruits of my labors. In reply to the charge of the London periodical, Mr. Friswell says:

1. "Mr. Bartlett's book was virtually a reprint of the 'Hand-Book of Familiar Quotations,' published by Mr. Murray in 1853."

2. "Bartlett's volume adopts the title, plan, and quotations of its predecessor."

3. "Mr. Murray's begins with the Bible, and so does Bartlett's; and the quotations in both books are the same in the Scriptures, Shakespeare, Pope, etc."

To this I will only answer, that it will clearly appear, from an examination of the authors instanced by Mr. Friswell, that my book, so far from being a reprint of any other, is quite different. The "Hand-Book" has 216 lines from the Scriptures and 314 lines from Pope. Mine has 313 lines from the Scriptures, and the number of corresponding lines is 168; the number of corresponding lines from Pope is 112; and even for this degree of similarity I am but to a small extent indebted to my predecessor. The titles of the books are different. The plan adopted in each, of placing all the quotations from each author under his name, is the same; for this, however, I was not indebted to the English work, a copy of which I never saw until my book was going to press. My obligations to that work I properly acknowledged in the preface to my first edition of 1855, as follows:

> "This collection, originally made without any view of publication, has been considerably enlarged by additions from an English work on a similar plan."
>
> "Though perhaps imperfect in some respects, it is believed to possess the merit of accuracy, as the quotations have been taken from the original sources."

My fourth edition, which has formed the basis of Mr. Friswell's book, contains nearly three times as much matter as the English book referred to by him.

His obligations to me Mr. Friswell curtly sums up as follows: "Mr. Bartlett's fourth edition first suggested to me the idea of my own volume. I took from it several quotations, unfortunately, as in those alone do I find any blunders."

In reply to this I will merely state that eight impressions were printed of my fourth edition. A quite careful comparison of the seventh impression of my book with Mr. Friswell's shows *more than three hundred blunders* in his, and in mine *less than twenty*. As for the matter taken from me, which he would have his readers understand was limited to a few quotations at most, I find the whole of my volume of 410 pages in his book, *excepting only sixty-five* quotations. All of his notes, to which he calls attention in his preface as showing instances of parallel passages, are to be found in my book with the exception of four only; and these occur on pages 9, 122, 135, 196. His notes of a different nature also are copied from me, with the exception of twenty-four referring to matter added by him; and some of my material I find with the abbreviation "Ed." subjoined. A note of his on page 303, "See Spenser, *ante*, page 30," has no meaning whatever in his book, but is appropriate in mine.

Mr. Friswell has stated, in his preface to his first edition, "It is believed that no other work exists in the English language at once so copious and exact;" and in the preface to his second edition, that "its merit is recognized as being the work of a man of letters, as distinguished from that of a mere book-maker." The following specimens of blunders made by him in using my book will show the value of these claims. Thus, he takes names from the running title or head-line of my page, and appends them to quotations, without verification, which has led him into the blunder of assigning passages from well-known authors sometimes to "*Miscellaneous*," and at other times, where two authors are given on the same page in my book, the name of the last only being placed at the top, he takes a quotation from the first and attributes it to the latter; *e.g.*, Thomson and Dyer occur on page 229; the head-line is Dyer; he copies "Rule Britannia" and assigns it to Dyer. Thus he gives:

Page 12. Longfellow's "Resignation" to Holmes.
" 36. Herrick's "Seek and Find" to Lovelace.
" 49. Lyttelton's "Soliloquy" to Moore.
" 54. Herbert's "Sin" to Suckling.
" 75. Thomson's "Rule Britannia" to Dyer; a singular blunder in an Englishman.
" 114. Lowell's "Changeling" to Key.

In all his copying from me he abounds in similar blunders; thus he gives the wrong numbers to lines by using the number belonging to the quotation following or preceding the one copied, for instance:

"And prove their doctrine orthodox."—*Hudibras*, Part 1, Canto 1, Line 199.
"Compound for sins they are inclined to."—*Hudibras*, Part 1, Canto, Line 215.

Friswell copies the first line and gives it as line 215. Nor is he more exact in respect to his references of the quotations to the various authors and their different works, plainly from the same carelessness in copying; such as:

Page 31. "Elegy on a Mad-dog, ch. xxiv.," *for* "Vicar of Wakefield, ch. xxiv."
" 137. Byron, "Last *Times*," *for* "Monody on Sheridan. Last Lines."
" 144. Byron, "Prisoner of Chillon," *for* "Byron's Darkness."
" 179. Addison's "Letter from Italy," *for* "Addison's Ode."
" 295. Shakespeare, "Induction, Act 1, Sc. 1," *for* "Taming the Shrew, Act 1, Sc. 1."
" 321. Thomson, "The Seasons: Winter," *for* "Thomson's Hymn."

Finally, upon comparing, with my index, the "certain prominent words which remain on the surface of the memory," which Mr. Friswell has placed in italics, I cannot help feeling that this part of my book formed the staple of all his labors and the basis of all his research. Mr. Friswell seems to have acquired no accuracy by experience; and for the greater part of his corrections he is indebted to his critics. His second edition abounds in errors; and many might be added to the long list already pointed out by the "Bookseller," as found in the first 113 pages.

My book first appeared in 1855, and was published anonymously until ten thousand copies were disposed of, when, at the request of my publishers, my name was added to it.

I am under great obligations to many kind friends; but to no book of a similar character other than that already referred to am I at all indebted, and my whole obligation to that does not exceed a tenth part of the material of my fourth edition.

John Bartlett.

Cambridge, January, 1867.

THE SUPREME COURT.

To the Editor of The Nation:

In your short article of the 24th inst. on the proposed limitation of the powers of the Supreme Court, you have not, it appears to me, viewed the case with your usual judgment. The disposition to reverence things because they are old clings to us all very strongly, but the events now transpiring are fast unsettling our faith in the infallibility of our forefathers.

Judges are but men, swayed as other men are by their passions, their prejudices, and, we have of late had too much reason to discover, by their party connections. Does any person suppose that even in England, which vaunts herself so highly on the purity of her courts, decisions such as those of which our country so justly complained would have been made if the judges had not been corrupted, shall I say, by their prejudices in favor of the rebels? In this country everyday experience proves that our courts are not free from such influences. The State of Pennsylvania was saved by the election of Judge Agnew from being placed in opposition to the national Government on the subject of the draft, and that the United States Supreme Court is not free from similar influences we have certainly had mournful proof. The infamous *decision* in the Dred Scott case will remain a standing memorial of the baseness of the majority of the court at that time. Some of that majority still occupy seats on the bench.

A law of Congress is enacted by the concurrent action of both Houses and signed by the President, or, if he interpose his veto, by a majority of two-thirds of both branches of the legislature; yet a mere majority of the judges, five out of nine, can set aside a statute which has been passed, unanimously if you please, by both Houses, and has received the sanction of the President, and that by their mere votes, for they are not required to give written opinions. The arguments of the *minority* may be unanswerable, but the votes of the majority, supported as they were in the case above mentioned by arguments which were enough to make a person who had any regard for the character of the court blush with shame, settle the case. True, the good sense of the nation, no thanks to the court or to the rule under which they act, has proved that their decisions are not "final."

When a law of doubtful propriety has been passed, it may be repealed; but "a Supreme Court decision is for all practical purposes final." Surely you could not have been serious in offering this as an argument in favor of the present rule. To my mind it is one of the strong points against it. Shall a mere majority, five out of nine, have power to decide finally the important political questions of the day against the great body of Congress, supported as they are by a vast majority of the people and by the settled opinion of the nation? Were they as incorruptible as angels they would hardly be worthy of such trust; and surely when men who disgraced themselves by being parties to the infamous Dred Scott decision sit on the bench, some bounds should be set to their power.

Nor does the argument, "that in every case tried, some one man, plaintiff or defendant, would have to submit his case to a tribunal in which the chances against him would be as three to one or as two to one," even were it sound, which a little reflection will prove it is not, have any weight in my mind. The proposed rule applies only in cases in which the validity of a law of Congress is called in question. In a majority of such cases the *private* parties have *public* ends to answer by such suits. The controversy generally arises after the law has been passed, and no man has a right to base his conduct on the assumption that a law of the land is unconstitutional. But aside from this, how does the case stand? Either the judges are upright, unbiassed by party ties and by their prejudices, or they are not. If they are, then every man has a court which he may confidently trust with a righteous cause. If they are not, surely a mere majority, irresponsible save through the almost impossible means of impeachment, should not have the power to override the other branches of the government and settle the policy of the nation finally. As well make them a permanent committee on reconstruction and do away with the tedious process of legislation. Much expense would thus be saved, and, as the court is at present constituted, the whole question would doubtless be settled more to the satisfaction of the President and his rebel friends.

Yours, S. A.

DELAWARE WATER GAP, January 28.

[A most extraordinary argument. Of course controversies as to the constitutionality of a law arise after the law has been passed, but the subject of the controversy may have existed, and generally does exist, long before, and if every man is bound to assume that an act of Congress once passed is constitutional as to all that happens after its passage, of course the constitutional restrictions on Congress are a farce.

Where did "S. A." get the notion that "upright judges, unbiassed by party ties and by their prejudices," are sure to agree on points of law, or that a majority against the constitutionality of an act are sure to be base? We are utterly opposed to having great political questions decided by the Supreme Court; all we say is, that we do not think that Mr. Williams's plan for preventing the usurpations of the court a good one. We do not think a "permanent committee" of eight a whit more likely to be right than a permanent committee of five, while it would be nearly twice as difficult to get a decision from it if unanimity were necessary.—ED. NATION.]

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The Week.

THE New Orleans Investigating Committee has brought in its report—a very long one and a very good one, though somewhat diffuse. The evidence as well as the conclusions of the committee fully confirm the popular impression as to the nature and origin of the riot; show it to have been planned by the secessionists, headed by the Mayor, for the purpose of breaking up a meeting which, whatever its legislative powers might be, was undoubtedly legal; that such arrangements were made as to prevent the interference of the military; that Mr. Johnson's telegrams and correspondence, and especially his gross insult to Governor Wells in passing him over in his communications to the State authorities, led the authors of the massacre to count on the President's countenance and sympathy; that most of the butchery was done by the police; and that Mr. Johnson's statement at St. Louis that the "radical Congress" had planned the riot was a baseless fabrication. Neither in the House, nor in the Senate, nor in the caucus, had the Republican party given any encouragement to the promoters of the convention to expect any unusual support at Washington. Mr. Johnson's charge can, therefore, only be accounted for on one of two hypotheses, and we do not care to mention what these are.

◆

THE Committee has appended to its report a bill for the government of the State of Louisiana, which has passed the House and will doubtless furnish a model for use in dealing with the remaining States of the South. It provides for the appointment of a provisional governor and a provisional council of nine, by the President and Senate—to hold office for one year, and to be supported, and their orders executed, by a competent military force, under the command of a brigadier. In October next a constitutional convention, elected by loyal men, of all colors, and by such ex-privates of the Confederate army as can show that their service was involuntary, is to frame a constitution which is to prohibit all political discriminations based on color and all attempts to pay the rebel debt or reward persons for service in aid of the rebellion. In June next the qualified electors are to elect a governor and legislature, who are to hold office until their successors have qualified under the new constitution. This bill seems to have supplanted Mr. Stevens's in the good opinion of the majority, who forced it rapidly to a third reading under the previous question, though there seemed to be a want of concert of action amongst its supporters. It promises well, and we hope it or something like it may be at once acted on. A singular incident marked the close of the debate on Monday. Mr. Eliot consented to an adjournment before the third reading, in order to let the members read the bill. Mr. Eliot's magnanimity in letting the House *read* one of the most important measures of this century before passing it, can only be equalled by the magnanimity of the majority in voting for two readings, and standing ready to vote for a third without having ever seen it in print. The "previous question" is becoming a kind of machine for the manufacture of laws, and can now turn out a dozen a day, on a pinch, with as much ease as the Hindoo prayer-mill, which, we believe, grinds off forty petitions an hour—such as they are.

◆

THE Tariff lags in the House, and the probabilities seem to be that it will be bequeathed to the next Congress in its present muddle. We are sorry it cannot be tried at once, for the country will never have peace until the *Tribune* and the lobbymen have done their worst.

◆

TWELVE or thirteen years ago, Mr. Douglas, Mr. Jefferson Davis, and the "Democracy" generally, were fighting hard, and apparently they fought with success, to spread slavery over Nebraska and the other Territories of the Union. But on Saturday last, in spite of Mr. Johnson's veto, Nebraska was admitted into the Union as the thirty-seventh State, and on condition that she should bind herself to make no distinction amongst her citizens on account of color. On the 29th ult. the Committee on Federal Relations of the Territorial Council, to whom was referred the consideration of this condition, reported decidedly in its favor. Practically, we suppose it will be faithfully observed, and answer its purpose. The new State is nearly ten times as large as Massachusetts, blessed with a healthy climate, somewhat warmer than that of eastern regions in the same latitudes, 40°–43°; the surface of the country is generally level or slightly rolling; the soil is excellent, producing wheat, maize, oats, hemp, sorghum, tobacco, hay, and clover. The vine flourishes; iron, coal, and salt are believed to be abundant. Omaha City, the eastern terminus of the Union Pacific Railroad, is the capital, and is situated on the Missouri River. The railroad above-mentioned runs parallel to the Platte, the chief river of the State, for three hundred miles, and Nebraska is connected with the East by a road which runs from a point on the Missouri opposite Omaha City across Iowa to the Mississippi. With its railroad facilities, its excellent free-school system (excellent for so young a country, and soon to be better still), Nebraska offers great inducements to emigrants, and is sure to grow rapidly.

◆

A VIGOROUS discussion of the power of the Senate to suspend the President, during his impeachment, has been raging during the week. Madison is reported, in Eliot's Debates, as having conceded the existence of the power; but Madison in his own report opposed, in express terms, the grant of any such power—for the very reason, too, which now makes General Butler and Wendell Phillips argue for its existence: that it would enable the majority "at any moment, in order to make way for the function of another who will be more favorable to their views, to vote the temporary removal of the existing magistrate." The proposition was voted down by 8 to 3.

Professor Dwight, of this city, has been making a careful examination of all the impeachment cases in English history, with the view of discovering whether this power of suspension during trial had ever been exercised, and has failed to discover a single example of it. On several occasions the Commons asked the Lords to address the Crown for a removal from office of persons under impeachment, but the Lords uniformly refused, on the general principle that the innocence of a functionary must be presumed until he is found guilty. We see as plainly as anybody the inconvenience of having Mr. Johnson in office during a long exciting trial; but we are so well satisfied that if the power of suspension of the President were once established it would be frequently used hereafter by a party vote to get rid of the President for the time being, when there was neither the chance nor expectation of having him convicted, that we hope no attempt may be made to put General Butler's theory into force. We have got to a point in the history of the nation when we must be careful what precedents we establish. Three years hence the South will be back in Congress, with the Northern Democracy at its back, and we should be sorry to see our Radical friends hoist by their own petard.

◆

George Peabody has given a million towards the education of the South. The gift is a magnificent one, and comes at the right time. The danger is that the trustees will try to do too much with it, and, by diffusing it over too wide a space, make little impression with it anywhere. The best use that could be made of it would be to employ it in the education of teachers—a suggestion made, if we remember rightly, by the *Evening Post.*

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In the course of argument every one cheerfully admits that there is no city in the world so execrably misgoverned as New York. But one particular statement may be more valuable for instruction than a thousand general confessions, and we offer the following case for the attention of our city readers and of members of the State Legislature. Ex-Alderman W. J. Peck holds by lease the right to run ferry-boats from the foot of Spring Street across the North River. He has held it for eight or nine months, and, we presume, has run the boats and collected the fares. Comptroller Connolly, in reply to a resolution of the Board of Aldermen, now informs that body that the city derives from this lease no revenue whatever; Mr. Peck virtually has a free use of the slip. Also, we are told Mr. Peck, in some unexplained way, enjoys the use of the square bounded by Spring, Canal, and Hoboken Streets—a square set apart for a public park—as a brickyard, and the city gets nothing at all for property worth to Mr. Peck twelve or fifteen thousand a year. As for the slip, it is possible, we suppose, to explain how that is held. The city offers this or that piece of property to the highest bidder; ex-Councilman or ex-Alderman A or B or C is at the time in possession; a person hired by him outbids all honest bidders, and is successful in getting the franchise, or whatever it may be, knocked down to him. But the successful bidder never appears to qualify. Meantime, of course, the ex-councilman or ex-alderman continues to hold city property. The time comes round when the property must be offered again; the gentleman—bar-keeper, billiard-marker, what not—whose bid is accepted, somehow again fails to appear when required; the ex-councilman must still hold the city property till it can be offered for sale once more in accordance with the law. And so the thing goes on for an indefinite period. The aldermen on Monday referred Mr. Peck's case to a special committee of three. The Park Bank, too, we observe, has got to "see" a committee before it gets leave to set up ornamental columns in front of its new building on Broadway.

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The Government clerks in Washington have got their salaries increased twenty per cent.—a measure which everybody who likes to see labor fairly paid for and knavery discouraged will heartily rejoice at. The low rate at which Government officials are paid at present is a premium on dishonesty, and tends, with the uncertain tenure of office, to keep able and honest men out of the public service. There is no country in the world in which the salaries of officials ought to be higher than in this, for in none are there so many other more tempting fields open to talent and ambition.

The public has had its fill of Fenianism, and any journal—this side the Canadian line at any rate—who refers to it owes its readers an apology, which we hereby make. But the very latest incident connected with the movement is so perfectly characteristic that to withhold it would be a pity. When the O'Mahony fell from his dizzy height drafts were pretty constantly coming into the Moffat mansion headquarters, which the country "circles" had made payable to the order of O'Mahony's grand treasurer. These drafts Mr. O'Mahony's successors of course got cashed, so the above-mentioned treasurer-in-chief, the secretary of the treasury for the Irish Republic in America, brings suit against Mr. B. Doran Killian, Mr. Gleason, and perhaps half a dozen more. It may—and again it may not—seem incredible, but it is true, that the grand treasurer does not sign his name to the complaint on which the warrant for arrest issued, but makes his mark! There is one Fenian official then who is not *homo trium literarum;* at least, in one sense of the words.

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The Board of Commissioners appointed by the last Massachusetts Legislature to examine into the condition of the manufacturing population of that State, and to report upon the expediency of enacting that eight hours' labor in mechanical employment should be a legal day's work, has made a report, which we have not seen, but which, judging it by a brief synopsis of it, is in great part a well-reasoned argument against legislative interference with the labor of free men. The report also declares that there is in Massachusetts a general disregard of the law forbidding the employment in manufacturing establishments of children less than ten years old. The law as it stands is directed against "owners, superintendents, and agents," and is evaded by letting the "overseers" hire the services of the infantile operatives. Of course, the parties to blame are the parents. We have heard of its being said by a well-known politician of Massachusetts, who should know the manufacturing population very well, that the operatives systematically increase their families in order that their children going into the mills may add to the family income. In the West, a farmer's boys are a part of his capital, and large families are considered a blessing; but the farmer's children are not forced to labor in occupations injurious to health, and are not forced to begin at nine and ten years old a life of unintermitting work, which makes their education next to impossible. It is not necessary to say—what we have heard said—that thousands of our Eastern factory hands compel their boys and girls, who ought to be in school, to support them in laziness; in its best aspects the matter looks as if it demanded thoroughgoing treatment.

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The Boston *Commonwealth* is crying out for a "Lieutenant-General who will be governed by a higher law than the orders of his superior." This particular form of public nuisance is found in perfection only in Spain and Mexico, where each general has "a higher law" of his own, and we know the result. We trust that if it should ever show itself here, the people will abate it summarily. In the meantime, the constant reference to General Grant and his opinions at the present crisis are not edifying. His opinions are of no consequence, and ought not to be. His duty is to obey the civil power, and we have no doubt he will do it.

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The somewhat alarming conclusions reached by Dr. Allen, of Lowell, in regard to the degeneracy and diminution of the native population of New England, are not received with assent by his medical brethren. On the contrary, they declare him to be mistaken, and, as regards some points, have already proved him to be so. For instance, when Dr. Allen says that in Massachusetts such a number of American and such a number of foreign children are born, it is the nativity of the parents which guides him in his application of the adjectives "American" and "foreign;" but when he comes to speak of the number of deaths in Massachusetts, the nativity of the parents no longer governs him, but the nativity of the person deceased. Of course, by such a method he reaches results which wear an unduly unfavorable appearance. How much falsity there is in his conclusions, so far as concerns the single case of Boston, is shown by a writer in the *Medical and Surgical Reporter.* Dr. Allen says that in 1865 the births in

Boston were as follows: Foreign, 3,575; American, 1,641; Unknown, 60. The deaths in the same year were as follows: Foreign, 1,398; American, 3,143. Here, he says, the whole number of births exceeded the whole number of deaths by 734; *but the deaths of Americans exceed the births by* 1,520. But in order to be counted by Dr. Allen as a foreign decedent it is necessary that the deceased person should have been born abroad; when counted as a foreigner in the list of births, he only exacts that the child's parents, or one of them, should have been born abroad. But now let the computation of births and deaths alike be made with reference to parentage: Children of American mothers, 1,650; of foreign, 3,587; of unknown, 38; total, 4,541. Decedents of American parentage, 1,245; of foreign, 2,868; of unknown, 428; total, 4,541. The results of the correct calculation may be summed up as follows: American parentage—births, 1,650; deaths, 1,245; gain, 405. Foreign parentage—births, 3,587; deaths, 2,868; gain, 719. Unknown parentage—births, 38; deaths, 428; loss, 390. So, instead of a loss of 1,502 to the native American population, there really is a gain of 405—relatively a greater gain than that to the foreign-born population. Further examination of Dr. Allen's statistics, it is likely, will reveal other errors. It is not believed, for instance, that the returns of births and deaths in the rural districts of Massachusetts are anything like so perfectly accurate as Dr. Allen assumes them. But the lesson which he wished to teach is surely an important one, and we have no doubt that his efforts will do something towards impressing the minds of Massachusetts people with the necessity of better physical education for Massachusetts women.

THE Reform demonstration in England has come off and proved a great success, though we suspect the numbers in the procession have again fallen below the anticipations of the leaders. But of the spirit which lies behind the demonstrations there appears to be now no doubt. D'Israeli has opened the discussion in the House of Commons by a synopsis of what is called the "historic view" of the franchise, which, by the way, may be made to prove the correctness of almost any of the existing theories of the British Government. His attack on Goldwin Smith as "a wild man" is a bit of defiance which is hardly likely to help the conservative cause.

JOHN BRIGHT met by invitation, at Rochdale, on the 25th of last month, twelve hundred of his workpeople, who presented him with an address filled with expressions of the highest respect and confidence, and denying in the most absolute manner the Tory slander, according to which Mr. Bright was so odious that he could scarcely venture to visit his factories with safety. Mr. Bright, in his reply, very effectively turned the demonstration from a vindication of himself into a protest of his operatives in their own behalf. "If it were true," he said, "that we were the oppressors of those who lived near us, and to whom weekly we paid wages, you were the oppressed; . . . and if we were devoid of conscience, you were proved to be devoid of independence." He then proceeded to show what the authors of this and kindred aspersions on his character were devoid of, why they singled him and his establishment out of some five hundred others, and what had prompted them to this dirty business. He had not asked that the laboring classes might change laws or overthrow institutions, but simply that they might be heard in the hall of the representatives of the people. This was the head and front of his offending.

TURKEY, if we may judge from the last Cable telegrams, has at last become thoroughly frightened, and has, it is said, determined on emancipating its Christian subjects, and calling a "Turkish parliament"—whatever that may mean. It is as well to say that its Christian subjects were emancipated to all intents and purposes in 1856, by the Hatti Hamayoun of that year—but only on paper. The reforms then projected were never carried into effect; and the reforms now proposed would not be either, once the danger was passed. There are no materials in Turkey for the foundation of a constitutional government. A "parliament" composed of Turks and Greeks and Bulgarians and Armenians would be a sight worth travelling far to see, but its legislation would do little either for Turkey or mankind.

THE FREEDMEN.

WE notice in another place the action of the legislature of this State upon the question, Shall or shall not colored men be allowed to vote for delegates to the State convention?

—A bill has passed the Pennsylvania Senate, and is pretty certain to pass the House, "stamping out" the practice of excluding colored passengers from the public conveyances simply on account of their color.

—The Maine House has refused to agree with the Senate in so amending the law as to permit white persons to intermarry with negroes, Indians, or mulattoes. The vote was: yeas, 45, nays, 76.

—The Tennessee Legislature has almost adopted a bill enfranchising the blacks of that State—"the greatest victory since the war began," said Senator Fowler.

—The bestowal of suffrage on the colored citizens of the District, and the evident determination of Congress to secure them in the exercise of that right, have wrought some marvellous changes in Georgetown and Washington. Officials who recently were conspicuous in devising means to evade the several acts of Congress compelling education to be provided for blacks as for whites, since both were taxed for school purposes, now calculate nervously their chances at the next election, and reveal an admirable solicitude for the intelligence of their constituents. The Georgetown election takes place on Monday, the 25th; the Washington some time in June, we believe. Both will be watched with uncommon interest.

—The Maryland House of Delegates refused the use of their hall to Gen. Howard and Judge Bond, to deliver a lecture in aid and in explanation of the objects of the Baltimore Association for the Improvement of the Colored People, but gave the desired permission to the General alone. Never would Mr. Representative Clark, the "proud" mover of the amendment (all his own), "consent that Judge Bond, or any other Marylander who advocated the social and political equality of the black race, should have the use" of the chamber. Mr. Nelson wanted to know whether if negroes applied for admittance they would be let in; a kind of irony in which the chevaliers of slavery and color-prejudice have never been excelled.

—On the 6th inst. the Delaware House did two notable things: rejected the Constitutional Amendment, and defeated a bill to allow negroes to testify, and to make the same penalties applicable to black and white criminals without distinction.

—Gov. Cummings, of Colorado, has labored faithfully with the legislature of that Territory to procure equal rights for the colored population. His message of Dec. 13 closed with an earnest appeal on this subject, but it was disregarded. An act of March 11, 1864, had disfranchised all negroes and mulattoes, and last month, in spite of the Governor's veto, these classes were excluded from the jury-box also.

—Both houses of the Missouri Legislature are agreed in proposing such an amendment of the State convention as shall do away with distinctions of color.

—The City Council of Baltimore has appropriated $20,000 to the colored schools of that city.

—Gen. Howard has notified the agents of the Bureau that they are to exact no fees for their services between planters and freedmen in the matter of contracts. These, he recommends, should always be in writing.

—The colored mistress of a man in Louisville was poisoned by him on the 7th inst. The excuse which prevailed with the justice before whom he was brought, and who at once released him, was "that he was afraid the girl would tell his wife that she was with child by him!"

—The omnipresent "regulators" have appeared in the neighborhood of Wilmington, N.C. Their plunder was horseflesh, and their victims negroes.

—Inspector-General Sewell is engaged in Virginia, transferring the unsettled freedmen to homes in the North and West, when no homes can be found for them in the State itself.

—Fifty-four contracts were made by freed people in Kentucky during the month of December. The average wages of men were $16 41 and of women $8 50, monthly, besides rations and quarters as usual.

Notes.

LITERARY.

THE Tariff Bill has passed the Senate with an *ad valorem* duty of 35 per cent. on all English books printed since 1840. This is in itself an unnecessarily high duty, but the publishers are making a vigorous effort in the House to change the duty to thirty cents per pound, and have succeeded in inducing the Committee of Ways and Means to impose a duty of ten cents per pound on all English books printed prior to 1850, and twenty-five cents per pound on all books printed since then. This is intended, by its proposers, to be a prohibitory duty on all cheap publications. Under such a provision, the more valuable a book is, generally speaking, the less duty will it pay. But on the cheaper juveniles and illustrated books, on the cyclopædias, and all the foreign books that the ordinary reading public, who spend little, would buy, the duty is from 200 to 300 per cent. We doubt if the publishers would dare ask Congress directly to grant them such an immense duty; it is only by disguising it under the form of a specific duty that they think to obtain it. There is no danger of the publishing business being ruined, when it is well known that the larger firms have been obliged, during the last year, to work extra hours in order to get through with their immense business. It is difficult to see why importers, and why the reading public, who naturally desire cheap books, have not some rights as well as the publishers. The manufacture of books is not one that is necessary to the prosperity of the country. If books are cheap, what matter whence they come? The book-publishing business has grown up without protection, and surely ought to live without it. There is one argument used which every one can appreciate. It is said that there is but a certain sum spent in books every year, and it is much better that that should go into the pockets of American publishers than to the English. The imposition of a duty per pound on newspapers and periodicals is a mere individual annoyance to all readers and an advantage to no one. It compels every one to subscribe and receive his paper by mail instead of from an agent here. Such duties are a hindrance to popular education, a prevention of enlightenment and learning, a premium upon national stupidity and self-content. They can be defended on no public grounds, either of revenue to the Government—for the revenue was greatest when duties on books were only eight per cent.—or of advantage to the nation.

—Mr. A. R. Spofford, the librarian of Congress, has presented a special report on the historical library of Mr. Peter Force. This library is by far the most valuable collection of books and manuscripts relating to American history that has ever been brought together by one person in this country. There is a very large collection of the early American voyages; of early printed American books, every day becoming rarer, there are ten times as many as in the Congressional Library. Of the laws and journals of the early colonial assemblies there are over two hundred volumes, few of which have been reprinted, and none of which are in the Congressional Library. The Library of Congress has not an American newspaper printed prior to 1789. The Force Library has very complete files from 1735 to 1800, about 245 volumes. It has also nearly 40,000 pamphlets relating to America, of which 8,310 were printed prior to 1800. The collection of atlases, maps, and plans relating to America is absolutely unique. While the national library has not a single autograph letter or paper of our Revolutionary generals and statesmen, the Force collection has forty-eight folio volumes of rare and valuable autograph letters, beside various military journals, reports, private journals of George Washington, Gen. Greene, Arthur Lee, Paul Jones, and two unpublished manuscript works of Las Casas—in all 429 volumes. There are also beside about 310 folio MS. volumes of collections prepared by Mr. Force for his "American Archives," all copies of old papers, the originals of which are in many cases now destroyed. This superb collection Mr. Force is willing to sell to the Government for $100,000. He has refused that amount from private individuals, as he wishes it not to be dispersed, but to become the property of some great library. It is to be hoped that Congress will see the wisdom of purchasing this collection. At present the most complete collection of books relating to America is on the shelves of the British Museum. It will be to our shame if this deficiency is not remedied. The addition of this library to that of Congress will go far toward supplying it.

—We regret to record the death of Mr. Forceythe Willson, a young man whom his lately published volume, "The Old Sergeant," showed to possess considerable poetic power.

—A few copies of an interesting and singular book are to be seen and had at Scribner's. It is called "Hyak nia is'shiu, or Stanzas by a Century of Poets; being Japanese lyrical odes translated into English verse," by F. V. Dickins, M.B. The original text is also given, and there are added copious notes and a glossary. The odes themselves are great favorites with every Japanese household, high and low, and every Japanese child can repeat many of them. They are all short, of a peaceful character, some didactic, some descriptive, and many amatory. They abound in allusions and word-plays, and are written in the old Yamato dialect, so that there are very many commentaries on them. The oldest of them seems to date back about a thousand years, and the most modern was written at least six hundred years ago. Each ode has in the original, on an average, thirty characters or syllables, sometimes one or two more when the sounds of these combine with the sounds of adjacent characters, and nothing in the nature of rhyme can be detected in them. They are always read in a somewhat monotonous, singing falsetto, with scarcely any accent or emphasis, being, as it were, a mere slow recapitulation of the syllables composing them. The compilation was the work of Teika or Sadaïhe, about A.D. 1230. We quote one or two specimens:

"LXX.—RYOZEN HOSHI.

"In lonely solitude my home,
And from my cabin when I stray,
Where'er my wand'ring eyes may roam,
The landscape that doth round me [lay],
How desolate, how drear
Doth it at autumn e'en appear."

"XCIII.—KAMAKURA NO UDAIFIN.—A.D. 1303.

"Oh that throughout an endless life
I might in peace dwell, far from strife!
For ever watch the fishing yawl,
And view the net's abundant haul:
How fair to me,
How pleasant such a lot would be!"

—An English antiquary, Mr. Joseph L. Chester, communicated to the January number of the "New England Historical and Genealogical Register" a paper on the alleged ancestry of Washington, in which he conclusively proves that George Washington was not descended from the Washington family of Sulgrave in Northamptonshire. In a future paper he will endeavor to trace what he considers the true pedigree of the American family. It seems that in 1791 Sir Isaac Heard, then Garter King of Arms, compiled a pedigree of Washington based on the Heraldic Visitations of Northamptonshire, and finding in the Visitation for 1618 the names of John and Lawrence Washington, he took them for the two persons thus named who emigrated to America in 1657. Washington himself, in his answer to Sir Isaac Heard, says that he had often heard members of the family say that their ancestors came from one of the northerly counties of England, thus casting a doubt on the pedigree. Sir Isaac Heard himself only regarded it as conjectural, and made a note to that effect in his copy of the pedigree. Some years after Mr. Baker, in his "History of Northamptonshire," assumed the same pedigree, ignoring the note of Sir Isaac, and his version has been generally followed as authoritative. Mr. Chester shows that the John and Lawrence Washington of Sulgrave, the only ones of that family who could by any possibility have emigrated, were born between 1589 and 1602, and therefore would be about 60 and 55 years old at the time of their supposed emigration. In February, 1622-3, Mr. John Washington was knighted. Sir John's first wife died in 1624 and was buried at Islip, in Northamptonshire. Little is known of him after 1636 except that he married again, and is mentioned in various papers and wills in such a way as to show that he was probably living on his estate of Thrapston in 1661. He married a second wife, Dorothy, who died in 1678, her will and the parish register both speaking of her as "the relict of Sir John Washington, knight, deceased." His son John was also living at Thrapston in 1661–2. Lawrence Washington, of Sulgrave, took his degree at Brasenose College, Oxford, in 1623 and became a fellow in 1624. In March, 1632–3, he was presented to the living of Purleigh, in Essex. He remained there till 1643, when he was ejected for his loyalty, but was given some small living after the Restoration. Further, John Washington, gentleman, not knight, the Virginia emigrant, states distinctly in his will, dated Sept. 27, 1675, that he brought his first wife from England, and that she died in Virginia and was buried on the plantation, and that his second wife was named Anne, whom he appointed his executrix. It will be seen that there can be no doubt that the present pedigree is erroneous.

BURNSIDE AND THE NINTH ARMY CORPS.*

Mr. Augustus Woodbury's "Burnside and the Ninth Army Corps" is a book of some five hundred and fifty pages, of large size. Long as it is, it is generally readable. It has many merits; but they are more than counterbalanced by one defect which pervades it, and that is its untrustworthiness. The author probably intended to tell the truth and nothing but the truth, and he may have thought that he was telling the whole truth; but if he did, he was very much mistaken. The task which he undertook was one which it was not easy to perform without giving wrong impressions. Such compositions as these are oftenest undertaken by minds which are under a strong bias; and when it is not so at the outset, the temptation to magnify one's subject and to pay too little attention to the doings and sufferings of others soon grows very strong. It is for this reason that the annals of regiments and brigades, interesting as they may be, must be so carefully used as materials for history. While we read of the doings of the "Fighting Onety Oneth" or some "Iron Brigade," we feel as if all the deeds of derring-do were performed by these few troops, and the rest of the army were only so many eaters of rations and contributors to the impressiveness of the tableau. General Burnside's position before the public, and the career of the Ninth Corps, had both of them certain peculiar features that made it almost certain that the chronicler of the doings of the leader and his corps would write under conditions unfavorable in an unusual degree to the precision, proportion, and impartiality of history.

General Burnside, the hero of some successes of inferior magnitude, and the principal actor in some of the more serious failures and the ghastliest defeat of the war, has enjoyed in a singular degree the confidence and admiration of his fellow-citizens. There is a magnetism in his appearance and manner which disarms criticism and wins regard, and his many excellent qualities make us only regret that he wanted the firmness to persist in the refusal to accept the high command which his knowledge of himself taught him, as bitter experience taught his soldiers, was beyond his powers. The command with which his name is most closely associated—the Ninth Corps—has also had an exceptional history, both in the fact that it saw service in various and widely-separated scenes and in the fact that it often constituted an army by itself.

Mr. Woodbury was not a soldier of the Ninth Corps, and was not an eye-witness of the scenes which he describes. The third paragraph in his preface makes us doubt his fitness for his task, for he there undertakes to pronounce the following judgment: "No corps in the army, with the exception of those which made the grand march from Atlanta to the coast and up through the Carolinas, has performed more arduous service, or marched or fought over a wider territory, than the Ninth." That this corps saw a great deal of the country during the war, is true. That no corps in the army performed more arduous service, is not true. While the Army of the Potomac was fighting its many sanguinary battles upon the Peninsula and before Richmond, General Burnside and his troops were in North Carolina, where their severest experiences were the comparatively bloodless victories of Roanoke Island and Newbern. The aggregate of killed and wounded in these two affairs was less than seven hundred men. At the Antietam the percentage of loss in the Ninth Corps was little more than half that of the Second. The Ninth and the Second formed the right grand division of the army at Fredericksburg, and the losses of the division were very heavy, but no statement of the loss of each corps is known to be accessible to the public. The language of the report of General Sumner, who commanded the division, and the fact that General Burnside, after his repulse, proposed to form a storming column of eighteen regiments of the Ninth Corps, create the impression that it was not much exposed and suffered little. At Chancellorsville and Gettysburg it was not present. Between the 1st of May and the 1st of November of 1864, when it was in line with, or a part of, the Army of the Potomac, it captured eleven colors and four guns, against forty colors and eleven guns captured by another corps in the same army. Not an officer of the staff of the corps was killed, and only one was wounded, while in the discharge of his duties.

Not one word of what has been written has been written with a view to depreciate the services of the Ninth Corps. It was a worthy part of the great army of the Republic, and shared largely in all the glories and losses that fell so thickly to its lot. It is only when an imprudent historian, in a somewhat elaborate work, claims for a corps exceptional distinction that justice to other corps demands scrutiny of the pretension.

Mr. Woodbury's postulate—not distinctly laid down but constantly implied—that General Burnside, next to General Grant, was the best soldier, and the Ninth Corps was the best body of troops, in the Union armies of the East, demanded of him certain sacrifices which he has not hesitated to make. But his tone towards the victor of Gettysburg is the most objectionable. He ventures to insinuate that General Meade was unwilling that General Burnside's combinations should be successful; that he consulted his own comfort unduly while important movements were in progress. He declares that the corps commanders of the Army of the Potomac, after the surprise of Fort Steadman, "would have been glad to have fought a battle under the direction of General Parke, without any intervention of General Meade." He states that Lieutenant-Colonel Pleasants, the miner, instead of recognition, "had nothing but ridicule at the headquarters of the army." He magnifies the credit due to Hartranft, commanding a division of the Ninth Corps, for his gallantry and promptness at Fort Steadman, and to Burnside, commanding the Army of the Ohio, including the Ninth Corps, in East Tennessee, at the expense of two most distinguished officers, by declaring that the conduct of the former was "as decisive in its way as General Sheridan's splendid achievement at Cedar Creek," and that "the *deliverance of East Tennessee* deserves to hold an equal rank with the victory which turned the tide of invasion from Pennsylvania." He goes out of his way to assert that in the winter of 1863–4, Sherman's "great march was already projected in the mind of General Grant."

Apart from the defects which are distinctly traceable to the partisanship of the author, Mr. Woodbury's book is as good as could be expected from a man of fair education, much industry, little military knowledge, and a strong tendency to fine writing, and especially to patriotic platitudes. Many reasons have been given for refusing to it a place among the trustworthy contributions to the history of our war. It is an interesting book from the necessity of the case. It is most interesting when it treats of operations on a comparatively small scale, which are within the author's grasp. Thus the account of operations in North Carolina, which occupies about the first fifth of the book, is generally excellent, and the chapter on the "deliverance of East Tennessee" is very good. It is true that it costs the author eight lines of great eloquence to state that General Burnside is of Scotch descent, that he was born in South Carolina, and moved from there to the West. To him the *Merrimac* is "the iron-clad monitor that lay in the harbor of Norfolk." He is very apt to pronounce confident judgments, the echoes of the crudest assertions of the press, upon subjects upon which he is not qualified, at least so far as appears, to form an opinion. He is as ready to declare that General McClellan made a fatal error in not transferring his base of operations from the York to the James after the destruction of the *Merrimac*, and that a "fruitful cause of failure" in Burnside's command of the Army of the Potomac was the training which it "had had in the method of fighting with the spade rather than with the musket," as he is to utter such truisms as "the health of the soldiers is necessary to their *morale*, and their *morale* is an essential element for their achievement of victory. Physical and moral feebleness is the sure condition of defeat."

And here it may be well to make a remark upon the matter of the use of the spade. An officer of the Engineer Corps declared at Yorktown, in August, 1862, that he had been all over the ground, and that the enemy had thrown more earth on the Peninsula than we. Neither army used the spade much at the Antietam, but the enemy used it more than we did. The cause of Burnside's failure at Fredericksburg is to be sought elsewhere, therefore, than in the army's training in the method of fighting with the spade rather than with the musket. The army that beat us had had more such training than the army that was beaten.

Mr. Woodbury, following the lead of General Burnside's advocates, seeks to fix the responsibility for the loss of the battle of Fredericksburg upon General Franklin. That officer has himself undertaken his defence, and conducted it ably, and there is not room here to review the controversy. But there is matter for serious comment in a note which Mr. Woodbury has appended to his chapter on this battle. It commences as follows: "The following conversation, which is authentically reported as having taken place between Generals Meade and Lee, at the headquarters of the latter, shortly after his surrender, may throw some light upon the subjects discussed in the text." Then come, alternately, three speeches of General Meade, and the same number of General Lee, in the first person, and in the form of familiar dialogue. The obvious inference from the introductory language of this work is, that this dialogue was "authentically reported" by some ear-witness, who gave not only the sense but the very words used by the speakers. In point of fact, no such report has ever been made by an ear-witness. If the conversation ever took place, it was reported by either General Meade or General Lee, and if either of those officers repeated it to Mr. Woodbury, or if he heard it, at one or more removes, from some person to whom one of those generals repeated it, he should have said so, and not given his readers the impression that he was placing before them the material of contemporaneous, verbatim report. It is by such carelessness, to use no severer term, that the purity of the sources of history is disturbed, and against such illegitimate use of hearsay we earnestly protest.

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* "Burnside and the Ninth Army Corps." Augustus Woodbury. Portraits and Maps." 8vo. Providence, R. I.: Sidney S. Rider & Bro.

There is so much to tell in the history of the war that loose rhetoric is peculiarly out of place in a book which must be long or else leave unsaid things that ought to be said. Mr. Woodbury would do well to make his book shorter by leaving out such poor stuff as this: "The Ninth Army Corps took its place in the history of the war—a place unsullied by a single act of dishonor." "No stain of dishonor ever sullied their fair renown, and no stigma of shame can ever be affixed upon their bright record." "Never was there an army like that which was raised in defence of the Republic," etc., etc. It is amusing to read what Mr. Woodbury says in relation to General Burnside's resolving to take up arms at the outbreak of the rebellion: "There was, indeed, great danger; but the sentiment of patriotism was stronger than the regard for bodily safety." This is one of the most "refreshing" sentences to be found in the literature of the day.

To those who look for real merit in each new book upon our war, who wish that facts be carefully gathered and skilfully used, that praise be not bestowed almost indiscriminately, and poltroonery too gross to be extenuated be not passed by in silence (as those who know the unwritten history of the Mine know happens once in this book), Mr. Woodbury's book will not be welcome. To the soldiers of the Ninth Corps and their friends it will be pleasant reading, for it is plausible and full, and to their virtues very kind. Their virtues were many. The corps marched through many States and fought bravely on many fields. It displayed one soldierly virtue in an eminent degree, and that was *esprit de corps*. It may probably be safely asserted for this corps, that in no other in the army was there less jealousy or more harmony. Fortunate in the kindly spirit of their first commander, they caught their tone from him, and fought and lived and died like brothers.

The fame of the corps and of its officers is a part of the fame of the country, and precious in the sight of all to whom honor is dear. So much credit belongs to General Burnside and his soldiers of the Ninth Corps that they may well be satisfied with the laurels to which their title is undisputed, and need not ask of their historian that he should seek to add to them leaves or chaplets from the brows of others.

RECENT WRITERS OF TRAGEDY.*

To write a great poem, it has been said, appears the easiest thing in the world—to him to whom it is impossible. When a man coolly announces that he has by him a matter of seventeen dramatic poems, and that he intends to finish two more and make the whole number nineteen, it is not surprising that the reader thinks of the saying above quoted, and anticipates pretty bad plays from an author who seems to make so little account of play-writing. Let Mr. Osborn, then, have the benefit of the confession on our part, that we took up "Calvary" and "Virginia" expecting to find very little worth seeking. For Mr. Osborn announces twelve tragedies and seven comedies, all but two of which are ready for the press. And for ourselves, let us have the benefit of the statement that we were not disappointed, and that Mr. Osborn's plays were very far from pleasing us.

"Calvary" opens lyrically. There is a choral song of angels. Next Caiaphas urges Pontius Pilatus to arrest Jesus as a seditious person. Next, there is the closing scene of the first act, and in this Mary, his mother, seeks to dissuade Jesus from continuing in a course of life which will lead him to death. But one thing is at all noticeable in this part of the play; it is, that the mother of Jesus speaks to him as if in perfect ignorance of his claims to be considered as of divine origin:

. . . . "MARY. Still thou speakest
As if thou aye wert toiling at the work
Thou dost no more and hast not done for years.
Who is thy father, who thy brethren, son?"

In the second act we notice that the devils who in the first scene sing in chorus use some appropriately bad English:

"Onward strides the time
When the Prince of Heaven,
For whose sake, down-driven
From the heights sublime
Hitherward we fell,
Shall with human anguish,
Woe divine as well,
For a spell,
. . . .
By his sharp partaking,
Lighter make the aching,
Changeless which and fell
Makes us," etc.

The construction in the last complete line is very clumsy, and the italicized line above is so colloquial as to have a ridiculous effect. After the chorus of short-sighted demons, whom Lucifer rebukes for rejoicing over an event which shall be injurious rather than beneficial, we have a scene between Mary Magdalene and Judas Iscariot, who are represented as living together in unlawful love, and as being so poor that Iscariot, in order to buy wood, oil, and food to keep himself and his mistress from starving, decides to sell his Master. In the third act this is done, Caiaphas paying the traitor thirty shekels of silver, and Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea, members of the Sanhedrim, opposing the whole transaction. Judas takes home food to Mary Magdalene, who refuses it, discovers the treachery of the renegade apostle, and makes him leave her to attempt the undoing of his work. Caiaphas refuses the price of blood, and Judas hangs himself. It is not necessary to repeat here a story which in its remaining course keeps in the biblical channel. Whenever the author varies from the scriptural account, or from the view held by Christendom in general, it seems to us that if he had succeeded, his dramatic success would have been dearly purchased, but also it seems to us that he has not succeeded. Nothing is gained by degrading Mary Magdalene into the mistress of Judas. Remorse, without her reproaches, would have been enough to have sent Judas to his gallows; and to make Judas betray Jesus because he and his mistress were hungry is to give him not so powerful or impressive a motive as the one that the pulpits commonly attribute to him—the sordid desire of an earthly soul to force the Messiah into declaring himself in all his glory and entering on his career of temporal splendor.

But aside from bad management of those parts which are incidental, the subject is very badly chosen. It is oppressively great; it does not admit of the ordinary tragic treatment. The strictly human passions which were displayed in the Sanhedrim, the judgment hall, and in the garden and on the hill of Calvary, the spectator cannot but feel were not the efficient agents in bringing about the result. It is true, too, that the woes and misfortunes do not fill the soul with the grief, indignation, and terror which tragic woes excite. And the victim is a willing and conscious sacrifice, and not the puppet of destiny. This is all above and aside from tragedy, whether ancient or modern. We say nothing, therefore, of Mr. Osborn's failure in poetic power in this instance.

In "Virginia" we find, as in "Calvary," occasional minor blemishes of style, pretty fair dialogue, business-like blank-verse, without more than a suggestion of poetry in it, which now and then is energetic and nervous, but generally is as good as prose, comprehensible by both pit and gallery if "Virginia" ever gets on the stage. The story of the tragedy is almost familiar. Livia, the mistress of the client Marcus, is made by the author a bitter enemy of Virginius, who had once rejected her love, and she it is whom Marcus brings forward as a witness that Virginia is her own child and not the daughter of Virginius's wife. Except this incident, there is nothing new, we believe, in the plot or characters. The decemvir is the well-known tyrant, Virginia loves Icilius and her country, Icilius harangues the people, Marcus is a sneaking pander, Virginius a manly Roman—all as we have been accustomed to see. Appius, according to Mr. Osborn, is killed in the Virginian riot. A brief extract will show the author's style, and we are glad that it contains one of the few passages which we had marked for commendation. The little touch which depicts Virginius ashamed of the falsehood he had felt compelled to tell the messenger—he a Roman centurion, having authority, lying to a slave—and which describes him as apologizing to his youthful nephews, we found quite a pleasant relief from the prevalent high-sounding, rather empty Ancient Romanism of most of the play. Virginius has tampered with the tablets the messenger was bearing to the camp:

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* "Calvary—Virginia. Tragedies. By Laughton Osborn." New York: Doolady. 1867. 8vo, pp. 200.

"Antonius: A Dramatic Poem. By J. C. Heywood." New York: Hurd & Houghton.

"*Virg.* How shouldst thou know?
'Tis as it should be. I disturb'd the wax,
And then re-wrote it. There is not one word
But what stood there at first. Knows Rome not Appius?
Is my life nothing? Go. Thou losest time.
[*Exit Messenger.*
And we too, sons; our steeds are not the wind.
My daughter!
C. Num. What has chanc'd? Thou art so pale!
Virg. I'll tell thee on our way.—O Rome! O Rome!
My child!— Accursed tyrant!—— Boys,
Ye have heard Virginius lie like any slave.
C. Num. Lie, uncle?
Virg. Yes: what is it to deceive?
The words are nothing; 't is the intent alone
Makes them or true or false. That beaten slave
Had been but politic; but I, a freeman,
A Roman, and a soldier, cannot use
Ulysses' craft without both sin and shame.
Learn that of me; and be this cheek your monitor.—
Yet oh, my daughter! 't was alone for thee!—
Tyrant! I'll have thy life!— Come, boys.— My child!
[*Exeunt.*"

Poetry, in our opinion, makes no gain in the advent of Mr. Osborn. The stage may get two or three sensible acting plays from his nineteen, but we are greatly mistaken if "Calvary" or "Virginia" is among the number. The dates which are prefixed—to "Calvary," 1864, and to "Virginia," 1847—if they mean the time of writing, would seem to show an advance backward; of the two, the earlier is rather the better. It would be wrong to close our remarks without saying that his notes appended to the plays give evidence that Mr. Osborn has worked hard for accuracy.

"Antonius," we presume, is meant as a dramatic poem and not as a drama to be acted. However it may be with acting plays, no dramatic poem was ever saved from oblivion by skilful construction of the plot alone, and we, therefore, take leave to tell the story of the tragedy in the briefest way.

Salome, the daughter of that wicked Herodias, having committed her sin in obedience to her mother and not from hardened wickedness of heart, is able to repent and become a devout Christian. She afterwards goes to Hispania to join her betrothed lover, Sextus, a Roman general, and is captured by a roving band of British pirates, who carry her to Mona. There Alpindargo, the aged Druid, protects her, and she is saved from sacrifice.

Nearly at the same time the mysterious Kaliphilus is cast upon the shores of Mona by shipwreck. The Britons try to kill him, but he is apparently invulnerable; moreover, he is a master of magical arts, so that soon the savage and superstitious islanders hold him in very high honor. At a later period Antonius, an old Roman general, is also shipwrecked and thrown upon Mona, believing himself sole survivor of all who were on board the fleet. In this he is mistaken, for Sextus and some others of the army are brought to land in another part of the isle. Here the play begins. Kaliphilus succors Antonius, and having learned, by patiently enduring several long speeches very full of imagery, that once the old man had a wife who played him false and a daughter whom he seeks, conceals him from the Britons, well persuaded that by so doing he keeps him from the sight of Salome, whom he suspects to be Antonius' daughter. In like manner Kaliphilus finds and secures Sextus.

In a love scene between Salome and Kaliphilus we find out who this latter is. When Salome danced before the tetrarch Herod—whom Mr. Heywood, by the way, following St. Mark, calls a king—she is seen by a young Hebrew, who at once becomes enamored of her. She begs the head of John; and the young Hebrew, Kaliphilus of course, having discovered that the executioner has scruples about killing so holy a man, offers himself as a substitute in the bloody office, and with his own hand beheads the prophet. Afterwards, when a greater than John went up the hill of Calvary, Kaliphilus smote him and bade him go faster. Thus he became the Wandering Jew. Salome pities him but cannot love, and exhorts him to repentance. It is his punishment, he replies, that the power of repentance is taken away from him; but he imagines that in love he could for a time forget the extremest pangs of his misery. He pleads hard; she, however, still refuses, and the magician resolves to obtain her by plotting. He demands her of her father, offering him, in case he will consent, the sight of her he had sought so long. Antonius refuses. Soon comes a day for sacrificing to the British gods, and it comes just as the Romans are about to make a descent on the island, indeed just as their fleet is in sight, and Salome is designated as the victim. Ullin, moved thereto by Kaliphilus, who wants a rival put out of the way, and chiefly moved by his great love for Salome, offers himself to be sacrificed instead of her. Kaliphilus asks the horror-stricken Alpindargo (Ullin's father) if he may have the maiden for his own if he will procure for the altar, instead of a girl, a stout Roman warrior. Surely yes, they answer him, and he produces Antonius. Hereupon Salome consents to wed Kaliphilus if her father (secretly they had met in the isle, and she knows him) may be spared. At once Kaliphilus presents for sacrifice Sextus—a young warrior in place of an old one. But now the Roman soldiers from the fleet rush in; there is instant battle; Salome is borne to a tower where her father and the faithful Ullin defend her against certain pirates who in the confusion would carry her away, and just as Sextus, wounded, fights his way in and comes to aid Antonius, Kaliphilus, entering by a secret door, seizes Salome in his arms and bears her away in triumph. This scene ends the poem, which in all the latter scenes is very spirited indeed.

But it is not an excellent poem. The language is not to be described as rich or forcible. The versification, whether in the lyrical or dramatic parts, is stiff and unpleasing. And as for matters more important—the play is not destitute of thought, but the author staggers under a theme so tremendous as that of "The Everlasting Jew," and cannot handle it. He can devise a plot and can conceive the outlines of a striking character, but he depicts character badly. Kaliphilus is now a mesmerizer and cheap juggler, now a tolerable villain of the order of Mephistopheles, but never the awful figure that he should appear. Salome is anybody or nobody. So are Thona and Ullin and Orla. Alpindargo is somebody; but for a sacrificer of human victims he seems extremely gentlemanly, and for an aged high priest extremely liberal in opinion. Antonius historically must be, we suppose, that Herod Philip whose wife, Herodias, divorced him in order to marry his half brother, Herod Antipas. Dramatically he is an old man, a very Elizabethan Roman, of not much account, who in one place terrifies the reader with indications that he is going to imitate Lear and go mad and talk disjointedly—a device which in the hands of modern dramatists generally leads to results which make one blush for our race. Kaliphilus frequently suggests Prospero and, as we have hinted, Mephistopheles. Of Theudas, his servant, we see but little; but that is enough to make us think him a base counterfeit of Caliban. He is very much deformed, fears and hates his master, and talks about gulping a fat toad. Ossian, of course, inspires the songs of bards and priests.

But there is evidence of imagination in the poem, of thought, and of labor. The author has not well embodied any of his characters; but, on the other hand, he has attempted it, and has not used the worn-out wooden puppets with which we are familiar to fatigue. Increasing years to ripen his judgment, to give him experience of the passions, and to give him time for hard study, will, we have no doubt, make Mr. Heywood capable of producing a poem truly good.

NOTES ON THE NEW EDITION OF WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY.

NUMBER XII.—STATISTICS OF THE VOCABULARY.

THE next title is *Ab*, originally a Latin preposition, but employed in English as a prefix implying *separation, privation*, etc. It is never used by itself, but only in composition, and is therefore only an element of words, not like the letter A, in some cases, an English word *per se*. In short, it is no more an English word than is the native negative prefix *un-*, or than the dot over the *i* is a letter of the alphabet. We may safely frame rule

Fifth. Affixes, or other constituents of words, which are not used independently in English, but in composition only, are not to be counted.

Next we have *Aback* in the familiar sense, and then as another form of *Abacus*. About the first there is no question. I reject the second as falling under Rule Third, the word not being distinguishable from *Abacus* except in termination.

On the last column of the page we find *Abaft*, preposition, and *Abaft*, adverb. These are one in form, they are the same in etymology, and they convey the same idea. But one is a preposition, or has a regimen, the other qualifies some other word, or is an adverb.

The words are perhaps logically indistinguishable, though grammatically belonging to different categories. I design to distribute the vocabulary into grammatical classes, and therefore, as a matter of convenience, I propose rule

Fifth. Words identical in form, in etymology, and in substantial meaning, but being different parts of speech, are to be counted separately.

The numerical result of all this is: We count A as three instead of one; we reject *Aaronic* or *Aaronical*, *Ab*, prefix, and *Aback*, abacus, thus gaining two and losing three, and leaving the number to be counted to this page twenty-three instead of twenty-four. It admits of reasonable doubt whether we ought not to reject *Aard-vark*, Cape-of-Good-Hope Dutch for *ground-hog; Ab*, the name of a month in the Jewish calendar; *Abaca*, the native word for Manila hemp—not *Manilla*, as misspelt in Webster—all foreign words not perhaps yet naturalized by act of the sovereign people; *Abaddon*, a proper name, *Abacot* and *Abaiser*, as words not sufficiently authenticated. But we must allow to lexicographers as large a liberty as to writers, and upon the whole I think all these words should be counted. I shall, however, not include them in the general summing up of the vocabulary, but enter them in a separate list, with others of the same class met with hereafter.

Let us now proceed to the examination of the second page. The number of titles is twenty-nine, including three braces or couples of words, namely, *Abannation* and *Abannition*, *Abaptista* and *Abaptiston*, *Abatis* and *Abattis*, all evidently different orthographical forms of one word. The two first cases, however, suggest questions of some interest in Greek and Latin philology, but which cannot well be discussed here. The first point which offers itself for determination is, whether *Abandon*, noun, obsolete in both the two senses ascribed to it, ought to be considered the same as French *Abandon*, now not unfrequently employed by English writers in a signification different from the two belonging to the obsolete noun. They are alike in form, in etymology, in radical meaning, and in grammatical class. Logically, they are the same word, but as English words they have a different history. The present use of the latter is not a revival of the former. The obsolete noun had never the meaning now exclusively given to the same form, and it is an important observation that at the time when the word was current in our earlier literature it had not acquired, even in French, its present signification. It is, therefore, a new importation introduced for the apt expression of an idea never formulated in English and for which our vocabulary furnishes no term. It is important to keep note of the obligations we are incurring to our neighbors, as an interesting point of literary history and of philological finance. I decide accordingly, though not without some hesitation, to count both words, and I lay down rule

Sixth. Words recently introduced from foreign languages in a new signification, though formerly employed in English with an obsolete meaning, are to be counted as different words.

This word *Abandon* is an example of a somewhat numerous class of terms recently introduced from abroad and used by good writers, but generally under protest signified by printing in italics, or by some more or less formal apology. Such words I shall count, indeed, but in a class by themselves, as in the case of *Aard-vark* and its fellows. The distinction between the two classes will probably not always be clear in practice; but theoretically, foreign words freely used by eminent writers in miscellaneous literature, though not yet current in familiar speech, ought to be discriminated from exotic terms not popularly known at all, and only occasionally introduced into scientific works or other special treatises not designed for general readers.

The next word on the second page is the participial adjective *Abandoned*. Shall this, and other words of the same class, be treated as a mere form of the verb, or shall they be counted as independent constituents of the vocabulary? I think they are to be considered simply as adjectives, and treated accordingly. They are used in purely adjectival constructions, without an auxiliary, and they are no way syntactically distinguishable from the adjective. In fact, a considerable proportion of our ordinary adjectives were originally participles of verbs either now obsolete or never introduced into English. It is true there is sometimes a practical difficulty in determining, in a particular case, whether usage sanctions the employment of a participle as a technical adjective, but this does not affect the principle. In order not to repeat the argument when the case arises, I may here state that I shall apply the same test to the active as to the passive participle, and we thus have rule

Seventh. Participles, active or passive, employed in common usage, or by authoritative writers, in adjectival constructions, are to be counted independently as adjectives.

The next word which suggests a question is *Abanet*, for the definition of which reference is made to *Abnet*. This should be rejected in counting, as only an orthographical variation, a simple duplicate of the other word.

Next we have *Abanga*, "the fruit of a kind of palm tree whose seeds have been thought useful in diseases of the chest." For anything that appears to the contrary, this word is peculiar to the Island of St. Thomas, and though used by one or more medical writers, it does not seem to be entitled to a place in an English dictionary. It will, therefore, not be counted in the general vocabulary, but referred to the list of similar words first above mentioned.

The editors of Webster very properly, as a matter of convenience to the student, make separate titles of the active and neuter, or as they, unhappily I think, call them, the transitive and intransitive uses of the verb, and consequently the active verb *Abate* makes one article, the neuter verb *Abate* another. There is, however, no good ground for treating these two as logically distinct, and there is no special motive for discriminating them in the enumeration. I therefore count them as one only, but see no occasion for formulating a special rule on the subject.

On pages third and fourth, I find no word which suggests any new question of principle, and I content myself with saying that on page third I refer to the alien list *Abdal*, *Abdest*, and the group *Abelian*, *Abelite*, and *Abelonian*, as foreign words which have acquired no rights of English citizenship, and reject *Abderite* as a mere geographical appellative. A B C, on the same page, I count as a word for the same reason as the letter A, a decision for which Robert of Gloucester furnishes me this authority:

> "Clerc he was god ynou, and yut, as he telleth me,
> He was more than ten yer old, ar he couthe ys *abece*."
> *Chronicle*, p. 266.

On page fourth, *Abhal* is counted out as a stranger, and *Abhominable* omitted from the enumeration as a word which, though very properly introduced into the dictionary, is only a corrupt form, an accommodation of *Abominable* to a mistaken etymology.

It is evident that, although in taking the census of the vocabulary, the whole alphabet must be *mentally* gone through with in the way I have exemplified, it would be a waste of time and space to continue the detailed and reasoned discussion through this series of articles. Unless, therefore, questions of principle, not now foreseen, shall arise in the examination of the alphabet, I shall, hereafter, as far as concerns the total number of words and of each grammatical class of words, content myself with stating results only.

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Several Recent Publications.—Jerrold's masterpiece, the lifelike representation of the nagging feminine human nature—or, to speak more civilly and more as we prefer to believe, the strong concentrated extract of the nagging element as it is found universally diffused throughout feminine human nature—is here offered us by Hurd & Houghton in a cheap form. The illustrations by Keene are good, but the book has never been illustrated as it might be, nor, we have faith to believe, as it yet will be. So very enticing a field must sooner or later be the scene of many a triumph for some new comic genius. This edition should be a popular one, the volume being handy in size, the paper good, the printing done at the Riverside Press, and the price being quite low—as prices of books go nowadays in America.

In Volume X. of *Harper's Weekly* are comprehended the separate issues of the year just elapsed—a year which in our politics is remarkable for the struggle for the balance of power, which has lain and still lies with the freedmen of the South. Appropriately enough, the first engraving is that of the "Last Chattel," and never after, to the credit of the paper be it said, in text or engraving, are the claims of this unfortunate to light, protection, and equal freedom forgotten. In this volume, besides the usual world-wide miscellany of illustrations, we have some of the finest and most powerful cartoons of Mr. Thomas Nast, including those in which the President's tour is held up to ridicule with a degree of effectiveness only rivalled by that kindred artist, Mr. Nasby. Here also are a portion of Mr. Nast's caricatures displayed at the Academy of Music; and his illustrations to Mr. Harrington's novel of "Inside" may be praised for more faithful representations of American character and manners than it is probably within the capacity of any other designer to execute. Lastly, his picture of Mr. Lincoln's entrance into Richmond, if not worth alone the price of the year's subscription, is worth far more than the majority of pictures that such a sum would buy in our shops. We must not overlook, among some poor ones, the many really fine portraits of public men—Scott, Stanton, Bancroft, Sumner, Thomas Hughes, Bismark, and the rest. Maps of some of the Gulf States, of Tennessee, and of mid-Europe have a permanent value for almost everybody.

The fourth revised edition of "Familiar Quotations" leaves little to be desired on the part of the public in respect of accuracy or fulness, while the compiler and publishers have a realizing sense of the favor which this convenient hand-book has met with, in the fact that thirteen thousand copies were insufficient to supply the demand for it. The public, bent on getting the best, probably took it for granted that the credit due Mr. Bartlett for this collection was precisely what he, in all modesty, assumed; but the letter which we published from him in our last issue sets the question of his originality completely at rest. At least, we do not think Mr. Friswell will be inclined to pursue the controversy.

Messrs. Little & Brown publish also two editions of Walton's "Angler," with Major's commentary and Absalon's illustrations; the same in all respects except that the one intended for subscribers only is on large paper, and, by so much, more elegant than the other. The disciples of Walton and Cotton can hardly require a better garb for their favorite authors.

The eleventh volume of Burke's works, published by the same house, has just appeared, and contains still further documents relating to the Warren Hastings impeachment. With volume twelve, we believe, this carefully edited and well-printed edition will be completed.

A part of "The Mysteries of the People" has been done into English before, whether well or ill we confess we have forgotten it too thoroughly to say. But it was only a part, and now the whole is to be given us in eight numbers, at a dollar a number, each larger than an ordinary paper-covered novel. It would be possible, perhaps, to spend eight dollars for books in a worse way, and very easily possible to spend that much in an indefinitely better way than in purchasing this book of Sue's. It is not precisely "your scrofulous French novel" either, though it contains a good many pictures, more or less accurately drawn and colored, of historical scenes that might better not have been put before the novel-reading world. In his more elaborate novels, Sue is always a social reformer; after his expulsion from aristocratic society he began to write "novels of purpose." In this one he preaches that in all ages the people has been the great source whence flowed whatever is good among men, and that in all ages the people has been cruelly trampled and oppressed. The scope of his work is the fortunes of a plebeian family during two thousand years. Among all the Gauls, he says, but especially among those of Brittany, it was a custom to keep records of their history. Not only noble but plebeian houses thus preserved their archives. In the keeping of the family of Marik Lebrenn, a linen-draper of Paris, a descendant of Brennus, there are many manuscripts, and the story of the Lebrenns is complete from Druidical times down to almost our own day. To each manuscript was attached a relic—to one a golden sickle, a Druidical emblem; to one an iron collar such as slaves wore; to one a brass bell of the days of Vercingetorix, to one the skull of a child, to one an abbatical cross, to one a pair of pincers, an instrument of torture; to each some relic, and generally one of a sort to awaken sensations of gloom and horror and to suggest crime. To relate these tales is what Sue proposes to himself; and in this first number he expatiates on the tyranny of the priesthood in Jerusalem, who crucified the great moral teacher and friend of the poor, on the vile debauchery and horrid cruelty of the Roman patricians, on the destruction of Gaulish liberty by the Roman army under Cæsar, and it is plain to be seen that priest and noble are to be made to suffer in the coming volumes. The scheme was undeniably a great one, a scheme of epic grandeur; but it was M. Sue that carried it out. Therefore, in many places the work is defiled by the vile touch of the workman's hands. Its historical truth is of the kind that is as bad as falsehood, being the truth but not the whole truth. As for its answering the end for which, nominally, it was undertaken—why, the world will be a good deal worse than it is when men of M. Sue's abilities and propensities have devised its social philosophy; the world will be a good deal worse than it is before it commits the task to men like Sue. Mr. Clark and the American News Company put the work in the American market, and the translation, which seems to be a good one, at any rate it is a translation into good English, is done by Miss Mary L. Booth.

The ninety-first volume of "Littell's Living Age" is before us. *Every Saturday* has not yet succeeded in breaking us of the habit of considering the "*Living* Age" the best of all those periodicals which euphemistically may be called eclectic. The editors of them cull the best from the contents of the periodicals who pay their writers, but they cull without leave—"convey, the wise it call"—and we praise with serious reservations. But whoever will sink morality, will certainly find the "Living Age" a most excellent weekly visitor.

Why Colored People in Philadelphia are excluded from the Street Cars. (Philadelphia. 1866. *Pamphlet, pp.* 27.)—The author of this paper has put on record his protest against one of the most curious relics of the ancient barbarity still extant. It is a strange anomaly that Philadelphia has done as much for the extinction of slavery and the triumph of freedom as any other city of the Union, that it was the seat of the first organization for raising colored troops, that it fed and clothed them at its refreshment saloons, that it cares for them in its Soldier's Home now, and that, in spite of all this, to this day no negro can ride in one of its passenger cars. The pamphlet tells in plain, straightforward, manly phrases, and with a simplicity that lends strength to its rare bits of sharp sarcasm, the history of the efforts that have been made to remedy this mischievous prejudice. In spite of committees, of public meetings, of courts of law with decisions clearly against it, of applications for legislative action, which were strangled and not discussed, there is such a bad sentiment in the general public, such a universal agreement in this wretched prejudice, that the mischief holds its own. Of course it is indefensible on any ground of sense or reason or humanity, and nobody pretends to meet it with any argument of that sort. Nevertheless, by common consent, the privilege or right, call it which you please, that is accorded in every other town of the country, is denied in Philadelphia. The calm, measured tone of this pamphlet will lend it value when, hereafter, the people of Philadelphia shall look back on the curiosities of their older days; the same merit makes it worth reading and preserving in other places which can afford to look down on Philadelphia with some complacency, so far at least as this particular fault is concerned. Of course the good to be done by it is not confined to securing to the colored people the right of riding in street-cars, for that will come when the real work of the pamphlet is done. It is meant to show to the white people of Philadelphia the wickedness of fostering and keeping alive prejudices of race and distinctions of color, in a way that injures the whites in the eyes of all other white men, and blunts their own perception of right and wrong, and holds the colored people at a point lower than their rightful place, humble as that may be.

Faith Unwin's Ordeal. By Georgiana M. Craik. Tauchnitz edition. (Leypoldt & Holt, New York.)—That such novels as this vitiate the public taste is unquestionable; and yet it is a marvel that they have power to affect anybody's taste at all. Weak tragedy, made up of "great passions of tears," "sudden passionate movements," "passionate pity," "passionate cravings," "dry sobs," "white faces," "pale hands," etc., etc., *ad nauseam*—these one would think powerless over even the trembling sensibilities of the most susceptibly melancholic young women. But as there are young women who will weep at the very fictitious woes of very fictitious heroines, all more or less like Faith Unwin, it may be well to suggest other reasons for drying their eyes than considerations of pure sense. Such stories as this, then, we esteem immoral in tendency. The history of a woman marrying, but not for love, and afterward falling in love with a man other than her husband, is one not calculated to edify its readers, unless managed by a hand that is guided by philosophy and religion, as well as by the mere ability to stir up a morbid excitement. As a rule, these plots—and we take the present one for a text—come to nothing that makes it worth while to have waded through such seas of misery. Faith ends as she began—suffering; and in the end as in the beginning, we are cruel enough to say, this suffering is the evident result of lack of principle and mental ballast. Of course, if the authoress recognized this fact as plainly as her readers must, there might be no reason why Faith Unwin should not be an instructive, even if an unlovely, character. But we can discern no other motive for the book than that of screwing as much "passionate anguish" out of a lay figure and the English language as possible. To that peculiar class who love to fancy themselves in some special way marked out by Providence for woe, this sort of stuff is grateful manna—it feeds their disease. To the healthier portions of mankind we trust it carries its own antidote.

Breathings of a Better Life. Edited by Lucy Larcom. (Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1867.)—The object of the compiler has been to bring together from the past and present some of the best thoughts upon the highest themes. This object has been well attained, and the result is a handsome little volume that will be very welcome as an aid to private and family devotion. The grouping of the various themes is most felicitous, and the choice of parallel passages from ancient and modern writers has been made with a great deal of carefulness and fine appreciation. The ever beautiful thoughts of Fénelon and Tauler and the Theologia Germanica, and the more modern speech of Bushnell, Robertson, and Beecher, teach side by side the same lessons of sweet trust and self-forgetfulness. For all that the compiler is herself no mean poet, the selections of poetry do not average so good as the prose part of the book, and we can but regret that some of them had not given place to her own verses. But the prose selections would have been still more inviting if they had been selected from a wider range of authorship, and if Dora Greenwell had been less of a favorite. The free use of this writer's pseudo-mysticism indicates the principal failing in the book, viz.: its excess of quietism, its constant reference to the passive virtues of the Christian life to the neglect of its more active side. It might be a more profitable task to complement the tender mysticism of Fénelon and Tauler with the earnest humanity of Robertson and Beecher, and it certainly would be a task in better keeping with the genius of these men, who have insisted on the active virtues of their faith more than on anything else. Miss Larcom's volume shows that they have been mystical, but the mystical element is not that which has especially distinguished them. This is a fine book for the sick-room and for those who can do nothing but *bear* patiently. But sickness is an episode. Health is man's normal state, and for healthy men an active not a passive type of Christianity needs most to be proclaimed.

Passages in the Life of a Faire Gospeller. By the author of Mary Powell. (New York. M. W. Dodd. 1867.)—This is a very pleasant book. It could scarcely be less, coming as it does from the same hand that gave us "Mary Powell" and the "Diary of Sir Thomas More." But it is not equal to its predecessors, not even to the last of them, "Cherry and Violet," for no fault of the writer's, but because of less intrinsic interest in the subject matter. As in the case of Milton's wife, the author takes certain liberties with the traditions which it would be pleasant to have justified if they can be. It is pretty certain that Milton's wife was not the sweet little fool that the "Maiden and Married Life of Mary Powell" represents her, but let us hope that this story of Mistress Anne Askew is based upon a careful study of the facts, and that it fairly sets forth the result. The received tradition is, that the Faire Gospeller recanted; the story says that she did not. But the success of the story is not dependent in any great degree upon this statement, for so consistent is the moral tone of the sweet Puritan's character that her recantation would involve no loss of faith in her, but would at once appear to be the yielding of the body, not of the invincible soul. The great superiority of this book and its companion volumes over the similar writings of Mrs. English—the author of the "Schönberg-Cotta Family"—lies in the fact that they magnify the *character* of the hero instead of his belief. Mrs. English teaches that persons are noble because believing so and so; Mrs. Warren that they are noble because while believing so and so they are not false to their convictions; and Mrs. Warren has it further in her favor that she is never sentimental, and always brief.

The Play Room; or, Indoor Games for Boys and Girls. A Complete Collection of Home Recreations. Illustrated. (New York: Dick & Fitzgerald.)—We are inclined to believe this little book almost all it pretends to be, and, whether or not, it certainly will be very much liked by all children into whose hands it may be put. There are play-room games from "Blind Man's Buff," which we know, and "Copenhagen," which we know, down to "One Old Ox Opening Oysters," which we do not know; all the board and slate games are here, and table and toy games like "Dominoes" and "Cup and Ball," and a dozen of "Comic Diversions" and "Parlor Magic and Sleight of Hand," together with the *modus operandi* of feats "Requiring Simple Apparatus," such as "How to Pass Six Cents Through a Table" and "Tricks with Cards" and "Curious Puzzles" and "Arithmetical Amusements." Also, for this is a nineteenth century child's book, and "the long results of time" are visible in the nursery, we have "Scientific Recreations" full of chemistry, "Optical Amusements" with camera, thaumatrope, and what not, and "Pneumatic Amusements" in great variety. The work is got up serviceably as well as cheaply.

Easy German Reading after a New System. By George Storme. New Edition. Revised by Edward A. Oppen. (New York: Leypoldt & Holt.)—The new system seems to us not a bad one. Little anecdotes, humorous, historical, or otherwise, are printed in coarse, primer-like type. Each difficult construction and each new word are explained in the copious footnotes, which occupy nearly half of every page. The learner then is not daunted at the outset by the length of the work to be translated, but is encouraged by its brevity. There is no turning over of a dictionary to distract the attention and impose manual labor, and one insensibly might, we should say, pick up a great many words to be added to his vocabulary, and a great many idiomatic constructions, by the use in odd half-hours of this little book. It is not too large for the pocket and it is cheap,

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION *should be addressed to the Editor.*

MILITARY RULE AT THE SOUTH.

MR. STEVENS's bill providing for the military government of the South, whatever its ultimate fate may be, has met with enough approval, both from Congress and from the country, to show that the eyes of the public are gradually opening to the extent of the blunder which was committed when the power not only of suspending the *habeas corpus* but of restoring it was handed over to the President. This was done, it is true, in the heat and excitement of the first years of the war, but it was supported with a profusion of argument by two or three of the first lawyers in the country. The inexpediency and danger of the thing were so plain, that the least doubt about the legality of it ought to have prevented its being done; no such power, we believe we may say with safety, was ever given to a single man in any country which made any pretensions to be free. Not only was the power of making arbitrary arrests conceded to the President, but he was declared competent to decide when he should assume it and how long he should retain it. Even in Rome the legislature determined whether a dictatorship had become necessary and how long it should last. In England, from which we have inherited nearly all our notions of civil liberty, Parliament alone can suspend the *habeas corpus*, and in suspending it it always fixes the date at which the suspension shall end. Of the technical arguments by which Mr. Lincoln's assumption of power was justified, we say nothing. Had they been twice as strong they ought not to have had the least weight with the people. The question who should exercise the right of suspending the writ and who should decide when it ought to be restored, as long as it was not expressly settled by the Constitution, was a political and not a legal question, and ought to have been decided on political and not on legal grounds. It is just one of those questions on which a lawyer's judgment is no better than any other man's. All history and all experience of human nature prove that no man is fit for the exercise of any such authority. Mr. Lincoln was as nearly fit as anybody ever was, or perhaps ever will be, but even in his hands it was abused. Mr. Lincoln, too, was mortal, and was sure to have successors of whose character and aims nothing could be known. He has gone, and his successor is in his place, and is armed with all his extraordinary powers, and is using them in such a way as to justify nearly every argument that was put forward four years ago against granting them. The power of restoring the *habeas corpus* he has used to restore the operation of the civil law in districts in which the civil law is a mockery and a snare, in which neither judges nor sheriffs afford the slightest protection for life or property, and in which United States laws are treated with just as much contempt as if the rebellion was still raging. The power of declaring the rebellion at an end he has used to hand over the government of the whole conquered territory to the rebels themselves, without giving Congress any time to decide what disposition should be made of it, or what legislation was necessary for the preservation of peace and tranquillity. We do not use the words "conquered territory" in any technical sense; we simply speak of the fact that the territory lately occupied by the government of the rebellion was when the war was over in the hands of the Federal forces, and subject, therefore, to the will of Congress, whose duty it was to reorganize civil government in it and to preserve order in it in the meantime.

We maintain now, as we maintained a year ago, that it was the business of Congress to suspend the *habeas corpus*, and that it is emphatically its business also to say when it shall be restored; that Mr. Johnson had no more right to declare the war over than he has to declare war or make treaties of peace. It is his duty to report facts—to say to Congress that the fighting had ceased, that the enemy had fled or laid down his arms; but the legal inferences from this it belongs to Congress to draw. A war is not over until the treaty of peace is signed. Our war has been legally decided to be, and was, a regular territorial war; and, if so, Mr. Johnson had no more right to declare it concluded and act accordingly than if it had been a war with Great Britain. The war with the South is not ended, no matter by what name it may be called, until the Senate has ratified a treaty of peace, or until, if there be no power with whom to make such a treaty, Congress has provided for the government of the conquered territory. Moreover, it is now generally recognized that it belongs to Congress to suspend the *habeas corpus*. It also belongs to Congress to restore it, so that the President's proclamations on this subject ought to be treated as so much waste paper. Personal liberty is too sacred a thing to be taken away on one man's dictum; but if taken away in the interest of the public safety, the public safety is too sacred a thing for one man to be allowed to decide how long the deprivation shall last. If questions of this sort ought not to be submitted to the legislative body, nothing need be submitted to them, and the work of government might be all done by the President and his cabinet.

It is not too late for Congress to reassert its jurisdiction over this whole question. Mr. Stevens's bill is the first step in this direction, and it is a necessary step. Mr. Eliot's is another. The Southern governments cannot be reorganized in a proper manner unless the Southern States are subject to the control of the United States forces. No election ordered by Congress could be fairly conducted unless the Federal troops were authorized to protect voters and maintain order. No act of Congress, looking to reorganization or reconstruction, can be effective as long as its execution is left to the local authorities, to marshals, judges, and sheriffs who all sympathize with, if they do not aid in, all attempts to resist or frustrate the law. Moreover, the protection of life and property, in all districts in which war or any social convulsion whatever has rendered the courts powerless, is the first duty of a government. That duty Congress is bound to do until society shall have settled down into its normal condition. The assertion that military law is not allowable as long as the courts are open is, when applied to the South, a transparent fallacy. It makes no difference in a political sense whether judges sit or not, as long as they do not do justice. A court is not simply a man seated on a bench listening to arguments. It is a man interpreting the laws without fear or favor, and armed by the community with power to carry his decisions into execution. If this definition be correct, there are no courts open at the South, and if there be no courts there is no civil law and no police. All the talk which we have heard in defence of Mr. Johnson's views on this point are so much sophistry, sophistry which would bring discredit on a tavern debating club.

There may be objections to Mr. Stevens's bill. It may give a color of support to a theory which we at the North might some day find highly inconvenient. But the preamble is a small matter. The main thing is to save Southern society, which the present state of things is rapidly barbarizing and will very soon break up. We hear a good deal of the blow which the spectacle of military rule at the South will give to civil liberty at the North and elsewhere, but we know of no state of things so dangerous to liberty, so well calculated to bring free government into contempt, as a state of things in which the constitutional forms are used to cover just such tyranny as the Turks exercise over the rayahs, in which trial by jury is used to promote the denial of justice, and in which judicial decisions on points of law are simply expressions of popular passion, and in which the sheriffs and police are in active sympathy with the law-breakers. There is no worse enemy of temperance than a drinking temperance lecturer; there is no worse enemy of religion than a dissolute professor of religion; and there is no worse enemy of free government than a country in which the forms which were framed for the protection of weakness and of innocence and freedom are used to protect robbers, murderers, false witnesses, and oppressors from the consequences of their crimes. This is the state of things which exists at the South, and it is with this state of things that our Government, in the interest of freedom and democracy, is called upon to deal. Reconstruction cannot be effected in a day. It is a knotty, troublesome business, to be considered carefully, debated thoroughly, and faithfully carried out. Let Congress take all needful time for it, but in the meantime let us have protection for life and property and free speech. No man ought to lie down under the United States flag in terror of anything which police and soldiers can prevent. Mr. Stevens's bill proposes, curiously enough, to pass the President over and impose the duty on General Grant, a little device which shows what a crooked condition the minds of some of the leaders are in. No bill can relieve the President of the duty of executing the orders of Congress in any matter requiring the intervention of a military force; and so far from seeking to relieve him of it, those who want to have him tried ought to seek, by every means in their power, to bring him face to face with the sharp test of a positive and clear injunction to do something. Should he disobey, there would then be a plain case against him. Hardly any of the objections made to Mr. Stevens's bill apply to Mr. Eliot's. The latter only proposes military rule *ad interim.* It makes the army subordinate to the civil power. It provides for reconstruction in regular form at a certain fixed period not very remote; asserts the power of Congress over the whole question, and prohibits all political distinctions based on race or color; and though last, not least, prescribes a certain course of action for the President. He must either obey or disobey. If he obeys, all is well. If he disobeys, let him be at once impeached at all hazards.

THE ELECTION OF A STATE CONVENTION.

THE judiciary committees in both branches of our State Legislature have very properly decided that it is the duty of the Legislature to summon a constitutional convention. The cause of doubt, as our readers may be aware, was that the constitution directed a convention to be called in case a majority of all the persons voting at the election of 1866 should vote in favor of such call; and that, while on this particular question the vote last fall stood 352,854 in favor and only 256,364 opposed, the total vote for governor, cast at the same time, was 719,195; so that a majority of the whole number of electors attending the polls did not vote for a convention. In California, under a somewhat similar provision concerning amendments to the State constitution, it has always been held that an amendment fails unless voted for by a majority of all the electors attending the polls. In Wisconsin, it was always assumed that such was the rule of law; and an amendment allowing colored men to vote, which received a majority of the votes cast upon that question in 1849, but not one-fourth of the gubernatorial vote, cast at the same time, was always treated as a nullity. So universally was this view adopted, that the Legislature of 1865 again submitted the amendment to the people, who rejected it by 8,000 majority. But the question being brought for the first time before the Supreme Court of the State in 1866, that court decided that the vote of 1849 had made the amendment a part of the State constitution. This adjudication is directly in point, and fully justifies the Legislature of this State in calling a convention. It is, moreover, entirely reasonable, being in accordance with the time-honored maxim of law and common sense, that silence gives consent.

The committees have further agreed upon holding the election in April next, so as to submit the new constitution to the people in November, and upon some other points of detail. On some questions, however, they widely differ. The Senate committee favor the election of four delegates from each Senate district, by manhood suffrage, without distinction of color; while the Assembly committee report in favor of the election of one delegate from each Assembly district, by persons qualified to vote for Assemblymen under the present constitution.

In regard to the first question, it is obvious that the Senate committee are actuated by a dissatisfaction with the tendency of small districts to send small men. The objection made to their plan is that it would probably exclude every Republican from the counties of New York, Westchester, Suffolk, Erie, and perhaps Kings; while it would also exclude every Democrat from the western and northern parts of the State; thus making up the convention exclusively of Republicans from the interior and Democrats from the southern counties and large cities. But in other respects this plan would secure the election of a class of men superior to those who will be likely to come from single districts. A solution of the difficulty would be most satisfactorily reached by allowing a representation to the minority in each Senate district; but we presume it would be impracticable to perfect this plan in time for the election. The probability is, therefore, that the delegates will be chosen by single districts.

The other question is one of more general interest and wider scope. It is not probable that the admission of colored men to equal suffrage will materially influence the result of the election; but as a precedent it would be of immense importance not only to this State, but to all the States. We have long maintained that the restrictions of a State constitution do not apply to an election of a State convention; and this was one of the first among existing journals to assert the doctrine that at such an election universal suffrage is a *right*, and not a question of expediency. To this principle we still adhere. The election of a convention is an act of reconstruction, going to the foundations of government. We admit that the majority may, upon forming the government, decide who shall vote; but we deny the right of a majority to exclude the minority from a voice in the formation of government itself. A convention represents society dissolved into its original elements. It is a legal and peaceable revolution. It meets to determine what the government shall *be*, and not merely, as a legislature, to decide what the government shall *do.* It is itself above all constitutions and laws. It is the uncontrolled, unfettered representative of the people except so far as it is limited by the act summoning it into existence. To exclude any portion of the people (except such as are excluded by the immemorial usage of the Anglo-Saxon race from political action even in revolutionary times) from participation in this work, is to our mind mere usurpation. If the "qualified electors" do not want to admit the mass of the people into their privileges, let them work in the regular constitutional channels, and abstain from breaking up the foundations of government by the super-constitutional step of calling a convention.

The bearing of this question upon reconstruction in the South is obvious. Congress is, we hope and believe, about to claim universal suffrage as a right, in the election of conventions in the Southern States. Not all the resolutions that the Legislature can pass, nor all the speeches which its members can make, will have half the moral effect in support of this policy that will result from the recognition of it in the practical manner proposed by the Senate committee. It is eminently fitting that this great State should, by a solemn and unmistakable act, declare that all men not only ought to have, but *do have*, an absolute right to share in framing the government under which they live. We have no doubt that such a step will be decisive of the question in this country for all future time.

The proposition to admit women to vote at this election is one that we are reluctantly compelled to oppose. We hope that the convention will look favorably upon the suggestion of female suffrage; but we think that the almost invariable usage of our race (broken in upon only in isolated instances) excludes women as much as minors from the ballot-box. We shall use our influence to break up this usage, as against woman; but we cannot see any ground of law or custom upon which she can claim as a matter of *right* to participate in the government.

We shall look with profound interest for the final action of the Legislature upon these important topics, and earnestly hope that its action may be such as will honor the State and advance the cause of equal rights throughout the world.

WHY BUSINESS IS DULL.

FOR the last two years we have grown so accustomed to "our unexampled prosperity," that we are loth to admit the possibility of any change, and are slow to give heed to paragraphs like the following, culled almost at random from the newspapers within a week or two:

> "The principal corporations in Lawrence, Mass., have just notified their employees of a reduction in their wages of ten per cent."
>
> "Sixty book-binders in Hartford, Conn., struck yesterday for higher wages, their pay having been lately reduced twenty-five per cent."
>
> "The coal miners of Pittsburgh have quit work on account of an attempt to cut down their wages."
>
> "The Lowell Manufacturing Co. are running their mills on three-quarters time."
>
> "All the rolling mills of Wheeling have stopped work, and one thousand persons are consequently thrown out of employment."
>
> "The wages at the Wamsatta mills, New Bedford, Mass., have been reduced ten per cent."

At the same time the complaint is general that business is bad, prices are everywhere declining, Wall Street is in a chronic state of discomfort, the internal revenue receipts are falling off, the reduction of the national debt has stopped, the failures for the year have again increased to more than double the amount of any year since 1861, the railroad receipts are growing less, and gold has again advanced from 131½ to 139. In short, business matters and business prospects generally are in a very unsatisfactory condition, and the whole country, but recently engaged in a grand chorus of glorification over our prosperity, is now getting ready to indulge in the corresponding fit of depression. It is worth while asking, What is the matter?

Answers are plentiful, but none seem to us quite satisfactory. Contraction of the currency, says one. True, the currency has been contracted about twenty millions since June 1, or about two and one-half per cent. in eight months. But it is likewise true that business continued extremely good, in spite of contraction, until near the end of the year; that money, in spite of contraction, was always easy; that there was no contraction in January, yet in January we witnessed the great panic in Wall Street, and that in the same month of January, in which there was no contraction, business was worse than ever. The fact is, that as *inflation* had nothing to do with the improvement in business, so *contraction* had nothing to do with the depression in business, except by its effect upon the imagination of thoughtless speculators.

Another answer is: The impulse of the enormous expenditures by Government is wanting. But the heavy expenditures of Government ceased nearly two years ago, while the country has been unusually "prosperous" until within the last two or three months.

The friends of Mr. Johnson point to Congress as the cause. The Radicals say the President's policy is to blame. Free-traders throw the responsibility upon the tariff. Protectionists argue: our business is ruined by the competition of the products of pauper labor in Europe.

The real cause of the depression in business is, in our opinion, as follows: The mischievous system, born of national ignorance and national selfishness, of raising money by loans instead of by taxation (thus creating the national debt), has deluded us into the belief that we were prosperous and were increasing our wealth, while we were in reality eating up our capital. From this delusion we are being gradually but surely awakened by that great, stern, silent, but impressive teacher of finance, the tax-gatherer. We are not going to trouble our readers with statistics, but we must use a few figures (correct ones, though) for the sake of clearness.

In the year 1860 the people of the United States possessed and used an aggregate capital of 16,000 million dollars worth of property, by the aid of which the combined labor of the whole people produced annually additional property to the value of further 8,000 millions. This annual product sufficed to furnish the whole people with food, shelter, clothing, and such luxuries as each one, according to his individual gains, could afford, and to leave a surplus besides. This surplus or annual saving amounted to about eight per cent. of the total annual product, or four per cent. of the total capital, or to about 640 millions worth of property. In other words, the whole people of the United States produced annually property worth 8,000 millions, consumed annually property worth 7,360 millions, and saved annually property worth 640 millions.

Has the annual production of property increased since then? We have no reliable data in the shape of figures; but when we know that one-third or one-fourth of the entire number of males of the chief producing ages were under arms for from one to four years, and one-tenth of them were killed or permanently disabled, it is safe to assume that production has not increased since then, but that it has actually diminished. Apart from this assumption, there are many scattered indications that production has really diminished, and of these indications the most striking certainly is that "the decline of industry" and "the diminution of products," which play so important a part in Mr. McCulloch's report to Congress, in Mr. Wells's report on the tariff, and Mr. Morrill's recent speech on our finances, are, by almost universal consent, accepted as facts, and are daily quoted as the worst and most tangible consequences of that "inflated paper currency" to which all our financial evils are now supposed to be due. We may, then, safely assume that production has not materially increased since 1860.

In the four years from June 30, 1861, to June 30, 1865, the debt of the United States increased in round numbers 2,650 millions. During that period the Government levied by taxation say only 850 millions. During the same period the Government of the so-called Confederate States raised by taxation and loans say only 1,500 millions; making a total of 5,000 millions of money levied and expended by the governments of the United States in four years, at the rate of 1,250 millions per annum.

We have seen above that, before the war, of the 8,000 millions worth of property produced annually by the entire labor of the people, 7,360 millions worth was purchased for consumption by the people themselves, and consumed or destroyed by them. Since the outbreak of the war the Government has appeared in the market as a purchaser of property to the extent of 1,250 millions annually, almost all of which property so purchased was consumed or destroyed. The ordinary consumption of the people before the war was 7,360 millions per annum; the consumption of the Government has been 1,250 millions per annum additional; the consumption of the people and Government together, 8,610 millions per annum. The ordinary production of the people before the war (and not materially increased since then) was 8,000 millions. *The annual wants of the people and Government combined, therefore, exceeded the total annual production by* 610 *millions.*

It may be objected that the consumption of the people during the war was correspondingly reduced. But every one knows that this was not the case. Indeed, the reckless extravagance of the whole people during the years of war has become proverbial, and, like the "decline of industry" and the "diminution of products," is incessantly brought forward as both proof and consequence of the paper-money inflation. There *was* no diminution in the people's consumption. The people consumed as much as ever, they produced less than ever, and of this diminished production the Government consumed more than the people had ever saved before. The whole country has been engaged in *eating up its capital* at the very time when it was congratulating itself upon its prosperity.

It is scarcely possible to doubt that the people of the United States as a whole are to-day poorer than they were six years ago. The national debt (hence called a national blessing) has until now disguised the fact from us. The internal revenue demands are gradually disclosing it to us. The last balance-sheet at the end of December has shown most people, that in order to pay their taxes they must hereafter spend less money for other things. In fact, this process of "spending less money for other things" has been going on for some time past, and it is this process, and nothing else, that in our estimation makes business bad. The process itself is likely to continue for some time to come, and to produce results far more serious than a panic in Wall Street or a temporary suspension of business throughout the country. But in the meantime it is quietly repairing the great damage done to the national property by the war, and teaching the people the great lessons—that no national advantage can be gained except by individual sacrifice; that war cannot be carried on except at a loss of comfort and wealth, sooner or later, by non-combatants, as well as of life and limb by the soldier in the field; that the expense and burden of this generation cannot be shifted from our shoulders on to those of the generation to come, but that the duty of to-day must be done to-day, or twice done if left until the morrow.

AMERICAN MINISTERS ABROAD.

THE McCracken correspondence brings prominently into view some of the many small miseries and inconveniences which those have to undergo who have the honor or the misfortune to represent the United States at foreign courts. In the first place, as diplomacy is not a profession with us, the men who do our diplomatic business are rarely trained for it—a circumstance which, if they only know the language of the countries to which they are sent, and possess some familiarity with the ways of European society, we do not consider a very great disadvantage as far as the conduct of the business is concerned. We have, on the whole, fared very well in most of the great negotiations which we have had to carry on, and have had, whenever we have taken pains, little difficulty in finding matches for the wariest and astutest of European statesmen. But, then, the very fact that diplomacy is not a profession in this country, and that all kinds of men are, for all sorts of reasons, sent to represent us abroad, inevitably lessens the social consideration enjoyed by even our best ministers. The best man we can select suffers more or less at the outset, from the fact that he is not a member of a regular calling, and that his fitness, either natural or acquired, *may* have had nothing whatever to do with his appointment. Then he has, in a measure, to bear a portion of the legacy of disgrace bequeathed by those who in the old Democratic days got drunk at this court, did not pay their bills at that one, and had street-fights at another, and at a fourth lived in an attic and did their own cooking. So that each American minister, instead of finding a high social position ready-made for him, as the diplomatists of other nations do, is apt to have to make it for himself. The presumptions, in fact, instead of being favorable to him, are too often against him. This is a small matter in the case of men like Motley or Adams or Marsh, whose character and standing are already known in Europe; but some of their obscure brethren have found that being an American minister did not at the outset smooth their path in foreign society.

In the next place, the European and the American theory of the use of foreign legations differs very materially. To European governments the conduct of negotiations is but one part, and often only a subordinate part, of a minister's business. In fact, it is very common, when affairs of importance are under discussion, to send out an envoy extraordinary to supersede, or at least act as adjunct, to the regular resident. The main object of European governments in keeping an ambassador at foreign courts is to get information of the temper, feelings, and opinions and tendencies of the classes who control the affairs of each country, so that when difficult crises arise the ministers at home may have such knowledge of the persons with whom they are dealing and of the influences by which these persons are affected as will help them to determine what they shall ask or what they shall yield. The duty of the diplomatist is, in other words, rather to supply facts than to make bargains or express opinions. Now, the qualities which fit a man to do this sort of work effectually are those which would fit a man to shine in the "good society" of any country—good manners, a good deal of social experience, a fair share of conversational talent, considerable knowledge of the world in which he is moving, skill in entertaining in his own house and money enough to do it with, and, above all else, a good knowledge of French, and also, in most cases, of the language of the country to which he is accredited. But French is always indispensable; we do not mean by "French" the horrible jargon in which the mass of Americans and Englishmen order their beefsteaks in Parisian restaurants, but French which will fit a man to talk easily and pleasantly on any subject that is likely to come up at a dinner table, to mark the finer distinctions in his own thoughts and catch those which are made by others in theirs, to play his part in a little badinage, and even to carry him comfortably over as much literature or metaphysics as is likely to present itself in the parlor, and which will qualify him to discuss any political subject with firmness and precision. No European diplomatist is considered fit for his place who has not at least the foregoing accomplishments; a great many have far more. His government, if it be that of a first-class power, pays him enough to entertain freely and handsomely without encroaching on his private fortune—though he nearly always spends more—and generally provides him with a good house. What it wants of him is that he shall be civil to such of his own countrymen as are of a certain rank, that he shall mingle constantly and freely in foreign society, and keep his eyes and ears open, and report regularly and faithfully what he sees and hears. Most of his work is really done at dinner tables and evening parties, and in clubs and in private chit-chat. Treaties, protocols, and "notes" rarely contain anything which has not been settled, or, at all events, shadowed forth over the wine and the nuts in town or country houses. And then the European ambassador is protected from too heavy drafts on his hospitality by the custom which gives nobody a claim on his social recognition who is not a member of the court circle at home, that is, who has not been, or might not be, if he chose, presented to his own sovereign. This not only keeps down the number of claimants on the minister's hospitality, but saves him from the necessity of having to sift for himself those of his country men and women who want to go into foreign society under his wing.

The American idea of the uses of an ambassador differ widely from the foregoing. The mass of the public here are so little used to seeing any political results accomplished by purely social influences, or in fact in any way but through the ordinary process of agitation, speech-making, and article-writing, that they would never think of selecting an ambassador for his social gifts. We are so far removed from government by classes or coteries, that nine-tenths of our people would be greatly amused if asked to give a man a high office because he spoke French well, could give handsome dinners, and made himself very agreeable in drawing-rooms. The qualities in a candidate for a diplomatic mission which most commend themselves to the majority of our political managers, who in this only reflect the popular sentiment, are of course, first of all, the political services in the last party struggle, and ability as a political speaker or writer, or as a lawyer. Occasionally the standard rises higher; it did so during Mr. Lincoln's administration under the pressure of terrible danger from abroad, but this is of rare occurrence.

Consequently, the chances are that when one of our ministers goes abroad, he finds himself unprovided with any of the tools which his brother diplomatists are using. He has, probably, never cultivated society much, and has no great powers of conversation. His knowledge of European life and habits of thought is imperfect; his knowledge of French so slight as to condemn him either to total silence or pantomime in general society. The Government gives him about the salary which would enable him to make a good show in a New England country town, and no house; and, nevertheless, makes it his sacred duty to pay every possible civility to every American man, woman, or child who can by hook or crook muster enough money to pay his or her expenses to the door of the legation. Fifty years ago, when it took six weeks with a fair wind to get from New York to Liverpool, and when a journey on the European Continent was done in diligences and post-chaises, and when only the Ticknors and Sillimans and Irvings made their way over, it was easy enough for an American minister to open his door to all his fellow-citizens and take them round to see the King after dinner. But the times have changed. Tens of thousands now cross the Atlantic every spring, of whom three-eighths belong to a class which in no other country in the world possesses the means of making the "grand tour," or ever think of it. Of late years a very large proportion of the very wealthiest have been persons who have made fortunes rapidly, and to say the least are not attractive in mind or manners. They swarm now in every European capital, and having plenty of diamonds and shawls, and couriers and maids, they see no reason why the European salons should not be open to them. They are nearly always determined at all events to go to court, and to make the minister take them, and the unfortunate man in most cases dare not refuse. He is pricked on the one side by the thorns of European etiquette, which he knows makes it improper for him to take people of certain callings or position into the presence of royalty; and he is assailed on the other by the fear of being abused and held up to popular odium at home as a snob and a flunky, a servile imitator of the bloated and effete aristocracy. He is sure to be made miserable whichever course he adopts, and as the opinion of his own countrymen is the more valuable to him, he generally succumbs, and ushers them into the court drawing-rooms in great droves, which furnish a laughing-stock to the other diplomatists and the society of the place. This the droves do not mind, however; they see the Empress and show their own clothes, and those may laugh who win. The late Mr. Mason, during his occupancy of the Paris mission, was in this particular one of the most kind-hearted of men, and never had the heart to refuse anybody who wanted a peep at the Tuileries on state occasions. So he introduced Tom, Dick, and Harry to the Empress, and at last introduced a German barber, whose profession, though he went to court in the sacred character of an American citizen, somebody had the cruelty to reveal to her Majesty, who was highly indignant thereat, the European theory being that the palace is the king's own house, and that he has as much right to choose who shall come into it as his guests as any private citizen in Fifth Avenue or Beacon Street. The result was that it was determined at court to make an effort to sift the American applications for invitations and presentations, and when Mr. Dayton arrived and sent in his list, he was asked to annex to each name the "qualité," *i.e.*, calling or condition of the owner. This he declined to do, and the invitations were not issued, and some scores of women with their best clothes on and their hair ready dressed were stricken with consternation. Somebody intervened at the last moment and had the cards issued, so that much suffering and disappointment were saved, but the whole party received a severe "wigging" from Mr. Seward, who painted in glowing colors the vanity of court life, and the indecency of being abroad begging for Imperial invitations when the country was convulsed by civil war. A sensitive minister who mixes much in native society, and knows what the feelings of his brother diplomatists are, probably suffers enough in the course of a year, either from having to take his country men and women to court, or from having to find excuses for not taking them, to entitle him to a retiring pension. It is related that one distinguished diplomatist used, when a letter of introduction was sent up to him, to come down on tiptoe and take a view of the bearer through a chink in the door before receiving him; if he did not like his appearance, he was not at home; but if the disappointed visitor was a McCracken, he probably went off and denounced him as a "hater of our institutions" and a servile worshipper of the aristocracy.

Our own opinion is that no American minister of education and character will be able to endure the service, organized as it is, very much longer. The pay is miserably insufficient; the position is in many ways one of extreme difficulty and embarrassment. American travellers multiply with the growth of the country in wealth, and the impudence and exactions of many of them increase in the same ratio as their numbers. Their minister is to a large proportion of them a kind of *valet de place*, who is bound to secure for them abroad things which in European society are only granted to the possessors either of certain conventional distinctions or to great talents or great charms. And there is not one of them who may not prove any day, as in McCracken's case, a spy and slanderer as well as a bore, if there are men at Washington silly enough or base enough to read and use his tattle. Where the remedy is to be found we do not know, but it must be found somewhere. Either our ministers abroad must be released from all social duties, or they must, in performing them, be allowed to conform to the customs and even prejudices of the society in which they are living—in which case the McCrackens will fare badly.

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ENGLAND.—REFORM—THE WORKING-MEN AND THE CLERGY

LONDON, January 25, 1867.

WE are beginning to think about the prospects of the approaching Parliamentary session; and the question most eagerly discussed is, Will there will there not be a reform bill? The Government is in a singularly awkward position. On the one hand, there is a very large party, and not merely amongst Conservatives, who would be anxious to put off the whole subject. We have, they say, plenty of matters to set right; the poor-law needs a thorough reform; our educational system must be thoroughly examined; the army and navy require an overhauling; there are many evils to be remedied in every branch of the law. Is it wise to postpone all these questions for another year in order to discuss the lowering of the franchise, which is far more capable of delay? If the matter were to be settled by the votes of gentlemen at the clubs or by a secret ballot in the Houses of Parliament, there is little doubt that these views would prevail; nine out of ten readers of the *Saturday Review* or *Pall Mall Gazette* look with simple distaste upon the whole subject. At the same time, both public men and newspapers have pledged themselves so deeply and so repeatedly that any such shelving of reform may be pronounced impossible. Those who most hate it are beginning to confess that some definite settlement should be obtained. The spectre must be laid, or his constant haunting will become unbearable. Even the Tory *Standard* calls upon the Government to bring forward the subject, and to secure at least the initiative for themselves. Government must do something—but what? Their party is well disciplined, but any strong measure would produce disaffection in its ranks. The Government themselves are divided. Mr. Disraeli, who is great at devising fancy schemes, and Lord Stanley, who knows which way the world is moving, are supposed to be in favor of a substantial measure. Lord Cranbourne, whose politics are the incarnation of an aristocratic sneer, and General Peel, who last session traced every modern evil to the direct action of the old reform bill, can hardly fail to oppose any genuine concession. Other members of Government represent all shades of opinion. How can any decided line be adopted in a case of such perplexity that the most decided steering is imperatively required? Mr. Disraeli can scarcely feel the confidence which he simulated last summer, when he assured his constituents that, whatever difficulties Government might find elsewhere, they would find none about reform. All kinds of expedients have been suggested. Sanguine people have prophesied an unreserved concession to popular demands—going to the length even of household suffrage; others speak of a bill which should attempt to put on a deceitful appearance of concession, by lowering the franchise, for example, but redressing the balance by a clever alteration of the distribution of seats; then there is the plan of issuing a Parliamentary commission to obtain more information, or of a candid announcement that with so many important matters on hand, the reform question must be, as the phrase goes, "hung up" for a session. Whether concession, or a delusive show of concession, or a policy of delay, direct or indirect, is to be adopted, it is hard to see how a Conservative government can both deal with reform and keep their seats. The play of party in the ensuing session promises to be unusually interesting. Its results will, of course, depend chiefly upon the strength of popular feeling out of doors, which it is hard to foresee.

There are to be more reform demonstrations, the projects for which have excited some feeling. The proposals to hold another mass meeting in Hyde Park or to present petitions in Westminster Hall on the first night of the session, have been wisely abandoned. They looked too much like a threatening of physical force, and suggested too great a danger of riots, to be regarded with much favor by reformers. Any disturbance would have played too much into the hands of the sheer obstructives. There is, however, to be a procession soon after Parliament opens; it will march from Trafalgar Square to Islington, at which place a public meeting is to be held at the large Agricultural Hall. I think myself that there is sufficient latent discontent to be capable of producing a considerable effect if party contests should happen to irritate it; but at present the current of feeling is not very strong. It may demand some satisfaction, but will hardly insist upon any sweeping change.

If anything could lead to a more violent outburst of discontent, it would be the continuance of such distress as has lately existed in the east of London. There is nothing which predisposes a people to revolution like hunger, and I fear that large numbers have been on the verge of starvation, whilst there have been some cases of actual death. The financial disasters of the last year and the depression of the ship-building trade, produced partly by strikes, have thrown great numbers of men out of work. The severe frosts which we have had this winter added fearfully to their distress; I know not how many families are calculated to be either receiving parish relief or to be selling off their last little bits of property. Large charitable collections have been made, and the return of mild weather will help to diminish the distress; but charity is incapable of providing a sufficient organization at a moment's notice, and the poor-law has of course been inefficient. It would be strange if it were not, for on the present organization of London, the rates in the eastern districts, inhabited entirely by the poor, are so heavy that to raise them would be to pauperize the whole population; those who are not actual paupers can only, so to speak, just keep their heads above water, whilst in the rich western parishes the rates are merely nominal. Discontent is not apt to be logical, but there is some connection between this difficulty and reform; it is evidently a very questionable policy which separates this huge city into totally distinct fractions, and burdens the poorest with the chief support of all the poverty which naturally gravitates towards them. Still, important as is such a question about a population of three millions, the equalization of poor-rates has never been discussed in Parliament. Now there is a strong presumption that a Parliament which entirely overlooks one of the chief evils of London, which it alone can remedy, is not a very perfect representative body. If the distress should continue to prevail, it will not only form the soil most favorable to the growth of agitators, but it will really afford some argument for enabling such complaints to make themselves more easily heard.

A curious indication of popular feeling on another point, which has also an indirect bearing upon the reform question, took place the other day. A meeting was held in London, attended by some of the most popular clergymen of the Church and of dissenting bodies on one hand, and on the other by a number of intelligent artisans. A very free discussion took place as to the causes which have avowedly alienated the working classes of the country from most religious organizations. The meeting was addressed by a carpenter, an engineer, a costermonger, an "ex-scavenger," a licensed hawker, and by men of various other trades; and responses were made by Mr. Maurice, Dr. Stanley, Canon Miller, Mr. Newman Hall, and various well-known men of different parties. I cannot say that many very original remarks are reported; there were the usual number of eulogies pronounced upon pure Christianity and upon the difficulties raised by the progress of science; the divergence of practice between the fishermen of Galilee and bishops with £10,000 a year was pointed out and denounced; and it was said with due emphasis that a workman who had been hard at work all the week in a close London street preferred "worshipping God in nature," by taking a walk in the fields, to worshipping after the formal respectabilities of the Church of England. Some of these difficulties which hamper the action of the Church here are probably not confined to England. But one important cause of dissatisfaction is produced by our State Church system. As a cabinetmaker expressed it, "There is a strong feeling amongst working-men that the State Church usurps a place which it ought not to hold; that it takes the property which belongs to the whole nation and uses it for the purposes of a particular class." As a rule, the working-man only comes to the parson when he is driven to ask for charity; consequently, as was explained by another speaker, a workman who attends the church is looked upon as deserting his order and sacrificing his independence for the sake of begging a little money. The richer classes having practically filled the churches, the workman is ashamed to come in his rough dress, and only despises those of his own class who do. Meanwhile, the system of patronage, as at present existing gives incessant scandal. One speaker described how he had heard read to a large company of working-men a newspaper paragraph, stating that an important living was in the gift of a certain Mr. Wyndham. Mr. Wyndham had been the subject of a very notorious lawsuit, in which he just succeeded in proving, in opposition to his relatives, that, although extremely vicious, weak, and extravagant, he could not be legally described as an idiot. That such a man should occasionally appoint the vicar of an important living, and that the right of appointment should be constantly bought and sold, is, to use a mild expression, an anomaly. Such social grievances were not so lengthily discussed as the statement that people did not come to church, as they did not come to a bad shop, because the article supplied was adulterated; but this argument is of less special application. Mr. Maurice was perhaps right in saying, that the only good to be anticipated from such discussions, was that the parsons present might go home and lay to heart all the objections which had been made to them. But the grievances felt as to the constitution of the English Church are also worth notice, as they are gradually working their way to the surface of popular discussion. I think no one doubts that as a body our clergy discharge a useful function, and discharge it zealously and well, especially in regard to education—certainly I do not think that dissenters do it better—but they will have, before long, to put their house in better order. It is their boast, and it is justified by the facts, that they are a body of educated gentlemen; but that very circumstance puts a wide difference between them and the working classes, with whom their sympathies are necessarily imperfect. With an effective representation of the working classes, some change must be introduced.

PARIS GOSSIP.

Paris, Jan. 21, 1867.

The world of Paris, having got through with the festivities of the New Year (including the *Fête des Rois*, when cakes of far less pretension, containing only a bean, do duty for the architectural confectionery and tasteful ring of an English Twelfth-Night), has been turning its attention with unwonted unanimity to the giving of dinners. Wonderful accounts are going the rounds of some of these gatherings; deliciously combined parties of clever and agreeable people, just numerous enough to excite one another's animation, yet not too numerous to form but a single group around the board, discussing, with learned and artistic discernment, the *chef-d'œuvres* of culinary skill and the treasures of rare vintages, and seasoning the delicate and abundant repast with witty sayings, well-told anecdotes, striking reminiscences, and brilliant repartees.

The hospitable hosts of the Tuileries have not as yet given any of their usual splendid dinners; but the first of the four state balls of each season is announced for the 16th inst., and these will be speedily followed by the Empress's private balls and parties, admission to which is so eagerly sought by the gay world of Paris in general, and by the American colony in particular. The Emperor, let me mention *en passant*, having given a cordial reception to General Dix, has paid to Mr. Bigelow the unusual compliment of presenting to him a complete copy of his works, magnificently bound, with the Imperial arms on the covers and the Imperial autograph on each fly-leaf.

A very splendid semi-official dinner was given a few nights since, at his residence in the Louvre, by Count de St. Sanneur, colonel of the Gendarmery of the Guard, to the officers of that distinguished corps. The count appears to have provided a most magnificent entertainment; for, after the dinner, which was all that a dinner could be in the way of eating and drinking, Sivori gave one of his unequalled performances on the violin; Kruger enchanted the company with his elegant and classic playing on the piano; Troy gave an air from *Moïse*, a song from the *Anacreon* of Gluck, and a melody of Russy; Berthelier and Block sang their best songs, less classic than those just named, but none the less enjoyed by their auditors; Alfred de Caston astounded them with his peculiar style of wonder-working, not exactly "conjuring," but even more startling and absolutely inexplicable; and M. Lemercier de Neuville threw them into fits of laughter with the performances of his inimitable puppets. The magnificent band of the Guard, under Riedel, played at intervals through the evening. If the enjoyment of the guests be the true measure of the success of an entertainment, the one in question may fairly take rank among the most successful on record. The officers, manifesting their delight with demonstrations considerably more demonstrative than is usual among a company of civilians, applauded the artists with a heartiness and enthusiasm that fairly electrified the latter, and caused them to surpass themselves in the excitement of the hour. Sivori, in particular, seems to have been influenced by the magnetism of all this admiration, and he gave them, toward the close of the evening, his well-known *fantasia* on the *Carnival of Venice*, with a lot of new variations and marvellous effects thrown in on the spur of the moment, and in a style that drove the company almost out of its wits. The artist, carried away by the enthusiasm of his audience, seemed at times to be almost lifted off his feet; his command of his instrument, and the marvellous, unearthly tones he drew from it, seemed, say those who were present, to be something "superhuman," and such was the excitement of all present that, had the little man been lifted up bodily into the air, fiddle and all, and carried about, *à la* Daniel Home, by invisible hands over the heads of the company, it would have seemed to the latter the most natural thing in the world. M. de Caston, with his puzzling feats, and M. Lemercier de Neuville, with his *marionnettes*, who occupy just now so prominent a place in the amusements of Paris, are well-born, well-bred men, thoroughly educated (Caston passed with honor all his examinations at the Ecole Polytechnique), having exercised a liberal profession. But the bent of their several geniuses has thrown each of them upon a new walk of his own creating; and after using their peculiar talent for their own amusement and the delectation of their friends, they have ended by devoting themselves to the professional *exploitation* of their several gifts, and appear to be doing a thriving business in their respective lines. The "old fogies" of the learned bodies among whom their literary and scientific acquirements would entitle these gentlemen to take their place are, however, much disgusted with their "frivolous" proceedings. The Academy of Sciences, to which Caston belongs, is so much provoked at seeing one of its members condescending to "work wonders" for money, at evening parties, that it has lately enacted a new by-law declaring non-eligible all persons who "exercise their talents for pay." M. Lemercier de Neuville, whose literary acquirements and published works give him a better title to one of "the forty arm-chairs" than a good many of their actual occupants, would probably, if he cared to solicit the honor of election, find himself black-balled on account of his overpoweringly funny troop of *papazzi*; an allusion which reminds me that when, lately, a friend of the eminent republican lawyer Jules Favre (whose ambition is believed to covet a seat among the "Immortals") undertook to sound a few of the latter as to the chances of the great pleader, one of the academicians replied:

"I, for one, should have much pleasure in giving M. Favre a *white* ball, were it not that he so openly declares his preference for another color, *the red.*"

"As we already have among us both the *white* and the *blue*," retorted another member, less hostile to the brilliant legal orator, "I don't see why we need hesitate to admit the *third* of our national colors." "Nor I, either," added a third academician who happened to be present; "and, moreover, I think it might not be amiss to remember that we belong, after all, to the *republic* of letters!" In spite of which witty rejoinders, it is very doubtful whether the brilliant person whose possible candidature called them forth will ever be allowed to take the coveted place among the famous "Forty."

The recent inhumation of Cardinal Richelieu's head at the Sorbonne has not only afforded material for a great outpouring of penny-a-line-ing, but has been the occasion of a deal of discussion in regard to the authenticity, or otherwise, of a pair of moustaches, popularly believed to be those of Henri IV., and carefully preserved in a glass case by an inhabitant of the highest part of the capital, Montmartre. The researches set on foot for the elucidation of this question of authenticity have brought to light the curious fact that the whiskers of the murdered king were really cut off, just after his burial, by a person who contrived to get access to the crypt of the Cathedral of St. Denis, and were preserved by his descendants until a very recent period as an heir-loom; that the last of these descendants, a woman, who had inherited them from her father, had put them away, folded in a piece of paper, on the top shelf of a press, behind a pile of linen; that this woman died a short time ago, and that one of her nephews living in Paris, and who knew of the existence of the famous moustaches, which he had formerly seen in his aunt's possession, having written to the provincial town where she had resided to ascertain what had become of them, learned that the woman's heirs, on taking possession of her effects after her death, finding a packet of hair stowed away behind the linen, and supposing it to be a "tender souvenir" of some long defunct *amourette* of their deceased relative, had piously thrown the sentimental-looking packet into the fire.

With the sudden development of prandial entertainments, noticed in the beginning of this letter, there has been an equally marked increase in the passion for gaming, which is now assuming proportions hitherto unknown in this region. Khalil Bey, one of the partners in the obstinately-contested game of two nights and a day which lately astounded the Parisians, and whose enormous fortune enables him to stand losses that would simply use up less wealthy gamesters, has just had another "bout" with a congenial spirit; the net results of the game, in which enormous sums changed hands many times, being for Khalil Bey a loss of *only* 100,000 francs. A well-known Russian princess, whose passion for play amounts to a sort of insanity, being at Rome a short time ago, the Pope remonstrated with her so urgently on the subject that she at last gave him her word that she would never again sit down to a card-table. For some time the princess kept her word; but the contagion of bad example has proved too much for her, and she is now playing more madly than ever. Her conscience, however, is perfectly easy on the score of her promise to his Holiness, for she only plays *standing*. Old Baron de Rothschild seems to have been drawn, like everybody else, into the dangerous current of the hour. It is said that he had never been known to meddle with any game of chance, when, a few days ago, having stood for some time looking on at a game that was going forward in one of the salons of Countess D——, and having, as usual, no money in his pocket, he borrowed a napoleon of some one near him, and risked it on the game then pending. The ice thus broken, the keen old money king played on for some time, and left off at last with 30,000 francs in his pocket.

Several strange cases of the sudden disappearance of well-known persons have lately caused much disquiet to the public mind, the parties having been, apparently, spirited away, and leaving no traces of the mode of their disappearance. The latest of these is that of the brilliant young Prince Ghika, of the reigning family of that name, who has been living here for some time, leading the brilliant life of the *jeunesse dorée* of this gay and extravagant city. The young prince is twenty-eight years of age, had lately set himself up in a charming *entre-sol* in one of the magnificent new houses of the Boulevard Malesherbes, which he had furnished in very luxurious style, and where he had an elegant carriage, fine horses, and all the usual costly paraphernalia of a young and wealthy grandee. It appears that, soon after his installation in this apartment, he went out one day on foot without giving his servants any intimation of where he was going. But the hours passed on, the day wore away, and still the young prince did not return. Several days passed; the servants made enquiries everywhere among the prince's associates, but no one had seen him or could throw any light on his disappearance. The landlord and the trades-people, unable otherwise to secure the payment of the prince's rent and debts, have just obtained an authorization from the police court to sell off the effects left by him, and which will, accordingly, be disposed of by auction in the course of the coming week.

The new Japanese embassy is installed at the Grand Hotel, with an enormous white flag, with a gold sun in the centre, floating from the balcony of their apartment. They had no sooner reached Paris than they all rushed off to Nadar's studio to get themselves photographed.

Miss Adah Isaacs Menken is exciting the admiration of the Parisians by her personation of *Mazeppa* in the new ballet at the Gaîté, entitled "The Pirates of the Savannah." The Paris Yachting Club is talking about inviting the three gallant traversers of the December ocean to come over here and be lionized; and the Emperor is said to have given orders to prepare accommodations at the Palace of the Invalides for a deputation of six hundred members of "The New York Guard," whose uniform is declared to be "the most splendid in the world," and who are coming over to see the great exhibition.

STELLA.

Correspondence.

A WOMAN'S THOUGHTS ABOUT VOTING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I read with interest your article on "Woman Suffrage," and since you fain would see the subject more fully discussed by those most interested in it, I offer you the following as the way in which I should like women to attain and use the vote.

I think women ought to vote not from any theory I hold as to their "natural right" to it, but from the simple, practical fact that in some instances men legislate wrongly for women, and in many others they do not legislate at all, so that the most important feminine interests and necessities are either inadequately provided for or wholly neglected. In short, after six centuries of masculine legislation, every thinking woman must be perfectly convinced that men cannot attend to their own business and to women's too.

Let the women vote. But how? Shall they attain it by a revolution that will endow them with political rights and equality at once and *en masse?* France has tried that in the case of men, as have Mexico, St. Domingo, and the South American republics, and the result has been not *freedom*, but imperialism in the one case and anarchy in the others.

When we look at the liberties of England and America, however, we see that they are not only stable and law-abiding, but that they are constantly growing and developing into something broader and nobler and more filled with blessings for all mankind. Why, then, should not women prefer to gain political enfranchisement as the men of their own race have done? Our English forefathers of the middle classes did not rise against their king and demand the political rights and suffrage that the nobles and higher clergy then alone possessed. No; but the king called *them* into Parliament to ask their consent to a larger sum of money than he exactly liked to seize by royal prerogative—in short, simply to tax them. At first they gave him freely all that he demanded; but, after a time, they granted supplies only on condition of "redress of grievances," so that the great historian Hallam tells us that by far the larger part of the most important liberties of the English (and, therefore, by inheritance, of the American) Constitution were purchased from the crown not with blood, according to the popular boast, but with hard-won money, "and chaffered for as distinctly, and with as little apparent sense of disgrace, as the most legitimate business between two merchants would be transacted." Lastly, when all these rights and privileges were enlarged into the ampler scope of American democracy, it was done not only through shedding of blood, but by immense pecuniary sacrifices also.

Now, for my part, so greatly do I honor the freedom of the English-speaking people above all other freedom, since I see it is the only one that has grown from within and developed itself into a living organism, that I do not wish to get my political enfranchisement in any other way than their way. The "emancipation of millions by a stroke of the pen" may do for those who can get it neither with a stroke of the sword nor by a stroke of work; but I prefer not to take from my country "that which costeth me nothing." I cannot fight for my political privileges, and, with my present principles, I would not if I could; but let me buy them with money of my own earning or saving, and then I shall be sure that I have them, and that my daughters will enjoy them after me.

What I would like women to do, therefore, is to engage to pay the national debt in return for the suffrage. The idea may seem perfectly laughable at first sight; but if all the five million grown women of the United States were to earn only half a dollar a day, and were to pay that into the national treasury, the debt would be paid in four years! Of course, this cannot be done as things are now, for few women would know how or where to earn even this small pittance. But give them twenty-five years to do it in, and fix the price of the vote at five hundred dollars, leaving it optional with every woman to purchase or not, as she chose. Perhaps very few of those now over thirty would buy it, as all their prejudices and education are against the idea; but the new generations that would attain womanhood within that time would grow up with very different sentiments. The idea of earning money for their country would redeem labor from its present degrading character in the eyes of our women; our young girls would be dreaming not how they were going to idle away their time in dress and dancing from the hour of leaving school until the bridal hour, but how they were going to earn their five hundred dollars for their country, and an immense spirit of enterprise and co-operation would spring up in all classes of the sex, whose benefit would extend to the most serious problems of womanhood long after the occasion that called it forth had passed away.

This, then, is the way I would have women attain the vote—I would have them PAY FOR IT.

And after we have paid for our suffrage, as did the English commons for their rights and privileges, how should we exercise it? Why, as they did; for these middle classes did not elect lords and princes to represent them in Parliament, but at their king's command they sent the chief men among themselves to look after their interests, and these delegates sat in a hall by themselves, debated by themselves, voted by themselves, and when they came to a decision sent it up to be ratified by the king and the lords. Thus did the House of Commons, and very sensibly too, since at that time the distance was too great between them and the aristocracy, and their interests too diverse, to admit of their discussing fully and freely before them.

And so it is now to a far greater extent between men and women, for if those old English yeomen got desperate against the tyranny of the crown, they could at least fight, as indeed on a few occasions they did. But what could women do against men? Have they not all the agriculture, all the manufactures, all the commerce of the country? Do they not control its armies—nay, are themselves its armies? What forces then could we marshal against them, poor and dependent on them as we are, and with neither instincts nor muscles to fight in our own defense? It is evident that the law-making power is the power of the purse and of the sword wherever that resides, and in this country it resides with the voting masculine majority, since this represents the majority of purses and of swords. Why then will not those who clamor for the suffrage for women have the common sense to see that if women did vote, their vote would represent nothing but opinion, since there is no power behind it to make it good in time of need? Above all things, let us recognize that we are women; and then we will not pretend to be in the state what most of us are not, even in our own families—a power; but will aspire to become what is much more feminine and benign, an *influence* whose sweet and womanly office it is to mitigate the fierce passions of men and to inspire them with nobler aims and a purer justice.

What is proper, then, in my judgment, is that we should be allowed to elect delegates of our own sex to sit in halls of their own in the State and Federal legislatures, for the purpose of deciding on and recommending to the Senate and House of Representatives those measures which the interest and honor of the sex imperatively demand. The subjects upon which feminine co-operation and action are needed are legion, but ranking them all by very far are the three great questions of feminine education, wages, and, alas! prostitution. No woman will pretend that this last foul blot upon the sex can be discussed and decided upon in the presence of men, even were they not the chief criminals; but when the Legislature of New York is about to "legalize" the infamy—to attack the sacred citadel of feminine chastity by law—then, for God's sake, if the women of America have any self-respect left, let them demand that this matter be given over to *their* investigation and decision, before men presume to lay their sacrilegious hands upon our own single, solitary, God-given right, infinitely more precious than life itself—the right to our own virtue. Alas! the law of this land made it impossible for a man to sell his personal liberty, and shall it now recognize that a woman may legally barter away that chastity which is not only her own most inestimable possession, but *her country's* also?—since all history proves that the freedom of nations stands or falls with the virtue of their women. The criminality of enslaving or even murdering a man is not to be named or thought of in comparison of the guilt of seduction, no matter what the victim's own wish or will in the matter; and the horrible abuse by men of girlish innocence, ignorance, and poverty is a more than sufficient apology for the request that a feminine branch be engrafted upon our legislative system, in order that there may be some public body in the state whose business it is to protect and watch over feminine purity. Set the wolves to guard the lambs rather than expect that men will do it! And it is time, high time, indeed, that the whole five feminine millions of us cry out "with an exceeding great and bitter cry" against this deprivation of our birthright with which, for the surer gratification of his cruel passions, the force and fraud of man is threatening us in swelling and ungovernable surges deeper and blacker than death.

ZERO.

[We publish the above as an expression of the opinions of a class of women who are not actively engaged in agitation of any kind. But the plan proposed seems to us to resemble strongly a proposition to give up railroads and transport goods on packhorses. Our forefathers bought their freedom simply because that was the only way of getting it.—ED. NATION.]

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The Week.

THE combination of Mr. Stevens with the Democratic members to secure the defeat of the military bill is not a matter of surprise. Most of the Democratic Congressmen faithfully represent the narrow-mindedness of their constituents, who think a day's delay of a measure to which they are opposed a great victory, even though that delay should inevitably result in the enactment of something far worse for them. Mr. Stevens, on his part, correctly believes that every delay in reconstruction will make the final settlement more severe upon the South, and, therefore, willingly accepts all the aid which he can get from the wise politicians, like Mr. Le Blond and his friends, who oppose him in principle but help him in practice. They have already secured universal suffrage for the colored people instead of a limited suffrage; to this they added on Tuesday a mild clause of disfranchisement for white rebels; and if they can only throw the whole subject over to the next session, as they are struggling to do, they will enable Mr. Stevens to carry a sweeping measure of disfranchisement. The debt which the Radicals owe the Democratic party is almost incalculable.

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MR. JOHNSON appears to have become at last sensible of his danger and of the dangers which his obstinacy was bringing upon the Republic. During the last few days he has manifested a great desire to come to terms with the moderate Radicals, and negotiations have taken place between him and sundry Republican Congressmen, which are expected to secure at least his withdrawal of offensive proceedings in opposition to the Congressional policy. "Long John" Wentworth affected much indignation at these efforts for conciliation; but although the House appointed his investigating committee, it evidently had no sympathy with his virtuous wrath. There is not the least evidence thus far of any impropriety on the part of the members concerned; and if they can bring Mr. Johnson back to reason and to a practical co-operation with the legislature, they will save the country from a distracting and perilous struggle to administer a punishment which the Executive has merited, but which is too expensive to the nation to be desired.

THE old bill for the equalization of bounties, the one which the House passed just before election, gave additional bounties to all soldiers. The one which Mr. Schenck, as chairman of the Military Committee, has just reported, only gives bounties to such soldiers as got none before. In other words, when during the war the States were called on to furnish, each of them, such a number of troops, some States got the men for nothing, while some had to pay out great sums of money in order to fill their ranks; and now nothing seems fairer to Mr. Schenck than that the States who burdened themselves with debt for this patriotic purpose should still further burden themselves with still more debt in order to help pay the bounties which other States, as Mr. Schenck conceives, ought to give their soldiers. How much money he wants, Mr. Schenck really does n't know; some said $600,000,000, he believed; but others said only $400,000,000; perhaps $250,000,000 would be required; but the committee believed that the aggregate would not be more than $75,000,000, or between that and $80,000,000. On which statement from a chairman of a committee the House proceeded to legislation, encouraged thereto by Mr. Banks, who, to be sure, voted against the measure, as any Eastern man must have done, but who nobly said that he cared not if the bill required $850,000,000 of the public money; "the soldier's claim was the bottom claim." Like any other man, a soldier who makes a bargain should stick to it; and a country can hardly be generous to the amount of indefinite millions when its financial affairs are in the condition of ours. But we acquit the soldiers of the country of the authorship of this measure, which had a politician for its father, and has few but politicians like Mr. Banks and men of his class for its friends. Doubtless the Senate will defeat this bill, as it defeated its predecessor.

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THE Tenure of Office bill has been amended to suit the House by including Cabinet officers under its protection, and in this form goes to the President. Its enactment, with or without his signature, is assured, at which we heartily rejoice.

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THE Senate, by one majority, snubbed Mr. Seward by cutting down his contingent fund from $60,000 to $30,000. Mr. Grimes stated that Harvey, the Minister to Portugal, whose salary Congress had refused to pay, had been paid out of this fund. Such an act would be grossly illegal and a contempt of Congress, but these are perhaps inducements to Mr. Seward in favor of such a course. Mr. Harvey is a small man, who has given occasion for many small proceedings on the part of his friends and his enemies.

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THE violations of the Civil Rights bill which have taken place in the South within the last few months have for the most part been reported either by newspaper correspondents, by private correspondents of people living in the North, or by military officers in their official reports. The President, in replying to the Senate resolution asking if any violations of the law had come to his knowledge and what he had done to enforce it, informs Congress that the Secretary of the Navy had no violations to report, the Secretary of the Interior had none, the Secretary of State had none, the Postmaster-General had none, the Secretary of the Treasury had none, but the Secretary of War, he says, has reported three cases, that of Dr. Watson, of Virginia; that of Wm. Fincher, imprisoned as a vagrant in Georgia; and that of Mr. Perkins, of Texas, who protected a negro persecuted under color of civil authority. And the Attorney-General, Mr. Johnson says, reports that the Fincher case had been submitted to him by the Secretary of War, and that he had written to the United States Attorney for Georgia, requesting full particulars. Also, certain military reports of generals in command of United States forces in the South had been sent to the Attorney-General by Secretary Stanton. This is all, the President says, he knows as to the violations in question. What the military reports which the Attorney-General has in hand say in reference to the contempt of the law, the country very well knows. As General Thomas has just written in his letter to the mayor of Rome, Georgia, who demanded the release of certain gentlemen who had been put in jail for displaying the Confederate flag in that city, "everywhere in the States lately in rebellion treason is respectable and loyalty odious"—which is not a condition of public sentiment favorable to the execution of United States law of any kind.

WHO would have believed ten years—nay, two years ago, that stocks would rise and gold fall at the passage of a bill establishing universal suffrage, and that the reverse process would take place upon signs of its possible defeat? Yet this is what has just happened. Stocks fell one per cent. on Tuesday, on the announcement that the Blaine-Sherman amendment, providing for universal suffrage, had been rejected by the House of Representatives.

THE City Council of Philadelphia was greatly elated on Thursday by the passage of the League Island bill in the Senate, whither it had gone from the House. We apprehend that the country at large has little reason to join in this exultation. Regarding the question historically or *de novo*, it appears to us plain that the proffered site for a navy-yard is open to the most fatal objections on the score of convenience, accessibility, healthfulness, and economy. In fact, apart from the suspicious liberality with which it was presented to the United States, we can only account for its acceptance by the newspaper report that the vote was a bargain, the equivalent being the removal of the Naval School at Annapolis to New London, the prominent and, as we think, worthy rival of League Island. This sort of chaffering will have its own reward, and Philadelphia must not expect profits only. The President has approved the bill; but he has yet, according to its provisions, to appoint a board of officers to pass upon the value of the site. They will not need to be packed by him to deliver the almost or quite unanimous opinion of their predecessors in this examination, and we still hope that our iron-clads are not inextricably stuck in the Delaware marshes.

IN consequence of an article on "The New Indian Hostilities," which appeared in our paper on the 19th of January, we have received an old copy of the *Rocky Mountain News*, which contains a synopsis of the evidence offered in his defence by Colonel Chivington, who commanded at the famous Sand Creek fight, and with it we received a little pamphlet some time since put forth by John Evans, once governor of Colorado Territory. To speak of the latter first: We are inclined to believe that the report of the Committee on the Conduct of the War, which severely condemned Governor Evans for inflaming the whites against the Indians, for prevaricating in his testimony, and for doing nothing to prevent the bloodshed of 1864, was prepared hastily and does not set forth the facts correctly. Governor Evans, as it seems to us, makes out a case against the committee, which he charges with culpable negligence as regards the examination of documentary and other evidence; and it follows that we believe him to have been treated with injustice and the people of Colorado with too little respect. As for Colonel Chivington and his volunteers, whose behavior at Sand Creek as it appears in the report of the committee would stain the good name of any nation, we are only prepared to say this, that the committee which failed in justice to Governor Evans may well enough be distrusted when it pronounces on other men judgments that if true disgrace us all. At any rate, Governor Evans has established the fact that the Indians killed at Sand Creek were very far from being at the time "friendly Indians." And it seems to be true, too, that their women, of whom some were killed, were in the rifle-pits with the fighting braves. But such affairs as the slaughter at Sand Creek may almost be called necessary incidents of our present excessively bad system of Indian management, and that must be reformed altogether, or a "Sand Creek massacre" is any day possible. If no other improvement can be made in our way of treating the red men, let us take a lesson from Brigham Young, who is said to find one bag of flour of more use in exterminating Indians than a dozen muskets. If we must kill them off, let us try the plan of doing it by making them comfortable.

IT is due to the State of Kentucky to say that its opposition to the emancipation of persons held to servitude is unaltered; that it has never altered its opposition to the Constitutional Amendment abolishing slavery; that it steadfastly resists the passage of the pending Constitutional Amendment; that it has never ceased condemning the enlistment of freedmen into the Federal service; that it holds fast the unalterable belief that the United States cannot coerce a sovereign State. Just now it has declared, by a majority of 59 to 23, in the lower House of its Legislature, that it is "unalterably opposed to the movement in Congress to place the Southern States under military rule." In fact, we may say that the eminently respectable but rather tiresome State of Kentucky has once more got its gig across the railroad track, and, in accordance with an incurable habit which it has formed, is addressing resolutions to the locomotive. We doubt if the last "Old-line Whig" of Kentucky has yet been born, and will not be writing resolutions one century after Henry Clay died.

FOR a week or so there has been going on between the *Times* and *Tribune* a dignified interchange of amenities which will help to raise the reputation of the "metropolitan press" and of the men who are responsible for what is printed in the two papers. "Sneak thief," "pickpocket," "treachery," "forgery," "preposterous lie," "breach of faith," "let it (the *Tribune*, namely) wriggle out of or bully out of this dilemma," "it (the *Tribune*) *did* attempt to swindle the *Times* out of an important piece of news"—these are a few of the phrases with which the rival editors have been plastering each other. The *Times* printed the report of the New Orleans Investigation Committee a day before its correspondent in Washington had agreed that it should; upon this the *Tribune* took its neighbor to task for irretrievably disgracing the profession of journalism, and covering itself and all belonging to it with infamy; the *Times* then informed the world that the *Tribune* tried to obtain the test-oath decision, for which the *Times* paid $400, by means of a forged order. So the battle was joined, and it is still raging; the reserves in the persons of the Washington correspondents of the foemen have been brought up, and the *Tribune*, if we may believe the *Times*, occupies at this present moment the position of "a sneak-thief in a corner." We took occasion, a week or so ago, to congratulate the enemies of barbarism on the happy confession of the *Tribune*, that calling a man a liar in controverting his arguments was a "gross indecency;" we had always known, we said, that the conversion was sure to come sooner or later. It must come later. From present appearances, a couple of centuries will be necessary before the gentlemen of the *Tribune* and *Times* will learn either that the public cares nothing for their disgraceful squabbles, or that in a controversy it is as well to leave one's weightiest word for a long time unsaid, and to refuse to use some words at all.

THERE has at last been a Fenian "rising" in Ireland; a few hundred probably half-armed men have taken to the woods and mountains as in 1848, to be followed by the troops, and doing more or less plundering on the way. The main object of the movement is doubtless to stimulate the collection of money, which has of late come in rather languidly. Probably one or two battles have been fought of the same magnitude and importance as the battle of Lime Ridge, in Canada, and we shall have by next mail glowing accounts of the flight of the cowardly British before bands of Fenian heroes, and loud appeals for fresh aid either in money or salable goods for "the men in the gap." Stephens is said to be in command, but we are inclined to think this rumor has been set afloat by his enemies, and contains a base slur on his reputation. Why should he expose a valuable life in the wilds of Kerry when there are still so many doubting spirits in New York?

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As may be supposed, the news from Kerry caused a good deal of stir among the Irish of this city, and probably several thousands of able-bodied men have lost several days' work watching bulletin-boards. As if the Republic had not enemies enough, the Fenian orators and officials are speaking very disrespectfully of the Atlantic telegraph cable. As Mr. Ferguson asks, Who can expect favorable reports to come across so venal a wire? General Gleeson, however, says that he thinks he can comprehend several despatches, which to the general public seem to import disaster to the Fenian cause, and to the Fenian public seem of an extremely puzzling character. A *Tribune* reporter, who "enjoyed an interview" with General Gleeson on Monday, says that the Deputy Chief Executive of the Irish Republic expects that thirty-five Fenian circles which have money belonging to the Brotherhood will immediately turn it over to his committee; that then the committee will secure $50,000 which was raised to aid the revolutionists of 1848; that in addition to these sums the Brotherhood at large will raise other moneys; then, he says, the Fenian exchequer will be replenished—which we see no reason to doubt. Gen. Gleeson says further that he knows that there is fighting going on in Tipperary, for his brother, Joel Gleeson, is there. The enrolling of volunteers is begun and goes on, and we believe money begins again to be taken in. So Roberts's Senate, which has had a session or two, may decide to close the breach between the Stephens Fenians and themselves. But apparently the old enthusiasm is hard to wake, though of course wherever Irishmen are got together in considerable numbers and exposed to bands of music and to speeches, they get into a state of excitement. Several of the city newspapers are at their old disgraceful game, and the *World* predicts an advance on Canada in May next.

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THE tranquil philosophy of the Emperor Napoleon again finds everything for the best in the best of worlds. His speech last week to the Corps Législatif admitted but one exception to the universal harmony—a single instance of Imperial fallibility. Germany had taken a great stride towards homogeneousness. France had "helped the peace" which Italy and Prussia made without dismembering Austria. Their success not only "cannot disturb France," but is a most important guaranty of the balance of power in Europe. The Great Powers will undoubtedly act in concert to protect the Sultan and to satisfy the Cretans; they will sustain the temporal power of the Pope "against demagogues." England has an intimate understanding with France on all leading questions. France herself has new rights and will use them wisely. She must keep her flag high and increase her defences, but there is no fear that the peace of the world will be disturbed. Mexico is the only marplot, in spite of the elevated idea which guided the Mexican expedition. "The happy results at first obtained were compromised by an inauspicious concurrence of circumstances," and the Emperor spontaneously determined upon the recall of his army corps. Such is an outline of Napoleon's greeting to his Parliament, whom he has kindly relieved of the necessity of making a response. What they may be able to articulate through their new machinery remains to be seen, but it is hardly likely to be a hymn of praise. He pretends to have fulfilled their wishes in regard to the liberal development of the national institutions; concerning which Thiers is reported to have said: "This is a comedy, but we shall make a reality of it."

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NAPOLEON'S allusion to the Cretan difficulty is about all the light that has been shed upon it since last week, but the obscurity is far from being removed. A London despatch predicts the complete independence of the island, as the result more of Cretan spirit and endurance than of diplomatic interference. The attention of Greece has been for a moment diverted by the disastrous earthquake which shook Cephalonia, and which, as it follows closely on that which racked Algiers, betokens volcanic uneasiness in the Mediterranean basin.

THE FREEDMEN.

REPORTS from Tennessee, for the quarter ending Dec. 31, show the whole amount of money expended in that State during the quarter by benevolent societies to have been $11,866 00. The freed people themselves contributed $1,637 00 for kindred purposes. Since Oct. 1, there has been a gain of 32 schools and 2,278 scholars. The fact that 26 school-houses are now owned by the freed people is a proof of their increasing desire to get education. One school has been closed on account of the refusal of the whites to let a building for it, and one other because of demonstrations against the teacher. During the quarter, 8,362 rations were issued—being an increase of 4,073 on the preceding quarter. Included in this number, however, are 4,020 full rations, issued to a party of freed people *en route* for Liberia via Charleston, S. C. 144 pieces of property have been restored to former owners, and the work of restoration continues. There are no hospitals in the State, and but one dispensary, which is located at Nashville. The indications are that but few contracts will be entered into during the present year, the freedmen alleging that the Bureau is powerless to enforce the contracts it approves, and they are assured by the planters that all the agent wants is his fees. (This, however, cannot be said any longer, since the order of Gen. Howard forbidding the practice.) Complaints are constant, but chiefly from the small towns and districts, that the negroes cannot obtain of the civil courts the justice to which they are entitled. In the large cities, justice is more generally executed. But few outrages have been reported except in Robertson, Sumner, and Obion Counties, where murders and other shocking crimes against freedmen have been of common occurrence. Five persons have been arrested by the Bureau agents for being concerned in the murder of freedmen, and are held to bail to appear before the Circuit Court at Gallatin.

—On the 18th the Tennessee Senate passed the House bill conferring suffrage upon the blacks. The State has now accomplished almost everything for the civil and political equality of its citizens. Sitting upon a jury, however, is apparently regarded as a social privilege, and we believe is not yet accorded to negroes. The motives which have brought about the extraordinary progress of the Tennessee loyalists from their old prejudices to their present action are very mixed, and will afford a curious chapter for somebody's "History of Reconstruction." Except that most reforms are carried by selfish considerations, however they may have been undertaken, we should distrust more than we do the gifts in which the colored people of Tennessee rejoice.

—The following telegram is sufficiently remarkable to be quoted entire:

> "TOPEKA, Thursday, Feb. 14.
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> "The Senate has adopted the House joint resolution to amend the Constitution by striking out the words 'white' and 'male,' with an amendment making intelligence the basis of suffrage."

—Lieut. Stone, agent at Aiken, S. C., reports that five colored men were found guilty of capital felony by a *soi-disant* jury. Six jurors were sworn, two more took their seats without having been sworn; they then deliberated together and found the prisoners guilty. The sentence was deferred. Gen. Scott ordered the matter investigated, and that, if the facts should be found as above represented, the prisoners should be protected from a mob styling itself a court constituted by law.

—The interior and northern districts of South Carolina have suffered most by the exodus of the freedmen. The number of emigrants is reckoned by thousands, and it is asserted that many of them have abandoned plantations which they had bound themselves by contract to cultivate.

—In Fairfax County, Va., contracts have been easily effected by the industrious (and almost all the freedmen are so); more than formerly wish to work on shares, and nearly all can gratify this desire.

—The pillory is still an instrument of "justice" in Florida. On the 4th a negro was forced to stand in it one hour at Lake City, by order of the Columbia County Criminal Court.

—During the last quarter of 1866, 7,125 rations were issued to whites and blacks in Louisiana.

Notes.

LITERARY.

THE obituary of this week records the death, on the 17th inst., of Alexander Dallas Bache, the chief of the United States Coast Survey, a member of the National Academy of Science, and one of the leading mathematicians of the country. Mr. Bache was a lineal descendant of Benjamin Franklin, and was born in 1806. He graduated at West Point with the highest honors in 1825, and became a lieutenant of Topographical Engineers. He was in 1827 appointed a professor of mathematics in the University of Pennsylvania, and afterwards president of Girard College, and principal of the Philadelphia High School. In 1843 he became the head of the Coast Survey, and remained in that position till his death. His rare administrative ability, geniality of temperament, tact, and discretion, as well as his scientific attainments, enabled him to carry on this great national work efficiently and economically, and to maintain it free from the curse of party patronage and favoritism, during a period of over twenty years, in no one of which did it fail to be assailed with bitterness and resolution by politicians in and out of office. On the outbreak of the rebellion he was charged with very important confidential duties by the War and Navy Departments. His counsel was often taken by President Lincoln, and he was a working member of the Sanitary Commission. The requirements upon the Coast Survey were at the same time of a novel and difficult character; and when, in July, 1863, he undertook, in addition to all his other responsibilities, the duty of preparing in haste a system of defences for his native city of Philadelphia, then threatened by the advance of Lee, which ended at Gettysburg, and here found his plans constantly thwarted by the knavery of the local politicians, his strength failed him, and a disorder of the brain ensued, from which he is now happily freed by death. A noble life is thus nobly ended, for of all his old comrades who fell on the field of battle none lived and none died in more complete devotion to the service of their country.

—The interesting paper on "The Government of Sir Edmund Andros over New England in 1688 and 1689," which was read at the December meeting of the New York Historical Society by Mr. J. Romeyn Brodhead, is printed in full in the January number of the "Historical Magazine," which has just appeared. Mr. Brodhead takes a different view from most historians of the administration of Andros, of the "Revolution in New England" in 1689, and of the intrigues of Phipps and Mather, which deposed Andros and resolved New England again into its constituent colonies. In the same number there are a great variety of short papers, the most important being one on the affinities of the language of the Natchez of Louisiana with the Maya and Huasteca tongues, by Dr. D. G. Brinton, of West Chester, Pa.; and a copy from the colonial records at Annapolis, showing that John Washington, the ancestor of the American Washingtons, came to this country in 1657. The record itself is the report of the proceeding against Edward Prescott, at the complaint of Washington, for hanging a witch on his ship. Washington being detained at home by the christening of a child, Prescott was acquitted. The publication of the first series of translations of the earliest colonial records of New Amsterdam is begun here by the authority of the city of New York, beginning with a proclamation of Governor Stuyvesant, dated May 31, 1647, forbidding liquor-selling on Sunday before 2 P.M., or, if there is afternoon preaching, before 4 P.M. The proceedings of the various historical and other societies are also printed in full.

—The following are some of the most recent announcements and publications: Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. announce "The Culture demanded by Modern Life," a series of addresses and arguments on the claims of scientific education, by Professors Tyndall, Henfrey, Huxley, Paget, De Morgan, Draper, Acland, Mr. Herbert Spencer, Sir John Herschel, Sir Charles Lyell, and others, edited by Edward L. Youmans, M.D.; "A Journey to Ashango Land," by Paul B. Du Chaillu; "Military History of Gen. U. S. Grant," by Adam Badeau, colonel and aid-de-camp; "History of the Navy during the Rebellion," by Rev. Chas. B. Boynton; and "Lessons in Elementary Physiology," by Professor Huxley. Messrs. Scribner & Co. have published "Studies in English," by Professor M. Schele de Vere, and announce "Elements of Logic," by Professor Henry N. Day. Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt have just issued "The Huguenot Galley-Slave" and "The Journal of Maurice de Guérin," and announce "The Journal and Letters of Eugénie de Guérin."

—Mr. Hepworth Dixon's "New America," which Messrs. Lippincott & Co. announce for publication to-day, is a very entertaining book. It differs much from previous books on this country in having no sketches of New York or Boston society, no disquisitions on the Constitution of the United States, no tirades on democracy, and no statements of expenses, dinners, fleas, and discomforts. It contains interesting sketches of life in Kansas, Colorado, and Utah. Mr. Dixon seems to have been well received by the Mormons, and Brigham Young (or, as he is called in the new "Biographie Générale," Brigham, le jeune) confided to him his secret theory on the permissibility of marriage between members of the same family. He said that he would permit the marriage of brother and sister but for "prejudices." A large part of the two volumes is given up to accounts of the Shakers, the Spiritualists, the Oneida Communists, and the other curious religious organizations that have started here. We have some fear that the prominence given to these excrescences as characteristics of the "New America" will make the matter-of-fact British public believe, with Elder Frederick of the Shakers, that "the sentiment of free love is rooted in the heart of New York."

—Earl Russell has published in collected form all the documents bearing on the case of the *Alabama*, assigning as a reason the many misrepresentations of the newspapers, both English and American. Whatever misrepresentation there may have been, it is certainly very convenient to have these papers collected and printed. The feelings of both parties have cooled down, and the question stands now on a different basis. No one cares now about the diplomatic victory, and it matters little whether Lord Russell shows, as he tries to do, that we were previously guilty of similar acts. Now the question of whether the British authorities had complied with the provisions of their statute law is not discussed; but it is narrowed down to what are the obligations of international law with regard to the preservation of neutrality. The decision of the case will probably turn less on the facts than on the benefits to future belligerents and neutrals arising from the judgment. Probably no one will read this book now without in some way modifying the opinions he may have previously held as to the justice or injustice of our claims.

—One of the prettiest of the convenient "Clarendon Press Series" is the "Golden Treasury of Ancient Greek Poetry," by R. S. Wright, M.A., fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. It is similar in plan to some of the collections of English poetry, and is intended to bring together the choicest passages of all the Greek poets in a form convenient to the scholarly man who occasionally amuses his leisure hours with the classics. It is also fit for school use. Its management is very convenient: it divides the poets under four heads—Epic, Lyric, Dramatic, and Alexandrian (with which last are coupled the epigrammatists)—and the literary history of each of these divisions is briefly but well written in the preface to the annotations accompanying that part. The account of lyric poetry and of the gradual transition of the metres is excellent. Each poet has his date prefixed to the extracts, and every extract is headed by a short argument to show its connection, where such is at all needed. There are, besides, about two hundred pages of annotations, mainly very good. The selections are admirably made, and include many beautiful fragments and passages—among others the "Swallow Song"—that, being scattered through such authors as Athenæus, are unfamiliar to ordinary readers.

EDUCATIONAL.

WE find a contribution to the literature of "Agricultural Colleges" in a paper by Mr. H. F. French, lately president of the Massachusetts Agricultural College, published in the new annual report of the Agricultural Bureau in Washington. Mr. French has gathered in a fragmentary form much information otherwise inaccessible in respect to institutions of this class now established in the United States, whether aided or not by the national grant. The facts are accompanied by statements which are rather suggestive than argumentative, in respect to the utility of manual labor in schools, the value of experimental farms, and the expediency of uniting agricultural colleges with other institutions. In the whole document Mr. French implies that all the schools of this kind in the country should be organized on a similar basis, instead of recommending, as the wisest educators do, that each State or region should have such an institution as is best adapted to the peculiar wants of the community there resident. Illinois needs a very different school from Rhode Island, and Ohio from Massachusetts.

Mr. French does not favor the union of agricultural with literary colleges; he recommends but one farmers' college for a State; he considers an experimental farm essential; and he advocates the requirement of manual labor on the part of the students.

This is hardly the place to discuss these views. We merely call attention to them as deserving consideration not only because of the writer's position, but because of the semi-official character which is given to them by the mode of publication.

—Let Cincinnati have the credit of publishing one of the very best local school reports which have appeared in this country outside of Massachusetts. We refer particularly to the thirty-seventh annual report, that for 1866, one of the conspicuous merits of which is a series of carefully prepared tables, showing a close study of the operation of the school system established in that thriving city. Some of the particulars given will be of value elsewhere, especially to the guardians of public education in other large towns. We present one of the more significant facts: The number of children in Cincinnati between the ages of six and sixteen years is 48,395, of whom 24,498, or a little more than one-half, were members of the public schools during some portion of the year. Not far from 17,000 children were enrolled in church and private schools, leaving more than 6,000 children who are not known to have attended any school during the year. It is estimated that two or three thousand of these may have been detained by useful occupations; but in the most favorable view, the schools fail of reaching large numbers of those for whom they are designed.

THE LIFE OF ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.*

The history of a man who, changing more than once his allegiance both to party and to country, and frequently refusing to follow the lead of the party to which he nominally belonged, yet always exerted a commanding influence in legislatures and kept an unshaken hold upon the confidence of his constituents, widening the range of his popularity with every change of his position, and never so powerful as when debarred from all official honors—such a history should be one of the most interesting of political biographies.

Such a man is Alexander H. Stephens. He commenced political life as a Whig, in a Southern State in which the Whig party was in a decided minority. Nevertheless he was elected to Congress in 1843, a year of peculiar disaster to the Whig party; and was re-elected as long as he was willing to serve, a period of fifteen years. His first election was by a vote of the entire State; his subsequent elections were from a single district. In 1853, he forsook the Whig party and joined the Democrats; and though his district did not entirely share his change of views, it never failed to give a large majority for Mr. Stephens. Even in 1860, when he supported Mr. Douglas for the Presidency, who received barely one-ninth of he vote of Georgia, there was no doubt that Mr. Stephens could have been elected to Congress as usual. So he stood out against secession until it was accomplished; and yet was the favorite candidate of his State for the highest honors which its secession could procure. When the Southern Confederacy was crushed, and he was a prisoner of state, his influence only ncreased among his people; and the Legislature of Georgia faithfully eflected the sentiments of their constituents, when they asked for his advice, listened with applause to his words, and instantly put his counsels nto the form of law.

Nor has the influence of Mr. Stephens been merely local. His opposition to the Mexican war, and to the Clayton Compromise of 1848, gave him a strong hold upon the confidence of the North, which erroneously imagined that at heart he was unfavorable to the extension of slavery. In the winter of 1849–50 he dispelled these illusions by persistently refusing to vote for so very mild an anti-slavery man as Robert C. Winthrop for Speaker; and further estranged himself from Northern sympathies by his vehement opposition to Gen. Taylor's administration. But having secured the repudiation of the Wilmot proviso, he resolutely and successfully opposed the secessionists of his own State; and, with the aid of Messrs. Cobb and Toombs, defeated the whole plan of disunion in 1850–51. In 1852, he abandoned the Whig party, upon its nominating Gen. Scott; not that he distrusted the general himself, but because the nomination was made to please the free-soil wing of the Whig party. Mr. Stephens did not, however, join the Democratic organization until 1853 or 1854, when he practically took the leadership of the House of Representatives from the incompetent hands of Richardson, of Illinois, and, by an application of the shrewdest parliamentary tactics, aided by the unscrupulous decisions of Edson B. Olds, of Ohio (fit conjunction of Southern master and Northern tool), drove the Kansas-Nebraska bill through the House, where, but for him, it might have dragged for ever.

The absorption of the Southern Whigs in the Know-Nothing organization completed the separation of Mr. Stephens from them, and confirmed his alliance with the Democratic party, of which he was ever after one of the most trusted leaders. Throughout the excited session of 1856 he was the ablest opponent of the Republican party in Congress; and as Lewis D. Campbell was the nominal, though distrusted, leader of that party, it may easily be supposed that Mr. Stephens did not appear to much disadvantage. In 1858 he undertook the responsibility of carrying the Lecompton bill through the House, and again distinguished himself by the ability with which he engineered that infamous measure, although he failed to secure its passage.

At the close of that Congress, Mr. Stephens declined to serve another term, and retired to private life. In 1860, notwithstanding their antagonism upon the Lecompton issue, he warmly supported Stephen A. Douglas for the Presidency; being sincerely desirous of maintaining the Union so long as it could be ruled by Southern influence, and knowing that the Breckinridge movement was intended to make dissolution unavoidable. He followed up this line of action by an able and vigorous opposition to secession. His speech before the legislature, in reply to one from Toombs, will be universally remembered as the ablest and most eloquent vindication of the Union ever made at the South from a pro-slavery point of view. All his eloquence was, however, neutralized by his avowed intention to abide by the decision of his State; and when Georgia voted to secede, he unhesitatingly went with her. His "devotion" to the Union was a belief that for slaveholders to destroy a slaveholding Union would be inexpedient; it was a sentiment of expediency merely, not of paramount duty.

Elected Vice-President of the "Confederate States," Mr. Stephens threw all his energy into the support of the rebellion. His subsequent dissatisfaction with the conduct of the war prevented him from taking as active a part in public affairs as would have been natural for him; he did not feel at liberty openly to oppose that which he could not approve. Since the destruction of the Confederacy, Mr. Stephens's popularity and influence at the South have been greater than ever, his foresight having been proved at least equal to his other great abilities.

This is, in brief, the story which Mr. Cleveland has to tell. It is one of which more could be made than he has made of it, for the memoir is a mere sketch introductory to the speeches which constitute the bulk of the book. The author is, of course, a Southerner, writing with Southern feelings, but he manifests a praiseworthy desire to deal fairly with the political questions involved, and a consciousness of the permanent character of the Southern defeat highly creditable to his good sense. There is no rant in the book—nothing to remind one of florid boasters like Simms, or truculent—what shall we say? There is really but one thing to say—truculent fools like Pollard. It is a modest, honest, and sensible work, which will be found extremely useful to every one interested in Southern politics. Of course there are some passages in it which excite a smile, such, for example, as the author's unaffected admiration for Judge Lumpkin, whose pompous absurdities have made the Georgia law reports amusing reading for many years. But all this gives an air of simplicity and sincerity to the book which is attractive to those who want to know what is really thought by Southern men of a Southern man; and although we hope that at some future day so excellent a subject may receive more ample treatment, we are glad that Mr. Stephens has fallen into the hands of a biographer honest if not brilliant.

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* "Alexander H. Stephens, in Public and Private, with Letters and Speeches. By Henry Cleveland." Pp. 833. Philadelphia: National Publishing Company.

GERMANY—ALGIERS—GALICIA.*

On the principle of *qui s'excuse s'accuse,* Mr. Brown has robbed the critic of a large part of his occupation by a preface in which he announces by defending the superficialness of this his latest book of travel. It would have been briefer and just as conclusive to have said that superficial observations are not of necessity mistaken or delusive, and that they are certainly more instructive than no observations at all. And it would have saved him the superficial interrogatory, for which perhaps our stage-players are responsible—"What would you think of a lean Falstaff or a *fat Hamlet?*"

It is now nearly a quarter of a century since William Howitt published his "German Experiences, addressed to the English, both stayers at home and goers abroad," drawing a most lamentable picture of German society and sounding an anxious alarm against the threatened invasion of German ideas into his beloved country. He wrote with a seriousness that was almost like temper, and was pronounced by the Germans an unscrupulous and audacious libeller. Time has shown that the dangers apprehended were unreal, and that Sir Robert Peel's rural police were not exactly trained or handled after the Continental pattern. But if Mr. Howitt exaggerated, he was too honest to invent, and too intelligent to blunder in generalizing, his experiences; he told mainly the unwelcome truth. Mr. Browne, who is merely a traveller and not a philosopher, corroborates Howitt's testimony in very essential particulars; and more than once, in a spirit evidently removed from patriotic narrowness, thanks his stars that German ways are not *our* ways, even on the Pacific coast. His stay was principally in Frankfort; Mr. Howitt's in Baden and Bavaria. Both denounce the vexatious regulations of police, and both are wrought up to the highest pitch over the delays and secrecy of the courts, the *ex-parte* character of judicial enquiries, the difficulty of obtaining protection or redress, and the barbarous nature of the punishments still in vogue. At the time Howitt wrote, wheeling was a not infrequent mode of execution, and is perhaps still allowed, even in Prussia. He charged the Germans also with employing the rack, though torture had for some years been legally abrogated. Mr. Browne has a painful chapter on the collected relics of "superstition and force" which he saw in the castle and Rathhaus of Nuremberg; and he describes, as if an eye-witness, a public beheading, accompanied by the revolting spectacle of men drinking the warm blood of the corpse as a pretended specific for certain diseases.

In their purely domestic experiences Mr. Browne and Mr. Howitt were not equally unfortunate. The latter was fleeced by his servants, fleeced by his landlord, fleeced by his tradesmen, and suffered to get wisdom by himself without the smallest hint from persons who ought to have warned him against the conspiracy of all these parties, and whom he very naturally, therefore, regarded as accomplices in the pillage. He learned, as Mr. Browne did not, "the excellent system of furnishing empty rooms in a single day—a fact generally unknown to strangers;" but that was about his only advantage. What the lodging-house "rings" left in his purse was appropriated by pickpockets and thieves on the Rhine steamers. He lost, if we remember rightly, a son or near relative through shameful neglect at a boarding-school. He found, the very reverse of Mr. Browne's experience, the school-boys rowdy terrors of the street. Finally, he was intensely annoyed in the small and especially the university towns, Heidelberg not excepted, by the *Kleinstädterei* that prevails in them all.

As to the social position of woman in Germany both our authors, unhappily, are again agreed, Howitt emphasizing the conjugal tyranny of the professors. Both trace much of the prevailing sexual looseness to the state restrictions upon marriage, which the poorer classes are thus debarred from contracting in proper form. Mr. Browne says:

> "There is something very peculiar, take it altogether, in the relations of the sexes in Germany. With much that is commendable in the frank and genial manners of both, there is, in my opinion, an utter absence on the part of men, whether in high or low life, of that chivalrous respect for women which prevails in the United States. There seems to be a separation of interests and pursuits, of pleasures and associations, everywhere perceptible. A barrier appears to exist between them. Somehow they are not as inseparably bound together by 'passional attraction' as in most other countries."

What our traveller says of the feelings of American Germans who return to their native land with pleasant memories that are not realized is, we believe, an entirely truthful account. The old country seems "slow," and its government intolerably oppressive. The emigrant revisits hurriedly his birthplace and kinsmen, and then departs anew and for ever.

"A Whirl through Algeria," which is bound up in this tripartite volume, is unsatisfactory, not more from the little that was seen than from the extent to which the author borrows his facts and judgments. He stayed so short a time as to discredit the naïve remark of an imperialist geographer that, since the prevailing wind of the Mediterranean is northwest, "there results the quite remarkable fact that *it is easier to go to Algeria than to quit it.*" France has not been unmindful of this fact since 1830, notwithstanding Mr. Browne believes that "since that period the progress of the country toward civilization, under the French dominion, has been almost unexampled in the history of colonies." He may have guessed this from the concord he observed in Algiers, the happiness and contentment, "the largest liberty consistent with public order;" or he may simply have repeated the assertions of that military *régime* which has been contending with the civil in irreconcilable dualism under king, republic, and emperor alike—a *régime* marked by the most flagrant military errors, by the grossest cruelty, and by all the inconsistencies of arbitrary power; which has stimulated revolt by harassing the aborigines, opposed the settlement of the colony by Europeans, nullified every law releasing the Arabs from its clutches, and demoralized the army itself by the promotion, without service, of its own incompetent agents—a *régime* which professed to be the only one possible for the country, the most economical, the justest, the most heedful of the manners, religion, and character of the aborigines, and which witnessed, and probably provoked, in April, 1864, the most formidable insurrection since the capitulation of Abd-el-Kader, if not since the taking of Algiers. It is not simply undemocratic but imprudent to praise Napoleon's government of his magnificent dependency, which he has used as a retired training-ground for the army by whose grace alone the Second Empire exists.

Two excursions which Mr. Browne made from Algiers were notable: to the Trappist convent at Staouëli, the scene of the first battle in the French invasion; and to the villa of Dr. and Mme. Bodichon, at Mustapha Superior. Some of our readers will recall with pleasure the visit of this estimable couple to America not many years ago. Mme. B., as Miss Barbara Leigh Smith, had won an enviable distinction as an artist in water-colors. We have just received from her, we may mention parenthetically, two pamphlets, in one of which she considers the objections to the enfranchisement of women in England, taking for her text the petition presented to Parliament last June by her kinswoman Florence Nightingale, Miss Martineau, Miss Burdett Coutts, and nearly fifteen hundred other women of high social position or intellectual worth, "for the representation of all householders without distinction of sex." The other pamphlet is entitled "Reasons for the Enfranchisement of Women," being aggressive instead of defensive, and was read last October before the Social Science Association at Manchester. In both the argument is purposely restricted to single women and widows, and is founded on that principle of the British Constitution which connects the possession of property with the right to govern; but they are full of suggestions for the women and the men of every country.

A glance at the characteristic features of Marseilles, a suggestion of a journey through Spain to Cadiz, and a pretty graphic account of a voyage thence to Lisbon, of five days' detention in the Lazaretto, and a ramble about the dirty city, terminate the "Whirl." On turning the leaf, we are transferred to Breslau, and presently to the salt mines of Cracow, with their crystal wonders. And having emerged from this subterranean entertainment, we are prepared to say for our versatile voyager that he is a rather agreeable companion, with a Californian negligence of style and grammar and spelling of foreign words, and a humor which resembles Artemus Ward's and therefore is hardly fresh, but, having more heart, is not distasteful; with imagination enough to construct a very creditable Christmas story; and whose greatest indiscretion consists in adopting the "illustrations" as his own. The drawings are neither after life nor after the text of the author, as witness the impossible "Kellner" on page 17, "with a crop of hair that would have been an ornament to any barber's block!" presenting "a bill measuring precisely (!) three feet in length." We feel bound to say that the admission of such caricatures in a book from which otherwise much may be learned, and which is valuable only for the truth which it purports to convey, is a serious offence on the part of the publishers.

SOMETHING FOR FARMERS.*

That agriculture is a calling in which a great number of ignorant and stupid men are trying to get their living, that they are greedy for novelty and cheap, unintelligent speculation, that consequently they offer an inviting field to all manner of petty quacks, wonder-workers, and Cheap Johns of art and science, no one could be left in doubt who would take the trouble to examine the agricultural periodicals and books which have been sent to the office of The Nation during the last year. A prodigious amount of rubbish must needs be washed over before a few grains can be panned out having any real interest or value to a man of moderate education and intelligence, who has enjoyed the smallest opportunities for indulging a taste for rural pursuits.

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* "An American Family in Germany. By J. Ross Browne." Illustrated by the Author. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1866. Pp. xlv., 331.

* "The American Agricultural Annual." New York: Judd & Co.

Few men who are successful, or who deserve to be successful in life, possess the patience or can afford the time for a process of this kind. When, therefore, the reducing operation is undertaken, as in the case before us, by a competent editor, and the result is fairly presented in a hand-book at a very low price, we feel bound to express our sincere gratification. The common faults of our agricultural press are not altogether absent from its pages; there are a number, indeed, which might have been omitted, and others which might have had more rigorous editorial pruning with advantage; and we could wish that for once the publisher had depended for his profits wholly on the ostensible contents of the book, and not at all on its advertisements, either direct or indirect. Much the larger part, however, is occupied by a series of clear, concise, intelligible, and unpretending reports of the latest attainments of agricultural science, practically applied, in which the line between that which is established and which may be calculated upon, and that which is probable and may be hoped for, is remarkably well defined. The directions for practical operations, without being elemental, are specific, easily understood, and as complete as a moderately well informed farmer need require. Every writer seems to have mastered his subject, and, whatever his literary skill, at least to have an honest and respectful purpose to aid the reader to master it.

Last week the president of the New York Agricultural Society stated at Albany that the average yield per acre of six adjoining farms, in a certain locality named, was more than double the average yield per acre of all the other farms in the State, and that while the average yield of certain crops throughout the State had been steadily declining for many years, on these farms it had been as steadily increasing. He did not mention the fact, which happens to be within our knowledge, that this exceptional state of things is due, in a considerable degree, to the influence of a single man, who applied energy, enterprise, and capital to the management of a farm, with the advantage of a thorough mathematical and scientific education, and that each of these farms is managed simply with a view to profit upon ordinary staple crops and stock-raising, and not at all as a pastime.

It would add millions to the national revenue in a few years if it were generally understood that the business of agriculture, when thus undertaken with the advantages of capital and suitable education and means of information, is the safest and on the whole the most surely prosperous business that is carried on in this country, although, as things now are, no men work as hard for such miserable pay as the great mass of our agricultural population.

That it is from a general want of wisdom, information, and enterprise, and a general prevalence of stupid self-conceit and short-sighted economy among our farmers, that the average crops and the profits of agriculture are so small as they are, there is abundant evidence, and perhaps we ought not to complain that most of our agricultural publications are cautiously adapted to the average taste and requirements of the whole body of agricultural readers; but there are also among our farmers and those interested in agricultural science a considerable and a constantly increasing number of men of fair education and enlightened spirit, and although the publication of a quarterly journal of agriculture adapted to this class of readers failed at Albany some twelve or fifteen years ago, we can hardly doubt that if undertaken in the plucky spirit which has already made a fortune for the publisher of this annual a similar enterprise would now succeed. And if writers capable of preparing a class of articles like that in this annual on recent progress in the science of agriculture, and those on draining, on wheat, on sorghum, on potatoes, on sheep-feeding, and on the Rinderpest, could be made to feel that they had a worthy audience ensured them, and could be offered sufficient pecuniary inducements to draw them off from other labors for the purpose of engaging in a similar duty, quarterly or monthly, a service would be rendered the country of incalculable value.

THE NEW A B C BOOKS.

CONSIDERABLE rivalry is manifested just now among the publishers of school-books in attempts to provide the most useful and attractive primers for those who are beginning to learn to read. The revival of the book trade at the South, the necessity laid upon the present generation to impart the art of reading to a race but just enfranchised and admitted to one of the greatest of "civil rights"—the right to learn the alphabet—and, besides all this, the progress making in normal schools and elsewhere in the modes of teaching primary scholars, give zeal and vigor to a discussion, by no means new, in respect to the wisest and quickest way of acquiring that art of arts, the art of reading. There are some who ridicule this enquiry, claiming that a bright child in an educated family or a dull child in a good school will learn to read, no matter how, as naturally as the young duck will take to the water; but teachers who have had the dull and the bright in their classes, and especially those who have taught adults to read, are well enough aware that there is a great difference in the value of the methods which are employed, and of course in the first reading books which are made use of in schools. Bad habits acquired in learning the alphabet last for years; bad articulation and pronunciation can only be rooted out of a class by persistent efforts. In short, there is a philosophy which belongs to the art of reading as well as to every other art, and those who teach in accordance with it will find their scholars make the surest and most satisfactory progress. The philosophy should never indeed be intruded upon the young scholar, but should govern, nevertheless, the good instructor. As the true philosophy of education comes only from an acquaintance with the youthful mind and the adaptation of artificial helps to the natural laws of mental development and growth, none need be afraid of a really scientific method.

The pile of primers and first reading books which lie before us from the various publishing houses are most of them exceedingly attractive in their outward garb. Good paper, clear black type, and, with one or two exceptions, excellent wood-cuts, have been employed in the manufacture of these books, so that there is really no improvement to be desired in their outward garb, and any one who should select a primer by its aspect only would be at a loss to choose the best.

A closer scrutiny shows that in the preparation of these little manuals, these undeveloped polyps in the kingdom of books, there are three predominant types. There are the old-fashioned "A B C books," which suppose that the child is first to learn letters and then to learn words; there are next the "Improved Word-books," which suppose that the child is first to learn words as they appear in print, and then to learn the letters of which they are composed; and third, there are the new-fashioned "Sound-books," which are constructed upon phonic or phonetic principles, and assume that the scholars ought to begin by learning the sounds, be they many or single, which pertain severally to the letters of the alphabet.

The first of these methods is now regarded with little favor by the best teachers, few or none of whom employ it, and yet because it is the traditional mode, and because children will ask the names of the letters which they see on their blocks and on the newspapers, "the A B C way" is not likely to be wholly abandoned. By the second method, "the word method" as it is called, now the favorite mode in most good schools, children learn to read with very little drudgery, and "before they know it" are out of the primer and in the story book. The new methods, commonly known as "phonic" or "phonetic," are strongly advocated by some of the best instructors, and are likely, in spite of the opposition to the system which must be expected from routine teachers, to become adopted in one form or another in all our best schools. Two of these "sound-primers" are obviously the result of so much study and skill that they deserve attention, not only from practical teachers but also from all scholars who are interested in promoting an accurate study of the English tongue. The books we refer to are Leigh's edition of Hillard's well-known primer, published by Brewer & Tileston, and Wheeler and Soule's "First Lessons in Reading," published by Lee & Shepard. Both these New England notions involve the principle that it is an awkward and unnatural procedure to teach first the names and afterwards the powers of the letters of the alphabet; for example, to teach a child to say "aitch" for *h*, instead of giving an aspirate sound, or "double you" without knowing what sound *w* represents (and so of the other letters), is not only a loss of time and effort, but a positive obstacle to future progress. The methods employed to introduce a knowledge of the rightful sounds of letters are necessarily complicated because in our alphabet almost every character is a representative of at least two sounds, and some even stand for four or five. Both writers with great ingenuity have given simplicity to a somewhat intricate undertaking.

In a former number of THE NATION (Vol. III., p. 229) we called attention to the romantic history of Leigh's attempts to simplify the art of reading and to some of the merits of his book. The peculiarity of his system is that every sound employed in our speech is represented in style by a character appropriate to that sound alone; and the characters so employed are not outlandish or arbitrary symbols, which look as if they had strayed into English books from Greek or from Sanskrit, but they are our ordinary letters of the alphabet and certain slightly modified forms of them.

Thus, the six sounds of O, found in *nor*, *not*, *hole*, *whole*, *move*, and *wolf*, are represented by the usual character O, and by slight dashes touching the O in five different ways. So with the other letters which represent more than one sound. Now, there can be no question that if such typography were employed in all books and papers good reading would be much easier and more general than now. The characters devised by Mr. Leigh are most ingenious, differing in the slightest possible degree from the ordinary letters. We have never seen a phonetic alphabet in type so little objectionable as this because of unfamiliar looks. Yet, after all, the question arises whether the child who has learned to read in a book with this type will not feel the want of similar type in other books, and really have to learn a little later what most children learn at the outset, that most of the letters have in words more than one sound. We understand that this system is now having thorough trial in one of the best public schools in Boston, and the result of the investigation will be looked for with great interest.

The "First Lessons" of Wheeler and Soule employ a phonetic method without phonetic type. They are based upon a plan recommended, but not elaborated, by Professor J. C. Zachos, now of Meadville, Pa. Only our ordinary alphabetic characters are employed; but a few orthoepic dots and dashes are made use of, as in the old-fashioned spelling-books and definers, to indicate pronunciation. The scholar learns these gradually as he learns the letters, and has nothing to unlearn when he is further advanced.

In determining the primary question as to what are the sounds employed in the English language, the authors, who are themselves special students of pronunciation, have availed themselves of the well-known investigations of Professors Lepsius and Whitney, and they give in an appendix a full scheme of the sounds which occur in English, as analyzed and arranged by the last-named scholar in his acute and masterly discussions of the subject. (See Am. Or. Soc. Jour. viii. 1866). This scheme substantially forms the basis of the new primer, and it is presented by the "First Lessons" in so clear and natural a way that any teacher can impart it and any child acquire it. Very short lessons are proposed, and each is prepared for the teacher as well as for the pupil, hints being given in fine type for the guidance of the class, with very clear and minute directions as to the mode in which each sound may be rightly uttered. The six vowels are first taught with their long or alphabetic sounds only, then the consonants are taken up in six groups, namely: P, B, F, V; S, Z, T, D; K, C, G, J; M, N, L, R; W, Y, H, and finally X. The student of pronunciation or of phonography can see at a glance the reasons for this arrangement, and yet, strange as it may appear, we have never before seen in a primer any attempt at classification except "consonants" and "vowels." After the long sound of the vowels and one sound of each consonant is learned, the other sounds are made known to the scholar; and all the way along short words, involving the use of the knowledge already acquired, are introduced for practice. Presently the mode of forming the letters is exhibited, and short lessons in reading and spelling follow. Throughout the volume there are evidences of great care and skill in accurate and in simple statements, and in the easy, natural mode of going on from the simple to the difficult.

After a careful scrutiny of this unpretending volume, we are of opinion that it is altogether the most thorough and scientific presentation of the elements of speech to be met with in the language. Any intelligent teacher, whatever primer he prefers to use, will be rewarded by the careful study of the principles here involved. A good teacher who has mastered the volume will make better readers and more distinct speakers than can possibly be made by the ordinary methods. Poor teachers will be likely to turn away from the volume in contempt because of its unusual garb and the absence of pretty pictures, but we earnestly hope that city superintendents of schools through the land will follow the Boston example and make a fair trial of the book, and let us know the practical results. The value of a text-book can only be determined by employing it in a class. This is the test to which all the primers must come. Our conviction in advance is that teachers who are intelligent and painstaking will welcome the "First Lessons" as a decided advancement in primary instruction.

Those who wish to look into this whole subject will do well to compare with the primers we have named those of Sargent, who was one of the first to advocate the word method; Hillard, whose book is designedly adapted to the word method, the phonic method, and the old A B C method; Willson, Saunders, and Lovell, whose books begin with words of two letters, three letters, and so on, instead of with the household words (father, mother, house, etc.) which are the vocabulary of children; and the English books, "Reading without Tears," etc., etc., republished by Harpers.

Those who wish to be amused by a Greek primer constructed upon the word method, with pictorial cuts, should look up "Greek for Little Scholars," one of the "Pantagraphic" series published by the "Polytechnic Institute" of Camden, N. J.

FIRST YEARS IN EUROPE.[*]

Many men, many women, and many children, Dr. Johnson insisted, could have written "Fingal;" and so they could, perhaps, excluding certain portions which were a little above Dr. Johnson's appreciation. It is not alone for this reason, but because, very likely, many men, many women, and many children will, unless prevented, print books like this "First Years in Europe," that we feel bound to speak a word in condemnation of it. The author's impunity has given us three or four such volumes from him alone. It may be said that no child could find publishers; but apparently nothing hinders a youth from keeping a diary like this following, and in his mature years getting it printed with comments:

> "January 12, 1824; Monday. Crossed the Rhine in a boat; current strong and much ice—bridge of boats removed during winter—mills in the middle of the river, turned by the force of the current. Started from Cassel, opposite Mayence, for Frankfort, in the cabriolet of diligence—weather gloomy and cold. Arrived at half-past two at Frankfort, and lodged at the Hotel d'Angleterre; good inn. Dressed, dined, and took a *domestique de place* to conduct me to Mr. E. Mueller—left the letter, which Mr. A. Cogels gave me at Antwerp, my card and address. Went to the opera at six. German music good; execution of orchestra admirable. Returned at nine and to bed."

We should say that Mr. Calvert may be best described as a morbidly epexegetical person; there is nothing so easy and obvious that he cannot explain it. "For me," he says, "for me, as for so many, it is a need of my being to think for myself." Thinking for one's self is a fine thing, but thinking in a book is thinking for other people, or else it is being so impertinent as "to carry on the processes of one's education in public." As a thinker for other people, we consider Mr. Calvert not immensely successful. For example, youth is very ready to pass judgments, yet youth has very little judgment. Mr. Calvert brings his mind to bear on this truth, and the imperious need of thinking for himself is finally cause of this result:

> "Men who are to come to a rich ripeness, signalize their entrance into manhood with the uttering of crudities. Many joyous blossoms miss the happiness of fruitage; but fruit there were none without blossoms. These intellectual tadpoles will often be found wriggling vivaciously in youthful diaries."

That a man should imagine that he has been thinking, thinking for himself or for anybody else, when his mental machinery produces this sort of thing, is really matter for astonishment. There is no specific name, so far as we know, for the person whose brain habitually evolves aged truisms. A person who habitually utters them with tongue or pen is said to twaddle; and we do not feel that to say so, even though personal application of the remark should be made, is sinful severity of criticism. The evidence in support of such a charge in this case is writing of this sort by the page and the score of pages:

> "Man's business—did he but know it—is to learn, ever to learn, never to cease learning; which business the young carry on only more briskly, learning unconsciously even more than consciously. Passively or semi-passively they absorb knowledge—as growing leaves their sustenance from air—silently receiving, in periods of seeming inaction, images and impressions which are to be aliment for the opinions and convictions of later years."
>
> "Were one to say, For Germany, for Europe, it was a misfortune that Frederick (called the Great) inherited from his father a well-appointed army and full coffers, seeing that this inheritance tempted a capable, ambitious young king into the monstrous wrong of seizing Silesia, which seizure was the first act in a bloody drama of wars; such comment were a presumptuous censuring of Providence. And what work does the critic hereby lay on himself? Nothing less than the recasting of history! He might, in his impotent contumaciousness, carry sympathy with Brutus so far as to deplore the battle of Philippi, thus seeking to wrest from the Supreme guidance the procession of Roman events. And what will he do with them? He might go on to wish the Saracens victorious at Tours, or the action of Pontius Pilate stayed. Whoever should so misplace himself has no vocation to be an interpreter to his fellows, nor can he even draw due personal profit from the lessons recorded in the pages of the past."

There is almost nothing else in the volume. Mr. Calvert was at Göttingen when among the professors in the university were Heeren, Ottfried Müller, Eichhorn, and the famous Blumenbach; he visited Weimar and talked for half an hour with Goethe; he made the voyage to England in company with his father's friend, Mr. Stratford Canning, Kinglake's "great Elchi;" he had admittance to the best circles in the society of Edinburgh, London, and Paris, and he hardly has so much as one interesting anecdote to tell us; three pages would contain all of his reminiscences that is not vapid and pretentious and tiresome. In the three pages we should put this about Coleridge:

> "Benecke told me that Coleridge, when at Göttingen, toward the close of the last century, was an idler, and did not learn the language thoroughly,

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[*] "First Years in Europe. By George H. Calvert, author of 'Scenes and Thoughts in Europe,' 'The Gentleman,' etc." Boston: Wm. V. Spencer. 16mo, pp. 303.

and that he got a long ode of Klopstock by heart and declaimed without understanding it, playfully mystifying his countrymen with the apparent rapidity of his progress. When the 'Opium-Eater' appeared, Benecke at once attributed it to Coleridge, from knowing, he said, that Coleridge took opium when at Göttingen."

Dr. Pusey is casually mentioned as follows:

> "Coupled with Dwight in my memory, is a distinguished English celebrity, Dr. Pusey, who accompanied him one day in a brief call at my rooms. He was a slight figure of medium height, with a thin face, exhausted by study. He worked, it was said, sixteen hours a day at German, whereby, at the end of six weeks, he had so far mastered the language as to be able, by limiting his application to the one branch, to read all German books on theology, the cream of which—so much of it as had risen in 1824–5—he collected at the book-stores and carried away, to be digested in England, where, through the marvellous transformations and eliminations wrought by the cerebral chemistry, it was, some years later, precipitated from his brain in the form of 'Oxford Tracts.'"

And there is this rather amusing picture of Eichhorn, a typical German scholar:

> "The elder Eichhorn, the redoubtable rationalist commentator, who, in his handling of Isaiah or Moses, cut sacrilegiously through the adipose deposits of tradition, was in figure inclined to rotundity; as though in the excessive sedentariness of his life—sitting fifteen or sixteen hours a day at his desk—his flesh stagnated about his bones. His face, in its expression, but not in its mould, intellectual, was sallow and fleshy, and lighted by a dark eye full of life, which contrasted well with his thick white hair, combed up and back from his not high forehead. In spite of his fifteen studious hours, and by virtue of the extreme regularity in all things of the habits of most German professors, he had good health. One day a friend finding him unwell, and asking the cause of this rare interruption to his ordinary condition, with self-reproach he replied, 'Yesterday I was fool enough to go and take a walk.' He was now past seventy, and in 1825 I witnessed the torchlight procession of the students who came under his windows to do him honor on the fiftieth anniversary of his professorship. It would not be easy to forget the kind, almost affectionate greeting this venerable scholar would rise to give me on my visits. With amiable interest he would ask about my studies, and the lectures I attended. When I told him that I heard no metaphysics—'In that you do well,' he said. 'Metaphysicians busy themselves with questions they can never solve—the essence of the mind and soul, the freedom of the will, immortality. What can we ever know about these?' Herein he betrayed the limitations of his own nature. The widest and most aspiring minds will and, by their very breadth and loftiness, must put such questions, and will have answers to them; and when they cannot discover the answers," etc., etc., etc.

MONTALEMBERT'S MONKS OF THE WEST.*

NOT being able to foresee when his malady would allow of his taking up his work again, Count Montalembert has permitted his publishers to issue by itself the third volume of "The Monks of the West." Volumes IV. and V., which with this third volume will form a series devoted to the history of the conversion of Great Britain by the monks, being less easily separable from each other, these volumes will be published together, and we are promised them after as little delay as possible.

This third volume contains a view of the condition of Great Britain before the conversion of the Anglo-Saxons, an account of the monastic successors of St. Patrick in Ireland, of the life of Columba, and of the work of Augustine and his successors among the Anglo-Saxons, so that we are carried down to the death of Edwin in A.D. 633. It is a volume of very much less value and interest than either of its predecessors. The conversion of England to Christianity was indeed a very important event. It was an event whose influence on the English race cannot easily be overestimated; an event to which the Christianity of half Christendom is owing. Yet because an epoch was most critical in the movement of the world, its history is not necessarily particularly interesting. Much of the history of this time is obscure and inextricably entngled, consists only of petty details and records of undistinguished characters. The most important facts and striking episodes are already familiar to readers of English history. Montalembert gives these materials all the interest that can be afforded by easy and often picturesque narration, and by a warm and copious eloquence. It is true, however, that both narration and eloquence might well enough have been not quite so copious. But these qualities of style are far from being sufficient in a writer with such a task before him; there is needed, also, the illumination of philosophical reflection and critical analysis. These Montalembert does not exhibit; in truth, he is too good a son of the Church for either the one or the other. His fervent reverence casts its halo of eulogy upon every monastery and saint, and covers his pages with superlatives that hardly savor of the coolness of historic impartiality. The pious stories and miraculous legends which the monkish chroniclers believingly treasured up he delights to rehearse again in all their details, with an equally unquestioning faith, by way of rebuke, of course, to the scepticism of the modern world.

The most interesting part of the present volume the reader will find to be the chapters devoted to the life of Saint Columba. Columba is noticeable not only as the founder of Iona and the apostle of Christianity to the natives of Scotland, but for his strongly marked character and his adventurous career. Born of the royal family of Ireland, eligible to the throne, he early enters one of the monastic schools, which then were the only places of learning. While still a youth, he is said to see supernatural visions and work miracles. At twenty-five he commences founding monasteries. He is also a poet, one of the very earliest of the Irish bards. He has a great passion for travelling and for fine manuscripts. The last fancy gets him into a curious quarrel which proves the crisis of his life. On one of his travels he makes a clandestine copy of the fine psalter of an abbot. The abbot is indignant at what he considers a larceny, and demands back the copy on the ground that the copy is the son of the original book. The dispute is referred to the king. The king decides against Columba in a decision which passed into a proverb, "to every cow its calf, to every book its copy." Columba is now indignant, and on the king's soon after violating the sanctity of his person, as he considered it, by causing a malefactor to be put to death in his presence, he flees to his own district, excites a rebellion, and in the battle which ensues, though he does not fight in person, gains the victory for his side, it is believed, by his fasting and prayers. But the overthrow which arms could not accomplish is effected by the excommunication of the synod. By the intervention of a friend the sentence is commuted into that of becoming a missionary to pagan nations, and with deep reluctance he embarks with twelve companions in one of those large canoes of osiers, covered with ox hide, which the Celtic tribes employed in their navigation, to sail, as the author says, to those bleak and sombre islands on the west of Scotland whose grandeur is destitute of beauty and whose picturesqueness of charm. He lands in Iona, one of the smallest and most sterile, founds a monastery which afterwards becomes famous as a seminary of Christianity and a centre of learning, as men counted learning in those times. The rest of his life he passes here in charge of the monastery or in voyaging and preaching among the neighboring tribes of unconverted barbarians; by his prayers working, it was believed, all sorts of miracles, healing the sick, calming the waves, bringing punishment on the guilty, turning the bitter fruit to sweet; even by the spell of his name, whenever invoked, changing the direction of the wind. Uniting in his character tenderness and sternness, affability and imperiousness, the poet and the missionary, the patriot and the monk, the soldier and the saint, Columba is indeed a fine and striking figure, standing out in a confused epoch and in an obscure theatre, and the picture of whom is the more acceptable from the very meagre notice which is all we get in the common church histories; yet after all he seems to us neither so great nor so important a figure as to justify the devotion to him of half a volume. At this rate, St. Bernard's time will not be reached and finished short of some score or two of volumes.

In the first pages, also, the reader will find a noteworthy sketch of the traits of the English nation. A few sentences are well worth quoting:

> "At once liberal and intolerant, pious and cruel, fond of order and security as well as of movement and noise, it unites a superstitious respect for the letter of the law with the most unbounded practice of individual independence. . . . Now it measures everything by the yardstick of its profits and prejudices, now it is on fire with an idea or a disinterested passion. Eager for conquests and discoveries, it runs to the ends of the earth, then returns more attached than ever to the domestic hearth. The implacable enemy of restraint, it is the voluntary slave of tradition. . . Neither the sometimes barbarous selfishness of the islanders nor their too frequent cynical indifference to the sufferings and servitude of others should make us forget that there, more than anywhere else, man belongs to himself and governs himself. It is there that the nobleness of our race has developed all its splendor, and attained its highest level. It is there that the generous passion of independence, united with the associative spirit and the constant practice of self-government, has produced those prodigies of furious energy, of unconquerable vigor, of stubborn heroism, which have triumphed over seas and climates, time and distance, nature and tyranny, exciting the perpetual envy of all nations and the proud enthusiasm of the English. . . . .
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> "It can choose and act for itself, controlling, sustaining, and inspiring its great men, instead of being decoyed, misled, or taken advantage of by them. . . In spite of a thousand inconsistencies, a thousand excesses, a thousand stains, it is of all modern races and all Christian nations the one that best preserves the three fundamental foundations of all society worthy of man—the spirit of liberty, the family spirit, and the religious spirit."

A vigorous and notable characterization of the English race, especially notable from an ardent Frenchman and Catholic! Montalembert is not only a lover of France and a lover of the Church, but is also a lover of liberty.

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* "Les Moines d'Occident depuis Saint Benoît jusqu'à Saint Bernard. Par le Comte de Montalembert." Tome Troisième. Paris: Jacques Lecoffre et Cie. 1866.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION *should be addressed to the Editor.*

CONGRESSIONAL RECONSTRUCTION.

AT the end of the session, Congress has undertaken in earnest the work of reorganizing the Southern States; and both Houses have passed bills designed to break up the governments organized by the President, and to subject the rebel States to military rule while new governments are being organized upon the basis of universal suffrage. At the time of our present writing, the two Houses have failed to agree upon any precise measure; and although there is no doubt that they will agree upon something immediately, the bill will now be subject to the risk of a pocket veto. We are not without hope, however, that Mr Johnson will for once be wise enough to resist the temptation to commit this act of folly, and will either sign or openly veto the bill.

We stated last week the reasons for our approval of the main features of the bill providing military government for the South. The condition of society there is so thoroughly unsound, and the forms of law are so systematically perverted into oppression, and so unblushingly overridden when perversion is too troublesome a process, that it is a mockery to refer any loyal man to an average Southern court for justice. The existing governments of the Southern States were founded by military power, exercised in a totally unconstitutional manner by the President, who usurped to himself the whole authority of the legislature, and used powers conferred only for the purposes of war to establish institutions designed to be perpetual through times of peace. Delay has so strengthened these usurpations that they can be set aside only by a vigorous exercise of the same military power which set them up. To effect this is the purpose of the "military bill," as it is commonly called; and with this purpose we heartily sympathize. On account of their origin in executive usurpation, their total exclusion of the colored people, and their practical exclusion of all loyal white men, we are opposed to any kind of recognition of the *de facto* governments at the South. We believe that the wickedness of their course thus far, atrocious as it has been in Texas, Mississippi, Louisiana, and elsewhere, is a mere trifle compared with what it would have been if Mr. Johnson's policy had been adopted by Congress; and we are unwilling that the work of reorganization should be in any degree entrusted to men who have shown such malignity and bigotry as the majority of Southern officials.

But we have felt anxious that it should appear not merely by speeches in Congress, but by the text of the law itself, that a measure so stringent, and in form so anti-republican, is purely transitionary in its nature, and intended to pave the way with all possible speed to a reorganization of the States upon a democratic basis. Accordingly, in our judgment, the amendment offered by Mr. Blaine in the House, and substantially adopted by the Senate, greatly improved the bill. Nor do we suppose that this amendment would have excited any opposition but for its indiscriminate admission of disloyal men to the right of suffrage. This is a point of no small difficulty, since without such an administration of the law as cannot be hoped for while Mr. Johnson remains in office, it is vain to suppose that the loyal voters of the South will have a fair chance at the polls. Their enemies are, at least, nearly as numerous, thoroughly organized, trained to political action, in possession of all the wealth of their States, and unscrupulous as to the means of victory. We believe that all these advantages will fail them in the long run, if they persist in maintaining unjust laws, and administering them as they now do. But we cannot wonder that Southern Radicals, like Messrs. Stokes and Arnell, should be unwilling to adopt any system of government which puts their necks in present peril, no matter how confident they may be that it will work beneficially for their posterity.

Mr. Eliot's bill for the reconstruction of Louisiana is much harsher in its operation upon rebels and rebel sympathizers than the amendment to the military bill, since it requires all voters to take the test-oath. This of course puts the government of the State exclusively into the hands of those who have always been loyal: three-fourths of whom are colored people. This is too severe a rule not to be highly injurious if permanently maintained; and the probability is that when once established it would be kept up too long, and finally be broken down by wholesale perjury, as in Maryland, or nullified by the rising up of a new generation able to take any oath as to their freedom from *acts* of disloyalty, and yet embittered by the exclusion of their parents and friends. Months ago we urged that no plan of mere exclusion would avail to deprive rebels of power, and that the remedy should be sought in the opposite direction. We are still of that opinion, which has received strong confirmation from the total failure of the exclusive system in Maryland and Kentucky, and the acknowledged certainty of its failure in Tennessee, where it has owed all its limited success to the intense zeal of Governor Brownlow.

No plan can be devised by human wisdom for the organization of States having such discordant elements as those existing at the South which will not be defective in its working. It is easy to say that a system which operates harshly upon rebels should be preferred to one which fails to do entire justice to the loyal; but it must be remembered that the whole community will be injured by the undue depression of any of its parts, and that the loyal will gain no real advantage by an unfair monopoly of political power. The best solution that occurs to us is a middle path, by which the Government should be secured to the loyal citizens for the first year or two, but afterwards left to the operation of universal suffrage. Even this restriction would not be favored by us if we believed that Mr. Johnson would use the military power to organize and thoroughly protect the Southern loyalists; for every restriction gives rise to a bitterness of feeling which breeds trouble for years after its cause is removed. But with such a President as we have, the country must be content to stumble along, as it best may, over the difficulties of its path. If Mr. Johnson will execute the law, however grudgingly, he is not likely to be impeached. If he refuses to do so, the questions of reconstruction will be speedily simplified by his removal from office.

In looking back upon the past, it is impossible not to be impressed with a deep sense of providential guidance in the various conflicts which have brought the American people to such comparative unanimity in favor of justice toward the colored race. Every difficulty thrown in the way has but increased the popular determination to establish equal rights. Six years ago, the North would have rejoiced to accept any mild restrictions upon the spread of slavery as a final settlement. Four years ago, it would have accepted peace upon the basis of gradual emancipation. Two years ago, it would have been content with emancipation and equal civil rights for the colored people without the right of suffrage. One year ago, a slight extension of the suffrage would have satisfied it. All these demands were in their turn blindly resisted in a manner that reminds us of the vision of the old prophet, who saw "an evil spirit from the Lord" go forth to deceive the wicked King of Israel into his merited ruin.

Now the nation has been brought up to the demand of absolute justice—nothing less, and nothing more. No confiscations, no oppressions are sought to be imposed by the majority of the Republicans in Congress; but on equal justice they unanimously insist. Again the short-sighted folly of the Democratic party interposes to defeat this measure, more liberal than conquered people ever knew. Again the demand rises higher, and the amendment offered by Mr. Wilson, of Iowa, excluding a large class of rebels from the ballot-box, is almost certain to prevail. Here we would gladly stop. We desire nothing in the way of punishment to be imposed upon the masses of the Southern people. But it may be the Divine decree that they shall not be saved from the madness of themselves and their friends; and that they shall be placed under the yoke which they have done everything to invite.

If Mr. Johnson kills the measure of reconstruction now to be submitted to him, by depriving Congress of an opportunity to repass it over his veto, the doom of the South is written. A sterner law will soon be passed over his head, and the sullen population excluded from the privilege of self-government may thank their Northern allies, and their own obstinacy, for a result which we deprecate and which the strongest anti-slavery men never desired.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS IN "THE PLENARY COUNCIL."

During the recent assembly in Baltimore of the archbishops and bishops of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States, a learned and dignified body of nearly fifty prelates, the most eminent in the land, it was understood that the subject of public instruction was under discussion, and a good deal of curiosity was excited in the outside world, not speaking Latin, to know what conclusions would be reached by this august council respecting an institution so dear to the people generally as the non-parochial public school.

At last this curiosity may be gratified. The proceedings of the council, having been submitted to and approved by the Holy Father still resident in Rome, are proclaimed publicly for the guidance of the faithful, and we have taken the pains to procure an authentic copy of this remarkable document. It breathes the spirit of the Middle Ages. It is redolent of the odors of aristocracy and ecclesiasticism. Protestants who have listened hopefully to the earnest sermons of those devoted and progressive American Catholics, the Paulist Fathers, and have been led to think that Rome in America was to be an American Rome, will be disappointed as they read the edicts herein set forth; and those who have watched the emancipation of well-educated young Catholics from the political thraldom of the Church will be sorry to find no corresponding signs of progress in the action of the bishops, at least on the subject of public education. The dignitaries of the Church still dwell in the past, and the influence of their retrograde advice is likely to be felt before many months, in town meetings and school-district meetings, from Maine to California.

We have no fears for the result. Public schools, maintained "by all for all," without denominational or ecclesiastical bias, are no more likely to be abandoned by the people than the right of suffrage or the freedom of locomotion; and the part of wisdom in all ecclesiastical bodies, both Catholic and Protestant, is to recognize this fact and provide for the spread of the faith by other means than the primary day-school. But since the council has decided otherwise, we must expect for a while local opposition to public schools, until the deep-seated convictions of the American people are emphatically and finally expressed.

It is but just to the Catholic laity to say that there are many of their number who are far from accepting these views of the clergy. There is a party, growing stronger every year, of Irishmen and Germans, not to speak of others, who know the value of good schools, and who know that they have nowhere been provided for all the people by the action of the Church alone. There are towns which we can name where the public schools have swallowed up the parish schools which the Roman Catholics have endeavored to maintain as substitutes for the free school of the people, and where this retrograde advice of the bishops will have but the slightest influence. On the other hand, we must also admit that there are many Protestant Americans, in different ecclesiastical bodies, who are not yet willing to leave the primary school to the work of imparting the rudiments of knowledge, but who claim with the Catholics that it must also be the place for religious and theological culture.

Both these sets of men, Catholic and Protestant would therefore, if they could, do away with public schools and substitute church schools, to be aided, perhaps, by subventions from the state, which would bring them under its general oversight. As the latest manifestation of such tendencies, guarded and covert, and yet unmistakable, the action of the Baltimore Council demands consideration. The word "Public School" is not mentioned, we believe, in the Pastoral Letter; but the opposition to this institution is none the less significant because expressed in smooth generalities. Parochial schools are earnestly recommended because, say the bishops, "religious teaching and religious training should form part of every system of school education." This is a new phrase of the old cry, "The godless schools of America." In vain have the shrewdest observers, both Americans and foreigners, from De Tocqueville to Cobden and from De Tocqueville's time to Goldwin Smith's time, pointed out the fact that the severance of religious from secular training does not tend to irreligion, and that the best systems of parochial schools fail to reach the masses of the people. The cry is echoed still, "Reduce the school to the authority of the church." This is, in plain English, the maxim of the latest council of the Catholic Church in America.

We perfectly understand how an institution like the Church of Rome sees with reluctance the removal of one after another of the pillars on which its mighty structure rests. The changes must still go forward. It protested against the free action of the state, when the state merely meant the emperor's will; it protested against the freedom of the press, of open discussion, of popular opinion. But to all these "modern innovations" the Church has adapted itself. It still protests against the freedom of the public school. To this innovation likewise the Church must become reconciled, and all high churchmen, whether they acknowledge the Bishop of Rome as pope or not, must learn that the everlasting principles of true religion are not to suffer with the spread of light and liberty and public schools.

The council is not satisfied with protesting against the exclusion of religious training from the public school. The reverend fathers censure parents for training their children in studies not appropriate to the stations in life which the children are likely to hold. This is an indirect censure of the public high school, although the high school is not mentioned. It means simply this: Don't try to elevate your children for higher walks in life. Let them be contented in the station to which they are called. We should like to ask the reverend fathers how many of their own number were born to rank and station, and how many of them have risen from poverty to their high ecclesiastical positions. We should like to know what pope was more eminent than Hildebrand, the son of a carpenter, and how many other poor boys became successors of the Fisherman of Galilee.

The true American theory of education is to give to every child the best education that is possible with the time and means at command, and trust to the future all questions of station. We do not train our youths for places in certain classes or castes, as they do in some other countries, but we train them to be sensible and well-informed men and women. It may be very disgusting to think that the country schoolmaster of to-day may be chief-justice of the nation a few years hence, or that the boot-black of to-day will be the millionaire of a few years hence; but just such changes are all the while in progress—and we say with emphasis that it is like going back to the Middle Ages to hear American parents cautioned against giving their children so much education as to unfit them for their station in life. We acknowledge that idleness and love of display and the practice of insincerity and sham may unfit a youth for any honorable station in life, but we protest against the theory that useful knowledge, thorough and accurate, will come amiss to anybody anywhere. Lincoln, with his Shakespeare and Burns in the log-cabin of the West, was fitting himself to write the speech at Gettysburg and the second inaugural in words that will never die, and Archbishop Hughes, in the moments saved from his tasks as a florist's boy, was fitting himself to speak with authority and eloquence from the metropolitan see of New York.

The time is gone by when it is enough for any one "to read and cipher and say the catechism." Not even the freedmen will be restricted to these rudiments. With liberty for all will go the school for all.

"A PLEA FOR CULTURE."

A recent number of the "Atlantic Monthly" contained, under the above title, a strong argument from the pen of Mr. T. W. Higginson in favor of the creation, by some means or other, of an educated class amongst us, to be the guardian of the traditions and feelings and aspirations of high culture and the diffuser of an atmosphere of thought and study—a kind of barrier, too, against the growing materialism of the time, the growing tendency to estimate the value of everything in dollars and cents, and to despise or shirk all discipline of mind or body which does not promise a speedy return in hard cash. The absence of this class, and the apparent failure of the universities to hold out even any promise of it, and of society to appreciate it or call for it, furnish to most cultivated Americans a standing theme for lamentation. But an excellent illustration of the very small extent to which Congress shares in these regrets or longings has just been furnished by the action of the Senate in passing the Tariff bill with an *ad valorem* duty of 35 per cent. on all English books printed since 1840. The publishers, we are told, not satisfied with this, are endeavoring to have the duty changed in the House to thirty cents a pound, and have got the Committee of Ways and Means to clap on ten cents a pound on all English books printed prior to 1850, and twenty-five cents a pound on all books printed since then.

Now in legislation of this kind of course the interests of the public—of the men and women and children of this country—are totally and openly disregarded. The class interested in having books made scarce and dear—if it be not an absurdity to say this of any class in a community like ours—is, as compared to the total population, of course exceedingly small. It will astonish many people to learn that the whole number of persons in the United States, male and female, engaged in paper-making, printing, type and stereotype founding, printing-press making, in making bookbinders' tools, in bookbinding and publishing, was, in 1860, 37,723. The sole reason for the existence of this class, their sole use, is to furnish the remaining thirty millions with the means of acquiring knowledge with the least possible expenditure of time and money. That the people of this country shall acquire knowledge easily is of paramount importance. Compared with the question of education all other questions of our time sink into insignificance. Except man's destiny in the world to come, we know of no theme of such tremendous moment as the cultivation of his mental powers in this. Suppose all our publishers, printers, and bookbinders in the United States swept into the sea to-morrow, we should have to deplore the loss of many most respectable and most useful citizens, but would the effect of the catastrophe on the wealth or welfare of the community at large be for a moment comparable to the evil which these gentlemen are now inflicting on their fellow-countrymen? In a few months we might get thirty thousand other book manufacturers, not perhaps as good as they, but good enough for the time being. But whatever makes it difficult or impossible for any considerable number of the people to cultivate any field of knowledge is an injury to society of which the effects are incalculable and last through generations.

It would be better for the nation, we say deliberately, to settle large pensions on every paper-maker, printer, and publisher in the country, than have ten poor men forced to deny themselves a good book or ten scholars forced to limit their purchases. And yet publishers have apparently succeeded in impressing Congress with the idea that the use of books is to maintain publishers in comfort, and that authors and readers are mere appendages or ornaments of the great bookstores, whose wants and wishes are of no importance. In fact, in all that regards the acquisition and diffusion of knowledge, the legislation of the last two Congresses has been little better than might be expected from an assemblage of Goths or Huns dealing with the fading and to them incomprehensible civilization of the fallen empire. They have made books dear in a republic to whose existence and prosperity the habit of reading and thinking is as necessary as light and air to individuals. Of their forgetfulness of the interests of science a fine example has been afforded in the tax on alcohol, which is so enormous as to have almost completely arrested in this country all researches in organic chemistry. The heavy internal taxation has raised the price of all books produced and reprinted here; the duty and high price of gold have all but put a stop to the importation of foreign books. Most of the libraries may be said to have ceased to import them, and very few are now called for except by that exceedingly small band of wealthy men who devote any attention to literature.

Nothing can be more disheartening, we had almost said barbarous, than the indifference of politicians—we do not use the word in any opprobrious sense—to the interests of authors and readers; in other words, of the class who keep civilization alive and make progress, either mental or material, possible. There are very few men in Congress—we cannot name one with confidence except Mr. Sumner—who have kept the interests of literature and science in view during the confused financial legislation of the last four or five years. We have before us a letter from a gentleman, himself an author, who has taken a good deal of interest in the copyright question. In telling us of the results of his efforts to call the attention of some of our legislators to the concern which our writers and thinkers have in all legislation affecting literary property, he says that one orator, not unknown to fame, and who, doubtless, can spout by the hour on great moral questions, cut short their conversation by saying: "I do not take any interest in the question of authorship, and I do not believe anybody can make me take an interest in it." Just such a reply as a Gothic warrior of the sixth century might have made to a Roman jurist pleading for a guard for his library in a town captured by the barbarians.

There is a class of books which can be produced, and are produced, just as well in this country as in England, and with regard to which the American author and publisher might, with some decency, ask for protection—we mean school-books, novels, epic and lyrical poetry, tragedies, sonnets, and books of travel. In these particular fields of literature the reading public does not suffer very much from heavy import duties. Any portion of this class of works which is at all valuable American publishers are likely to reprint, or would reprint if the internal revenue system were reformed. Those which they would not reprint society here would not suffer seriously from never seeing. But there is a large class of books, historical, scientific, legal, politico-economical, and metaphysical, of which the English press is very prolific, either original or translated in London from the French or German, for which there is in America no popular demand, and which therefore publishers do not reprint, and for which no substitute is provided here. It is the product of the higher cultivation of the Old World, and of which it is not only our interest but our duty to avail ourselves, if we mean to maintain our place or win a higher one in civilization. This class of books is mainly sought for by scholars and students, whose means are generally limited, and to the wealthiest of whom an addition of forty or fifty per cent. in the price of books is a serious matter. The tax gain to the Government from even a light duty on books of this kind would be too small to be worth counting; the gain from such a duty as is now proposed would be absolutely nothing, for the tax is all but prohibitory. The publishers will not profit by it, for, as we have said, they would not reprint these books, and native authors can hardly produce any books to compete with them, if the word compete can ever be applied in a commercial sense to the efforts made by men of thought and learning to swell the sum of human knowledge.

It cannot be too well understood or too often repeated, however, that the progress of a nation is not kept up simply by the general diffusion of a small degree of education, such as men get in district schools or "pick up" in the spare moments of a busy life. We might all know how to read, write, and cipher, and might all possess a passable acquaintance with what is called "polite literature," and have a high respect for knowledge, and yet settle down for ages in a state in no respect superior to that of the Chinese. The movement of the world towards purer manners and nobler laws; towards larger liberty, deeper insight; its growth in faith and hope, and in moral and material power, is due to the labors of a comparatively small number of thinkers. Nearly all great advances in civilization are brought about by the labors of men of high culture and deep thought. They conceive what others execute; and it is the duty and interest of every nation, even of those who conceive material comfort to be the highest good, to make, by all available means, the labors of its men of science easy and, if possible, pleasant. So far from discouraging them here, there is no country in the world in which they need to be more cherished and encouraged. We could name half a dozen men of letters and of science in this country who are of more value to the nation than double the whole number of booksellers and printers which it now contains, to whose door it would "pay" for the Government to deliver gratis every work of importance that appears in any part of the world. To make it difficult for such men to become acquainted with the result of the labors of their *confrères* in other countries, is to attack civilization itself. Those who suppose, as some Congressmen seem to do, that the newspaper is the only kind of literature that America needs, and that the "reportorial corps," as it calls itself, can supply all the facts that American students need to know, differ less than they imagine from the caliph who burnt the Alexandrian Library on the theory of the all-sufficiency of the Koran.

THE SOCIAL EVIL AND ITS REMEDY.

In response to a resolution offered in the Assembly, "that the Board of Metropolitan Health Commissioners and the Metropolitan Board of Police be requested to communicate to the House, at their earliest convenience, their opinion as to the necessity and probable result of legislation looking to the more thorough restriction of prostitution in the city of New York," the Sanitary Committee, which is composed of three honest, able, and experienced physicians, have reported in favor of such legislation as is resorted to in the great cities of continental Europe, where they say it has been found necessary for the control of those by whom the evil is encouraged and sustained. The report is sensible and temperate. It deals in no extravagances, preaches no high moralities, leaves sentiment to those whose duty is to deepen and purify it, and very properly confines its attention to the measures by which society, acting through laws and public officials, may restrain the evil within certain well-defined limits, may keep it under police and medical inspection, and may diminish to some extent its disastrous effects on the health and, indirectly, on the order and peace of the community. The committee justly regard the evil as a fact, whose permanent removal or even essential reduction is not in question, the causes of which lie in voracious and permanent appetites which do not materially change in their character or their vehemence, and which will, under one form or another, have their way. It does not appear that the magnitude of the evil varies much in different years, though it certainly varies in different climates and in different communities. It would not be difficult, probably, to determine the conditions of its increase or decrease at any particular time or place. Its existence is at least as old as civilization, and, so far as we can see, will be as long-lived as civilization under its actual forms. It is to be reckoned among the fixed causes of mischief in society, and it is as such that it is to be dealt with.

All attempts at the sudden eradication of such an evil must, therefore, be fruitless. Its causes cannot be reached by any agencies at our command. Nothing less than the moral regeneration of individual men and women will go deep enough to touch its roots. And the moral regeneration of men and women is a thing to be prayed for, hoped for, labored for; but it is not a thing to be assumed or reckoned on for immediate effect. Ages hence, centuries on centuries hence, when knowledge, refinement, culture, religion shall have produced an amount of respect for personal character, for the laws of health and happiness, for the mutual rights and dignities of persons, for standards of purity undreamed of now, the roots of this hideous vice may die from lack of nourishment. At present little or nothing is doing to effect such a result.

The attempt to suppress the evil would be as fruitless as the efforts to extirpate it. Were all the officinas of lust closed to-morrow, the houses of assignation and prostitution, the dance-houses and concert-saloons, the "bar-houses" and "parlor-houses," lust would still burn, the purveyors of lust would still find means for plying their infamous trade, still the victims of lust would die and spread pollution all around them. There is reason for thinking that, as things are, many of these resorts escape the vigilance of the police. Superintendent Kennedy gives the whole number of public prostitutes in New York as 2,574; the number of houses and saloons as 697. But another authority, more familiar it may be presumed with the facts, because concerned professionally with the interests of the traffic, gives the number of houses as 773, at the least. The number of inmates of "parlor-houses" and "bar-houses" alone he estimates at 4,600; the "street-walkers" are set down at 6,000; and the total of criminal women at not less than 12,000. It is difficult to understand how such an immense discrepancy in statistics could exist between recognized authorities, and we are inclined to believe that the latter statement is perhaps exaggerated and the former incomplete. Still, making all possible allowance for exaggeration on the one side and for incompleteness on the other, we are constrained to think that the evil succeeds already in eluding to some extent the scrutiny of the police. The extent to which it might elude it, therefore, is quite incalculable. There is great reason for supposing that it would flourish in spite of the most strenuous efforts at suppression, retiring into deeper and deeper shadow as it was pursued, and becoming more virulent and deadly the more secret it became.

Seeing, then, that the evil can neither be eradicated nor suppressed, but one course remains to be pursued, and that is the course recommended by the Sanitary Committee, namely, to accept the mischief as a fact, to recognize its existence by the authorities, to place it under official inspection and regulation, with a view to the utmost possible diminution of its deadly effects. By this means some beneficial results may be attained. The physical disease engendered will be greatly reduced in amount and in violence. The class of bad women will comprise none but those who will consent to be registered as such; the pavement will be cleared of the "street-walkers;" the eyes of decent people will be spared the disgusting and demoralizing sight of depravity in its most degrading aspect, and we shall have the satisfaction of knowing that the sin, while covered up and driven to its haunts, is under such treatment as it is in a condition to receive at the hands of the ministers of the public order and the public health. We have not before us the data requisite to show the extent to which these desirable results have attended the experience of Continental cities, but they must ensue from the very nature of things, in some degree. Owners of houses would be more regardful of the character of their tenants, and would take more pains than they do to prevent their being sublet for infamous purposes. The police would be enabled to close many houses that are made the primary schools of vice, and in that way would have it in their power to stop some portion of the evil in its early stages. Registration would in some measure check resort to the houses on the part of those who might dread even the notion of publicity; and the kind of legitimacy that would be affixed to the vice might possibly, by making it less attractive to the imagination, make it less universal in practice.

The objections to this method of dealing with the evil in question are, to our minds, rather specious than powerful. They seem to be based on the idea that an evil which legislation takes cognizance of is to that extent withdrawn from moral rebuke and protected from moral assault. To reason against such an impression as that would be idle, for there is no reason in it to combat. Society, through legislation, merely protects itself against a mischief, which is all it can do or has a right to do in its organized capacity; it does not pretend to assail a sin. That duty devolves on the sociologists, the moralists, the preachers, and other guardians of the public ethics; and it is a duty from which they are in no manner or degree absolved. On the contrary, they are enabled to fulfil it with a more encouraging hope of success, for they undertake it with a better knowledge of its proportions, a more complete acquaintance with its conditions, and with the intelligent co-operation of the ministers of justice. To acknowledge a vice is not to applaud it. To circumscribe a mischief is not to approve of it. To allow the practice of an abomination within certain fixed limits is not to sanction it. The allowance within the limits is a prohibition beyond them, and that prohibition fastens reproach on the evil that is so confined.

A more singular objection has been raised against the regulation of the social vice by law, on the ground that it interferes with the operation of those natural laws by which divine Providence inflicts punishment on physical and social transgression! God, it is said, has decreed terrible penalties for this peculiar iniquity; sickness and disease, rotting of the bones, prostration of the nervous system, imbecility of mind, idiocy, beastliness, the loss of reputation, domestic misery, social degradation, the ruin of all that makes manhood and womanhood, the degeneracy and decay of offspring, the transmission of the frightful curse of tainted blood to the third and fourth generation; by legalizing the vice, you make it safe to practise it; and by making it safe to practise it, you thwart the divine intention, elude the divine justice, and release mankind from that salutary terror and that saving doom which are the conditions of their progress towards virtue; it would be wiser to stand aside and let God's vengeance have full play on the miserable offenders; instead of shielding them, we should thrust them out into the full tempest of wrath; instead of sending physicians to guard them from disease and to arrest the contagion they engender, we should pray that every horrible consequence of their sin might be tenfold more horrible than it is; we should rejoice in their destruction, and wish it could be so swift and sure that it would come upon them in a moment and smite them dead.

But, if the destruction is not so swift or horrible, if the consequences are not so instant and appalling, if the divine laws do not execute them selves by such summary vengeance, what then? Society must be protected against disease and disorder, and if "natural laws" will not protect it, it must protect itself by resorting to human laws. And the "natural laws' do not protect it. Long before government thought of restraining the social vice, long before legislation took cognizance of it, long before it occurred to anybody to have an oversight of it, or to inspect the traffic in it, these "natural laws" were in full force. They were enacted when the organization of man was built; they were published when that organization began to perform its functions; they were executed at the first time of its violation. Still, the crime we speak of had a beginning. Beauty was blighted, strength decayed, happiness ruined, life wasted, virtue spoiled; still the sin went on. Communities were menaced with devastation, still the iniquity prevailed. Human law did not prevent or anticipate natural law; it came after it; it stepped in because natural law was insufficient, and there was necessity for supplementing its force. The bare fact is that God does not visit the sin with swift and sudden vengeance. If he did, we might leave the matter to him. His mills grind slowly. The penalties he inflicts are indirect, far-off, uncertain; too subtle, often, to be felt by any but the finely organized and sensitive. They work underground or overhead; they leap intervals. The ignorant know nothing about them; the instructed hit on expedients for evading them the reckless defy them. Terrible as they are, and sure as they are, ultimately, to fall, the consciences of passionate men are not touched by them. The terror of them is seen when we look back; but appetite looks forward.

To most men it is human law that makes divine law palpable; and reasonably enough, too, for man is a part of Providence; his action is a part of the action of Providence. The natural laws are not in full operation till man comes in with his intelligent determination and will, and applies such directing and restraining power as he possesses to the regulation of his private and social life. To strike the human element out of the elements that control human existence would make existence inhuman, and condemn men and women to the animal economies of the beasts. Legislation does what it can to interpret the natural laws, and government does what it can to execute them. We are very sure, for our part, that if men did not interfere to regulate vices like intemperance and licentiousness, other laws than those ordinarily called the "laws of God" would begin to play uncontrolled, and the communities of mankind would rapidly degenerate into bestiality. If we must let prostitution work out its own doom, we must let drunkenness do the same. We must not arrest, prosecute, or punish any offenders; we must give evil of every sort its full swing, in hope that having sufficient rope it will hang itself, as no doubt it will—but society will find its neck caught tight in the same noose. It may be that legislation should do no more than is necessary for the protection of the community from danger, but less than that we do not see how it can do. For the rest we must look to intelligence, affection, conscience, and all the other elements of moral power stimulated to their highest action. It may be very humiliating to reflect that at this epoch of the world a civilized and Christian people can do no more than legalize, inspect, and register a sin like this, throw a few disinfectants upon it and provide against its outrageousness; but to blink facts is no way to escape the humiliation; the only remedy for that is virtue. The awful consequences of this kind of sin have made it necessary to put it under the ban of law. That may not be much, but it is something. The time will yet come when we shall so revolt against it as to put it effectually under the ban of the moral judgment.

Fine Arts.

SOMETHING ABOUT NEW BUILDINGS IN NEW YORK.

III.

THE new white marble building in Wall Street, at the corner of Hanover Street, occupied in part by the firm of Brown, Brothers & Co. and in part by the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, is, on many accounts, very well worthy of study and, in some respects, well worthy of admiration. It is exceedingly well built; not solid and massive only; such desperate failures as the Stock Exchange building may be built with large stones and thick walls and immense iron girders; moreover, nothing seems solid and massive which is anywhere near the ponderous Custom House. It is well built, because the materials are used in an intelligent and organized way, and with good decorative effect. It is especially interesting as being a partial answer to the question, How to decorate modern fire-proof construction. It will be very possible to answer this question more satisfactorily, and to improve upon the interior fittings and ornament of this, which we will call after the occupants of its principal apartment, Brown Brothers' Building. But it is good enough to be improved upon, and suggests all sorts of possible improvements, and on these accounts is above the average, and immeasurably superior to the buildings we have considered before, which suggest nothing but the necessity of avoiding for the future the whole system of building and all the elements of decoration which have made them so bad.

To consider Brown Brothers' Building in detail—the exterior is quiet and elegant as compared with the exteriors of business buildings in New York or anywhere else. It is built of white marble, and the abomination of cast-iron used in imitation of other materials has been entirely avoided. Two polished red granite shafts, supporting a pediment, and forming with it a projecting porch over the entrance door, give to the exterior not indeed color enough, but enough to help it very much. The porch, of which these columns form part, in strange contrast to the two cast-iron porches which we have described before, is light and graceful, generally well composed, and helps the design of the exterior. The type of building chosen is a stately and effective one: the numerous objections to its adoption in this case do not make it less good in itself. The excellent material is freely used and trusted in long lintels, which are safe to last for ever when made of this hard marble. The two large windows close to the entrance door, one on each side, are very ingeniously managed; indeed, the successful introduction of them amounts to a positive merit, and argues flexible-mindedness on the part of the designer. It is noticeable how small have been the original advantages of location, frontage, and the like in this case compared with either of the two buildings we have discussed before. The Herald Building occupies a delightful lot, irregular and yet admirably adapted to the erection of a symmetrical and stately building, and is in perhaps the very best place in New York to show it off. The Stock Exchange monstrosity fronts on one of the widest streets in the city; the narrow entrance front in Wall Street is well placed to be seen; the oddly-shaped lot would have been a real delight to any architect who might feel a spark of enjoyment in his work, and to any such designer the chance for an entrance tower on Wall Street, for some strange and lofty thought in marble unlike anything that had been embodied before, would have been an opportunity to have heartily welcomed and diligently improved. But in these two buildings there is visible no improving of opportunities; a scorn of them rather. What is noticeable in both is the rejection of ideas and of originality. But Brown Brothers' Building has had rather a poor chance. It is so far down the hill of Wall Street that most observers see it from a point much higher than the base of the building. Its principal front has no good chance to be seen, and the longer Hanover Street side has almost none. Instead of being much the largest building in the neighborhood, the immense mass and weight of the Custom House reduce it to insignificance of size and of apparent solidity; as they would reduce any other building in the city, except perhaps the Distributing Reservoir, if that exaggerated dam be a building. But the architect of Brown Brothers' has done well under the circumstances, and his building is "an ornament to the city," and better than a vacant lot, which would not be true of many of its neighbors.

And yet, with all these merits, the outside of this building is not good architecture, and its failure to be so is a curious proof of the difficulty of the task assigned to the thoughtful architect nowadays, a difficulty which becomes impossibility unless he relies very confidently and frankly upon his own thought, and develops his building from *à priori* elements and from out of his consciousness of right. We have said that the type chosen for this building is a good one in itself. It is so, and a building founded on that type and as carefully designed as this one cannot fail to be noticeable and of a certain value. But the actual uses of the building are wholly inconsistent with the exterior design, and with any exterior design founded upon this general idea. It is that of the noble Renaissance palaces of the North Italian mainland cities, especially of Verona, of which class of buildings 1550 is the central time and Michael Sanmichele the greatest master. It consists of a heavy basement story with great entrance doors, but few and small openings beside these, an order of pilasters resting upon this, with the principal windows between them, and the crowning cornice, calculated for the height of the whole building, resting upon the pilasters. It is curious that this design, so common on the mainland, is almost unknown in Venice, where Sanmichele was constantly employed. But it seems to have grown out of different conditions from those of Venice, whose water streets were undisturbed by tumult and civic broil. But at all events it grew out of very different conditions from those of New York. It presupposes an interior arrangement which is usual in Italian palaces, the entrance floor occupied by unimportant rooms, and all the principal apartments up stairs. But it adapts itself badly to a plan which has its best rooms behind the architectural basement. In the case before us the architect has done his best, and has had reasonable success in getting the large windows he needed while still keeping the basement rather solid-looking and certainly simple. Complete success was not, from the nature of the case, possible. Moreover, several stories of windows within one order of pilasters is always a solecism. It can be endured when the design is very beautiful, and especially when there are but two stories of windows; but it is irrational always; it suggests, as Viollet-le-Duc has said in his *Entretiens*, that dwarfs are using what giants built. It seems to have grown up like the Papal Custom House at Rome, built in between the columns of the temple of Antoninus Pius.

To make a building interesting and alive which is so founded upon models as this is, would require an amount of artistic feeling and foresight very rare among our professional designers. And this design fails, as it might have been expected to. But some errors are apparent which might have been avoided. The rusticated basement needs to project further; as it is, it is only flush with the face of the pilasters in the *piano nobile* above, and the bases of those pilasters overhang it, making the angle-seen profile very awkward. This profile seems not to have received thought, for it is generally without character; it is here that the cornice shows to the worst advantage, having projection enough, perhaps, but not projection of mass enough, being much too concave and light. The window balconies on the Wall Street front seem to us much too heavy and too boldly projecting for a building of the kind, and cut the lines of the pilasters too vigorously. The columns dividing the windows of the ground story are badly managed; their presence, moreover, detracts very much from the simplicity which should be the principal characteristic of the architectural basement. Then, as no building is good architecture without refined and effective architectural sculpture, so this is seriously injured by the very badly designed capitals of the large pilasters. They seem to be emblematic of commerce, as their principal ornament is a caduceus, the wings much enlarged and reaching the corners of the abaci. They are not successful as decorative features, and certainly not beautiful in themselves as independent designs.

We say again that while a more nearly successful result than this is possible, even when the design is unfortunate in its borrowed principal thought, it is yet very rare that even such merit will come of it as there is here. A much franker trust of common sense, a much more ample and hearty confession of the needs of the building, are necessary, that good architecture may be possible. Architecture has hardly an existence without carved ornament; and yet it would be better for the future of architecture if no decoration were allowed for a quarter century, provided that it were required that all buildings should be enduring, and all frankly built to serve and express their purposes in the best possible way. A distant imitation of the Parthenon used for the Sub-Treasury is not a different but only a worse solecism than a Renaissance palace used for an "office building."

The interior of this edifice of Brown Brothers is better than the outside, because more rational and logical; because, as there was no type to imitate, the builder could only reason out the best way to build and then to decorate. The marble wainscot and foot-pieces in the hall and rooms, the ornamental flooring of narrow plank of two colors arranged in patterns, the excellent iron columns in the second story, where their construction is shown of four pieces bolted together, the very sensible staircase, which only needs more delicacy of parts to be very handsome and is already the best staircase down town after that of the City Hall, the generally good and always suitable and proper decorative painting—all are very uncommon virtues in New York. The more to be regretted are two or three bad faults; as, the casing of the columns of the first story with cast-iron fluted jackets, the injury done to the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's rooms by the great pier containing a ventilator or some such "modern improvement," and, worst of all, the very ugly cast-iron door and window casings. Why a metal door frame should be cast in imitation of a wooden one made by a house carpenter is not easily seen. The presence of those in this building is an exceedingly great injury to its interior completeness.

Correspondence.

A WORKING WOMAN'S STATEMENT.

To the Editor of The Nation:

There are many essays and speeches on the condition of women; but there are few which touch the case of the working women, and as one of that class I should like to present a statement concerning them, before the great court of the people in general, only premising that it is drawn from experience and that it shall be as concise as possible.

As I have seen them, women move in two worlds. The one is a world of love, of a sweet and guarded domesticity, of drawing-rooms and boudoirs, f dainty coquetries, of quiet graces, where they flourish like fair flowers in a south window; and in this world men, as a rule, exhibit the chivalry, devotion, and generosity so much insisted upon in magazine essays. The other is a world into which thousands of women enter each year, mark you, dear conservative reader, not because they choose, but because they are pushed into it by a dilemma, on whose horns are written, Work or starve. It is a world of mud, carts, ledgers, packing-boxes, counting-houses, paste, oils, leather, iron, boards, committees, big boots, and men who have left any surplus generosity and chivalry at home, and who meet women on a cool, business level of dollars and cents. Here a woman, an average untrained woman I mean, is at a disadvantage, even before she opens her mouth to speak. The man who talks money is grim and concentrated, and holds his faculties well in hand; trained to the process by that expectation born with almost every man of making his own way, and standing or falling for himself. The woman's undisciplined thoughts flutter from the talk to her glove, her gaiter, her handkerchief, heroic abstractions, the man's moustache, the disorderly papers on his desk, the people at home, what is in the street. They talk, and she stumbles over technicalities which must be explained to her, very likely by the man with whom she is negotiating—her natural enemy on that particular occasion; they talk, she all the time profoundly ignorant of practice and precedent in similar cases. How are they to bargain, this well-balanced man, understanding himself and his craft, and this vague, timid woman, who knows nothing of the letter or the spirit of business, and who will need years of self-discipline and repression to achieve adequate notions of the "dollar-power," of the value of the "point" in a discussion? In Arcadia, or in the conservative essays, this ignorance and mental flaccidity would be so much on the credit side of her account—a positive advantage, overbalancing the trained acuteness of the man; but in the practical world in which the lot of the working woman is cast there is an almost universal and irresistible human tendency to make a shrewd bargain where a shrewd bargain is to be made. The weak are apt to be pushed to the wall, the timid to be bullied, the ignorant to be cheated, and where working women are concerned they are not made exceptions to the rule. The bullying and cheating is done in a coarse and violent manner to very poor and distressed working women by the lower orders of men; and to the upper grades of working women with courtesy and civility by men who, I think, mean to be fair, but for whom Mammon and the opportunity is too strong; and I do not think we should be very angry when we share the common lot, only more anxious and more thoroughly determined to get the better in some way of ignorance, weakness, and timidity; for the honorable and true-hearted gentleman is never blind to the quiet appeal of helplessness, and rates himself last when he reckons "pros" and "cons"—only up to the present age of the world such have not succeeded in getting to be the majority. That women should take the world as they find it and not expect special grace in virtue of their sex, is, of course, true. If a woman walks in the ways of commerce in the satin slippers that she wears in the drawing-room, she will bring home torn and bleeding feet, and it will be idle to complain of the roughness of the way. She should be prepared for that.

Is she so prepared? Certainly not by anything in the present system of education, which looks only to a marriage in which her thinking and planning will be done for her. One of the most painful facts and insurmountable difficulties attending female labor is that few women are *thoroughly* instructed in any occupation. The woman born in great poverty usually snatches at the branch of a trade that can be acquired in the shortest possible time, learns just enough to add a little to the family income, and is fixed in her groove for life. The woman thrust out of a woman's usual life to shift for herself looks about her, scared and bewildered, and grasps at the first smattering by which she can earn any money. There are so few departments of labor opened to women that in those departments the supply of female labor is frightfully in advance of the demand; and these facts—of ignorance, an overstocked market, and constitutional timidity—being attentively considered by a business world which is not quixotic, the business world, in consideration of the great fundamental principle, "get as much as you can," offers the lowest imaginable wages to the eager applicants, certain that it will be ravenously clutched; and, indeed, to see the mob of women that block and choke these few and narrow gates that are opened to them—the struggle, the press, the agony, the trembling eagerness there displayed—you might suppose that they entered on the temples of fame and wealth, or at least on some cosy little cottage in which a competence awaited the winner. Nothing of the sort! These are blind-alleys, one and all. The getting in and the keeping in are the meagre objects of this terrible struggle. A woman who has not genius, or is not a rare, exceptional case, has no promotion, no opening, no career. She does not make her way. She turns hopelessly about and about on a pivot. At every turn the sand gives way. At every turn she sinks lower. At every turn light and air are more difficult to get. She turns, you see, and digs her own grave. If you say these are figures of speech, here are figures of fact. There are thirty thousand women in New York alone whose labor averages from twelve to fifteen hours a day, and whose income—it sounds incredible, but I believe that I only record a fact when I say that the income of these women seldom exceeds thirty-three cents a day. Operators on sewing-machines, of course, are not included in this last statement. They enjoy comparative opulence. They earn, I believe, from five to eight dollars a week, though this sunshiny fact is rather darkened by an onerous tax of three or four dollars for a bed in a wretched room, often with several other occupants, and without a window, and for board as wretched as the room and the locality in which such rooms are to be found. There are also thousands of ladies of good family and education who act as teachers, governesses, etc., and receive from two hundred to six hundred dollars a year. Few women ever get beyond that. A large proportion of these women are mothers with several children. Of the rest there are few who have not parents or brothers and sisters depending on their earnings.

Masculine reader, can you imagine life for yourself and your children on thirty-three cents a day, and no prospect of anything better; or supposing that you have education, refinement, traditions of gentility, and two or three children, or an ailing wife, or a helpless mother, or little brothers and sisters, would you like to try it on four hundred, or at the best six hundred a year, if you were quite certain that, work and struggle and grow mentally as you might, you would be as fast in that salary as Lot's wife in the pillar of salt? You may answer that it costs a woman less to live, as is often said; but where does it cost her less? Nobody charges a woman less rent than a man, but they do affix more stringent conditions to the renting of rooms and leasing of houses in such cases. The woman will pay as much for her coal, groceries, and meats as you; if she is much pinched, she will pay more in proportion, for she will buy on credit or in very small quantities. She must pay as much for her children's shoes and clothes; just as much for her car fare, ferry ticket, and stationery. Nobody makes a discount because of sex, except in paying wages—there, I frankly admit, it is remembered that we are women—and when the labor, responsibility, and ability exerted are equal, women are paid one-half or two-thirds of the wages received by men in the same department.

Over this labor broods that sense of eternity that maddened De Quincey's dreams; the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever! There is no brightening future. The woman who is fevered and hurried and aching, and who works from daylight till midnight, loathing her mean room, her meaner dress, her bread and black tea, her joyless life, will, in ten years, neither better herself nor make the future clearer for her children. The lady in birth and feeling, trying to hold her children above the grime of the streets, resisting for them and herself the squalid agencies surrounding her, and experimenting in that difficult art of making three dollars out of one, is simply on the treadmill of a life-long series of such resistance and experimenting, for working women have no share in that American privilege which sets in full view of the poorest white male laborer a growing income, a bank account, the possibilities of an Astor, and every office within the gift of the Republic if he have the brain and the courage to win them. There are, in fact, all grades of working women, very much like the traditional boat's crew who, in nautical stories, upset their boat and cling to the side, in tempting neighborhood to very large and sagacious sharks, with this difference, once out of the boat, the undevoured and successful women never get back. Henceforth, it is the object of their lives to hold their heads above water and keep the sharks at bay.

It seems to me that these few prominent facts, which I have tried to set forth fairly, embody some injustice, much folly, and a serious defect in the present system of female education. I do not assume to know or to suggest a remedy. I only add the record of my experience as a possible atom of force to that lever which shall one day topple the rock out of our road. C.

A NATIONAL MILITIA.

To the Editor of The Nation:

As you have introduced this vexed subject in the columns of The Nation, perhaps you will allow me to discuss it as briefly as I can consistently with its importance.

I assume that we need an organized force ready at all times and adequate to repel invasion, suppress insurrections, and enforce the laws. A retrospect of our past disasters and dangers, a survey of our present internal and external relations, a consideration of our daily increasing importance in the family of nations, from whom we are no longer isolated, geographically or politically, will, I think, justify this assumption:

That we need this force not only as a defence in, but as the best insurance against, war.

In considering what this force should be, we must have reference to efficiency, economy, and also to the nature of our institutions.

Economy and efficiency recommend a standing army; the law of division of labor assigns each man his specialty, thus developing the extremest skill and securing the utmost product.

Economical considerations would induce us to make civil offices tenable for life, to save the country from the costly experiments of a rotation of new legislators and administrators of government.

Economy is a virtue too little practised here in public or private—publicly rather impracticable under our form of government; we may be frugal, having no brilliant court, no costly palaces, no great army of retainers and pensioners to support, but apprentice legislators and administrators are not likely to save our money or lay it out wisely.

Constant practice and devotion to the military art must render a standing army more efficient than a possible militia, as a life-long tenure would civil officers; but efficiency is not a characteristic of a republican government.

Economy and efficiency would be virtues of a wise despotism, where the unconsulted many should yield prompt obedience to the decrees of the instructed, experienced, reflecting few, pursuing a steady policy based on the lessons of the past and foresight of the future, rather than the clamorous importunities of the present.

But despotisms, however wise, tend to make lifeless automata of their subjects, while, if unwise (and history warns us that they are apt to be, that the possession of absolute power dulls the head and the heart), they not only cramp the growth and arrest the progress of the people, but inflict great misery upon them.

A philosopher says "that the object towards which every human being must ceaselessly direct his efforts is the individuality of power and development; that for this there are two requisites, *freedom and a variety of situations*;" "that human nature is not a machine to be built after a model and set to do exactly the work prescribed for it; but a tree, which requires to grow and develop itself on all sides according to the tendency of the inward forces which make it a living thing."

We prefer that every citizen should have a chance in the administration of affairs even though the work should not be so well or so cheaply done, "as a means to their own mental elevation—a mode of strengthening their active faculties, exercising their judgment, and giving them a familiar knowledge of the subjects with which they are thus left to deal." Now, John Adams tells us that the four subjects with which all citizens are here left to deal are, the churches, the schools, the towns, and the militia; that these are the four institutions upon which our republican liberty is founded, by a faithful devotion to which that liberty is ensured.

The jealousy of a standing army inherited from our fatherland, where this day the Queen has but a year's lease of their service, and its obvious incongruity with our theory of self-government, impel us to reject this force, and to adopt militia as obviously in harmony with that theory.

We must keep an army to preserve our fortifications, garrison our frontier posts, and skirmish with Indians; but we shall be more likely to reduce it to an inadequate number than to increase it to a number excessive for these requirements. Our chief reliance against traitors within or foes without must be a militia, and their organization must commend itself by its efficiency, economy, and the reasonableness of its demands upon the patriotism of the citizens.

To create an efficient army on democratic principles is certainly a difficult and, except in Switzerland, a sort of half republic, an unaccomplished task; but it is for us inevitable.

An army is naturally an aristocracy, service in every form is distasteful to our people, and military service, in peace, especially so to the whole Anglo-Saxon race; and for this reason every energetic scheme proposed by Washington, or by his successors, has been set aside with a nonchalance begotten of our political and geographical isolation, *now no more*, and of our national recklessness and aversion to hear unwelcome truths, and to turn aside from our daily profitable pursuits to discharge this most detested duty.

The apology for a militia system substituted for Washington's bill called every able-bodied man between the ages of eighteen and forty-five from his occupation three or four days each year to attend meetings where neither arms, manuals of instruction, nor instructors were supplied, and had they been, no important progress could have been made in those few hours with long intervals between. This was so absurd that the State governments either disregarded it altogether or else degraded it by their numerous exemptions and insignificant fines. For more than thirty years the laws of Congress have remained a dead letter; the militia have been neither trained nor even enrolled, the quota of arms granted to each State has been deposited in arsenals or commuted for a money equivalent, or partially distributed to the volunteer militia.

The volunteer militia exists only in cities and large towns; its number and efficiency fluctuating with the popularity of its officers or the excitement of the hour. It is tested by no adequate inspections, restrained by no severe code; its arms, organization, drill, and discipline are as various as its uniforms; it is neither recognized by the Constitution nor subject to the service of the United States. Into its ranks are drawn a certain number of young men by their military tastes; a certain number are prompted to join by a patriotic sense of duty; the majority are attracted by the uniforms, the parades, and the conviviality. Many of the most steady and capable young men, the bone and sinew of the community, whose sympathy and identification with the institution is essential to its firm establishment, and whose exemption imposes an undue burden upon the rest, are withheld from service by their parents or employers.

Just at present this force has the advantage of being commanded by experienced officers, and of numbering in its rank and file many men who have served during the war; but time will leave it in a few years as superficial and unfit for prolonged or important service as it was when the war of the rebellion broke out.

Then many of its members enlisted for the war, impelled by military ardor or by patriotism; but the majority declined to serve at all, or for a long period; few of the great officers ventured into the field, and those few displayed their eminent unfitness. Indeed, no two human beings could be more unlike than the bewhiskered, stern-eyed, imposing dignitary dressed within an inch of his life, marching like an automaton, wheeling with affected precision, uttering his commands with guttural fierceness, and the young, smooth-faced, modest, simply-dressed volunteer corporal or general.

Our streets are filled with the survivors of four years' campaigns; but we look in vain among them for that martial aspect which characterized the militia-man of yore. In truth, this was *magnifique, mais ce n'était pas la guerre.*

If we are to rely on militia as our chief defence, the Federal Government should exercise its constitutional authority, and *demand* the training of a reasonable number—the minimum consistent with safety—not to perform street parades, to frisk in balls or revel at dinners, or to waste their time and money in what is called *an interchange of courtesies*, but for war, remembering General Gaines's advice, that "any measure of military preparation in peace, not strictly applicable to a state of war, should be held as radically wrong, useless, or mischievous."

If you have patience to read, I will hereafter endeavor to indicate the duties of the Federal and State governments, and the measures to make the militia service valuable and tolerable.

H. L.

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The Week.

WHAT with evening sessions and all-night sessions, the end of the session has been busy enough, but a vast amount of business will necessarily remain undone, some of it for ever, some of it till the Fortieth Congress comes. Mr. Andrews, of *The Boston Advertiser*, gives a concise view of the present condition of the public business. Colorado, apparently, must stay out in the cold, neither House having made answer to the veto message. Mr. Boutwell's bill to keep rebel lawyers out of Federal courts sticks fast in a committee of the Senate. The Militia bill goes over. The Thirty-ninth Congress will hardly give us an Educational Bureau, nor will it pass Mr. Blaine's bill to pay the war debts of the loyal States. The excellent bill providing for competitive examination of applicants for office, which reflects so much credit on Mr. Jenckes, was almost got through the House, a fact which is encouraging; there is now pending a motion to reconsider. Mr. Wade's Constitutional Amendment, which forbids re-election to the Presidency, will have to wait. Mr. Schenck's Equalization of Bounties bill is probably dead. The Tax bill may very likely get through, but the Tariff bill's chance is not at all a good one. The Government Telegraph bill, which we should have been very glad indeed to see tried, and we do not know why it should not be tried, will fail, we fear. Nothing seems to be known as to whether the Fortieth Congress, when it meets next week, will or will not speedily adjourn. The apprehensions under which the country was laboring when Congress provided against an interregnum have pretty much vanished.

THAT Congress can sometimes have its way in spite of the President, was shown on Monday by the Georgetown election. This was a limited experiment of negro, or rather impartial, suffrage, in a community registering 971 black and 1,350 white voters. The obnoxious "element" was certainly not frightfully in excess, but it managed, by an alliance with the small body of white Republicans, to elect its candidate for mayor. It failed, however, to secure a majority in the Common Council; which is some comfort to Conservatives of whatever station. The result has two lessons: that the natural affinity between black and white loyalists, if allowed expression, is sufficient to outvote the disaffected and rebellious; and that, for some time to come, the exercise of suffrage by the freedmen must be supported by a national police. When under the very shadow of the Capitol, and during the session of Congress, it is necessary to restrain the vindictive and brutal passions of the low whites by extraordinary precautions of patrolmen and mounted guards, it may be guessed what would be the fate of ballot-box and colored voters in any rural district, and almost any city of the South, not easily controllable by troops stationed there. Especially would the peril be great in an election for a constitutional convention; and the reconstruction bill wisely provided not only that such election should be held under military auspices, but should be capable of revision by the same authorities.

THE Senate having disregarded the wish of the army, and rejected the proposal of the House that the War Department should have charge of the Indians, and the House having refused assent to the bland scheme of the Senate to appoint a board of inspection to investigate annually Indian affairs, the tribes are to remain in the care of the Department of the Interior. We presume, then, that there is to be no change for the better in the existing state of affairs. Army officers and agents of the Indian Bureau are to go on quarrelling and traversing each other's plans; the disorders on the plains are to continue; and the Indians are to be encouraged in a belief, which is at the bottom of a good deal of the trouble we have with them, that we have more men and flour than they, but that they have at least as many, and probably more, braves than their big father. We are very much inclined to favor the transfer of the Indian Bureau to the Department of War. Indeed, we believe that the governors of the States and Territories between Missouri and California could make very much better work of managing the whole business than the Federal Government has ever made as yet.

THE Senate Reconstruction bill was passed last week. As soon as the opposition in the House found the Senate was likely to hold firm on its amendments, Mr. Stevens "filibustered" against it in vain in favor of his own scheme of military government without limit or qualification. The bill is not all that could be wished, but we greatly fear that it is the best measure which, in the present state of parties and of public feeling at the North, we are likely to get. It provides, as fully as Government can provide it, protection for life and property, and prescribes a course by which any State may at any time be released from its revolutionary *status* and be placed in regular relations with the rest of the Union. We hope yet to see a constitutional amendment adopted which will give Congress undisputed control over the franchise, and some authority to insist upon the supply of education by the States, but in the meantime the present bill seems to offer the best road out of a muddle which is fast becoming intolerable. The Democrats are evidently inclined to accept the measure for fear they may travel further and fare worse.

THE new Tariff bids fair to perish in the House. Nobody understands it, and most of its supporters are rather ashamed of it, and even if it does pass, do not want to be held responsible for it. It bears about the same relation to a good law that a Celtic *cairn* bears to a building. The cairn is a heap of stones contributed, one by one by the passers-by, to the memory of a murdered man, and it often attains to considerable magnitude. The new tariff is a string of taxes, each clapped on by one member, and nobody caring whether his tax harmonized with anybody else's tax or not, provided it swelled the total bulk, all contending for the honor of furnishing the biggest contribution. The result is a bill which has had no parallel in any civilized country within the last century. *The Tribune* has had to go back to the Middle Ages to find anything like it. The latest votes on it in the House indicate a general disposition to let it drop; but Mr. Morrill announces his intention to force it through if possible. We suggest that he leave it to Mr. Stevens, who is the only political economist in Congress who can do full justice to this remarkable measure.

The committee appointed to enquire into the whiskey frauds, as might be expected, have a startling story to tell, but have made an excellent report. The cause of the abuses they find where every intelligent man expected them to find it—in the weight of the tax, which is one of the largest premiums on fraud ever offered, and in the utter demoralization of the revenue force, which seems in the large cities, at least, to be composed, in the main, of unmitigated knaves, whose chief function is the promotion and covering up of cheating amongst manufacturers. There is no reform so much needed as Mr. Jenckes's, but we suspect it will be some time before Congress will be virtuous enough to swallow it.

Apparently, we now have all the facts in the case of the three United States soldiers murdered last year in Anderson District, South Carolina. The public are familiar with the general history of the affair. The report of the Congressional Committee shows that Mr. O. H. Browning's connection with the case consisted in his taking a fee of $1,000 for making an argument on behalf of the prisoners, whose friends were just then besieging Mr. Johnson for either a pardon or a transfer of the criminals to the custody of the civil authorities—and they did not very much care, we imagine, which favor was granted. The commutation of sentence may be supposed as much the work of Secretary Stanton as of any one else; he thought, he says, that as it was doubtful whether a military commission could properly try the men, it would hardly do to put them to death, though there was no doubt of their guilt. So also of the removal from the Dry Tortugas to Fort Delaware. A sickly season was threatened, the Secretary says, and he advised their being brought to Fort Delaware, which is pretty much out of the reach of cholera. The final release of the prisoners is due to Judge Hall, of the United States District Court of Delaware, who declares that he had judicial knowledge so long ago as June, 1865, that the rebellion was at an end, and further, that the authority of the civil tribunals of South Carolina was restored at the time when the murderers were tried. General Sickles denies that there was then in being in South Carolina a civil court competent to try a case of this magnitude; to which Judge Hall would probably reply that, if there was none, there ought to have been one, and that, at any rate, it was none of General Sickles's business, but South Carolina's. The report mentions that the murderers, on being released, went home and joined in a grand celebration of that happy event which their fellow-citizens had organized, and which closed with "a general drunk." They are still at large. The case resolves itself into this—a very striking illustration of the truth that crimes against Union men and soldiers are not in the public opinion of the South crimes to be severely punished. Let it be said that the blame which has been freely bestowed upon Mr. Browning and Mr. Johnson for their action in the matter is in great part removed by this full statement of facts; but as regards Mr. Johnson, let it be said, too, that the committee found in one of the many petitions which besought the President's interposition in behalf of the criminals the declaration that his "avowed policy" led the petitioners to approach him with confidence—a significant fact, though the truth it teaches lacks freshness.

There has been during the present session of the Thirty-ninth Congress a singular dearth of the old-fashioned Congressional eloquence. Most of the heroes of antiquity have been allowed to sleep in peace, and hardly any precedents for American legislation have been dug out of Athenian or Egyptian statutes-at-large. Plutarch and the classical dictionaries have apparently lain dusty and unused on the library shelves, and we have had nothing but a steady flow of business talk, with now and then a little dash of vituperation. In fact, the only striking flower of rhetoric which we remember since the 1st of December was contributed by Mr. Rogers, of New Jersey; but his genius, far from being a pale reflection of that of Greek or Roman worthies, is a native product, shining with an original light. His eulogy on Mr. Johnson had a full New Jersey flavor about it, which probably brought tears of vexation to the eyes of the "classicists" from other parts of the Republic. We are very sorry to find that he will not sit after the 4th of March, as we expected great things from him, and were about to watch his career with interest.

The authorship of the Motley letter is solemnly denied by many of Mr. Seward's friends. It was written, they say, by Mr. Johnson himself, and signed without reading by Mr. Seward, either when ill in bed or on the day of his daughter's funeral. If this be true, there is, of course, nothing left but to sympathize with him, although it is hard to say which is most to be pitied: a man who puts his name to Andrew Johnson's compositions after he has read them, or a man who does it without reading them at all. A circular appears to have been sent to all the other diplomatic agents, not in the same terms, but with the same fine "cross-roads" flavor about it as the letter to Mr. Motley. The indignation of the denials which this calls forth is very amusing. These gentlemen are evidently not to be caught in this way. We respectfully suggest a surer test, in the shape of an enquiry as to what they thought of Mr. Johnson's oratory on his late tour. Anybody who says he liked it, is pretty sure to be as faithful as Mr. Rogers, of New Jersey; and anybody who says he did not like it, is clearly unfit for his place.

It appears to have leaked out that the salary of that unfortunate admirer of Mr. Johnson's policy, Mr. Harvey of the Kingdom of Portugal, has been paid most illegally and improperly by Mr. Seward out of the fund placed at the disposal of his department for contingent expenses. The House has been taking special precautions against a repetition of this abuse in voting the appropriations, and if Mr. Harvey receives any further assistance it will be out of somebody's private pocket. The recent performances of the President with regard to other foreign ministers have left the wretched Harvey without any claim on Congressional mercy; and the "policy," whatever its merits may be, will prove but a poor substitute for Portuguese beef and potatoes, though both of these, and especially the beef, stand, we believe, very low.

The New York Times remonstrates earnestly with the Trades Unions for demanding what it considers extortionate wages after the 1st of March. The action of the trades unions is fast killing some branches of manufacture in England—that is, driving them away to foreign countries; and we anticipate from the eight-hour and other movements here a somewhat similar result. There is no use in talking political economy to our working-men any more than to our members of Congress. Whatever has to be learnt of it they will learn by experience, and by experience only. We are satisfied the country will have to pass through just such a crisis on the labor question as it is now passing through on the tariff question. Demagogues will use it successfully for their own gain until all classes have learned by sorrowful experiments that thinking is, sometimes at least, better than spouting. Political economy will have to be studied and taught in schools and colleges here as it is elsewhere. The present mode of testing every principle is frightfully costly, and breeds great heartburnings to boot. When such men as Wendell Phillips rant to working-men on the eight-hour movement, it is no wonder trades unions take all they can get, and laugh at newspaper warnings.

Careful and minute investigations into the birth, parentage, and education of Mr. McCracken have been going on all over the country during the past week, and various gentlemen have been unsuccessfully accused of being his father; but so far, we believe, everybody on whom suspicion rested has denied all connection with him—so that the American nation will probably not know, until Mr. McCracken returns from his tour, to whom it is indebted for the vigilant inspector who has been looking after the morals and manners of its foreign representatives.

◆

The World solemnly advises the South, "if it is ever to accept of negro suffrage, if it is ever to recognize its State governments under Federal dictation, if it is ever to ratify the pending Constitutional Amendment," to do so now; but on the question whether the South had better *ever* give in or not, it carefully withholds its opinion—a piece of caution which we cannot too highly commend. We, for our part, entirely concur with *The World*, and do honestly believe that if the South is ever going to come to terms, the present year would be an excellent year to do it in. We, at the same time, cheerfully concede to *The World* the merit of having conceived this idea.

◆

It is rather unfortunate, we think, that a pinchbeck air of mock-royalty should have been thrown over the new confederation on our northern border, by giving it the title of "The Kingdom of Canada." We suspect the telegraph operator at Toronto of having made a mistake. At any rate, a "Governor-General," at a salary of $50,000, is to fill the place of sovereign. Upper Canada and Lower Canada are to be called respectively Ontario and Quebec; the two maritime Provinces are to keep their present names, but will be little pleased to know that the confederation is to go by the name of Canada, and they to be, in strictness, "Canadians." Certain variations from what is known as the "Quebec scheme" seem to have been decided upon, but we suppose there can be no doubt that these will be accepted with no more opposition than is common among Provincial politicians, who certainly were never open to the charge of carrying on their controversies in an apathetic manner. We imagine that the people of the Provinces are as yet not at all certain whether or not the new state of things is to be beneficial or otherwise. While there are not many communities in the world more intelligent than those of the North American Provinces, it is true that they are not so educated to politics as the public of the Northern States, and are much more easily controlled by leaders, of whom each Province is blessed with an ample supply. But experience teaches; and we may be tolerably sure that if confederation proves to have been a mistake, it will be rectified. The United States have, of course, no reason to wish the new nation anything but success.

◆

The Fenians seem really to have projected an attempt on the arsenal in the city of Chester, but, as usual, the plan leaked out through informers, and the police and the inhabitants were on the alert, and the result was miserable failure. In the meantime the *habeas corpus* has been suspended in Ireland for three months more, and Irish independence is apparently as remote as ever.

◆

Mr. Disraeli has brought in a series of resolutions in the House of Commons preparatory to framing a reform bill. The resolutions acknowledge the necessity for extending the franchise, but couple it with a redistribution of seats and the creation of fresh boroughs, in order to prevent the ascendancy of the working classes, whose majority, it is found, would be overwhelming. The resolutions will probably form the subject of a long and wearisome debate, and close not with a bill, but with a recommendation that the Queen be requested to appoint a commission to enquire into the whole subject. The plan is looked on by the Radicals as a mere excuse for the indefinite postponement of the main question, is likely to meet with vigorous opposition, and to end at the very outset in the overthrow of the Derbyites, in spite of Mr. Disraeli's protest against making the fate of ministries dependent on the success or failure of their reform measures.

◆

The principal offenders in the Jamaica tragedy are being charged with murder before the London police magistrates. General Nelson and Lieutenant Brand have been held to bail, pending the examination. One of the ablest arguments the affair has yet called forth was made before the magistrate by Mr. Fitzjames Stephen, on behalf of the prosecution. The news of the week from other parts of Europe has been unimportant.

THE FREEDMEN.

Superintendent Tomlinson, in his report for January, 1867, enumerates in South Carolina 75 day and 4 night schools, conducted by 101 white and 43 colored teachers, and having 8,120 enrolled pupils (the girls being nearly 600 in excess of the boys), whose average attendance is 6,056. Thirty-six of these schools are graded. There are connected with them 46 Sunday-schools, embracing 2,765 pupils. The freedmen support in part 26 of the schools, and their contributions for January amounted to $1,500. The school at Belton is entirely supported by them. In addition to the foregoing and to several schools which have failed to report, the superintendent estimates that there are at least 60 schools in the State, with an attendance of about 5,000 pupils. They are not of the first quality, but are far better than none at all. Mr. Tomlinson has been making an extensive tour of observation in the interior, and encouragingly declares:

> "I am confirmed in the conviction, if confirmation were needed, that *nothing so rapidly tends to produce harmony between the white and colored people* of the State, and to improve in all respects the condition of the colored people, *as the establishment of schools among them*."

The towns he visited had been remarkable for the opposition (other than violent) originally manifested towards colored schools:

> "I question very much whether *now* a half-dozen men of intelligence in any of these places can be found who would not deem it a public calamity to have these schools discontinued. In most of these localities the residents in the immediate neighborhood of the school have ceased to speak with bitterness of it, and generally treat the teachers with politeness. . . . In Cheraw, while I was there, the colored people were allowed the use of the town-hall for an educational meeting; and the meeting was attended by several of the white residents of the town. . . . The mayor of Columbia has visited the schools, and, after expressing the greatest satisfaction with all that he saw, took occasion at a meeting of the council in the evening to advise all its members to visit the schools also."

Mr. Tomlinson praises highly the corps of teachers at Columbia (supported by the N. Y. Branch of the A. F. U. Commission), and also several young colored men of Charleston, whom he sent out into the country districts, at the charge of the New England Branch, and who, in spite of their inexperience in teaching, exhibited great tact and fidelity, and have achieved entire success.

—To this note of progress should be added the recent speech of Gov. Orr to the freedmen of Charleston, in the African Methodist church, the meeting being presided over by a colored president and opened with prayer by a colored chaplain. The governor not only promised them protection against lawlessness and outrage, but commended their schools and predicted that a common-school system for whites and blacks would be established by the next legislature. He further said:

> "I am prepared to stand by the colored man who is able to read the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States. I am prepared to give the colored man the privilege of going to the ballot-box and vote."

—Assistant Commissioner Sprague approves with great satisfaction the conduct of both whites and freedmen during the celebration by the latter, on January 1, of their deliverance. The condition of the State is quiet and prosperous, and as far as possible questions relating to freedmen have been kept out of the courts and submitted to arbitration with success. The influx of laborers from South Carolina and Georgia still continued.

—The opposition of the Louisiana planters to the education of colored children has generally abated, thinks the New Orleans *Tribune;* has even been converted into active efforts to organize schools and obtain teachers:

> "This happy result is due mainly to the firm attitude of the laborers, who, though deprived of education and perhaps because deprived of it, appreciate to its full value the price of acquiring knowledge. They have made the education of their children an absolute condition of their remaining on the plantations. Very few of them would work at all, this year, on a place where no school for the tuition of their children will be in existence. So that this result, at least, has been secured, that the benefit of a common education will be extended to a large number of children of the oppressed race."

—The crops for 1867 seem to promise well in Louisiana, the weather having been highly favorable to the planting of cane. The smaller farms only will be put to cotton. Most of the freedmen have contracted for the year, and at increased wages; men average $15 per month and rations. The experiment of coolie labor is now in progress on one plantation.

Notes.

LITERARY.

THE largest and most valuable collection of autographs ever offered for sale in America—the collection of the late Mr. J. K. Tefft, of Savannah—will be sold at auction on Monday, March 4, by Leavitt, Strebeight & Co., 498 Broadway. The autographs here brought together are the result of over thirty years' collection, being nearly thirty thousand in number, and only surpassed in number and excellence by the collection of the Rev. Dr. Sprague, of Albany. As in all large collections, there are quantities of autographs that are utterly valueless here, especially of Americans who have been ephemerally eminent, or who have dabbled in literature—Southern poetesses, and the like. But taken as a whole, the collection is exceptionally valuable, the greater part of the best autographs being complete and interesting letters. The finest things are two bound volumes, the "Signers of the Declaration of Independence" and the "Signers of the Constitution of the United States." The first of these volumes contains fifty-one letters or documents and five signatures, together with others who voted for and against the Declaration, but did not sign it. The second volume has letters and documents signed by all the signers of the Constitution and of all the other members of the convention except two. The collection is very rich in autographs of the colonial governors, the generals of the American Revolution, both American, foreign, and British, the statesmen and politicians of this country, and naval commanders and literary men. It has a full set of American bishops, of presidents, vice-presidents, and a nearly complete one of the cabinets. There are also about four thousand foreign autographs, including kings, queens, warriors, statesmen, and men eminent in every department of learning.

—Some weeks ago we announced the intention of the "Agathynian Club," of this city, to reprint a certain number of rare works in fac-simile, in the highest style of art. We have before us the first product of this "beneficence" (to change a Latin counter for a Greek), the work selected being "Advice to the Officers of the British Army," of which the sixth edition was published in London in 1783. The merits of the satire will be generally acknowledged by the few for whose rather exclusive benefit it has been printed so elegantly and expensively; but whether it ought to be mentioned in the same breath with Swift, or deserved its present resurrection on account of its unquestionable application to the regular military service of our own day and country, are questions which will be asked by some who are satisfied that the Bradstreet Press can execute the most difficult commission in antiquarian typography, and long to see its capacity for beautiful workmanship employed on the veritable treasures of literature. The "Agathynian Club" has five more ventures to make in the current year, and we entreat it to justify its title by loftier selections than Capt. Grose's "Advice."

—Mr. John Stuart Mill lately delivered a very fine inaugural address to the students of the University of St. Andrews on his installation as Lord Rector. He reviewed the whole field of the higher university education, including a defence of classical studies if taught properly and without verse-making. He also pleaded for mathematics, logic, ethics—to be taught historically rather than dogmatically—political economy, international law, experimental science, physiology, and even the history of religious dogmas. He excluded, we think wrongly, the modern languages, which are as necessary to general modern culture as they are useful to modern life, and history, which can certainly be easily and well taught orally. The address has since been published in pamphlet form.

—On account of the extreme rarity of Sir Charles Wilkins's translation of the Bhâgavad-Gîta, more than fifty orders having been received for a single copy which was advertised for sale a short time ago, Mr. Geo. P. Philes has concluded to reprint a small edition of it. It will be printed at the Bradstreet Press, and will be in one octavo volume, at the price of three dollars to subscribers. Subscriptions will be received by Mr. Philes, at 64 Nassau Street, New York, until April 20, and the volume will be ready for delivery early in May. But few copies will be printed beyond the number subscribed for, and the price to non-subscribers will be then advanced twenty-five per cent. The title-page of the original reads "The Bhagvat-Geeta; or, Dialogues of Kreeshna and Arjoon, in Eighteen Lectures, with Notes. Translated from the Original, in the Sanskreet, or Ancient Language of the Brahmins. By Charles Wilkins. London: 1785."

—At a late meeting of the Philological Society in London, Mr. A. J. Ellis, the great teacher of phonetics, read a paper "On the Pronunciation of the English Language during the Sixteenth Century, compared with the Pronunciations prevalent in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries, and applied to elicit the Pronunciation of Chaucer in the Fourteenth Century." In the first part of his paper, Mr. Ellis laid down three laws of change in language: first, that the changes take place in passing from one generation to another; secondly, that a series of sounds acquired in childhood remain fixed in the individual for life; thirdly, that changes take place in passing from one individual brought up among one series of spoken sounds to another brought up among another. The principal authority upon which he relied for conjecturing the pronunciation of Chaucer was William Salesbury's Welsh account of English pronunciation, dated 1547. To a discussion of Salesbury the second and third parts of the paper were devoted. The fourth part contained a pronouncing vocabulary of about 2,000 words of the sixteenth century, collected from various authorities. The fifth part gave a conspectus of English pronunciation in the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, arranged so that the pronunciation of each usual combination of letters may be seen at a glance, with the authorities annexed. The sixth part gave specimens of spoken English from contemporary authors. The last part contained results, and applied them to elicit, with the help of rhymes, the probable pronunciation of Chaucer. Mr. Ellis illustrated his paper by reading aloud passages from Shakespeare, Chaucer, and the Ormulum, with their proper pronunciation. The paper will soon be published, and will be of great interest to scholars.

SCIENTIFIC.

CAPTURE OF WHALES BY POISON.—The idea of employing poison in the whale fishery is no novelty. On the contrary, it is an idea which has been frequently suggested, and several attempts have been made to put it in practice. One of the most distinguished of toxicologists, Prof. Christison, of Edinburgh, has published a long account of experiments in this direction made, by his advice, by Greenland whalers many years ago, and has left his readers to infer that the failure of the efforts then made was to be ascribed rather to the operator's ignorance of chemical manipulation than to any defect in the plan itself.

As was natural, in view of the enormous size of the animals to be destroyed and of the evident necessity of employing a poison tolerably rapid in its action, Christison recommended prussic acid as the agent most likely to meet the requirements of the case, and to this same agent the attention of subsequent speculators has usually been directed. The matter has, however, been recently taken up from a somewhat different point of view by a Frenchman named Thiercelin, and with marked success. Discarding prussic acid and all other liquid poisons as unsuited for use with the harpoons and other apparatus at the whaler's disposal, Thiercelin urges that poison must be employed in the solid state, in order that it may be safely and readily thrown into the animal. The poison employed must, however, be a substance readily soluble in water, rapidly absorbable by the circulatory system, and powerful in its effects. Such an agent is found in the soluble salts of strychnine mixed with a small proportion of curare, the South American arrow-poison.

From a number of experiments made upon rabbits, dogs, and horses, it appears that this poison will produce death in the course of ten or fifteen minutes when administered at the rate of 4000ths of a grain for each pound of the animal's weight, provided it be blown in the state of fine powder upon the surface of a large wound.

On the assumption that the weight of whales varies from 100,000 to 180,000 pounds, the mixed poison was made into cartridges, each containing about 450 grains of the mixture, and these cartridges were then placed in the powder of the shells thrown by the common American bomb-lance. In theory, one such poisoned cartridge would be sufficient to kill a medium-sized whale, and two of them ought to destroy a whale of the largest dimensions. In order to test his plan, M. Thiercelin went on a whaling voyage to the Pacific Ocean. In the course of this voyage he succeeded in striking ten whales with the poisoned bombs, and had the satisfaction, in every instance, of seeing the animals die almost instantly with the usual symptoms of poisoning by strychnine. Whales appear, indeed, to be even more readily destroyed by this poison than most of the land animals. In several cases out of the ten the whale was dead in four or five minutes after the introduction of the poison, and in no case did the animal live more than eighteen minutes after having been struck.

HEPWORTH DIXON'S NEW AMERICA.*

WHEN Englishmen say "America," they mean the United States. If Goldwin Smith and Englishmen like him say "the New America," they mean the United States purified of slavery. Thinking America, such men would say, and most of us would assent, has for generations been struggling, and with a great measure of success, towards Christian democracy. Making lighter and lighter the chains of creeds, intolerant of state churches, it has yet believed in what it held to be the Christianity of Christ. Without losing its respect for law and the forms of law, it has yet believed more ardently than in law in what, using a vulgar phrase, we may call the rights of man as an individual man, and it will have no classes. But for many years, while by force of free thought and free discussion it was becoming such a people, this people in its political action was to a great extent governed and guided by men of the same blood indeed, but debauched by slavery till they had ceased to believe in democracy except as a decoy word, and had become in faith and practice an oligarchy, while for free Christianity they had almost substituted the repetition, frequently fervent enough, of formulas which had grown obsolete. But the war came and all this was changed, or rather the war changed much of it and made it possible, indeed inevitable, that by-and-by the rest should be changed, and the barbarism and stagnation of the South be replaced by the life of the free North—thus giving us what Professor Smith would call a New America.

Perhaps Mr. Dixon also believes this, but this is not at all that he insists on in this "New America" of his. What he saw here was an America new not as compared with a former America, but new as regards some phases of its social system and its religion when compared with the nations of Europe and the East. Furthermore, he appears to think that he has discovered those influences at work in the America of to-day which are to be most powerful in making the America of the future. What visible results have been produced by the operation of religion and the spirit of liberty in the social and domestic life of the United States?—that is the question which the author sets himself to answer. As for his answer, the reader of his book is forced to one of two conclusions—either Mr. Dixon is a philosophic student of society who believes Goethe's maxim, "that nature may best be studied in her monstrosities," to be true also for him who investigates the forms of social life in free communities, or else Mr. Dixon, being a very clever book-maker, if not a maker of very clever books, has chosen topics which would make a most readable volume, and has had very little regard for philosophy of any kind till his book was made and he came to the writing of his preface. This latter hypothesis does not, perhaps, fully account for a little philosophizing here and there among the chapters, some of it rather trite and some of it, as one of our extracts shows, very absurd; but still it is more charitable to Mr. Dixon than the other one, which supposes him to really believe that the America of to-day or to-morrow or some day is to be described by a description of certain knots of people whose influence, if we know anything of our fellow-countrymen, counts for but very little indeed. The America of the future is not going to be shaped by the revolting woman or women of Staten Island, nor by the Boston seer and seeresses, nor by the two or three hundred Tunkers who have kept a part of the Tunker faith which was brought from Germany, nor by the five or six thousand Shakers of Lebanon and Hancock and other villages who are spiritually descended from Mother Ann, of Manchester, nor by the peculiar Bible families who possess each other in common at Oneida Creek and Wallingford, nor by the hundred and odd thousand Mormons of fifty nationalities, as Bowles says, who have been gathered from the ends of the earth into Utah, and to whom Congress is now saying a word of evil import; nor by the Spiritualists, an indefinite number to be sure, whose roll of adherents however, and this we can say pretty certainly, contains no American names so distinguished as those of some English spiritualists.

These, however, are the people who fill Mr. Dixon's book, and, while we are glad to have an account of them so well prepared as this, it is necessary to protest against their being called the present America any more than they have been the America of the past. The future America will no more be formed by them than by the children of those American mothers who never saw the light, and who also fill a certain portion of this volume in a chapter entitled "Young America." Let us say, though, that there are also some good chapters on the movement now begun in this country, as well as in England, which looks towards ameliorating the condition of women, chapters in which Mr. Dixon, while telling much truth, does not seem to be aware that the full truth would be much more favorable to some of the States of the Union than the statement of it which he gives. We no longer sin up to or down to the standard of the common law; at least there are parts of the country where we do not, although in other parts we do, as, for instance, in Virginia, whence at this moment comes up a painful cry that marriage is to be abolished, which, being interpreted, means that women are to be allowed to hold to their own use property owned by them before their marriage.

Of course, the people who are Mr. Dixon's theme are interesting people, and the book is readable from end to end, more so, we think, than any book of American travel that has been written for a good many years. Where the author lands, we are happy to say, we do not know; the first page shows us him and his friend in Atchison, seeking a passage to the city of Brigham Young. The Atchison people were in a fit of deep disgust at the transfer of the Government mails from their route to the Smoky Hill road, and for a time vented their ill-humor on the travellers, who were also treated with some considerable contempt as being Eastern men, "Yanks"—an epithet which leads us to conjecture that the two Englishmen happened to get into a party of "gentlemen of Southern sentiments." But before they left the town they succeeded in reversing the popular judgment as to their softness and greenness:

> "Sauntering down the street, enjoying our gossip and cigar, we note the word post-office on a shop front, and on going inside we find there is one letter with my name on the cover, written in an unknown hand, on which three cents are due. Paying the money, and breaking the seal, I find the letter is not for me; on which I fold and restore it to the postmaster, saying it is not mine, and should be kept for the owner, to whom it is perhaps of moment. Eyeing me in a queer way, the postmaster takes the letter, and gives me back my change of three cents. 'Do you see,' says the sheriff to his nearest friend; 'damned smart that—read his letter and got his money back! Hang me if I think they are Yanks, after all.'
>
> "One touch of roguery, it would seem, is enough to make the whole world kin!"

At Leavenworth the stage is found, and the passengers, Mr. Dixon and his friend, are packed in with the mail-bags and set out in a frame of mind the reverse of comfortable on learning that the United States troops which, ever since they left London, they had been promising themselves as an escort, could not be spared for that service on account of the very threatening aspect of the Indians all along the route. Naturally, Mr. Dixon has some very forcible remarks to make on the present postal arrangements on the overland route, under which, as it seems, the mail is not only at the mercy of Indians, but of passengers who may be shut up with it. It would be worth while for a couple of thieves to pay their fare for a chance to operate on it. The ride across the plains is exceedingly well described, we do not know who has ever done it better, and as the author goes along he discourses to us of "road-agents," the men of the far West, the prairie justice, and the red man. None of it is particularly new, but it is all very freshly told. Some speculations which he goes into in regard to the extent to which the white man of this country has been influenced by the Indians are certainly novel. No race of men, he says, ever yet conquered another race, taking from them their lands and cities, without finding on the spot which they thus came to own a local genius which affected their policy, usages, and arts. Israel was commanded to smite, and did smite, Canaanites, Amorites, and Jebusites, yet the customs and ideas of these heathen clung to the soil and drew away the chosen people from the worship of the true God to the worship of Dagon, Moloch, and Ashtaroth. Mantchoo Tartars have become Chinese; the English of the pale after three generations became more Irish than the Irish; Greece conquered her Roman conqueror. So with the Indians:

> "They have left the traces of their former presence in the national mind; in the popular politics, in the popular science, in the popular life. They have done so in places from which they have wholly disappeared, as well perhaps as in districts where they still exist; among the Spiritualists of New England, among the Mormons of Salt Lake valley. Man is what he eats; and a nation grows into the likeness of that which it absorbs. Where the

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* "New America. By William Hepworth Dixon, Esq., editor of *The Athenæum.*" J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia; Sheldon & Co., New York. 8vo, pp. 495.

> Indian has been destroyed by assimilation, the pale-face must have undergone a change, to be measured by the amount of resisting power; a quality in which some tribes of these red-skins are pre-eminently rich. When the Indian has survived the shock of conflict with the pale-face, as at Oneida Creek, at Wyandotte, at St. Mary's Mission, and in many other places, the power of acting and reacting on the whites is still in force, affecting the national character in a way which no man could have foreseen, and no one will now deny.
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> "Can any one say whether, up to this moment, though the white men have an easy mastery, the action of the white men on the red has been stronger than that of the red men on the white?
>
> "Let those who think so come into these Western plains, into the lands where red and white men live together in anything but harmony. They will find that each has acquired the other's vices; that while the Indian has learned how to beat his pale brother in debauchery, the white man has only come to equal his red brother in ferocity and craft. If the Yengee has taught the Indian to drink whiskey, the Indian has taught the Yengee to keep squaws. Nearly all the old trappers and teamsters, who have lived among Indians, are polygamists: Jem Baker, of Clear Creek, has two squaws; Mageary, of South Platte, has three; Bent, of Smoky Hill, is said to have married six. As an Indian chief said to Colonel Marcy, 'The first thing a Yengee wants in the plains is plenty wife.' If Little Bear drinks and beats his squaw to death, Jem Smithers has learned to make a jest of taking scalps. I hear anecdotes in these plains to make the blood run cold. Jack Dunkier, of Central City, scalped five Sioux in the presence of his white comrade. The same Colorado boy is said to have ridden into Denver with the leg of an Indian warrior slung to his saddle; a leg which he had cut from the trunk, and on which he reported that he had been living for two whole days. No one believed his story; but a boast is in its way a fact, and there is no doubt that in Denver City a white man openly boasted of having boiled and eaten steaks from a human thigh. A Pawnee would glory in such a deed, vaunting it afterward in the meetings of his tribe. The Yengee quickly learns to imitate the red man's crimes.
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> "It is no figure of speech to say that in White America red influence is very widely spread and very strongly felt alike in the sphere of institutions and in the sphere of thought.
>
> "The confederacy of the Five Nations was the type adopted by the whites when framing the confederacy of the Thirteen Colonies, not only as regards the principle of their Union, but also in respect to its most original details. The Iroquois had invented the theory of state rights which the colonists borrowed from them; an indefinable and dangerous theory, implying a power of separate action, perhaps of withdrawal, from the Union, leading to a thousand quarrels, and to a civil war of which the end has not yet been reached. These Iroquois had adopted the theory of extending their power and territory not by adding to the limits of any existing nation of the confederacy, but by bodily introducing new tribes and nations into union; a novel principle of political growth which the white men also borrowed from them. Under these two principles, the Five Nations had grown into Eight Nations; and the Thirteen Colonies, following in their wake and carrying on their work, have expanded into Forty-six States and Territories.
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> "What man can doubt that Indian ideas on witchcraft, on polygamy, on plurality of gods, on the migration of souls, on the presence of spirits, on future rewards, have entered deeply into the popular mind, and are now affecting for good or ill the course of American religious thought?"

Having read these passages, the reader is ready to believe us when we say that, returning in another place to this theory, the author actually conjectures that the habit of whittling, for which "the Yengee" is somewhat notorious, may possibly be attributable to the Indian custom of keeping accounts by cutting notches in a stick! Mr. Dixon and Mr. Dilke spent fifteen days in Great Salt Lake City, and we get a very full and definite account of the Mormons as regards their history, their religion, their politics, and their social system generally. Mr. Dixon adds to that of many other travellers his testimony to the thrift and industry of that remarkable community, and the practical abilities of Young. He sums up the "notes" of the Mormon Church as follows: It is open to all the world except negroes; the convert accepts "Joseph" as a reconciler, but may hold all his old creed; all dissenters are tolerated; God is held to be in personal contact with his saints, guiding them constantly by the revelations of his will to a seer; true worship, it is believed, is true enjoyment, so the Mormon church is gay, its ritual festive; work is noble; to be industrious is to be in a state of grace; God is a person with the form and the flesh of a man; man is himself a part of God's substance and will himself become a god; he existed from all eternity, and will exist to all eternity; he is not born in sin; this earth is a colony of embodied spirits. In the world to come man, if he lives in obedience to the law, becomes eligible by his marriage for a celestial throne, his wives and children being his kingdom. This brings us to the author's facts and opinions in regard to the polygamous marriages of the Mormons. The evidence which he brings forward in other parts of his book fully justifies the statement as to the freedom of choice allowed them:

> "The Saints go much beyond Abram; and I, for one, am inclined to think that they have found their type of domestic life in the Indian's wigwam rather than in the Patriarch's tent. Like the Ute, a Mormon may have as many wives as he can feed; like the Mandan, he may marry three or four sisters, an aunt and her niece, a mother and her child. Perhaps it would not be too much to say that in the Mormon code there is no such crime as incest, and that a man is practically free to woo and wed any woman who may take his eye. We have had a very strange conversation with Young about the Mormon doctrine of incest."

Not more than five hundred persons, however, have now several wives, wedded, "sealed," or substitutionary, as the third class may be called:

> "Substitution! Can there be such a thing in marriage as either one man, or one woman, standing in the place of another? Young has declared it. . . . A woman may choose her own bridegroom of the skies, but, like the man who would take a second wife, the woman who desires to marry a dead husband can do it in no other way than on Young's intercession and by his consent. Say, that a girl of erratic fancy takes into her head the notion that she would like to become one of the heavenly queens of a departed saint; nothing easier, should her freak of imagination jump with the Prophet's humor. Young is her only judge, his yea or nay, her measure of right and wrong. By a religious act, he can seal her to the dead man, whom she has chosen to be her own lord and king in heaven; by the same act he can give her a substitute on earth from among his elders and apostles; should her beauty tempt his eye, he may accept for himself the office of proxy for her departed saint.
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> "In the Tabernacle I have been shown two ladies who are sealed to Young by proxy as the wives of Joseph; the Prophet himself tells me there are many more; and of these two I can testify that their relations to him are the same as those of any other mortal wives. They are the mothers of children who bear his name. Two of the young ladies whom we saw on the stage, sister Zina and sister Emily, are daughters of women who profess to be Joseph's widows. About the story of all these ladies there is an atmosphere of doubt, of mystery, which we can hardly pierce."

The accounts of all his strange acquaintances, the free-lovers of Oneida, the Shaker monks and nuns, the Tunker celibates, are equally full of interest and information. We think we have indicated pretty fairly by our extracts the value of Mr. Dixon's theorizing, and as for the interesting nature of the facts which he has collected, we might transfer half his pages to our columns and not exhaust his store of what in our opinion is extremely readable writing.

HORTICULTURAL MORALITY.[*]

If a savage should come into possession of the house, furniture, and entire establishment of a civilized millionaire, it would very slightly, if at all, increase his wealth; because, from lack of suitable means of education, he would be entirely unprepared and unable to make a proper use of it. Evidently, then, the question of the wealth or prosperity of a people is as much a question of their education as of their resources. No one whose own artistic sense has been at all cultivated can enter the houses of our farming population—even of the more well-to-do class—without feeling pity for the state of extreme destitution to which they are condemned by the common lack of means of education in this respect which they have been fated to endure. The family, for the most part, live in the kitchen, whose white floors and tables, bright tins, and well-blacked stove bear constant witness to their thrift and industry. But it is destitute of any kind of decoration; its walls are either rough-cast plaster or colored with lime or yellow wash. Perhaps some cheap and dull-colored wall-paper will furnish a little contrast to the ceiling. There is a best room in the house—the parlor—which has mahogany furniture, stiff and uncomfortable chairs, a glossy hair-cloth sofa, a carpet resplendent with crimson and yellow, saved from too speedy wear by a liberal introduction of hay between the carpet and floor, which fills the room with a sickish odor of musty decay. There are some prints on the walls encased in broad cherry-wood frames. First the family tree, then portraits of dead presidents or living generals, where the lineaments of Jackson, Washington, Lincoln, Grant, or McClellan are made ghastly by the crude and inharmonious colors. In lieu of some of these portraits of men, we may find the Flying Morgan as he appeared on the Fashion Course, Sept. 11, 1860, or of some famous stock-bull, ram, or cow. The windows are shaded by paper curtains, whose green body color is relieved by strange vases of still stranger flowers, painted with colors hardly to be found in the rainbow.

If we venture to lift these obstructions, we look into a yard of coarse grass, mowed once a year, and seldom even green in color after June. Possibly it is crossed by a walk of glistening white pebbles, bordered by rows of sea-shells or of some starved shrubs and herbs. If we lift our eyes, we find that a lovely landscape, the privilege of enjoying which might be cheaply purchased at the price of everything, not a prime necessity of living, which the house contains, has been completely shut off by a cart-shed, an ailanthus, or an unhealthy plum-tree.

It is a great delight in such a house to find that books are purchased or that a periodical comes once a month containing such wood-cuts as the picture of the "Jersey Bull" in the last January number of *The American Agriculturist*, or the calf "After Rosa Bonheur" in the February number, or the "Field Mice," "Orchids," and "Table Decorations" in the same number of *The American Journal of Horticulture*.

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[*] "Rand's Flowers for the Parlor and Garden." Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co. Pp. 408.

The number and the character of the illustrated books which have been lately brought out with especial reference evidently to the demand of persons living in the country, are indeed a most auspicious indication of real prosperity and a genuine improvement in the condition of our agricultural population. Regarded in this light, it is a question of some importance to whom we are indebted for the value thus received besides the publishers, and to what sources we are to look for the continued supply of the demand which has thus so happily demonstrated itself.

A series of horticultural books, published by Tilton & Co., are very fine examples of the ability to furnish food to the eye as well as the mind, and the most attractive of their series is "Rand's Flowers for the Parlor and Garden."

Mr. Rand is a young man of wealth, near Boston, who, attracted to agricultural and horticultural pursuits, has opened a vein in horticultural literature which he has worked most vigorously and profitably. In the second book of his series, Mr. Rand promises three more on spring flowers, orchids, and cryptogamous plants, and expresses the hope that he shall acquit himself so well that his books will become an essential part of every horticultural library. After examining these books, we cannot help praising Mr. Rand's industry, and yet we are compelled to ask ourselves what was the prompting motive which induced him to undertake the publication of the series he proposes. This question forces itself most obtrusively on the mind in connection with the first of his books, the "Flowers for the Parlor and Garden," a showy and readable book of 408 pages, and about 100 illustrations of varied degrees of excellence.

In his preface he says:

> "It has been said that no botanist was ever an infidel; may we not also say that no true lover of flowers can be a bad man? There is a secret influence arising from those bright gems of nature which imperceptibly makes us holier and better."

There are persons who will denounce the sentiments of the extract quoted as mere twaddle. It would be a pity if the book itself should tend to confirm them in their opinion. It is unquestionably interesting, well written, beautifully illustrated, and purports to be the work and experiences of E. S. Rand himself. There is not a word between the covers which could awaken a doubt that Mr. Rand is really its author. He claims it, copyrighted it, sells it, and yet we must believe the effect of flowers on Mr. Rand has been very "imperceptible" when we find that the bulk of the book is taken, some would say stolen, from the work of a brother (English) horticulturist and author, Shirley Hibbard, who published through Groombridge & Son, in 1857, a book called "Rustic Adornments."

From this book he has taken his frontispiece and the illustrations on pp. 15, 48, 140, 224, 232, 235, 237, 238, 244, 252, 253, 262, 265, 266, 267, 273, 274, 275, 280, 281, 282, 286, 307. An illustration on p. 381 reminds us strongly of Sir Uvedale Price, in "The Picturesque." The remaining illustrations so closely resemble those quoted, in spirit and execution, that we regret we do not possess Mr. Hibbard's "Brambles and Bay Leaves" and "Town and Garden," in order to name the pages which are taken from these books.

We could more easily excuse him for taking these illustrations whole than, as on pages 15 and 307, for emasculating beautiful designs by removing their central portions to make way for inferior ideas of his own.

The hope that Mr. Rand was the victim of his illustrators, who might have palmed off upon him these copies as originals, fails when we find that the text was taken from the same place with the illustrations; as, for instance, the treatment of the aquarium and Wardian and Waltonian cases, occupying the space between pp. 232 and 286, is taken wholly from Mr. Hibbard. Most of the pages are line for line, whilst others are condensations, where the editor did not take the trouble to rewrite the matter, but simply clipped it out and tacked it together with a few words of his own. To beguile his American readers, he has introduced enough names of American plants and animals to give an air of familiarity.

If in the course of his extracting he came upon lines which would betray him, he has altered them. Thus Mr. Hibbard gives as his description of the Waltonian case the following, p. 170:

> "The annexed figures are drawn from one which I have now in use, supplied me by Mr. West, of Seebiton, who is the original maker of the cases, to whom indeed we are indebted for many improvements in Mr. Walton's first ideas, and the suggestions of that eminent horticulturist, Mr. Donald Beaton. As this description must be brief, I will at once refer the reader to the perspective view of the structure, closely stocked with seeds and cuttings, as it adorns my study window at the moment of writing this."

To avoid the references, Mr. Rand interrupts his extract and interpolates as follows, p. 264:

> "To give the reader an idea of the case, we will at once refer to the figure of one of simplest construction, which we propose to describe particularly."

Then he returns to Mr. Hibbard. This act in some persons would be described as barefaced impudence, but when done by one who is "made holier and better" by his association with flowers, we must forbear to describe it.

Again, the treatment of the tuberose, page 199 to 202, is given as Mr. Rand's experience. In reality it is no such thing. Where the illustration at the head of the chapter came from, we cannot say; but the experience related is that of a painstaking horticulturist, who has revolutionized the method of cultivating those beautiful plants. Nothing in the text, however, hints at such a fact, and the worthy amateur of tuberoses, having contributed his gratuitous aid to Mr. Rand, does not even get the return of public thanks. The fact that Mr. Rand has advertised himself as a religious horticultural and agricultural teacher renders this piracy more important.

We regret to find in the new magazine, *The American Journal of Horticulture*, whose advent we hailed with pleasure a short time since, the same system of literary thieving. It would be possible to find the source of Mr. Rand's contributions, whilst the two leading articles in the first two numbers are taken by Mr. Hammatt Billings *seriatim*, text and illustrations, from Mr. Hughes's "Garden Architecture and Landscape Gardening," a late English work. See p 276

MAGAZINES FOR MARCH.

THERE are several very readable articles in this month's *Hours at Home*. One is by an American missionary to Syria, who appears to show that there are no less than eleven groves of the renowned cedars of Lebanon instead of but one, as has for some time been popularly believed. It is another missionary, we presume, who gives a slight account of Bangkok in "The Land of the White Elephant." He was a man to be envied, we should say: "Once," he tells us, "I called upon a noble, who brought out a large assortment of uncut stones—some of them of great value—and passed them to me as one would a snuff-box, not content till I had helped myself." There is nothing to indicate that such calls on some one of the Siamese nobility might not have been made every day. The little children on the streets are to be seen with no covering except strings of jewels. The teapots and betel-boxes and cigar-cases which the gentry take with them when they walk out for the air, are of gold and silver. And the climate and scenery are delicious and delightful. To say nothing of its grain and drugs and spices, there grow fruits not known to us by name, not dreamed of by Western barbarians—except such of them as have come back from the Venice of Chin India. There the durien grows, which, when one first sees, he runs for disinfectants and chloride of lime, to eat which seems a sacrifice of self-respect, but which, when once it has been tasted, can never be remembered but with thankfulness, and can hardly be foregone. There, also, is the mangostine, of shaded green and purple rind, which, when the knife passes through it, is bright crimson, the inside of which is a pulp, creamy white, half translucent, of a taste as if the sweetest essence of the tropics had been pressed into it.

This feature in the scenery of Siam must be very striking, and we think it has never before been described:

> "But the jungle, with its darkness and its din, had such a beauty as I never have seen equalled, when its myriad fire-flies sparkled thick on every side. I had seen fire-flies before, and had heard of them; but I had never seen or heard, nor have I since then ever seen or heard, of anything like these. The peculiarity of them was not that they were so many, though they were innumerable—not that they were so large, though they were very large—but that they clustered, as by a preconcerted plan, on certain kinds of trees, avoiding carefully all other kinds, and then, as if by signal from some director of the spectacle, they all sent forth their light at once, at simultaneous and exact intervals, so that the whole tree seemed to flash and palpitate with living light. Imagine it. At one instant was blackness of darkness and the croaking jungle. Then suddenly on every side flashed out these fiery trees, the form of each, from topmost twig to outmost bough, set thick with flaming jewels."

Mr. Mitchell, in "De Rebus Ruris," shows how to make railroad cuttings and railroad stations objects of beauty. He would have the companies set apart a little village-green in each town through which they run their tracks, and he is sure that they would reap their reward in the increased growth of the towns and consequent increased profits to themselves as carriers. He would have station-masters compelled to keep little flower-gardens, which, he thinks, and it seems reasonable, might be made sources of profit instead of being chargeable; and, lastly, he urges it upon all owners of estates which abut upon railroads to give up the custom of regarding the trains and track as a nuisance merely, the sight and sound of which are to be shut out as completely as a dead-wall will do it.

The remaining articles are of the usual degree of interest. Dr. Schaff has a paper on Monica, "The Mother of Saint Augustine," and Dr. Bushnell treats of "Non-Intercourse between Worlds" in the second of his articles on "The Moral Uses of Dark Things." More interesting than either of these, or than any of the others, is a translation from the German which gives the great Tischendorf's account of his audience with Pio Nono, when a little while since he sought leave to examine and copy the "Codex Vaticanus," and was but grudgingly assisted in his labors. A story is told, too, of a rebuff which the Holy Father gave the Imperial historian of Cæsar, who wanted a certain volume sent to Paris, and was told he might have a copy of it made for him. Mr. G. M. Towle has a dullish article on the "Great Exposition of 1867," and is quite struck by the fact that the peaceful progress of civilization is to be celebrated in a structure reared on the most famous parade-ground in Europe. Also, there is something about James G. Percival, and there is another of the "Short Sermons to Sunday-school Teachers," which are well received, we suppose, by the subscribers.

The Catholic World borrows two readable articles, of which one is by Lacordaire, in eulogy of Madame de Swetchine, in which may be found some definite information in regard to that person's life, and some very French and very Catholic comments on her and many other things. The other of the two, a better one and worth the price of the magazine, is taken from *The Dublin University*, and is upon the English literature of the early Middle Ages and the hymns of all Christendom, from the time of Clement, of Alexandria down to the latest mediæval hymnist.

Harper's Magazine has a pictorial article on James Island spiders, and an article which must be called pictorial, we suppose, entitled "The Dodge Club; or Italy in MDCCCLIX." It is one of a million similar things that the coming Paris Exhibition will bring into print. General Strother furnishes the sixth number of his series of "Personal Recollections of the War," which we still praise as being readable and valuable. Independent of the amusement to be had directly from the articles, there is a streak of "Virginianism" in the author which frequently makes the reader smile. Banks's famous retreat employs his pen in this number.

A friend of Mr. A. T. Stewart writes a very brief and scanty sketch of the great merchant's life. It might not, perhaps, have seen the light in print if Mr. Stewart's leave had been asked, but what it tells of him is much to his honor and cannot but have a good effect on the young business men who read it. To know that Mr. Stewart attributes his business success to the fact that from the first his business has been conducted on the basis of truth, will have more effect, we dare say, on the dealers in dry goods than though one should rise from the dead and advise them to honesty. It ought not either to be without effect on them that, once being asked how he would employ his time in case he should retire from business, his answer was "go to school," and this though he is already so much better educated than the majority of his class as to be a good classical scholar.

"How we get our News" is a brief account of the old expresses and newsboats of *Courier and Enquirer* days, and a clear explanation of the working of the "Associated Press," with all its complicated and costly machinery. The "Editor's Easy Chair" speaks not in praise but with justice of the late Mr. Willis, and has a word or two to say on the Greene-Bancroft controversy; the historian is praised for the best intentions, but the pamphleteer is decided to have the facts on his side of the question, a conclusion in which the literary world seems to have settled down. On the whole, the number is a poor one.

The Atlantic for March, without being a great number, is a very pleasant one. "The Guardian Angel" makes this much of a step in advance this month, that the hero seems to have been brought into sight. Mr. Clement Lindsay is a young man of the artistic temperament, and apparently of fine artistic abilities, who in his early youth—he is, by the way, only nineteen—has fallen in love with a girl, and now has "grown away from her," and is embarrassed by her affection, etc., etc., etc. He rescues Myrtle Hazard from the river, and his former affection will evidently not embarrass him long. There is some pretty writing again in this third batch of chapters. A passage about a clock, in the first instalment we think it was, has since been copied into half the papers in all the States and Territories. For the piece about a river in the eighth chapter now before us we venture to predict like glory and honor. Five weeks from now it will go back to Boston in the Salt Lake City *Union Vedette*.

Colonel Higginson (he does not write like a colonel), who must be now remembering with longing the February of the Sea Islands, gives us another paper of recollections of his tours of picket duty on Port Royal. We think this the best of the series, if articles so intermittent can be called a series, and the series almost the best thing Mr. Higginson has done. His humor, his fine descriptive powers, and his delicate susceptibility to outside impressions, peculiarly fit him for describing such life as that of a camp of freed negroes doing almost holiday campaigning in a country which is never beautiful, but which in the spring enchants the senses. We venture to say that the colonel has added one syllable to the refrain of the song his soldiers sang along the Shell-road, and that they said "De bell done *ring*." Mr. Howells is this time perfectly pleasant. Sometimes he is only almost perfectly pleasant; once in a while there is in one of his humorous strokes the least suggestion in the world of straining.

"George Bedillion, Knight," ends pleasantly. "Katherine Morne," we believe, is ended. "My Friend Bingham" is by Henry James, Jr., who in this, as in others of the short stories which he writes so well, shows marked skill in analysis of character and a liking for dwelling upon fine shades of feeling. Particularly he seems to like to dwell upon the complexities of feeling which arise when women and men are thrown into relations with each other not of love simple and direct but of passional attraction, which for one or another reason cannot work freely. His stories are always finished work, and apparently the result of study, or, at any rate, of meditation. Mr. Parton's article on Chicago will draw men westward. The theme is one excellently suited to his tastes and abilities—a city that is the embodiment of the living present, with no past, without traditions, and with abounding and superabounding energy to go in and possess the future. He must have gone to his work of exalting such a community with extreme pleasure. His faculty for clear description and narration, for racy writing, never before showed to greater advantage. This article is enough to send another pang to the hearts of St. Louis and Cincinnati, and the Chicago Board of Trade ought to vote him the freedom of the city. We leave the work of acrimonious criticism to *The Gazette* and *Commercial* and the Missouri *Republican*, being ourselves content with saying that we understand Chicago much better than ever before, and look on it with an admiration not only more intelligent but greater.

The poetry of this number is of rather less than the average merit. There is a pretty sonnet, there is one of Dr. Holmes's very good (there's more than there's good of them, as the Irish say) copies of verse for class gatherings, and a remarkable piece by Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford, about which we will say nothing. Mr. H. B. Sargent, too, has a piece, but it is short.

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FOR FRESHMEN AND SUB-FRESHMEN.*

A TUTOR may be a man of genius. But suppose him to be a very commonplace sort of person, by birth an Englishman, born since the second quarter of the century came in, educated at Cambridge, by profession a clergyman of the Establishment—and it is not a hard thing to guess pretty nearly what manner of man he will be and what will be the kind of advice and instruction his pupils will get from him. Of course he will know Latin and Greek more or less thoroughly, and of course he will quote a little—Horace for choice. Almost of course he will be persuaded that the tumult of the human mind about the time of the French Revolution caused the splendid outburst of poetical and philosophical activity which marked the beginning of this century. The chances rather preponderate that he will consider the excesses of the French Revolution the natural reaction from the anti-revolutionary excesses of the aristocracy of France. In his secret heart he is not fond of Martin Luther. Of the poetry of Pope he will remark that it seems to have no feeling for nature, and that natural imagery which had forsaken English poetry in Pope's day was brought back to it by Cowper and Thomson. Lord Macaulay's style he will recommend to his pupils as a model in prose composition. Johnson's style he will pronounce too swelling and labored, and Swift's he will consider far better as being less Latinized and more Anglo-Saxon. Novels, he will say, were once condemned by moralists, but now may be recommended to the attention of the young; and he will observe that in Scott we may find a mine of information relating to feudal times, that Dickens is humorous, and a boy "might spend many an idle hour worse than in the worshipful society of Sam Weller, Mr. Pecksniff," etc., etc.; and that Thackeray is a satirist who writes purer and better English than Dickens, and whose chosen field is Belgravia. India, he will assume, is a providentially prepared school in which Englishmen of good families may learn and practise the arts of war, government, and rising in the world. "American tall-talk" will have a most unpleasant effect on him, and he may be imagined stricken into speechlessness by the presence on his croquet ground of a gentleman from Nevada. The common people he will kindly desire to see prosperous; it is not, however, without a mild satisfaction that he will quote "ignobile pecus," "mobile vulgus," etc. He has read in Burke, and he can make a critical analysis of Mark Antony's speech over the dead body of Cæsar. For some time he has known some geology, and of late he begins to doubt if the British nation possesses much of the critical spirit. He has read Ruskin. Shakespeare is an article of his faith.

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* "En Avant, Messieurs! Being a Tutor's Counsel to his Pupils. By the Rev. G. H. D. Mathias, M.A." Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1867. 16mo. Pp. 279.

All this Mr. Mathias is and does; and we are not surprised to hear that it was at the suggestion of one of his pupils, who had been profiting by his tutor's advice and instruction, that Mr. Mathias resolved upon publishing this book. The pupil, we dare say, knew best; but we do not feel like giving the volume much commendation; our boys on this side of the water who are old enough to care about the topics of which it treats hardly need help of this elementary character. We speak, however, with some diffidence; there may be freshmen, or boys about entering college, who would be very glad to read it, and for the information of such, and of their parents and guardians, we append a list of the contents. There are three or four chapters addressed to youths who intend leading a military life, the last of them being an account of Sir C. J. Napier, who studied very hard, and did not want to get a position before he fitted himself for it—a piece of common sense so very hard for boys to learn that we feel almost inclined to retract whatever we have said against this volume, for the reason that it does a little towards teaching so valuable a lesson. "Where had I best travel?" is the title of another chapter; "What 's the use of Shakespeare?" "How awfully tedious work is!" "How is one to learn to draw?" "How is one to write an essay?" are the interrogative and exclamatory headings of some more talks. There is an explication of a poem of Tennyson's which a pupil is supposed not to understand, and the remaining topics treated of are "Style" and "English Composition," and "Simile" and "Metaphor," "Novels," "How to make history interesting," "How to give money away," "A little learning not a dangerous thing," and "Hints on the study of Shakespeare." From the article on "Metaphor" we quote what may be called a sample of our tutor's instructions:

> "We might assume, *à priori*, that Pope and his school knew little enough of the realities of nature from their weak, paltry, and untrue descriptions of it, from their similes borrowed secondhand from greater poets, and so villanously tampered with that you might think they were not describing the works of nature, but of one of 'nature's journeymen.' But with a healthier school a truer style reappears; and from the days of Cowper, Burns, and Goldsmith to Wordsworth and Tennyson, there have never been wanting men who penetrated within the sanctuary of nature, and preached aloud the glorious lessons therein learnt, on the temple steps, to the multitude outside."

IMPROVEMENTS IN SHORT-HAND.*

PHONOGRAPHY is growing towards perfect development by the slow, somewhat illogical, but on the whole practical and convenient process of aggregation. It was invented by Isaac Pitman, thirty years ago; that is, he was the first stenographer who had the boldness and acumen to reject entirely the Roman alphabet as inadequate to represent the sounds of the English language, and, giving up the attempt stenographically to represent letters and spelling, was content to express sounds and speaking. But his "Stenographic Sound-Hand," as it was called at first, was no sooner offered as a substitute for the old short-hand which had troubled David Copperfield so much, than it was at once snatched by hundreds of reporters in England and in America, who began to work it hard in its then imperfect state. Of course every person who mastered the art felt its imperfections, and saw or thought he saw ways of improving it. Suggestions of such improvements were offered by thousands. Phonographic journals and magazines were established, both here and in England, having little other object than the publication and preservation of such suggestions. Of course the great majority of the changes proposed were found impracticable or useless. The comparatively few which have prevailed have received the endorsement of practising phonographers and have borne the test of use. Mr. Pitman, for his part, has lent his own aid to the work, and has generally shown great good judgment by accepting necessary modifications of his system. Some, however, of the changes, which if not generally adopted are at least not yet wholly abandoned and forgotten, are of very doubtful value. Even Mr. Pitman's authority has been given to one or two modifications which seem more troublesome than useful; as, for instance, the modified system of phonographic writing known as the "Corresponding Style." Confessedly less accurate and practical than the common "Reporting Style," it is recommended to learners as an easy way to use phonography a little. It is, as might have been expected, of very little use to those it is meant for, who, indeed, do not employ phonography to any appreciable extent; and to any one trying to learn the whole art this half-way house is a troublesome stopping place, harder to get away from than it is to pass by.

Mr. Munson's book takes no notice of this make-shift corresponding style, but treats phonography as one system; as a difficult art, which, however, can be learned in a reasonable time by any one who sets himself to it as to a task. His book declares itself to be in the interest of reporters—that is, of professors of this art, and of those who intend to make it their business. And as, if one would learn any art right, he should learn it as it is taught to those who are to live by it, so if anybody wants to understand phonography thoroughly and be at home in it for ever, he had better, we think, study this hand-book carefully, and base his knowledge upon it. It deals with its subject in a thoroughly accurate, formal, professional way, presenting its different sides in their order, teaching the art first, and afterward explaining its practical uses. The arrangement of the book is very simple and logical. One proposition after another is taken up and clearly demonstrated. Nearly everything is thought of at the right moment; the difficulties stated and made easy, the exceptions fully described, and the possible misconceptions prevented. The distinction is carefully marked between the full and regular phonographic writing, and the various modifications which are often necessary or convenient in reporting; as, for instance, the distinction between vocalized phonography and the consonant outline used without vowel signs. The suggested aids to clearness of reading are explained to be suggestions only; hints that may be worth taking: as, for instance, the "shading" or thickening of the S circle to represent Z; the arbitrary methods sometimes employed to distinguish readily between words of nearly the same outline, and the like. The importance of constant practice in reading as well as writing the phonographs is strongly urged. The book, in fact, deserves very high praise for its workmanlike character. We give especial attention to school-books, as the readers of THE NATION know, and eagerly watch for the few tolerably good ones and the very few excellent among the mob of books that are written with ease. We can answer for it that the good qualities which we have named as prominent in Mr. Munson's book are exceedingly rare among school-books.

The book is an interesting essay on phonetics, as well as a text-book of short-hand. The demonstration of the way in which spelling may be wholly abandoned, and the actual sounds of the voice represented by written characters exactly equivalent to them, is clearer, we think, than in any text-book of the English language with which we are acquainted. In this respect, however, the book is far from complete. The "Phonographic Analysis" might be made much fuller; and it would be well if it could be completed, whether in connection with the subject of short-hand or separately. It is probably as elaborate as need be for the part it has in this book.

The book seems to make no claim to originality except in the matter of reducing phonography to uniformity in practice. It is of the utmost importance that all reporters and others who use sound-writing should be able to read each other's notes with facility. In the pursuit of this much-needed uniformity of practice, Mr. Munson has not hesitated to reject some abbreviations and quick ways of writing this or that phrase, on the ground that phonography needs not greater speed, but more perfect legibility and uniformity by all persons who use it.

Following the chapters on the art itself are chapters on many subjects connected with the reporter's duties—preparing copy and reading proof; on reporting in general, its ways and needs and tools; on law reporting, with the general principles and the New York practice described at length, a most excellent chapter; and on newspaper reporting. A long appendix contains very carefully prepared writing exercises, which show a great amount of research and a good knowledge of the phonetics of the English language. Finally, there are phonographic reading exercises, which are the writing exercises written in the phonographic character; these are very neatly engraved, and are a good guide to the student in forming a neat and legible phonographic hand.

"The Complete Phonographer" embodies a great deal of labor and care, the judicious application of which is highly to be commended, and will diminish the labor of students in the future. It is by far the best book on phonography that exists, and really establishes that which heretofore has been only a name with very little behind it—the "American Standard System."

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* "The Complete Phonographer, being an Inductive Exposition of Phonography, with its application to all branches of reporting, and affording the fullest instruction to those who have not the assistance of an oral teacher; also intended as a school-book. By James E. Munson, official stenographer to the Surrogate's Court of New York." Robert H. Johnston & Co. 1867.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION *should be addressed to the Editor.*

DANGEROUS PRECEDENTS.

THE declaration of martial law over one-third of the inhabited portion of the Union at a time of nominal peace, and when there is certainly no organized military opposition to the Government, must be admitted to be a severe measure, and a precedent which may hereafter be used to justify the grossest usurpation. Some future Congress may seize the opportunity afforded by a slight and purely local outbreak to crush a disagreeable State government, and subject the people to martial law; referring to the acts of the Thirty-ninth Congress as a sufficient justification of its course. Not that such a course is really justified by the present action of Congress, which is taken to abate the evils arising out of an insurrection of almost unparalleled magnitude; but that, as we all know, precedents are strained and bent without scruple when factious interests so require.

We recognize these dangers of the future as fully as do any opponents of the measure just passed. We should have been glad, had it been possible, that the entire process of reconstruction should have been wrought out by civil law, the army being used exclusively as a substitute for the *posse comitatus*. But, notwithstanding all this, we have approved of the action of Congress upon this bill because of the peculiar circumstances of the case, which seem to leave no option except between measures all dangerous, and all in some respects unsatisfactory.

A slight review of existing facts will convince any reasonable man that it is impossible for Congress either to act, or to refrain from acting, without establishing a precedent of more or less danger. If it does not interfere with the South, the result is that ten State governments will remain in permanent operation which were founded by the military orders of the President, issued through and enforced by "provisional governors"—officers wholly unknown to the law, appointed without the consent of the Senate, and vested with absolute power. By an Executive order, two-thirds of the male citizens of full age in these States were excluded from all voice in the formation of the governments under which they were to live. The elections were conducted by officers appointed by the provisional governors, and the results decided by these governors. How flagrantly unconstitutional was the appointment of these governors themselves no one surely can need to be convinced. They were not officers of the army, detailed to preserve order within its lines. They were civilians, appointed to perform civil duties. No law authorized such appointments; and the President had as much right to appoint a pacha of Egypt, and pay his salary from the national Treasury, as to appoint and pay a civilian as provisional governor of Mississippi. The names of the governors were never even submitted to the Senate. In short, no single step was taken toward giving their appointment a pretence of legality. Yet they, under the direction of the President, exercised all the powers of governors and legislatures combined, and had, if they did not actually exercise, the power to mould the future government of their State at their will.

Grant, as we do, that these powers were used with fair intentions, and with a desire to do substantial justice. Grant, as we do *not*, that no one was wrongfully excluded from voting at the elections thus held. Grant anything that may be honestly claimed; and yet the precedent is one fatal to republican institutions, if allowed to stand unchallenged. Forty thousand officers were, it is said, appointed by these usurping governors, whose very office was a nullity, and their title not merely voidable, but absolutely void. Of what value are constitutional checks, of what use are legislatures, if the Executive shall be sustained in organizing ten governments over 8,000,000 of people, and in appointing 40,000 officers to govern them, without a shred of law to warrant his action? What if they did act uprightly? Is it to be supposed that officers illegally appointed will always be honest and faithful? If such a supposition is to be entertained, and is to justify acts so utterly unlawful as these, our republican government will run into mere Cæsarism within ten years.

This is the precedent which Congress would establish by inaction. The governments thus brought into existence, having the support of nearly all the classes within their respective States accustomed to political power and to the use of arms, could for ever keep down the unorganized and helpless majority. And as *some* government must exist in every State, and every attempt to establish different governments would be promptly crushed, after the fashion of New Orleans, the courts would be compelled to recognize the governments thus founded upon acknowledged, flagrant, undisguised usurpation as having, nevertheless, ripened from governments *de facto* into governments *de jure*.

If it is said that Congress should take less stringent action than it has done, we reply that, as far as the constitutionality of such action is concerned, Congress has a right to act upon the theory that nothing has been done toward restoring civil government since the Southern armies surrendered, and may do now whatever it could have done in May, 1865; and that as far as expediency is concerned, it is expedient and essential that severe and peremptory measures should be taken to break down usurpations which have been allowed to exist too long, and have of course gained strength by delay. Ordinary civil process would not suffice to cope with the evil. It would be subject to interminable delays and loaded with technical difficulties. This, we admit, would not be a sufficient reason for abandoning the ordinary process of law in dealing with an ordinary civil government. But Mr. Johnson's creations are the children of military rule, and may very properly be destroyed by the species of law to which they owed their existence. Military usurpations are legitimately dealt with by martial law.

Between the two precedents of reconstruction—both by the exercise of military power, used, however, in the one case under the authority and restraint of civil law, and in the other case in utter disregard and defiance of law—our choice is made without hesitation. A despotism which claims its origin from a statute cannot, with any grace, assert its right to exist after the repeal of the statute; but one which springs from the will of a single man and is checked or amplified by his uncontrolled decisions, is capable of indefinite extension and continuance. We shall seek, as far as may be possible, to limit the scope and duration of military rule; but since it was unavoidable that it should exist under some conditions, we prefer it as enacted by Congress rather than as established by the President.

We have heretofore spoken of the evil influence of legalized disorder and oppression, such as we believe to exist in the South. The unavenged massacre at New Orleans, the applauded murders of Union soldiers in Georgia, the boasted "disappearance" of Northern men from Texas, the atrocious acquittal of Dr. Watson in Virginia, are but examples of a state of affairs constituting a precedent more damaging to republican government than any period of temporary military rule can be. The use of armed force to break up such monstrosities is no more inconsistent with republican institutions than is the use of the Italian army to break up Neapolitan brigandage inconsistent with constitutional government. The more thoroughly the work is done, the sooner can the ordinary forms of law be restored and the States be left to govern themselves, as we shall rejoice to see them do.

THE DUTY OF IMPEACHMENT.

WE print on another page a letter controverting our opinions on the impeachment question in a style in which we are always glad to have our opinions on any subject controverted, and urging forcibly a view of the duty of Congress in this matter which is somewhat novel, and which we admit to be deserving of attention. The advocates of impeachment have hitherto rested all their claims to a hearing upon expediency. They showed that Mr. Johnson was an "obstacle," which nobody denied; and they tried to show that he had committed certain offences which not only deserved impeachment, but which would ensure his conviction and removal; but none of them, so far as we know, has taken "H. F. B.'s" ground, that we are bound to impeach him as a moral duty, whether he can be convicted or not. "H. F. B." seems to be under the impression that we have opposed the movement solely or mainly from the fear that it would have an injurious effect on the trade and finances of the country. This is, however, a mistake. We have spoken of the probable effect of an impeachment upon business as one of the reasons for avoiding it, but not either as the only one or the principal one. Our principal reasons for not wishing to see an impeachment attempted were and are, that we do not think a legal conviction upon any of the charges which Mr. Ashley, General Butler, or Wendell Phillips have as yet seen fit to bring forward is at all likely. All the "usurpations" of which Mr. Johnson has been guilty consist, unfortunately, in the abuse of powers to which, in our opinion, he had no title, but which those who now clamor most loudly for impeachment would have been very well content to see him exercise had he exercised them differently. In other words, the charge made against him is not that he usurped, but that he usurped for a wrong purpose. His performances in connection with the New Orleans massacre were undoubtedly atrocious; but we have yet to hear of a particle of *legal* evidence of his complicity in the designs of Mayor Monroe and his fellow-cutthroats. Removal from office for political opinions is, in our opinion, a grave offence; but it is an offence which all parties have encouraged or condoned. Mr. Johnson's guilt under this head really consists not in his having made political opinions a test of fitness for office, but in his having deserted his party. Had he removed officials for not agreeing with Thaddeus Stevens, the offence against political morality would have been, we admit, less heinous; but it would have been still an offence, and yet it would have called forth no reprehension whatever. The desertion of his party by the President is not, however, a high crime or misdemeanor.

As to his bad language, we doubt if anybody was more shocked and disgusted by it than we were ourselves, but there must be a great reform in this particular amongst politicians before bad language will be regarded as a fit subject for judicial punishment. There would be something very laughable in the trial of Andrew Johnson for foul-mouthed abuse, when such a master of vituperation as Parson Brownlow was received with all the honors on the floor of the House. It has been hinted, though not openly charged, that Mr. Johnson has also sold pardons and offices for money, and done worse things. Here is a distinct and positive offence for which no justification or palliation can be found, either in the politician's code of morals or that of anybody else. Let anybody produce conclusive legal evidence of this or of anything like it, and we should urge a trial eagerly, and the trial would not last half a day; but we have not yet heard that the promoters of the impeachment have any such proof in existence. The charges they bring forward are vague, indefinite, difficult of proof, and rest, in many instances, on doubtful points of constitutional law. The trial of them might last two years and would probably fail in the end. It would not be regarded by either the country or the world as a judicial process, but as a piece of party warfare. In fact, General Butler and Wendell Phillips have done all in their power to prevent its being so regarded, as they have devoted themselves almost exclusively to showing not that Mr. Johnson was a criminal whom it was a duty to punish, but that he was a political "obstacle" which it was desirable to remove.

In considering the propriety, however, of treating him as an "obstacle," we must bear in mind that since the commission of all the offences for which it is sought to put him on his trial—since his usurpations and bad language, his conduct has been submitted to the people of the North, and at least three-eighths of them have approved of it, and consider him an obstacle which ought *not* to be removed. These three-eighths are very slightly represented in Congress or the State legislatures, and we are, therefore, in discussing what ought to be done with Mr. Johnson, apt to lose sight of their feelings and opinions. They would all think the impeachment a mere piece of party warfare, and would look on him as a martyr if he were condemned on any charge now before the public. Of course the talk of armed resistance to the impeachment is all twaddle. It would be submitted to just as certainly as any other measure of Congress. His supporters at the North would not commit the supreme folly of rebelling on his behalf. What they would do would be to pay us back in our own coin whenever they got a chance. The first time the Democratic party found itself in a majority in the House—and it may find itself in a majority within the next five years, even if the Republican party succeeds in electing the next President—it would endeavor to get rid of the President by following out General Butler's programme, by getting up a string of charges against him, the soundness of which would not be of the smallest consequence if the precedent of suspension during trial were once established. The charges being preferred, out he would go, and this being all that was wanted, the proceedings would be allowed to run on for an indefinite period, and might at last be dropped. For instance, in the Congress of 1861 there would have been a strong majority against Mr. Lincoln had the South staid in the Union, and to this majority he was intensely obnoxious. How easy it would have been for the secessionist leaders under this new rule, instead of rebelling, to have impeached and deposed him, and thus having got the army and navy into their hands, to have let the trial drag on indefinitely. In short, we doubt if anybody has looked carefully at this matter of impeachment, as now presented to us, without seeing that it opens up a long vista of disorder if not of revolution, compared with which any present derangement of trade or commerce, or even the prolongation of Mr. Johnson's power for another year or two, is a mere trifle.

That we must regard the offences charged against him as standing in the same category as murder and arson, and which *therefore* we are bound to try to punish, no matter what the consequences may be, we consider, with all respect to our correspondent, a very wild doctrine. These offences are not *mala in se*. They are not acts on the criminality of which the civilized world is agreed, and therefore the question of prosecuting him for them is a simple question of expediency, just as the question of trying Southern privateers was, or as the question of trying Southern traitors is, or as the question of prosecuting the Fenians was. Offences against any political community—*quâ* political community—that community has a right to overlook if it pleases, or if it thinks it more advantageous to do so; a right which, let us add, we have never before heard disputed. Fifty years hence, to adopt "H. F. B.'s" illustration, we do not think this passage would read so very badly in American history:

> "In the year 1865, Andrew Johnson, a man who had been distinguished before the war as a truculent pro-slavery Democrat, illiterate, vulgar, and passionate, but who, during the struggle, had rendered great services to the Union in Tennessee, was nominated by the Republican party for the Vice-Presidency, though hardly anybody in the convention knew anything whatever of his real character. This was done simply as a compliment to the Union men of Tennessee, and without the remotest expectation that he would ever exercise any greater influence on legislation than falls to the lot of the President of the Senate. He was, however, unexpectedly raised to the Presidency by the assassination of Mr. Lincoln, and many prominent men of the party at once set to work to make the best of it by lauding him to the skies as a better man than Mr. Lincoln, as a man of sterner mould and stronger mind, and fiercer zeal for liberty, who would punish traitors righteously and let the oppressed go free; and they urged him with might and main to use all the powers he could get hold of, doubtful and not doubtful, for this purpose. His not very wise head being turned by this applause, and muddled by stronger things than applause, he proceeded not only to use all those powers which the country had foolishly permitted him to assume, but to use them in defence of the principles which he had nearly all his life defended, and for the protection of the men with whom he had nearly all his life acted. He broke his pledges, prostituted the public service, betrayed the freedmen, abused the pardoning power, and disgraced his office by his vituperation; but, nevertheless, nearly half of the Northern people and the whole of the Southern people stood by him, some from political sympathy and some because they believed it better to bear with him than try to remove him, his term of office having half expired, and there being a sufficient majority in Congress to legislate over his head. Congress considered gravely the propriety of impeaching him, and were strongly urged to do so by about half of the Republican party, including many of its ablest and most upright members; but, in view of the uncertainty of a conviction, the vagueness of the charges, and of the danger of seeming to convert impeachment into an instrument of party warfare, they refrained. At the same time, they determined to change the character of their legislation, and forthwith framed a plan of reorganization of the South, to take effect at a certain fixed date and based on principles of justice and equality, in which certain

well-defined duties were imposed on the President, amongst others that of preserving order by military force, and resolved that the failure to perform these duties should be visited by instant punishment."

ENGLAND.

LONDON, Feb. 8, 1867.

THE dearth of politically interesting topics is coming to an end. Parliament was opened last Monday, and the various questions which have for the last few months been more or less dormant will soon wake into fresh life under the stimulus of personal discussion. The usual ceremony took place with its usual accompaniments. A steady down-pour of London rain rather spoilt the outside show of heavy state carriages and running footmen and heralds and beef-eaters and life-guardsmen, and all the rather cumbrous pageantry of a royal procession, but scarcely damped the ardor of the huge crowd which welcomed the appearance of the Queen. Within the House of Lords the sight was as grand as usual. Penny-a-liners found ample scope for their powers of description in the splendid costumes of peers and peeresses and ambassadors and Indian princes collected in the noble chamber of the Upper House. The usual comic incidents took place of a disorderly rush to the bar of members of the House of Commons, struggling, pushing, and squeezing like a pack of school-boys. The speech was delivered in the same form as last year; that is, the Queen did not read it herself, nor did she put on her state robes, and the trumpeters did not perform the flourish which used to greet her during the lifetime of the Prince Consort. The Lord Chancellor, who is a man of impressive appearance, read the speech standing by the side of the Queen, and the curiosity of the public was doubtless as well satisfied as if it had come from the lips of her Majesty herself. It has seldom been listened to with more interest. The main result, so far as it indicates the probable policy of ministers, seems to be as follows: The Government promise to do something about Reform; what that something is remains studiously vague until Monday next, when Mr. Disraeli will show his cards. The absence of any direct mention of a bill seems to make it likely that some temporizing course may be adopted—the most probable suggestion being, perhaps, that it will be proposed to proceed by resolutions, and thus to defer the final settlement for a session. Meanwhile it is premature to speculate, and we are only treated to the rather vague information that it is meant to extend the franchise and yet not to alter the balance of power—as if the balance of power was not the very thing that requires alteration. The plan of government is, however, to bribe off opponents by offering a large instalment of practical reforms; and there can be no doubt that such reforms are urgently needed, and, if satisfactory measures are proposed, would go far to justify a delay in electoral reform. Thus, we are promised some sort of legislation with regard to army reform, trades unions, the extension of the educational provisions of factory acts, the condition of the mercantile marine, the management of hospitals in workhouses, the relations of landlord and tenant in Ireland, and various branches of commercial law. We are also told that the outstanding difficulties with the United States are to be satisfactorily settled. If any really efficient measures are passed upon all or any number of these various matters, the session will certainly not have been wasted. Very little discussion took place. The only opposition speeches came from the leaders in the two Houses, Lord Russell and Mr. Gladstone, and showed a curious contrast. Lord Russell has terribly fallen off from the Lord John of old days. He was querulous and impolitic. He went into the old story of which every one but himself is heartily tired, of the history of the various measures of reform that have broken down since 1832, and laid the whole blame upon the tergiversations of the Conservative party, though everybody knows that the insincerity of his own Whig cabinets had at least as much to do with it. He showed himself anxious to find fault, and found it in a quibbling and captious spirit. In fact, his speech was at once thin and sour, and suitable to a disappointed politician. Mr. Gladstone, on the other hand, spoke with characteristic generosity of his opponents, and promised to help them if they would deal straightforwardly with the questions concerned—a promise which I sincerely hope that circumstances may enable him to keep. The contrast between the two speakers suggests one great difficulty of the Liberal party. In the country at large, Mr. Gladstone is at present indisputably the most popular of our public men. He has a hold upon the public favor far stronger, for example, than that of Mr. Bright, who appeals to a smaller and perhaps more narrow-minded class. No one outside the House can doubt for a moment that Mr. Gladstone ought to be the leader whom all true Liberals should support. His great talents, thorough cultivation, and high character should lift him a head and shoulders above all his followers. Yet in the House of Commons all this is reversed. He is personally unpopular; by the Conservatives he is hated rancorously; by his own side he is followed with, at best, a hesitating allegiance; and I believe that if a leader were to be selected by ballot, some insignificant nobleman, such as Lord Granville, would be chosen, and Mr. Gladstone put in a secondary position to a man infinitely his inferior. The reasons for this are various. In the first place, there is the most presentable reason, that he is not quite trustworthy politically. He has a High Church view, which makes him unsound upon all such questions as the complete throwing open of the universities to Dissenters. Then he is a man of impulsive and almost feminine temperament, which makes him at times say more than he means, and deprives him of the coolness necessary for leadership in political as in military struggles. This is interpreted by his enemies into insincerity, though I believe that there is no more honest politician in the country; he has, however, the impulsiveness and versatility which it is easy to confound with a want of honesty. Again, he is said to be bad-tempered and arrogant—a charge which, so far as it is true, seems to me to be as much the consequence as the cause of dislike. In his position as leader last session he was subject to incessant attacks and browbeating, which it would have required the temper of an angel to support. Lord Cranbourne, who has as bitter a tongue as most people, compared him one day, in a speech, to a pettifogging attorney. The Tories applauded. Next day Lord Cranbourne apologized—to the attorneys of England. This insolent, but not very witty, insult to one who is indisputably amongst our first statesmen—if not our very first—was received with fresh applause, a fact which pretty well indicates the temper of the Tory party. This bitter hostility is, in part, due to another cause. Mr. Gladstone is hated not merely because he is said to be arrogant, but because the great Whig families think him an arrogant plebeian. They cannot bear to be led by a man who has no connection with the traditional leaders of their party, and they would rather have some insignificant King Log to rule over them than one whom they regard with a jealousy proportioned to his talents. Consequently, it is highly probable that there will be considerable difficulties in the way of forming the next Liberal administration, if not in the successful conduct of opposition even before they have to quarrel over the hostile spoils.

To turn from political questions, where, if we may prognosticate a coming storm, it is yet premature to guess at its precise violence and direction. Another interesting topic is reviving. Warrants were obtained yesterday against Colonel Nelson and Mr. Brand, and it is understood that Governor Eyre will attend when required. Their trial for the Jamaica outrages will commence immediately, and will doubtless stir the public mind more deeply than ever. The vehement party feelings which were excited by the American rebellion seem to have been all transferred to this narrow question, and it is scarcely possible to mention Governor Eyre's name at a London dinner-table without producing a storm. Opinions are very much divided as to the probable result of the measure, and *The Times* is consequently endeavoring, with its usual policy, to take both sides. The cases against Colonel Nelson and Mr. Brand (whose discussion with Mr. Buxton on this subject led to his dismissal from the royal navy) are said to be very strong; but there are many legal difficulties in the way of a conviction.

I think that your readers will thank me for calling their attention to a very interesting address which has just been delivered by Mr. Mill to the students of St. Andrews University. Like the other Scotch universities, the students have the privilege of electing a lord rector, whose office is now strictly confined to the delivery of an inaugural address; it might be well if some other official functions were equally curtailed. You may remember that Mr. Carlyle was elected not long ago to a similar office at Edinburgh, and addressed the students with that mixture of grave and humorous wisdom of which he is peculiarly capable when not distracted by the interference of some of his pet prejudices. It was chiefly attractive for the personal interest with which we could not but accept the words of a literary veteran expounding to young men the lessons of a laborious life. It is equally characteristic of Mr. Mill that his address was singularly free from any personal coloring. It was calm, dispassionate, and full-minded, and treated of the higher branches of education with a philosophic breadth very unusual in an English treatment of the subject. The curiously cramped and special system of our university course generally narrows, in a very marked way, our English discourses upon education. It seems to be forgotten that there are any possible subjects of training except classics and mathematics, or that they can be regarded from any but the traditional point of view. It is Mr. Mill's peculiar merit to rise above such a narrow treatment, and while doing full justice to the English system and to his most bitter opponents, to rise to a philosophical conception of the whole subject. He spoke kindly of our universities whilst condemning their deficiencies, and spoke with special respect of his opponents both in metaphysical and religious questions. This return to a calmer region of discussion is gratifying to those who think (as I do not) that he has been somewhat spoilt by entering the embittering arena of practical politics.

Personally, the contrast between Mr. Mill and Mr. Carlyle is almost as characteristic as their literary differences. Mr. Carlyle's writings almost require for a full appreciation that we should remember his picturesque appearance and his singular broad Scotch drawl. Mr. Mill's appearance, on the other hand, detracts, if anything, from the value of his spoken word. He looks so slight and frail, his voice is so feeble and requires so much attention, and his manner is so nervously rapid, that one feels at first alarmed lest he should suddenly break down. The impression is heightened—at least in the House of Commons—by an odd habit of completely stopping for intervals of a moment or two, and putting his hand before his face to collect his thoughts. After listening for a time to the completely finished and connected sentences which come in a steady stream from his lips between these interruptions, we gradually recover confidence, but it is an exhibition never quite comfortable or satisfactory.

PARIS GOSSIP.

PARIS, Feb. 1, 1867.

THE snow and ice of the last fortnight have greatly rejoiced the hearts of the Russian and American colonists of this city, and those of the rest of the human beings here resident who pay the homage of their liking to the frost-powers of the North. The lakes in the public promenades have been covered with skaters, the most fashionable being the "reserved" pool behind the pretty villa of our wonderful Prefect, at the northwest extremity of the Bois de Boulogne, honored by the patronage and skates of the court, and only to be entered on payment of a napoleon. On that favored sheet of ice his Majesty has passed some hours nearly every day, skating with a vigor and agility that might be envied by many a younger man, and thus giving the most effectual contradiction to the multitude of rumors that are constantly declaring him to be the prey of no end of maladies, and within an inch or two of the end of his mortal tether. The Empress, who is gradually surmounting her fear of the treacherous surface that played her so false at Chamouni, has also been a good deal on the ice, sometimes accompanied by a couple of the gentlemen of the court, sometimes accepting the arm of one or other of the well-known American ladies whose skating skill is believed to have served them as a passport to the Imperial good graces. On the ice the ladies wear short, appropriate garments, richly trimmed with fur, and often the result of a vast deal of meditation and a corresponding pecuniary outlay; and even those for whom the beauties and amusements of winter are absolutely devoid of charm are fain to admit that the scene presented by the lake in question, about three or four in the afternoon of a frosty day, covered with the gay dresses of the fashionable skaters, and enlivened by their rapid movements, may well be enjoyed by the favored mortals capable of appreciating it. The great night fête which the Skaters' Club has been longing to give ever since it came into existence came off on Thursday last. The reserved portion of the lake was surrounded by festoons of great white globes, looking like illuminated Brobdingnagian pearls; the club-house and a number of temporary pavilions were brilliantly illuminated, and a lavish display of electric lights and colored lamps and flowers made the whole scene as light as day and as gay as a fairy ballet. The ice was covered with gayly-dressed skaters and a number of the pretty sleds that have so much excited the curiosity and admiration of the Parisians during the past fortnight. Abundant refreshments were provided in the pavilions, and the fête, at which were present all the *sommités* of the court and the gay world (with the exception of the Imperial family, none of whom were there), was kept up with great *éclat* from nine o'clock to near midnight. The club, however, was but just in time, for a thaw came on next day, the rise in our capricious thermometer being so sudden as to have come very near causing a catastrophe similar to that which has just plunged London into mourning. The keepers of the Bois, perceiving how rapidly the ice was changing, gave repeated warnings to the people on the favored pond, but without effect, the skaters persisting in continuing their evolutions. Suddenly the ice gave way, and all upon it found themselves in the water. The keepers appear to have acted with great promptitude and judgment. They immediately cut down a number of young trees, tore up the long wires of a part of the palings, and with these materials and the aid of a number of those who had been looking on, constructed a raft, with the aid of which the drowning skaters were speedily rescued. It is believed that no life was lost by the accident.

A number of elegant sleds, principally Russian, of fantastic fashion and drawn by small, high-stepping Russian ponies, very spirited and fleet, made their appearance here during the frost which has just ended, and during the same period Queen Victoria, at Windsor, had several drives about the park in a sled for the first time in her royal life. Such masses of snow have recently fallen both in England and throughout Europe that severe floods seem inevitable. As for this city, it is transformed into a lake of mud that all the sweepers, mechanical and human, seem unable to clean.

Paris is, nevertheless, unusually gay. A great number of foreigners have already arrived, and are outshining the rest of the world in the brilliant extravagances so much in vogue here. One of these new arrivals, Prince Nariskine, possessor of one of the great fortunes which have caused the Russian nobility to be received through Europe as the modern representatives of Aladdins and Fortunatuses, happening to dine a few evenings since with a friend who has built for himself a small but most elegant and charming hotel, fitted up with all the appliances of fashionable luxury, was struck by the form of the *surtout*, in silver, which occupied the centre of the table. Having expressed his admiration of it as a work of art, he was surprised to find that his host seemed to hold it in slight esteem. "If you care so little about it, why not sell it to me?" said Prince Nariskine.

"The centre-piece matches all the rest of the silver," returned Count D., "and I can't sell it to you unless you buy the rest of the service."

"Very good, I'll buy the whole of it," responded the prince.

"But if you want the silver, you must take the china also," said the count.

"Very good. I'll buy the china also," replied the prince.

"I can't sell you the china unless you buy the table and chairs," said the count.

"I'll buy all the furniture of the room!" cried the prince.

But the furniture could not be sold without the house, nor the house without the stable, nor the stable without the horses, harnesses, and carriages, and all these, one after the other, the prince declared himself ready to buy, but on one condition.

"Name it," said the count.

"It is that if I make this purchase the transfer shall be effected this very evening, so that I may have the pleasure of sleeping to-night in my new purchase, and in your bed."

"I accept your condition," replied the count, who, having sent for his steward, gave orders for the immediate removal of his wardrobe and personal effects, and the preparation of his bedroom for the reception of the new master. The steward was then ordered to produce the plans and bills of the architect who had constructed the hotel, the inventories of furniture, etc., and the receipts of the dealers of whom the various classes of purchases had been made; and after the prince had gone through these, and had agreed with the count to purchase the whole for 400,000 f., a regular bill of sale was drawn up and duly signed, and the prince, drawing a roll of bank-notes from his pocket, counted out the amount fixed upon, and handed it to his friend across the dinner-table, which neither of them had quitted for an instant during the progress of this eccentric proceeding. The two gentlemen then took a cup of coffee together, the prince doing the honors of the house now become his own by pressing his guest to "take a second cup," and the count, after an hour's chat with the prince, took his leave, and went off to the rooms he had caused to be taken for him at a neighboring inn.

The fashionable whirl of the present season may be considered as fairly begun. The first of the four state balls of each winter has just taken place at the Tuileries with the usual splendor, cram, crush, and tattering of ladies' finery by rival crinolines, and by the swords, epaulettes, and spurs of the numerous representatives of the military element. And here a regard for truth compels the reluctant admission that, if crinolines are worn (as they are) a good deal smaller, the inordinate length of train now sported at evening parties (with the aid of the "water-cart" addition fully described in a former letter) fully compensates for any little gain in the diminution of circumference. At the ball in question, the Empress wore a "lovely" dress of white silk, trimmed all over with leaves, and covered with a vaporous upper skirt of transparent tulle, a broad, green velvet sash, and such a quantity of diamonds—coronet, ear-rings, necklace, bracelets, fringes, stars, etc.—to say nothing of the "dew-drops" on the innumerable leaves of the dress, that she seemed to be in a general state of glitter. Princess Metternich, always eccentric, though her eccentricity is always that of the *grande dame*, wore a very original robe of cherry-colored silk, trimmed with large white flowers; no jewels, but a queer necklace, composed of what looked like silver filings, strung on a sort of chain, and with a large silver star in the middle; she wore, also, as usual, depending from her back hair, the two immensely long narrow ribbons which, in their native England, are popularly known as

"Follow-me-lads," and which, being accidentally stepped upon by a gentleman at one of last winter's embassy balls, just as she had passed him on her way to another room, came within an inch of breaking her neck. Madame Korsakow, one of the most conspicuous of the gay ladies of the court circle, wore a dress of pearl-gray silk, the train of which may, without exaggeration, be set down as almost three yards in length! This formidable appendage was covered with a mass of silver blonde, looped up with yellow roses, the body of the dress was a *sautoir* of green velvet, coming down very low, and finished off behind with a large bow; a belt composed entirely of magnificent emeralds, of the size of hens' eggs; and in her hair her famous bird of Paradise (the body of which is made up of rubies, emeralds, topazes, etc., its tail of long rays of gold being set with diamonds), perched on the top of her head, and the long, spreading tail hanging down over her cloud of "back hair," a very splendid ornament, but neither pretty nor becoming.

The intrepid American amazon, Miss Menken, has had another and more serious fall on the scene of her triumphs. It was said that she had broken two fingers and dislocated an ankle; but as she is advertised to appear this evening, the reports in question were evidently exaggerated. M. Ponsard is seriously ill; M. Angier also; the rehearsals of the new plays of both these popular dramatists being delayed in consequence. The irascibility of the press has received a fresh illustration in the arrival of a sort of collective *cartel*, addressed by the writers of an Italian journal to the writers of one of the journals of this city, a recent article in whose columns was considered by their Italian challengers as intended for their paper. The monstrous absurdity of two entire staffs of newspaper writers travelling to some point half-way between Paris and Florence for the purpose of mutual extermination, is rather too much even for the pepper-eaters of this duelling region; and several writers of weight, with Emile de Girardin at their head, have begun an attack upon the barbarism of the so-called "code of honor" that may perhaps do something towards its abolition. Lieutenant Lecca, whose fatal duel with young Séguin under a street lamp, at three in the morning, after a night spent in the orgies too common among the rising generation of this refined and sensible city, created so intense a sensation here a couple of months ago, has just been tried by a military court. The trial has been conducted in secret, and no details of the affair have been allowed to transpire; but as the young officer is merely removed from active service and placed on the retired list, it is probable that the existence of "attenuating circumstances" has been attested to the satisfaction of the court.

The famous club of twelve "delicate eaters," which meets every week at the Maison Dorée, under the auspices of Baron Brisse, paying forty francs per head for its dinner, has led, by way of protest against the progressive extravagance of modern habits, to the formation among some of the leading artists and literary men of a "Leg-of-Mutton Club," the twelve "illustrations" who compose it meeting once a week in peasant garb, wooden shoes, and woollen night-cap. At the inauguration dinner, which came off a few days ago, the fare consisted of cabbage soup, stewed beans, roast leg of mutton, salad, cheese, and apples. Each element of the repast was a perfection in its way; and the dinner, which was as merry as frugal, was regarded by all the club as a brilliant success. The Emperor, in his usual quiet and effectual way of supplying a social want and setting a practical example, has just opened, at his own expense and under the patronage of the Prince Imperial, six new eating-houses for poor workmen, in addition to the many already established by him from his own purse, in which the poor can purchase for one sou a pint of meat soup, or half a pound of cooked meat, or a pint of a certain savory mixture of stewed rice, beans, and peas, much in favor with the public for whom it is prepared.

Correspondence.

CLASSICAL AND SCIENTIFIC EDUCATION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Our colleges have long enjoyed a monopoly of sacredness. Affirmations that had seemed axioms have been questioned; the self-evident truths of the Declaration of Independence have been put on the defensive; the foundations of faith have been subjected to enquiry; but the American college, its course of study, its corporation, its degrees, and its discipline, have all been taken for granted.

The American public, usually so shrewd in its investments, when asked to endow colleges has given sometimes liberally, sometimes grudgingly, but has never asked a question as to what use was to be made of the money. The popular faith in the college has been as implicit as was that which the landlord in "Martin Chuzzlewit" reposed in "our member in the House of Commons who is returned upon the gentlemanly interest." "What interest is that?" asked Martin. "What, do n't you know?" returned the landlord. "It was quite clear the landlord did n't. They always told him at election time that it was the gentlemanly side, and he immediately put on his top-boots and voted for it."

But this long repose has at last been broken, this sacredness has been violated. For example, the college corporation has become an open question. Hitherto its exalted reputation has been enjoyed on terms somewhat of the easiest. Upon each commencement day the young gentleman who does the valedictory at the proper point turns to them and says: "Gentlemen of the corporation, during another year you have, with unslumbering vigilance and paternal care, watched over this venerable seat of learning. We tender you our gratitude for the opportunities of education which your wise liberality has afforded us, and for your affectionate solicitude in our behalf," and all the rest of it. The members of the corporation experience a glow of complacency, and each waistcoat heaves with moral elevation. To be sure, they are a little perplexed as to how they could have been so vigilant without knowing it; but the highest goodness is ever unconscious of itself. Possibly the more shrewd among them are as much troubled as were Cicero's augurs to look each other in the face without laughing.

Then they go in procession to their place of meeting, listen to so much as the president chooses to tell them of his doings, vote their thanks to the chief donors during the year past, fill any vacancies in their own ranks by electing such persons as will give trouble if they are *not* elected, or will, perhaps, give something else if they *are*, confer degrees on a few trustees of kindred institutions, or on pastors of wealthy churches (for, says the Scripture, "Sinners even give to those from whom they hope to receive"), raise the salaries of such professors as have demanded it most persistently, issue an urgent appeal to the public for an increase of funds, appoint an agent to collect them, partake of the refreshments of the season, and their work is done, until they come together again to be once more reminded of their "tireless labors," etc., etc.

We apprehend that the public is very nearly ready to ask, What are the services which the college boards render to education? What qualifications have the members for maturing and superintending a system of high instruction by which to form the young men of America? How many of them, during their whole tenure of office, give one hour in a year to serious, independent, original enquiry into the educational wants of the American people, and the best means of meeting them, or have any other idea of their duty than that it consists in pursuing, without variation or even investigation, precisely the round of a hundred years ago? Upon what principle do they distribute the funds of the college? by what means do they learn the condition of the institution under their care? what measures do they take, by the graduation of emoluments or otherwise, to adapt the compensation of instructors to the universal law of life, and to ensure alike to the faithful, successful teacher, and to the incompetent or negligent, the respective reward of their labors? All these questions and many more are becoming open.

And the college course—the invariable term of four years—with its absolutely changeless round of studies, compulsory alike on all, of every age, every form of genius, and every destiny in life, compelling each to pursue every study, whether he will or no, up to a certain point, and allowing none to pursue any study beyond the golden mediocrity, however unmistakable the bent of his genius, pray tell us (men will ask) when and where was all this divinity revealed—was it delivered to Moses, inscribed on a third table of stone, or was it whispered in the ear of Adam? Is the college course the absolute goodness, the perfected result of the long experience and matured wisdom of years, generations, and hoary centuries; or is it, rather, a system "founded for the education of the mediæval clergy, and modified by the pressure of an all-powerful aristocracy," with the accidental accretions that have grown to it through a long series of years? Does this perfect curriculum furnish men with trained intellects, and fit them to go forth, wise and great and free, to the battles of life? or does it dismiss them admirably fitted for just one thing—to train unsuspicious youth for exactly the same course that they themselves have conformed to?

Scholars have told us of a giant in the olden time who, with an excess of hospitality, would insist on making every traveller he fell in with "take a bed" with him. He had one bed for all wayfarers. If the lodger was shorter than the bed, the host had him drawn out to the required length; if he were so long that his feet projected beyond the footboard, the superfluous length was lopped off. A very pretty story, only the giant did not live so very long ago, and his name was not Procrustes but College. Here is the bed with all its dimensions fixed. And here are one or two hundred youths whom the giant has caught. Lay them, one by one, on the bed. Here is a man who has no genius for mathematics; the demonstrations and processes of the higher analysis convey to him no idea whatever. Never mind! carry him through the calculus with the rest. Here is another man designing to be an engineer, with a passion for mathematics, wishing, indeed, to master this department of study. No matter. Why should he be allowed to know more of it than his fellows? Reduce his mathematical powers to precisely the dimensions of his neighbor. Another is devoted to the natural sciences. He will spend all his leisure prying into strata and formations, and will toil half the night in the laboratory. This case demands immediate attention. He shall not go a step beyond the prescribed limits. If he does, it shall be at the expense of his other studies and at the risk of being disgraced by losing rank in his class. Again, here is the son of a manufacturer who wishes to enter his father's business. He has no fondness or aptitude for Greek and Latin. What then? he ought to have. Put him on the classical rack and draw him out.

Oh! when will another Theseus arise—men are asking—to deliver us from the despotism of this giant?

The sequence of the studies pursued, and the time allotted to each, are they based upon a careful examination of the powers of the mind and of the order in which they are unfolded? Does each study receive a degree of attention delicately adjusted to its relative importance, and to the wants of an American citizen in the latter half of the nineteenth century? In requiring the young man to spend three years in college, besides two or three years of preparatory study upon Greek, and in giving a few hurried weeks (usually in the most crowded part of the course) to geology, and a single term to the marvellous science which turns the spectroscope on the sun's disk and resolves into its elements that insufferable incandescence, have you carefully compared the power of these various studies to enlarge the mind and to awaken habits of observation, of generalization, and of original investigation? In giving nobody knows how much time to Latin, and nobody knows how little time to political economy, have you weighed the comparative importance of these studies? Is it not at least worthy of an enquiry whether we should not to-day be nearer to a solution of the financial embarrassments which make the loaf on so many boards smaller, coarser, and costlier, if our colleges had taught the young men of America something more of the sources of national wealth and the laws of currency, even at the expense of ignorance of the names of Æneas's ships, or of the bastards of Jupiter?

A Gothic Man.

New Haven, Feb. 20.

"THE NATION" AND IMPEACHMENT.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Although I wholly disagree with the position assumed by The Nation on the impeachment question, I do not therefore propose to "stop my paper;" for I neither expect nor wish to find in any journal a mirror which shall exactly reflect my own mental physiognomy. But it seems to me that The Nation, in common with most of the loyal papers of the country, has fallen into a lamentable error in the discussion of this matter: that of making a moral and judicial question a mere matter of financial and political expediency.

If I rightly understand The Nation's ground in the matter, it is this: That Andrew Johnson has, by his official misconduct, made himself liable to impeachment; that he is guilty of some of the crimes or misdemeanors contemplated by Article II., Section IV., of the Constitution; but that impeachment is unadvisable, because the agitation and financial disorder which would attend that event would do more harm to the country than Mr. Johnson's continuance in office.

Now, with the first part of this argument I have nothing to do. Mr. Johnson may or may not be liable to impeachment. That is a question for the House of Representatives to decide.

But what I do most firmly believe is this: That if Mr. Johnson has, in the judgment of the House of Representatives, rendered himself liable to impeachment, it is their first and imperative duty to impeach him, and that nothing can bring such evil upon the country as the continuance in office of any man because the people, whose servant he is, fear to remove him when he has rendered himself liable to removal. Judicial questions are not to be decided by motives of expediency. Removal by impeachment is the punishment prescribed for one class of offences, as the prison is the punishment for another, and justice is no more to be defrauded in the case of a president than in the case of a murderer.

Circumstances can be imagined in which public sympathy might be excited in favor of a suspected burglar or forger. The excitement might become so intense that business in the community would be deranged, property unsafe, and a reign of mob law threatened. Yet on this account the course of justice could not be stayed without bringing the law into contempt, and branding the grand jury who should shirk their duty on grounds of expediency as cowards.

It seems to me that this case finds an exact parallel in that more important one under discussion. Fifty years hence, this would hardly be a creditable passage in the history of the present distracted times: "In the year 1867, Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, was guilty of certain usurpations and misdemeanors in office which, in the opinion of many wise men, rendered him liable to impeachment and removal. But the House of Representatives dared not present him for impeachment, fearing the effect which the legal punishment of such usurpations and misdemeanors might have on the trade of the country and the political prospects of the dominant party."

No; if Andrew Johnson deserves impeachment, let him be impeached, though the long-looked-for grass should sprout the next day in Northern streets. There need, however, be no fears of such a dire result. The nation which has borne the strain of such a war as ours can certainly risk the removal of one delinquent from office.

You believe that the evils resulting from Mr. Johnson's continuance in office would be less than those attending his impeachment and removal. Even were this true, his impeachment would still be a duty, always supposing him liable to it; but I do not believe it true. You have forcibly shown in your leading article of February 7 that the speedy reconstruction of the South is the great need of the hour. It cannot be denied that Mr. Johnson, with an ally in the Supreme Court, with a vast patronage at his back, with the executive power of the country in his hands, and with his known character for firmness, not to say obstinacy, has been and is the great obstacle in the way of reconstruction. To prove that he has been an obstacle would be to prove that wind blows and water runs. It may be said, however, that the President's hands are now tied, that Congress is master and can do as it likes. Let us see. On the 6th instant the Reconstruction Committee reported to the House a bill which proposes in effect the "Territorial plan" of reconstruction discussed in The Nation of January 3. In your leading article of that date you say that the Territorial scheme "could never be carried out until after Mr. Johnson had been removed from office." The committee seem to have recognized the same fact, for they have vested the government of the Southern districts in the army alone.

Has Mr. Johnson, then, no power in the matter of reconstruction? Again, on page 101 of the present volume, you say that the bill punishing certain offences in relation to the currency "will prove inoperative to a great extent, at least, owing to Mr. Johnson's tenderness for this species of crime." You have also admitted, I think, although I have not the paragraph at hand, that the Civil Rights bill is inoperative through Mr. Johnson's neglect to enforce it. Yet on page 21 of the present volume you say that Mr. Johnson "is not a formidable enemy." It seems to me that he is a formidable enemy to justice, to the laws, and to the representatives of the people if he neglects to enforce even one law, and compels Congress to practically ignore his existence and commit the execution of its acts to the military power.

My whole argument, stated in the fewest words, is this: The question of the impeachment of Andrew Johnson is one of law and fact, to be settled by the proper court, and no more "a question of expediency" than the trial of a forger. The President, as it seems to me, is a "formidable enemy" to a speedy settlement of our national difficulties, and his trial, if liable to one, will bring less evil on the country than his continuance in office must effect.

H. F. B.

Lancaster, Mass.

ARCHITECT AND CLIENT.

To the Editor of The Nation:

In an article on "Payment for Professional Services," in The Nation of last week, you make some statements which I think are calculated to bring the profession of architecture into discredit.

You make a positive statement that "no architect can possibly, by any amount of care, include everything in his estimates. In a large building hundreds of items are sure to be overlooked, each one, perhaps, of small importance in itself, but in the aggregate causing a formidable addition to the cost."

It is upon this premise that you build your argument that the system of commissions is unfair to the client. You state the above as a fact, and your statement may or may not be founded on experience. But experience and knowledge bear me up in holding a contrary opinion.

I admit that there are architects whose specifications do not specify everything needed, and whose estimates, founded on such specifications, are not reliable. But it is not fair, because there are bad architects who do not understand their business, for you to assume that no architect can prepare a set of plans and specifications without overlooking "hundreds of items." I will venture to say that there are very few, even among what would be called "bad architects," who cannot in their drawings and specifications cover everything needed in a building.

But it is a fact, and that you have stated very well in your article, that fickle-minded clients often make many changes to which the additional cost of a building is attributable. The more ignorant such a client is, the more he is disposed to think that, because he wants the alterations or additions, it may be inferred that his architect has made blunders or omissions. It is such experience, partly derived from the inability of the owner to describe what he wants or understand a plan when made, that induces many persons to make unjust accusations against even the most skilful and experienced architects.

All that you say "in the way of apology" for the unwillingness of the public to pay architects what they ask in the way in which they ask it, is founded upon the above assumption that no one can tell beforehand what he is to pay his architect, because no architect is capable of defining everything that may be required to make the house complete, and consequently of getting at the cost of it. I understand that a capacity to do this is the first thing requisite in the education of a practical architect. If your statement is correct, our profession might as well be abolished, for according to what you say an architect is only a person who gets other people into financial trouble. The sober sense of the community and the extensive patronage bestowed on some of us by shrewd business men are the best refutation of such an idea.

Speaking for myself, I am unaware of the "undeniable unwillingness of the public" to pay us our regular commissions of which you speak, and have never yet in business experience met any one who, admitting that our services are worth what we ask, has objected to paying commissions upon the actual cost of the work done.

You are also mistaken in supposing that an architect ever pledges his professional honor that the mechanic's work shall be suitably done for such and such a sum. He often has to deal with a strange builder, who has been engaged by the owner, and who may be such a blunderer that no human power can make him do his work well.

I beg leave, also, to say a word for the clients as well as for ourselves. You make the broad statement that "no client ever knows, or, except in very few cases, can know, what he wants, and can tell whether any plan submitted to him will really meet his wants, supposing he does know them." Then any one must be a fool ever to employ an architect or build a house. I think, however, that the case is not so bad as you state it to be, although I am painfully aware of the deficiencies of many persons in this respect.

I do not think with you that the mass of men are driven to quacks because they think that those who are in reality honorable architects have an interest in leading them into great expense. Clients do not go thus from one architect to another. Those who patronize the quacks do so because they like them.

I will not trespass upon your time any further than to express my approval of the general spirit of your article. It bespeaks an awakening interest in the advance of a much neglected and little understood profession when influential journals are ready to discuss its principles and practice.

P. B. W.

NEW YORK, Feb. 15, 1867.

STUDENTS AND THE DUTY ON BOOKS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

Your admirable article, headed "A Plea for Culture," deserves the thanks of all American students. Agreeing entirely with its statements, I would illustrate their force by applying them to one particular case, which may stand for many others.

Much of our knowledge comes from the riders of hobbies and pursuers of specialties. One man, or several, must understand a subject thoroughly before the mass can understand it tolerably. The bit of ground which each of these laborers has in hand may be out of the way and small, but it is a portion of the great field; what he produces therefrom may be inconsiderable in itself, but it is a contribution to the general supply. A great deal of our scientific and literary information would be wanting but for zealous and exceptional students, who are content to take each his particular department and work therein. Now half the books these men need require to be imported. Some are old and scarce, not to be met with here, except now and then, and by accident; others are new and perhaps expensive, and sure not to be reprinted. The special workman, whatever be his work, will in almost every case have to look for many of his tools to Europe; surely it is unjust and unwise to tax him for that. He is seldom rich, not seldom distinctly poor; his labor is often one of love, which brings no material recompense. In the old countries he would find helps and opportunities which are unknown here: college fellowships within reach of his diligence; splendid libraries, containing almost whatever he seeks; learned societies, in which he may find fellow-laborers, and discuss his favorite pursuits. For all this—to have it to any considerable extent—we are too new, too busy, too gross. But at least our legislators might let the student alone; not hinder, if they cannot help him; not increase his burdens and difficulties, and thereby not only meddle with his own progress, but diminish or defeat whatever he might accomplish, be the same much or little, towards the assistance of others and the general increase of knowledge.

I may give an instance from my own experience. My specialty is an obscure branch of literature, concerning which few know or care much, but in which are involved certain not unimportant practical considerations. I have done thereanent some work not, I trust, utterly worthless, and hope to do more. My tools, of course, are books, and most of them English. They are not few (my collection is, I believe, the largest of this sort in America), and hundreds are yet to be added. I have to study economy, and I have effected arrangements by which I can get books from England at small expense, except for the duty. That is the one obstacle; and now the obstacle seems likely to grow into prohibition. If the next tariff is as bad as it promises to be, I suppose my importations must cease. Will it be any satisfaction, I wonder, to Congress, and any benefit to the nation, to stop my harmless pursuits and frustrate my little plans for the future? I, and what I can do, are of small consequence; but, suppose there are in the country hundreds of men likewise engaged upon labors more useful than mine, who will be affected much in the same way by blind and brainless legislation. Agitation may not be a remedy, but is there any other?

B.

BISHOP PERCY'S FOLIO MS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A letter from a gentleman of your city informs me that considerable interest exists in the United States about our print of Bishop Percy's Folio MS., the foundation of his celebrated "Reliques," but that no one knows to what publishers he should pay his subscription.

Now, as this scheme of printing this famous MS., so long religiously hidden by the bishop's descendants, was undertaken by me solely at the instigation of an American professor, Prof. Child, of Harvard, who has been long honorably known to us English students of Early English here by his famous paper on "Chaucer's final *e*" and his "Ballads," I shall be only too glad to have help from his countrymen in carrying out his project, and proving to all in England and our colonies that it is not "the old country" alone that cares for "the old men," but that the new land claims her share in the fame and work of those who helped to create the noble tongue that all who speak English use. And not only for these Percy folio ballads and romances do I speak, but on behalf of the earlier works which our Early English Text Society, with an energy and liberality heretofore unknown among book-clubs, is monthly producing, and which shed a much-needed light on the speech and thoughts and ways of our common ancestors. The United States ought to help us in this. It may seem strange to you that I should write thus; but having watched your late war with an interest keener than our own Crimean one; having been depressed at your defeats, gladdened at your victories, and exulted with fierce joy as Sherman marched his magnificent march through the South, and Grant tightened his death-grip on the bold, bad men who fought so bravely for the accursed cause—I cannot but seize a chance of saying to you, now that your fight for the right is transferred from camp to Congress (for heaven's sake don't think it's over), won't you care for what I care for? won't you do something for our old men whose work lies hidden in manuscripts? won't you enrich the minds of yourselves and your children by sharing and letting them share the thoughts of the men who helped to make you and us what we each are?

Excuse my straggling thus. I meant only to send you some publishers' addresses, but I couldn't keep quiet. So let me give you now Messrs Trübner & Co.'s message: That subscriptions for the Percy folio print and the Early English Text Society will be received by these correspondents Leypoldt & Holt, New York; Scribner & Welford, New York; Dutton & Co., Boston; J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia. The subscriptions for the different sets of the Percy print are: for quarto copies on thick-toned ribbed French paper, 50 copies only printed, ten guineas; for royal octavo copies on Whatman's thickest white ribbed paper, 50 printed, five guineas;* for demi-octavo copies on Whatman's second white ribbed paper, 250 copies printed, two guineas. For 8vo copies to members of the Early English Text Society, on ordinary paper, one guinea. The book will be in four volumes, and neither Prof. Child, nor I, nor my friend Mr. Hales, of Christ's College, Cambridge (who is writing admirable introductions to the ballads, etc.), will receive a penny of profit from it; that, if any, will go to the Early English Text Society. The subscription to this society is only one guinea a year, and for this the society gave eleven valuable texts last year, and this year will give twenty if enough members subscribe to it. These texts are of the highest character and interest, edited by men of known ability, and in a club like the Roxburghe would cost a member at least fifty guineas and take ten years to bring out.

I ask, through you, sir, for the help of the men of culture in the United States in these matters. Yours faithfully,

FRED. J. FURNIVALL.

3 St. George's Square, Primrose Hill,
London, N. W., Feb. 9, 1867.

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* Originally a further liability was attached to the large-paper copies. This is now done away with.

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The Week.

The long-expected veto of the Reconstruction bill came on Saturday. It is simply a reiteration of the now familiar argument, that Congress has no right to impose on the South any conditions of readmission whatever, save that members of Congress shall be loyal men. With extraordinary fatuity, Mr. Johnson still refrains from explaining where he himself got the power to impose on the States the abolition of slavery and the repudiation of all debts contracted in the interest of the rebellion; and yet he talks of these two conditions as if their constitutionality were doubted by nobody. He cites also once more the resolution of Congress passed in 1861, declaratory of the objects of the war, and in which no mention is made of anything except the restoration of the Union pure and simple, forgetting that this would apply to the abolition of slavery just as much as to the Constitutional Amendment. He draws a horrible picture of the character of the present bill—so horrible that it is difficult to see how he can, after such an expression of opinion, set about executing it. If it is all he says it is, he will be one of the worst and meanest of men if he allows himself to be the instrument of putting it in force. Nevertheless, if he does not execute it, and execute it fully and effectively, we trust there will be neither delay nor hesitation in bringing him to justice. Unpunished nullification of acts of Congress by the Executive would be just as dangerous a precedent as sham impeachments for party purposes. We have discussed the future more fully elsewhere.

◆

One of the memorable incidents of the close of the session was the assault of Messrs. Chandler and Sumner on Mr. McCulloch, for having employed in some Southern States assistant assessors who were unable to take the required oath. Mr. McCulloch, we believe, alleges that as the law requires the assessors to reside in the county, it was impossible, in many instances, to find persons capable of meeting all the requirements of the office—a statement which may or may not be correct—though nobody who knows anything of the population of some Southern counties will find in it anything very incredible. As to the duty of the Secretary under such circumstances, opinions will differ. Our own is that he ought to have obeyed the law, even if the United States lost money by it. The loss of the money is a small matter; but the assumption of officials on all occasions, small and great, of power to dispense with the execution of statutes which they find inconvenient, is a very great matter. The Senate and House both set a very dangerous example in this matter in Senator Patterson's case last year. But Mr. McCulloch's neglect of duty does not furnish the smallest excuse for the kind of attack made on him by Senators Chandler and Sumner. When the former of these called him a "liar," a "thief," and a "pauper," he not only disgraced himself, which is of no great consequence, but he disgraced the Senate and the country as much as it is in his power to do. The theory of a good many politicians seems to be that being "sound" on reconstruction furnishes a man with a plenary indulgence for any ruffianism he inclines to, for one may be ruffianly with his tongue just as with bludgeon or mud-ball.

◆

The Tariff bill, like error, "died among its worshippers," on Saturday, apparently without exciting very deep regret on the part of anybody. But the "woollen interest" was lucky enough to get the Bingham bill of last year passed for its benefit at the last moment. *The Tribune*, before the final catastrophe, had been forced into calling Congress to give up trying to legislate for "special interests"—a remarkable confession of the folly of its sermonizing during the previous half-year. There will be no end to this confusion, jobbery, and disappointment until Congress agrees to allow *experts* to draw up a tariff bill, based on a principle of some kind, and refuses to listen to lobbyists and to individual members with hobbies.

◆

Congress adjourned with great decorum, Messrs. Foster and Colfax delivering very graceful valedictory addresses. Mr. Colfax was immediately elected Speaker of the Fortieth Congress, which met on Monday, and the machine is once more in motion, with some new wheels, of which the most prominent are General Butler and Mr. John Morrissey. "The fine *personnel* of the latter," says the New York *Times* reporter, "astonished many who had formed their opinion of him based on the popular conception of his character." We have no doubt whatever, that by dint of puffing Mr. Morrissey's "personnel," "Our Washington Correspondent" will win for him by next fall the well-known brevet rank of "a gentleman of fine talents and dignified manners."

◆

Mr. James Brooks occupied some time at the opening of the new Congress by a characteristic protest against its assembling on such notice and in the absence of so many members, several of the Northern States not having yet held their elections. His rhetoric was very fine, but then his arguments could be so readily made to carry him into absurdity, that they did not call for any reply, and got none. It is the business of States entitled to representation in Congress to see that their representatives are ready when Congress meets. Congress must, in fixing when it shall meet, be guided by the state of the country, and by nothing else. Any other rule would put it in the power of a small number of States to prevent or postpone its meeting at most important crises. Besides which, the Constitution provides against all flagrant abuse of the power, by ordaining that it shall take a majority of all members to constitute a quorum.

◆

We publish elsewhere an article on the condition of the Board of Education in this city, which we commend to the attention of all who are interested either in municipal reform or in education. If the question were a purely local one, we should not have devoted so much space to it. But the fact is that every large city in the Union is following more or less rapidly the track of New York in all that relates to local government, and our experience may be the means of saving others many errors and many costly experiments.

◆

THE operation of the Uniform Bankruptcy law will be productive of unmixed good at the North, and at the South the good it will do will be nearly unmixed. To keep an honest bankrupt who was a rebel under disabilities injurious to him and not beneficial to any one else would be impolitic and unchristian; and it will also be necessary to forego thoughts of vengeance on those insolent robbers who, as soon as the war broke out, laughed their Northern creditors to scorn, even taking pains, some of them, to write letters informing the helpless Northerner that he might collect how he could. In the North the effect of the bill will be to set many respectable men on their legs again and give them one more chance. Nor does the law seem to us too hard on the creditor, as was the law of 1842. At any rate, if bankrupts must be, we may well enough be glad of uniformity in the system of bankruptcy. That is a clear advantage.

◆

THE Assembly of this State refused, by a vote of thirty-three to ninety, to allow colored men to vote for delegates to the State Convention, on the sole ground that such delegates were "officers" within the meaning of the clause in the Constitution declaring who shall vote for "officers" elected by the people. Yet, on the same day, by a vote of sixty-seven to fifty-two, the Assembly voted to exclude unconvicted rebels and deserters from voting at the election, although the Constitution expressly provides that all white citizens, unconvicted of crime, may vote. The inconsistency of the two decisions is almost ludicrous. It ought to be clear to any ordinary understanding that the "officers" mentioned in the Constitution are such as act under it. A Congressman is an "officer," and, indeed, so is a bank president; but no one imagines that the Constitution of this State regulates their qualifications or the mode of their election. Neither does it regulate in the least the election or qualifications of delegates to a convention avowedly called to act *over* and not *under* it. If they are officers under the Constitution, they must take the regular oath of office, and swear to support the very instrument which they are elected to destroy.

◆

MR. SMYTHE, before he took the collectorship of the port of New York, occupied a very high position as a man of honor, and his appointment was generally received with great satisfaction, as proof that the "good time" was at hand. But, according to the Congressional Committee, no sooner had he got into office than he took to the old game of jobbery—converted the "general order store" into a "plum" of corruption, farmed it out to knaves, who were to pay $40,000 or $50,000 a year for it, part to Mr. Smythe himself, part to "Mrs. Perry"—whoever she may be—and part to a son of our respected President, Andrew Johnson. The whole revelation is disgusting. If we cannot trust men like Mr. Smythe, whom may we trust? The answer is, nobody, as long as the present system is continued. Until the public service becomes a career to which men devote their lives, the temptation to grab all one can during short terms of office will be so strong that the purest men will fall victims to it. A man who won't rob, now naturally finds his position untenable.

◆

CITIZENS and property-holders residing in Fourth Avenue, above the Central Park, have printed an "Appeal for Protection to Human Life in Fourth Avenue," which they address to the Legislature, and which we sincerely hope may receive a favorable answer. The fact that at this late day such an appeal is necessary or possible forbids us to do more than hope. The state of affairs disclosed is most disgraceful. The petitioners say that through the middle of the great thoroughfare above mentioned, dividing it into two parts, which at several points are so narrow that vehicles meeting cannot pass each other, the Harlem Railroad Company keeps open a frightful ravine. The cut is of irregular width, varying from forty to fifty feet; its depth below the level of the street is in some places ten feet, in others fifty; the sides of it are either left unprotected, making it a pitfall for foot-passengers, or are inadequately protected by low walls. It is almost a mile long. One policeman makes affidavit that within the last eight years he has assisted in carrying away the bodies of six persons injured by falling into the tunnel; another policeman has been familiar with the place for nine years, and in that time has helped to carry off the bodies of from eight to twelve persons killed or injured there, and knows of from twelve to twenty other persons so injured, a majority of whom were killed. The Harlem Railroad Company, the petitioners say, disregards the fact that the grand jury of the county of New York have indicted the cut as a nuisance; it resists all applications to remedy the evil; it uses its overshadowing money influence to prevent justice being done to the public; and openly tramples on the public interests in order to promote its own. An executive committee has been appointed, and we wish them success in whatever measure they may take to save themselves as property-owners from the injury this corporation inflicts on them, and to save the city from a great disgrace.

◆

MR. AGASSIZ delivered the last lecture of his course last week, and devoted two hours to a reply to the strictures made on his course in this journal and elsewhere, and to the refutation of the Darwinian theory, uttering his opinions with great freedom. The submission of such a controversy by a scientific man of Mr. Agassiz's standing to a promiscuous assemblage of two thousand people, of whom perhaps one hundred had a distinct notion of what it was all about, or what Darwin's theory is, was a very curious spectacle. Still more curious were the attempts of the audience to give some kind of verdict in the matter, by applauding whenever they caught a word or phrase which seemed to bear hard on the monkeys. It was quite evident that his hearers were very ready to have the professor handle the Darwinians even more roughly than he did. His manner was perfect, however, and he treated his opponents like a gentleman, and would have treated them like a philosopher had he stated their position clearly, which he did not. But one cannot do everything in two hours.

◆

THE subject of the controversy between Agassiz and Owen on the one side, and Vogt, Huxley, and Darwin on the other, is one on which it has been commonly supposed not more than fifty men—if so many—in the world are competent to give an opinion worth listening to. Of finding anybody, in our time at least, who can say with absolute certainty whether there is any foundation for the Darwin theory or not, we believe all scientific men, as well as the rest of the public, despair. But it is evident we were all mistaken. There is somebody in New York who *knows* that there is nothing in the Darwin hypothesis whatever, and we are glad to say he has been secured as a contributor to the Sunday edition of the New York *Times*. On Sunday last he closed this tedious controversy by thanking Professor Agassiz for "*completely* exposing the fallacy, nay, the very absurdity, of the theory thus advanced" (by Huxley and Darwin).

◆

EVERY good man should rejoice—it is not necessary that a man should be very good to rejoice—that Governer Swann, of Maryland, has failed to get his wages. His fingers were just closing on the senatorship, the reward of the services he rendered the rebel party last autumn, and he had to draw back his hand. His punishment is sufficient—sufficient for vengeance. Evidently it has not brought him to repentance and amendment; he has the extreme hardihood to say that the office was conferred upon him "without solicitation or agency on his part"—an assertion requiring an amount of assurance in the man who makes it that has rarely been equalled in American political history. Boys in the street know that Mr. Swann longed for the senatorship as some men have longed for heaven; that he and his friends and the party to which he now belongs became convinced that the U. S. Senate would unseat him; that therefore he and they were forced to make up their minds that he had better hold on to the governorship and keep it out of the hands of the Radical Lieutenant-Governor; and that therefore he resigned the senatorship. The talk about its being known that during the war Mr. Swann received payments of interest on Confederate bonds may possibly be true; probably, though, he held bonds of the State of

Virginia. Virginia after secession resolved that "alien enemies"—meaning American citizens—should not receive the interest on the Virginia bonds they held, and it is possible that through the influence of his friends in the seceded State Mr. Swann may have practically been made an exception to this rule. Of this, however, we know nothing; the loss of the senatorship is sure. Man cannot predict the future, or the history of Maryland in the autumn of 1866 might have been very different.

◆

THE resolutions about reform introduced into the House of Commons by the Derby Ministry, and which were received by the country with a burst of rage and derision, have been withdrawn, and a bill is now promised. What the bill will contain nobody knows, and the resolutions were so wildly vague that they afford no data for conjecture. The last reform demonstration was, in point of numbers and enthusiasm, a failure; but the question presses with such tremendous force that all parties are calling for its settlement. The Fenian attempt on Chester seems to have been well planned, and only failed owing to the usual incident of Irish conspiracies—the appearance of an informer on the scene, who put the police in possession of all the details. The "rising" in Kerry appears to have consisted in the parading of the high-roads and robbing of one or two police stations by a few hundred men, who soon took to the woods and mountains, and are now being hunted down in detail. The casualties of the struggle consist of one policeman wounded. "The men in the gap" seem to do no better than the heroes of Lime Ridge. The commander-in-chief, General O'Connor, who was thought to have been captured, is still at large. In the meantime, this constant disturbance is driving capital out of the island and breaking down industry. The O'Donoghue, we are glad to see, is devoting himself heart and soul to the English Reform movement.

◆

ITALY is passing through a political crisis arising out of the Church question. Baron Ricasoli proposed to secularize the immense estates of the Church, but, while absolutely confiscating a portion of it, to leave in the hands of the clergy, provided it was invested in the public funds, a sum estimated by some at $300,000,000, and by others at $400,000,000, free from state control. This would, of course, virtually render the Church independent of the State, but it would place the subordinate clergy at the mercy of Pope and bishops, who are of course no friends of the new *régime*. Now "a free church in a free state," free a thing as it is here, seems to the mass of the Italian liberals to be full of danger in Italy, where the main body of the people are grossly ignorant, and are as dependent on the parish priests for political as for religious guidance. Whoever paid the priests would, the liberals believe, really govern the people. Therefore, considerable hostility had sprung up in the Parliament towards the ministry, when a confessedly illegal step on Baron Ricasoli's part, though there was perhaps some excuse to be found for it in the circumstances of the case, in prohibiting public meetings in Venetia, where the opposition to the Church measure ran very high, brought matters to a crisis. A vote of want of confidence in the ministry was passed by 136 to 104. The ministers resigned, dissolved Parliament, and "went to the country." The elections are now pending, and the new Parliament will meet March 22. The liberals seek the complete appropriation of the Church property and the payment of the clergy by yearly salaries, as state functionaries, as in France.

◆

A DEBATE on Crete has occurred in the English Parliament, in which the tide seemed to run strongly against the Turks; but Mr. Layard took up the cudgels for them and defended them vigorously, much in the style in which James Brooks used to defend the poor white man against the abolitionists, before the war. The general opinion seemed to be that the Turks have had about as much sympathy and assistance from England as they deserved, and that the Christians were now entitled to a little of both. Lord Stanley's despatches, which recommended moderation to the Porte, were generally approved, and Lord Stanley himself foreshadowed a policy of non-interference.

THE FREEDMEN.

THE Legislature of Tennessee has provided by law for a common-school system for the State without distinction of color. It is not perhaps an obvious, but it is an entirely truthful remark, that the blacks would never have been embraced in this provision except for the previous experiment and example of freedmen's schools, sustained by the benevolence of the North, in every part of Tennessee. In them the capacity of the negro and his ambition to get knowledge have been for ever established; and they have also proved themselves here, as noted by Superintendent Tomlinson in South Carolina, the handmaids of civilization, and restored public order. The patient and obscure toiling of three years has wrought this great revolution in Tennessee. The Philadelphia society alone, aided for the last eighteen months by that at Pittsburg, has effected and sustained seventeen distinct educational organizations, five of which are normal classes for the preparation of colored teachers, besides an orphan asylum at Nashville; and has distributed more than $10,000 worth of supplies, clothing, and fuel. At Murfreesboro', says a very high authority, "there is scarcely a department of culture, whether social, literary, or religious, which has not received an impetus from our teachers;" and the same might be said of the other stations, as indeed at Stevenson: "The teacher is an adviser of the colored people in everything." "Gradually, we are reaching the parents through the children."

—We understand that the N. Y. Branch of the American Freedman's Union Commission, having together with the Pennsylvania Branch borne the chief burden of the schools in the District of Columbia, will presently withdraw its teachers and its care from all but a single school. This action is the result in part of the charge imposed upon the District by Congress of furnishing to blacks and whites equally the benefits of education; in part, of the suffrage which the blacks have obtained, admitting them to the control of their own destiny; and especially of the mental and moral improvement in the colored people which has been brought about in its own province by the New York association.

—Mr. Johnson, believing what he would like to have true, accuses Congress of forcing the suffrage upon the freedmen. He has more than once been refuted by his adopted State, and on this new issue he is again. "Large and enthusiastic conventions of the colored people," says a private letter from Tennessee, dated March 2, "are being held in various portions of the State, and resolutions adopted indicating that *they will vote* in the coming election *the way they shot*"—which means point-blank against their late oppressors.

—U. S. Commissioner Foster issued, on the 27th ult., warrants for the arrest of five magistrates of the Corporation Court of Norfolk, for refusing colored testimony two days before, in violation of the Civil Rights act. On the 1st inst. he decided that they had acted illegally, and bound them over in $1,500 each to appear before the District Court on the 13th.

—The Supreme Court of Alabama has decided that the emancipation proclamation did not take effect in that State till May, 1865.

—Sixty Catholic priests have arrived in New Orleans, to open schools for the freedmen.

—Secretary McCulloch has made a colored messenger of the Treasury a clerk, after he had passed the usual examination. He was educated at Oberlin. A not unfriendly writer says, "It must not be supposed that his elevation has made him at all giddy (!). On the contrary, he is, as he has always been, humble," etc., etc.

—In his speech on the Military Reconstruction bill, Feb. 19, Senator Wilson, of Massachusetts, said:

> "The Civil Rights bill passed in the spring of 1866. I have a partial list of outrages and murders perpetrated in the rebel States since the passage of that act, officially reported. All admit that the cases officially reported make but a small portion of the outrages or murders committed. From April to December, in Virginia, 18 murders and 105 burglaries in one county alone; in North Carolina, 15 murders of freedmen were committed, and 86 outrages—some of the number were assaults with intent to kill; in South Carolina, 29 murders and 64 outrages; in Georgia, 79 murders; in Mississippi, 34 murders; in Kentucky, 19 murders; in Texas, 74 murders, and 10 mortally wounded. Since the passage of the Civil Rights law, 375 murders of freedmen have been committed in the rebel States, and 556 outrages. These outrages and murders were officially reported, and the victims of the Memphis riot and the New Orleans massacre are not included."

Notes.

LITERARY.

The Essex Institute, the well-known Natural History Society of Salem, Massachusetts, which was recently the recipient of some of Mr. Peabody's bounty, has commenced the publication of a popular illustrated monthly magazine of natural history. It is called *The American Naturalist*, and gives forty-eight octavo pages of articles, beside twelve more devoted to brief reviews, proceedings of societies, correspondence, and the like. The first number for March has been issued, and contains the beginning of an exceedingly interesting paper by Mr. E. S. Morse, on "The Land Snails of New England," with a plate. The other leading articles are "The Volcano of Kilanea in 1864–5," by W. T. Brigham, with a wood-cut; "The Fossil Reptiles of New Jersey;" "The American Silk-worms;" and "Winter Notes of an Ornithologist," by J. A. Allan. The editor is Alpheus J. Packard, Jr., in connection with Edward S. Morse, Alpheus Hyatt, and Frederick W. Putnam. It is intended to make it a popular magazine, easily understood by persons who have devoted little or no attention to the niceties of scientific phraseology, capable of arousing the attention of the young to the life going on around them, and able to take advantage of, and rightly direct, the enthusiasm for natural history that has of late years been growing in this country. The price of the magazine is three dollars per year.

—The new Aldine series of the English poets has finally been issued by Messrs. Bell & Daldy. It is comprised in fifty-two volumes foolscap octavo. Two hundred and fifty sets were printed on large paper before stereotyping, of which one hundred only were sold to this country, all of them to Mr. R. H. Johnston, of 64 Nassau Street. The series has been re-edited by competent editors, though few changes have been made in the text of any but the Chaucer. The Spenser is a reprint of Mr. J. Payne Collier's text, and is in a smaller type than the other volumes. The Chaucer is by far the best work. The text follows exactly the Harleian manuscript, and there are added a valuable introduction on the language and versification of the poet by the editor, Mr. Richard Morris, a life of Chaucer by Sir Harris Nicolas, and a glossary. It is a matter of great regret that the plan of the publishers did not allow Mr. Morris to append any collations of the text and various readings. Three hitherto unpublished short poems are included in this edition: "Ætas Prima," the blessings of the early time when war was not, when men ate mast and haws, drank water, and slept

> "On grasse or levys in parfite joy and quiete;"

"Leaulte vaut Richesse," from a Scotch copy, two stanzas; and "Prosperity," eight lines, concluding with

> "There is no more perilouse pestilence
> Than hie astate gevin unto schrewis."

The first of these does not seem to be in the condition Chaucer left it.

—For the last few years there has been a great demand in this country for large-paper copies of books; and the reprinting of old books and tracts has been carried to a great extent, more to satisfy the demand of collectors for handsomely-printed large-paper books than for any better reason. So eagerly are such books sought for that almost any old tract or squib, even if almost worthless, always repays a handsome profit on the cost of reprinting. Do these wealthy and liberal collectors ever reflect how much real good they might do for the cause of learning by assisting in publishing the old manuscripts of which the English libraries are full? No one that has yet been published has failed to throw some useful light on the early history of our common language. We have previously spoken in this paper of the publication of the original manuscript of Percy's "Reliques," the first part of which will soon be ready for delivery. We learn from Mr. F. J. Furnivall, from whom we published a letter last week, that arrangements have recently been made by which subscriptions will be received by Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt, Scribner, Welford & Co., of New York; Messrs. Dutton & Co., of Boston; and Messrs. Lippincott & Co., of Philadelphia. The subscriptions are of four classes. Subscriptions of ten guineas will entitle the subscribers to large-paper copies, on quarto sheets of thick toned French ribbed paper—fifty copies only printed. Five guineas entitles its donor to a large royal octavo copy on Whatman's thickest white ribbed paper—fifty copies only printed. For the octavo copies, uniform with the publications of the Early English Text Society, the subscription will be one guinea to all members of that society, and two guineas to those not members. The work will be printed by Spottiswoode & Co., and will be in four volumes, of about 1,400 pages in all. This country should raise at least £50 to secure from loss the gentleman who procured the manuscript, Prof. Child; and for a work of such value it ought to raise much more.

—At the same places will be received subscriptions for the publications of the Early English Text Society—one guinea a year. No society deserves better support than this, and none has done so much for English literature in the same space of time. The membership of the society has increased in three years from 145 to 420, and the number of texts yearly printed from four to eleven. The publications for 1864 and 1865 are entirely out of print, except a few sets in the hands of Messrs. Lippincott & Co., but will probably be reprinted. During this year, 1867, if funds enough are supplied, thirty-two texts can be printed. Of these, three have already left the press and are issued to members; seven more are in press; and thirteen more are ready to go to press at a month's notice. Among them are "The Romance of Partenay or Lusignen;" "Dan Jon Gaytrigg's Sermon; The Abbaye of S. Spirit; Sayne Jon, and other pieces in the Northern Dialect;" a collection of tracts on meals and manners, the fullest yet published; "Palladius on Husbondrie: the Earliest English Poem on Husbandry;" Mirk's "Duties of a Parish Priest," in verse; "Cursor Mundi;" and the earliest version of Piers Plowman, from the earliest MS. These books can never again be bought so cheaply, and every one of them throws valuable light on English history and the English language. They are edited gratuitously by the very best English scholars.

—Mr. Samuel Porter, long connected with the Deaf and Dumb Asylum at Hartford, Conn., and now of the National Deaf-Mute College, Washington, has published, through Messrs. B. Westermann & Co., an essay on "The Vowel Elements of Speech." The paper first appeared in *The American Journal of Science and Arts;* and in it Mr. Porter sets forth a new system of the vowel sounds, accordant with the mode of their formation by the organs, and not arranged, as most others are, by the degrees of openness and closeness of the vowels. After a complete discussion of the manner and place of production of the vowel sounds, the author investigates to some extent the received theories of the difference between vowels and consonants. The paper is important and interesting not only to all students of phonology, but to teachers of elocution and of singing, and all who train in any way the human voice.

—The untiring efforts of Mr. A. R. Spofford to secure for the library of Congress, which is under his charge, the extensive historical collection of Col. Peter Force, have been completely successful. We presume since the national library was founded there has been no addition to it at all approaching this in value, and it ought to be the cause of general gratulation that the views of the owner and the librarian as to its proper destination have been adopted by Congress, and the liberal offer accepted without higgling.

—When M. Charles Nisard prepared for the press the second edition of his "Histoire des Livres Populaires," he intended to add a third volume on the subject of songs. He, however, yielded to the objections of his publisher, and reserved the subject for a distinct work, which he has now given us, entitled "Les Chansons Populaires chez les Anciens et chez les Français." Though the author traces the history of popular songs among the Greeks, Romans, and Hebrews, he principally occupies himself with those of France. He gives many characteristic specimens, from the couplets which Taillefer recited at the battle of Hastings, to the "Mazarinades," and "Recueil de Maurepas." The whole of the second volume is taken up with an account of contemporary songs, among which may be found the famous "Eh, Lambert!" "Le Sire de Framboisy," and some of the still more famous ballads of Mademoiselle Thérèse. A new edition of "Barsaz-Breiz, Chants Populaires de la Bretagne" has just been published by the Vicomte de la Villemarqué, to which the editor has added several new features, besides about a dozen pieces hitherto unpublished. He gives in every instance a modern French translation of the songs, with a commentary. The tunes of the most remarkable ballads are printed at the end of the volume. A German Song-Book of the sixteenth century has lately been published, with introduction and glossary, by Karl Gödecke and Julius Tittmann. It is the first volume of a series of sixteenth-century poets published by Brockhaus, of Leipzig.

—A very remarkable letter has been received by the French Minister of Public Instruction from M. Lejean, who has been sent by the Government of France on a journey of scientific exploration to India and the Persian Gulf. His letter is dated from Abushehr, a seaport on the east coast of the Persian Gulf. Among many other singular and interesting discoveries, he reports that he has discovered several pre-Sanskrit languages (*langues paléo-ariennes*), "still spoken between Kashmir and Affghanistan by mountain tribes," which bear a closer resemblance to the old languages of Europe than the Sanskrit itself. A statement so remarkable needs strong confirmation. He says further that he has followed "step by step" the voyage of Nearchus, the admiral of Alexander, who explored this coast in B.C. 325, and has discovered traces of him. He has also found two ruined cities of the Persepolitan period near Abushehr—Mesambria, now Ruhil, and the Hieramitis of Nearchus, the present Gheramita.

SCIENTIFIC.

Improved Means of Obtaining Iodine.—As new processes of manufacture are gradually discovered and applied in the various departments of the so-called useful arts, and old materials come to receive new uses, it often happens that long-established methods become suddenly impracticable or unprofitable under the stress of new competitions. Thorough revisions of old processes, and sometimes fundamental alterations in great industries, are thus necessitated by a force of circumstances which no prerogative or routine, though of the stiffest, can resist.

As illustrating this proposition, certain recent improvements in the manufacture of iodine are worthy of notice. Indeed, the whole history of the kelp industry, as practised upon the coasts of Scotland and Ireland, is worth recalling, because of the curious changes through which this branch of industry has passed.

The fused ashes obtained by incinerating various sea-weeds, and the alkaline salts obtained by bleaching these ashes, were formerly much used in England for making soap and glass. Before the discovery of the modern method of obtaining soda-ash from sea-salt, and so long as heavy import duties were imposed upon barilla and other foreign alkalies, the preparation of ashes from sea-weeds, or *kelp*, as this ash was termed, was carried on in many localities with profit, simply for the sake of the alkali which the ashes contain. It has been estimated that the annual product of kelp in Great Britain was at one time as high as 25,000 tons. But, as new sources of alkali were discovered and as the duty upon the foreign article was reduced, the manufacture of kelp was gradually given up. It would, in fact, probably have disappeared from among the arts but for the discovery that from sea-weeds the important chemical and medicinal agent iodine can be more cheaply obtained than from any other source. Having thus come in to aid the declining kelp industry, the manufacture of iodine inherited, as it were, the old processes of the kelp-burner. Up to the present time the manufacture of iodine seems to have been conducted upon the alkali-makers' plan, in spite of the fact that iodine has long been by far the most valuable ingredient of the kelp, and the one for which the sea-weeds have really been worked.

Mr. Stanford, in his patent process, now employed upon some of the Scottish islands, does away altogether with the preparation of kelp. Starting with the natural product, sea-weed, he endeavors to save all the useful ingredients which this raw material contains. Instead of roasting or burning the dried sea-weed at high temperatures in the open air, and so destroying the organic matter and losing a very considerable proportion of the iodine, which is dissipated under such conditions, he simply distills the dried weed at a low red heat in iron retorts. By operating in this manner there is obtained, as a residue in the retorts, a very porous charcoal containing the whole of the iodine originally present in the sea-weed, together with the various alkali salts with which it is there associated. By simple lixiviation with water all these salts may be readily removed from the charcoal, to be subsequently separated from one another by crystallization; the final commercial products are remarkably free from color and are of unusual purity. It is noteworthy that even the small percentage of bromine compounds which sea-weeds contain is saved by the new process, and that for the first time in the history of the chemical arts bromine is obtained from this source upon a commercial scale.

The products of distillation, which pass off from the retorts in which the sea-weed is heated, are condensed in suitable receivers, and reworked for ammoniacal salts, oils, naphtha, tar, and so forth. The charcoal left after the removal of the salts is sold as a deodorizer. For filtering water and disinfecting sewage it is said to be a good substitute for bone charcoal, and to cost but a quarter of the price of the latter article.

FELTON'S GREECE, ANCIENT AND MODERN.*

Four courses of lectures on ancient and modern Greece, delivered before the Lowell Institute by the late President Felton, have been edited and published in two handsome octavos. To his friends—and no man had more or warmer friends—they will be an acceptable memento; as regards the public, it is not perhaps too much to claim, with the preface, "that the work fills in our literature a place not before occupied, and that it will render essential service to that cause of liberal culture to which the author's whole life was consecrated." Mr. Felton was an enthusiast by nature, and had the good fortune to be able to devote his life to the one study for which he had the heartiest love. He was a man, too, who never grew old in spirit, and there is nothing factitious or exaggerated in the enthusiasm that these lectures manifest. All he says, he felt; and it cannot be but that so genuine an ardor—one, too, which is kindled by an object worthy of it—will be imparted to his readers. We look, therefore, for solid good from the book. Classical studies are not likely to retain the disproportioned rank in our schemes of liberal education which the superstitious reverence of our fathers assigned them. Nothing is more certain than that a mighty revolution is now going on with regard to them; but there is danger that in this reaction they will be deprived of the consideration which rightfully belongs to them. We welcome, therefore, a work at once of real scholarship and real humanity, which we are sure cannot fail to attract and enlighten the minds with which it comes in contact, and to give to many a new sense of the true value of the classics.

These lectures, differing in their special subjects, illustrate very well, in the several courses, the capabilities of the popular lecture as a means of instruction, and the limitations which it should be under as regards choice of topics. The first course, on "The Greek Language and Poetry," we think the least valuable and satisfactory of all, and for the reason that its subject is that least adapted to this form of treatment. Literature cannot be taught by talking about it, because its peculiar value consists in the special form in which we find it; we must know it at first hand in order to *know* it at all. Lectures on the literature of a nation or a period cannot, therefore, be of much service to any but those already somewhat familiar with that literature, and to them by teaching them to understand and appreciate better what they already know. Lectures on Shakespeare, Milton, the dramatists, the essayists—all these are useful to an ordinarily well-educated audience. But popular lectures on Greek literature are of a different order, because this subject lies outside the range of tastes and interests of those who listen to them. They are delivered to an audience of cultivated people, to be sure, all of whom have heard of Homer, no doubt, and many of whom have read traditions of him, but to most of whom the names of Pindar, Simonides, Æschylus, and Sophocles are mere names, if known at all. You cannot give an audience which is at the highest point of culture in other respects, but ignorant in this, any knowledge of these great poets that is worth having by merely talking about them, any more than you can describe the Dresden Madonna or the Venus of Milo to one who had never seen it. We have no doubt Mr. Felton's audiences enjoyed the lectures highly, and went home feeling that they had learned something; but, after all, what had they learned but names? An evening spent in the careful reading of Mrs. Browning's "Prometheus," and another of Schlegel's lectures on the Greek drama, will give a person wholly ignorant of Greek an accurate, if incomplete, notion of this wonderful and characteristic branch of literature; but general lectures will never do it.

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* "Greece, Ancient and Modern. Lectures delivered before the Lowell Institute. By C. C. Felton, LL.D., late President of Harvard University. In two volumes." Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1867.

The second course, on "The Life of Greece," is, on the other hand, the best of the four, and for the same reason, that its subject is best fitted to be treated in this manner. More than this, Mr. Felton was pre-eminently the man to do it. Only a man who is as keenly alive as he was to all that was going on about him could enter so heartily as he has done into the life of a bygone age, and put together, out of the fragmentary notices that have come down to us, so charming a picture of it as that which he has here presented us.

The course upon "The Constitutions and Orators of Greece" is excellent, especially the last lectures, where the orators, from Lydias down, are described and compared. The development of the Athenian constitution is not so distinctly traced as we could desire. The author did not excel in political analysis; and while the lectures on Solon, Clisthenes, and especially Pericles, state clearly enough the special changes which they introduced, and, above all, present us with glowing portraitures of the statesmen themselves, we fail to find a well-digested account of the growth of the constitution as a whole; in especial, the share taken in its development by Themistocles and Aristides has hardly justice done it. Neither can we believe that the early institutions of the Greeks are treated as they would have been had Maine's "Ancient Law" appeared before the preparation of these lectures. It is hardly too much to say that this great work has revolutionized the study of the primitive institutions of Greece and Rome, and that any book written before it must seem superficial and defective upon points that its masterly discussions have made commonplaces to us.

It is in the last course of lectures (the third in order of preparation, but the last in this arrangement), upon "Modern Greece," that we find most that is new and characteristic and the fruit of special preparation; for the others, his life-work was the preparation. Mr. Felton returned from his visit to Greece brimming over with enthusiasm, and these lectures were a genuine labor of love. It vexes us, however, to find so much space devoted to repetitions of matter contained in the other courses, and to the wearisome and unedifying chronicles of the Middle Age, which latter we might much better be left to look up for ourselves in Gibbon—space which we grudge, feeling that it might have been filled with those graphic pictures of Grecian life and travel of the present day which Mr. Felton knew so well how to draw, with more detailed accounts of the leading men of Greece now living, and especially of the elements of political society throughout the kingdom. Mr. Felton has not done for us here all that he had it in his power to do, and that we should have been grateful to him for doing. Still, this course contains much valuable information, well arranged and well stated, which is peculiarly acceptable to us just now that the Grecian question is again becoming prominent.

On all disputed questions Mr. Felton is pre-eminently a *Philhellene;* and he defends his positions so chivalrously and eloquently as to make us wish—as we are nothing loth—that he may be right. Still, the impartial judgment needs more data than he has given us. The lively picture, for instance (Vol. II., p. 315), of "a Greek professor in a Greek university lecturing to two hundred Greeks, in the Greek language, to prove that the Greeks were Greeks, and not Slavonians"—this picture after all carries hardly more weight with it as an argument than the easily conceivable one of a Gallic professor in Lutetia, say, lecturing in Latin to his audience of *Romani,* and claiming descent from Romulus. We can conceive of a language changing hands on the spot as well as by colonization. We should be glad to believe in the Hellenic descent of the modern Greeks, but the argument is not complete. "The Slavonians," says Mr. Felton, p. 313, "are light-haired, blond-complexioned, and blue-eyed; the Greeks have dark hair, brown complexions, and sparkling black eyes." But in Vol. I., p. 281, Adamantius, a writer of the fifth century, is quoted as describing the Greeks as having "white skin, soft yellow hair, liquid eyes of dark blue or azure;" and on p. 292, Dicæarchus, who wrote in the fourth century before Christ, is quoted as describing the women of Thebes as having yellow hair. We submit—unwilling as we are to yield the point—that the modern Greeks have more resemblance to the Slavonians whom we have seen in Bohemia and Carniola than to their putative ancestors as described by Adamantius.

Of more vital and immediate interest is the question whether the Greeks have the qualities demanded for political success in these days, such as would entitle them to inherit the throne of Constantinople when it shall fall vacant. The events which followed immediately upon their glorious revolution, the reactionary government of Capo d'Istria and his assassination, the revolt of Navromichales, the insurrection in Hydra, the double government after the death of Capo d'Istria, and the fight in the streets of Argos—all these events, as related by Mr. Felton, read like a page out of the history of the Mexican Republic, and seem to indicate an incapacity for orderly self-government. On the other hand, the local municipal governments which exist throughout Greece, having come down from a former age, are the best—we may almost say the only—basis for a free government, and, it would seem, ought to have been allowed to do for Greece what the similar institutions have done within our day for Italy. If the two pillars of democracy are universal education and local self-government, the Greeks have both of these, and, repulsive as is the picture of intrigue and corruption, mean ambition and selfishness, in King Otho's court, we do not know that it is worse than in the court of certain of the Georges of England—shall we say than under certain of the Presidents of the United States of even more recent date? Not many nations would choose to be judged of by their politicians.

If the second course of lectures (delivered in 1853) had been written ten years later, we doubt whether Mr. Felton would have spoken of "Aristotle's Politics" in precisely the terms which he uses (pp. 479–84). In 1853 we of the North were timid and compromising; we half believed that the great battle we were called upon to fight might at least be put off to another generation; we had no faith in our own democracy. The South, on the other hand, had been taught by "Aristotle's Politics" a hearty contempt for our democracy and a hearty belief in its own institution of slavery; this great treatise had no unimportant influence in bringing about the rebellion. It is not, perhaps, too much to claim for "Aristotle's Politics" that it is the most profound treatise in existence on political science; but we cannot concede—and Mr. Felton would not concede were he living now—that the experience of the petty commonwealths of Greece, even when expounded by such a master, "exhausted the subject." Indeed, in the third course, delivered six years later, he gives in detail Aristotle's views on slavery, and attempts to show that this institution was only recognized, not justified, by him—a tacit confession that Aristotle made a mistake on this question.

The lectures bear evident marks of the rapidity—we do not say haste, much less carelessness—with which they were written. There is no effort at compression and logical exactness of style—this would have spoiled them for the purposes of the lecture. We cannot doubt that if the author had himself prepared them for the press, they would have been materially improved in these qualities; or, rather, he would perhaps have recast them, conscious that the style of a spoken lecture is not suited to a printed book, and given them the form of a treatise, more systematic in arrangement and exhaustive in treatment.

THE TENT ON THE BEACH.*

Speaking of himself in a part of his latest volume, Mr. Whittier describes himself as

. . . . "a dreamer born
Who, with a mission to fulfil,
Had left the Muses' haunts to turn
The crank of an opinion-mill."

But he says that he never forgot his first love:

"For while he wrought with strenuous will
The work his hands had found to do,
He heard the fitful music still
Of winds that out of dreamland blew.
The din about him could not drown
What the strange voices whispered down;
Along his task-field weird processions swept,
The visionary pomp of stately phantoms stepped.

"The common air was thick with dreams,—
He told them to the toiling crowd;
Such music as the woods and streams
Sang in his ear he sang aloud;
In still, shut bays, on windy capes,
He heard the call of beckoning shapes,
And, as the grey old shadows prompted him,
To homely moulds of rhyme he shaped their legends grim."

As for the homeliness of some of his rhymes, it is almost proverbial, and this last book is not free from the familiar Yankeeisms the presence of which in the work of such a man is unaccountable on any other supposition than that he has deliberately decided to continue using them. Mr. Whittier has been frequently spoken to about such blemishes as making "accidents" rhyme with "evidence," "war" with "law," and other faults not quite so striking, but quite as avoidable and culpable and exasperating. In other particulars, his description of himself as a poet is equally accurate. Not that it is necessary to agree with him wholly in the implied depreciation of what he styles his crank-work; to us it seems not doubtful that the greater part of his other writing in verse will always be considered inferior to his political poetry. Except when he is painting New England life, and not always even then, his muse is never so kind to him as when, hot with righteous indignation, he is working in that same opinion-mill, doing good which he need not blush and need not be surprised to find fame.

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* "The Tent on the Beach, and Other Poems. By John Greenleaf Whittier." Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1867. Pp. 172.

More than once, of late, he has seemed to express a regretful feeling that his life had not been devoted to poetry pure and simple. It is a regret that we can hardly share; that we could hardly share even if his fellow-countrymen of to-day and of the future were not and were not to be his debtors for the great aid his pen has given to every good cause. For, to our mind, his genius seems to be not of the kind which might have been expected to achieve great successes in other and higher walks of poetry than those in which it has been employed. Its distinguishing marks are strength of moral feeling, depth of religious feeling, which, however, never gets beyond the control of his reason, much tenderness of sentiment, a very good but not the very best eye for nature. And the man endowed with these gifts is a man of perfect sincerity and uprightness, simple and above suspicion of artifice of any kind. But he is too little sensuous, humor is wanting to him, and he is not a poet rich in imagination. So one reads him, and gets an impression of a certain aridness of nature; when one remembers his kindliness and noble philanthropy, it seems like a sin to say so, yet that impression he does produce. For instance, think of him and Keats together, or him and Coleridge, and one can imagine either of the others rapt at “sight of Proteus rising from the sea,” and him struggling for a moment with a tendency to look on all Greek gods with reprehension as heathens. Sympathy with what lies much beyond the range of New Englandish thought we do not find ourselves expecting of him. We submit that great success in the pursuit of poetry of the less exalted kinds, fanciful, imaginative, sympathetic, musical, is hardly attainable by a poet of whom one may make the assertion we have permitted ourselves to make regarding Whittier. It is an assertion which we think will receive assent. As for the more splendid triumphs of imagination, they are for few to think of attempting. We are glad, then, and we think the poet not unfortunate, but fortunate, that in the anti-slavery cause he found a theme to rouse into fervor his moral feelings; and that now in his age, when memory can aid his powers with the charm she is able to fling over the past, he has had time to write for us his beautiful “Snow-Bound,” a poem the secret of whose beauty lies partly in the faithfulness with which the details of the farm-house life are drawn, and partly in the soft and tender lights which memory throws over the picture. For thus while doing most for man, he has done best for himself.

As most of our readers are, we dare say, already well aware—for the volume has been in the bookstores a fortnight—“The Tent on the Beach” tells how Mr. Whittier, during the heats of the summer vacation, camped out on the sea-shore, somewhere in Eastern Massachusetts, with two of his friends. These, we suppose it is no harm to say, were Mr. Bayard Taylor, “the traveller,”

“So travelled there was scarce a land
Or people left him to exhaust,”

and Mr. James T. Fields, the “lettered magnate lording o'er an ever-widening realm of books”—who in Mr. Whittier's description appears thus:

“He knew each living pundit well,
Could weigh the gifts of him or her,
And well the market value tell
Of poet and philosopher.
But if he lost, the scenes behind,
Somewhat of reverence vague and blind,
Finding the actors human at the best,
No readier lips than his the good he saw confessed.

“His boyhood fancies not outgrown,
He loved himself the singer's art;
Tenderly, gently, by his own
He knew and judged an author's heart.
No Rhadamanthine brow of doom
Bowed the dazed pedant from his room;
And bards, whose name is legion, if denied,
Bore off alike intact their verses and their pride.

“Pleasant it was to roam about
The lettered world as he had done,
And see the lords of song without
Their singing robes and garlands on.
With Wordsworth paddle Rydal mere,
Taste rugged Elliott's home-brewed beer,
And with the ears of Rogers, at fourscore,
Hear Garrick's buskined tread and Walpole's wit once more.”

After the friends and the poet himself are introduced, the sights and sounds of the camping place—the knot of picnickers, the gunner in the marsh, the pair of lovers, the flight of sea-fowl, the gathering of the fog—are just touched upon, not described with the fond elaboration with which the interior of the farm-house was painted for us in the winter idyl for which this summer idyl is in some sort a companion. The poem hastens on to one evening when the two friends, by-and-by joined, it would seem, by a “fair singer” from a neighboring tent, sat listening to some pieces which the poet read them, they in turn making their comments, the remarks of the Traveller being generally artistic, those of the Man of Books jocose, while the lady exhibits a religious turn of thought which furnishes occasion for bringing in the moral and religious truths and theories which are a necessary part of Mr. Whittier's poems.

The first stanzas which follow will give a notion of what was said in the tent, and the last stanza of what was seen from it. As for what was sung there, it was “The Dead Ship of Harpswell,” “The Palatine,” “The Brother of Mercy,” “The Maids of Attitash,” “Kallundborg Church,” and other pieces with which *The Atlantic Monthly* has made the public familiar:

“‘Pray,’ said the Man of Books, ‘give o'er
A theme too vast for time and place.
Go on, Sir Poet, ride once more
Your hobby at his old free pace.
But let him keep, with step discreet,
The solid earth beneath his feet.
In the great mystery which around us lies,
The wisest is a fool, the fool heaven-helped is wise.’

“The Traveller said: ‘If songs have creeds,
Their choice of them let singers make;
But Art no other sanction needs
Than beauty for its own fair sake.
It grinds not in the mill of use,
Nor asks for leave, nor begs excuse;
It makes the flexile laws it deigns to own,
And gives its atmosphere its color and its tone.

“‘Confess, old friend, your austere school
Has left your fancy little chance;
You square to reason's rigid rule
The flowing outlines of romance.
With conscience keen from exercise,
And chronic fear of compromise,
You check the free play of your rhymes, to clap
A moral underneath, and spring it like a trap.’

“The sweet voice answered: ‘Better so,
Than, crowding sail, to drive to wreck;
Better to use the bit than throw
The reins all loose on passion's neck.
The poet's liberal range should be
The breadth of Christian liberty.
Was Milton's step less free because he trod
The hills of heaven, and walked, like Enoch, with his God?

“‘The home-fare which our poet gives
Is simply common, not unclean;
The music of the life he lives,
He sings of what his eyes have seen.
Of narrow scope his verse may seem,
But rippled lake and singing stream
Find fitting audience, in themselves complete,
As the great sea that rolls its thunder at our feet.’

. . . . .

“Across the sea one large, low star,
With crimson light that came and went,
Revolving on its tower afar,
Looked through the doorway of the tent.
While outward, over sand-slopes wet,
The lamp flashed down its yellow jet
On the long wash of waves, with red and green
Tangles of weltering weed through the white foam-wreaths seen.”

We need not quote from these well-known poems, the best of which are those “legends grim,” which it does indeed seem as if the wet east winds of the sea-coast had, as he says, whispered in the ears of the poet. “The Palatine,” “The Dead Ship of Harpswell,” “The Wreck of Rivermouth,” breathe the spirit of lonesomeness and wildness and wreck which is the life of the traditions of the sea-shore. In another vein, but an equally characteristic poem, is the very excellent one entitled “Abraham Davenport,” and we can hardly imagine a selection to be called “The Beauties of Whittier” which should not contain these three pieces. We could wish though that the first three lines of the last-mentioned had been omitted.

The “National Lyrics” and the “Occasional Poems” help to fill up the little volume, and contain such favorites as “What the Birds Said” and “The Mantle of St. John de Matha.” In the case of these also quotation is needless, and we close this notice of a book on the possession of which we congratulate the public by transcribing the fine preface:

“I would not sin, in this half-playful strain,—
Too light perhaps for serious years, though born
Of the enforced leisure of slow pain,—
Against the pure ideal which has drawn
My feet to follow its far-shining gleam.
A simple plot is mine: legends and runes
Of credulous days, old fancies that have lain
Silent from boyhood taking voice again,
Warmed into life once more, even as the tunes
That, frozen in the fabled hunting-horn,
Thawed into sound:—a winter fireside dream
Of dawns and sunsets by the summer sea,
Whose sands are traversed by a silent throng
Of voyagers from that vaster mystery
Of which it is an emblem; and the dear
Memory of one who might have tuned my song
To sweeter music by her delicate ear.”

MAURICE DE GUÉRIN.[*]

We have had occasion more than once, in these columns, to speak of Eugénie de Guérin, and in so doing to touch upon her less famous but even more remarkable brother. The opportunity is to-day afforded us to dwell at greater length upon Maurice de Guérin. A gentleman well fitted for the task has executed a translation of the most valuable portion of Guérin's literary remains—his "Journal"—and promises us a version of his letters and his fragmentary pieces. When these shall have been published, American readers who are acquainted with the writings of Eugénie de Guérin, and whose curiosity has been stimulated by the important although silent part played therein by her brother, will find themselves in possession of all such evidence as exists of the young man's extraordinary powers. Let us say immediately a good word for the present translation. It bears marks of fidelity, sympathy, and intelligence, the three essential requisites of a translator; and it strikes us, moreover, as the work of one possessing a good English style. We have observed two or three slight aberrations from the lines of the French text, where it is somewhat ambiguous; but these are pardonable, since the spirit of the whole is not falsified. We should add that the editor has prefixed to the "Journal" a translation of Sainte-Beuve's "Causerie" on Guérin, an example of his best manner; and Mr. Matthew Arnold's essay, an example of his poorest. It was chiefly for the good taste of his selections—always one of Mr. Arnold's great merits—that his essay was valuable; and as Mr. Fisher has suppressed the extracts and given us only the commentary, the character of the essay suffers not a little.

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[*] “The Journal of Maurice de Guérin. Translated by Edward Thornton Fisher.” New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 1867.

The facts of Guérin's life are soon told. He was born at the château of Cayla, in Languedoc, in the year 1810, of a family noble, religious, and poor. His first studies were prosecuted at the *petit seminaire* of Toulouse; his subsequent ones, from the age of thirteen, at the Collége Stanislas, in Paris. On the completion of these latter, he spent a short interval in Paris, undecided as to a profession and in search of temporary work; but, finally, in mid-winter of 1832, in accordance with the wishes of his family, he entered a small quasi-religious brotherhood, founded and governed by La Mennais, at La Chenaie, in Brittany. This step was taken with a view of preparing himself for an ecclesiastical career. Guérin possessed the least conceivable fitness (short of positive aversion) for such a career. There is every appearance, however, that he derived great benefit from his sojourn and his daily contact with La Mennais. These were brought to a sudden conclusion by La Mennais' dissension with the Church and the consequent dispersion of his little group of disciples. Guérin's attitude throughout this critical period is that of cordial sympathy with his instructor. Nine months of religious seclusion and study, however, have convinced him that the Church is not his vocation, and he is again thrown upon the world for support. Before returning to Paris, he spends a number of weeks in the house of a friend on the coast of Brittany, and it is here that some of the finest passages of his journal are written. In January, 1834, he takes up his residence in Paris, where he remains until his early death in 1839. Destitute of all resources save such as he himself creates, his life during this interval is one of hard and often distasteful labor. He gives lessons of Latin and Greek and contributes articles to magazines and newspapers. His lessons, however, are ill paid and his literary connections not extensive, and the first real ease which he knows he obtains through a marriage which he allows to be arranged for him in his twenty-eighth year. Judging from the evidence of his letters and of those of his sister, these words do not misrepresent the nature of Guérin's marriage. His wife was young, charming, and mistress of an income, but Guérin did not live to enjoy his good fortune. He died of consumption in the course of a few months.

Such are the external facts of his history—facts few and simple. To what does he owe, it may be asked, the reputation which, twenty-seven years after his death, causes his writings to be translated into a foreign tongue? What are the names of his works? What idea has he given to the world? There is something very odd in the answer to these questions. Guérin's "works" are a private journal of a hundred duodecimo pages; a half-dozen copies of verses, some twenty-odd letters, and two short prose compositions on mythological subjects. He produced, moreover, a number of book-notices and of miscellaneous articles for periodicals, but these have never been disentombed, and it is by the scanty relics of his private history that his reputation is upheld. So solid a reputation has seldom rested on a basis so accidental. As for Guérin's "ideas," the task of enumeration is easy; or, rather, it is impossible. We are unable to associate a single idea with his name. His gift to the world was the gift of himself, of his own history; or, in other words, of the documents in which this history is reflected—documents as exquisite in quality as they are few in number.

Guérin's history may be briefly described as that of a melancholy man who overcomes his melancholy. The reader of his journal and letters is made a spectator of this delicate process of self-education. He watches the gradual decline of the writer's sadness, the successive diminution of each of its multifold elements, its backward retreat before the advance of the positive cares of life, and its final extinction at the moment when the young man engages in the most rational of marriages and embraces for the second time the most paternal and comfortable of creeds. It may be that Guérin's struggles were not really over at this moment, but it is certain that the reader's perception of them is satisfied.

When we speak of Guérin's sadness, of his melancholy, of his *tristesse*, we feel straightway bound to qualify our language and to explain the force of these terms. Save in a single particular, Guérin was not built on a large scale; he possessed an extraordinary sense of style; he was a master of the use of words. His melancholy has nothing profound and organic. It is not complicated with intellectual curiosity and intellectual doubts. His objects of interest are few in number, and easily approached. His dejection, therefore, is not the prodigious sadness of Pascal, nor, to take another example from among his own countrymen, the ceaseless weariness of Rousseau. It is an egotistical, a sentimental sadness. It is not the apprehension that the world is wrong, that life is worthless, that everything is nothing; it is the impression that *he* is wrong, that his own life is worthless, that his own powers are null. From the beginning to the end of his journal there is no trace of that penetrating (and penetrated) observation of the manners and motives of men which imparts a large portion of their value to the pages of Pascal and Rousseau. Guérin's outward gaze is for physical nature alone. When it deserts this field it reverts to his own mind. Here it lingers with a patience, a vigilance, which have never been surpassed. We quote an illustration:

> "Day before yesterday, in the evening, I had passed my arm round the trunk of a lilac and was singing softly J. J.'s song, 'Que le jour me dure.' This touching, melancholy air, my posture, the calm of evening, and, more than all, this habit that belongs to my soul of taking up at evening all its sadness, of surrounding itself with pale clouds towards the end of the day, threw me back upon the deep vast consciousness of my inner poverty. I saw myself miserable, very miserable, and utterly incapable of a future. At the same time, I seemed to hear murmuring, far and high above my head, that world of thought and poetry toward which I so often spring without the power ever to attain to it."

On this occasion he experiences a reaction; that is, he extracts a species of consolation, a whisper of encouragement, from the very depths of his dejection. At other times his depression is complete:

> "My soul shrinks and recoils upon itself like a leaf touched by the cold; it has abandoned all the positions from which it looked out. After some days of struggle against social realities, I have been obliged to fall back and retire within. Here I am circumscribed and blockaded until my thought, swollen by a new inundation, rises above the dike and flows freely over all the banks. I know of few events of my internal life so formidable for me as this sudden contraction of my being after extreme expansion. In this condensation, the most active faculties, the most unquiet, the most bitter elements find themselves seized and condemned to inaction, *but without paralysis, without decrease of vitality;* all their vehemence is confined and compressed with them. Pressed and crowded, they struggle against each other and altogether against their barrier. At these times all the feeling of life I have is reduced to a deep dull irritation, alternating with paroxysms; it is the fermentation of so many various elements, becoming inflamed and exasperated by their forced contact, and making repeated efforts to burst forth. All the faculties which place me in communication with outside space, with distance—those bright and faithful messengers of the soul, which go and come continually from the soul to nature and from nature to the soul—finding themselves pent within, I remain isolated, cut off from full participation in universal life. I become, like an infirm old man deficient in all his senses, alone and excommunicated from the world of nature."

These lines strike us as a forcible example of clear insight into moral phenomena, and of clear and masculine writing. We might multiply examples on both of these points, but want of space forbids us. The value and interest attached to Guérin's introspective habits reside in the fact that his self-scrutiny was so honest and unsparing, and that he really brought back positive data from his incursions into his soul. But perhaps the source of their main interest is in the intimate connection which existed between his constant self-appreciation and his sympathies with the world of external nature. It is upon this last phase of his character that Mr. Matthew Arnold chiefly dwells; and it is to the exquisite delicacy of his feeling for the life of the earth that we owe some of the finest pages of his journal. Many of them have been quoted and requoted, so that we hardly know which to choose. It is not, in our opinion, when he deliberately describes in its fulness a landscape or a bit of scenery that his style attains to its greatest beauty; this happens more particularly when a vague and general sense of the bounding, inexhaustible forces of nature, as contrasted with his own slow-beating pulses, imparts an almost special rhythm to his language, or when an irresistible memory of spring or of midsummer breaks into the tissue of his prose and suffuses it with light and heat and sound:

> "Leave there," he cries at the end of a noble passage in which he registers an impression of growing strength, through the contact of the spreading idea of liberty,—"leave there those men and their sayings, and steep yourself in the memory of those days of freedom when you roamed at will through

the country, with your heart swollen with joy, and singing full-voiced hymns to liberty; or when you spent a day all idleness from one end to the other, from the joyous breezes of morning to the warm odors of evening; lying under a pear-tree, careless of everything, and bidding defiance in your insolent ease to the tyrants of every kind, bound like vultures upon the flanks of the human race.”

Here is another fine passage:

> “Let us abjure the worship of idols; let us turn our backs on all the deities of art, decked with paint and false finery, on all these images with mouths that speak not. Let us adore nature, frank, ingenuous, and in no respect exclusive. Great God! how can men make poetry in face of the broad poem of the universe? Your poetry! The Lord has made it for you; it is the created world.”

But it is in the short prose poem entitled “The Centaur” that we find the richest fruits of Guérin's constant communion with the silent processes of nature, and of his unquenchable curiosity as to her secrets. The centaur relates the story of his long life, recalls the memories of his early years, and enumerates his sensations, at once so simple and so complex. Guérin's style in this composition reaches a breadth and elevation which are truly remarkable when we consider the age at which it was written. There is no loose flinging of epithets, no confounding of crude colors. The whole piece is marked by a classical unity and simplicity. What poetry is more impetuous at once and more serene than this?

> “My glances travelled freely and reached the most distant points. Like the shores of rivers, for ever wet, the mountain ranges in the west remained stamped with spaces of light, but half wiped out by the shadows. There, in the pale clearness, survived the pure, bare peaks. There I saw at one time the descent of the god Pan, always alone, and at another the choir of the secret divinities, or the passage of some mountain nymph, intoxicated by the night. Sometimes the eagles of Mount Olympus crossed the upper sky and vanished among the far-off constellations or in the depths of the inspired woods. The presence of the gods, overtaken by sudden trouble, would break the quiet of the old oaks.”

There is a hyper-criticism which consists in burrowing for small beauties quite as offensive as that which consists in picking out insignificant faults; but we trust we shall not be held guilty of this vice when we say that the simple words “always alone,” in the above passage, taken in their connection, strike us as more thoroughly imbued with the spirit of poetry than the brightest of those floral chains of adjectives with which the poets of a later day have grown used to festoon the naked surface of their verse. Guérin was, in truth, an incomparable writer, and it is for this reason that his name deserves to stand. It is great praise to say of a man, deceased at the age of twenty-eight, that his style possesses something of that authority which will enable one to imitate it with impunity; but this praise may be given to Guérin. With so much about him that was weak, he must have felt that here he was strong. He has written pages which will live as long as his language.

A Digest of New York Statutes and Reports from 1863 *to* 1867. By Benjamin Vaughan Abbott and Austin Abbott. (New York: Baker, Voorhis & Co. Pp. 704.)—Lawyers and law books have one point in common: the number of each is large, but the number of really good ones is very small. It is, therefore, a real pleasure to a critic to meet with a law book which he can unreservedly commend. Such is peculiarly the case with this digest. It is a work absolutely unrivalled in its own field; the equal of which has not only never been published in this State, but also in no other State or country. Of course it is understood that we are speaking of it only in comparison with other digests of law reports and not with any reference to treatises.

The compilation of a digest is a more humble task than the preparation of an original treatise; but the labor is little less, and the importance of accuracy even greater. There is also abundant scope for the exercise of the highest powers of discrimination, condensation, clear expression, and classification. These faculties have been used upon this digest and the series to which it is a supplement (there being seven volumes) to a degree rarely seen in any law book, and never in any mere digest of common law reports.

These volumes differ from all previous works of their kind in the following respects, among others: that they digest *all* the cases reported in any permanent form, including those published in magazines and irregular reports; that they give the date of every decision and the name of the court in which it was rendered; that the authorities cited by the courts are mentioned; that the tables of cases criticised are prepared on a broader plan, and the general table of cases is made clearer by a brief indication of the subject in respect to which each is cited; and that an index is provided not merely recapitulating the different titles, but gathering together all the scattered decisions which have any correlation. These are indisputable advantages, the existence of which is not a matter of opinion, but of unquestionable fact. On other points the compilers of similar digests may think differently, but to our mind there is no doubt that this digest excels all others in classification, lucidity, fulness, accuracy, and freedom from repetition, as much as it does in respect to the matters already mentioned.

As between this digest and any other published in this State, there is really no comparison to be made. No other has within some thousands of the number of the decisions here digested. No other has a classification adapted to the present state of the law, or refers to the statutes, or has an index worthy of the name, or can bear any scrutiny of its accuracy.

Of course this work has its imperfections, and errors of omission and commission might be pointed out to an extent which would dismay one who does not appreciate the immense difficulties of the task. But it would only mislead our readers if we should do so, since perfection is unattainable, and no other work of the kind is comparable with this in its relative freedom from errors. Every volume of the series has, moreover, shown marks of decided improvement, and when the compilers recast the whole, as we trust they will do within a few years, they will undoubtedly furnish the profession with a digest only to be surpassed with great difficulty.

Household Reading. Selections from *The Congregationalist.* 1849–1866. (Galen James & Co., Boston.)—In this very attractive, fair-printed volume are contained some two hundred selections from one of the ablest and most prosperous denominational journals in the country. They cover a period of eighteen years; but 1849 furnishes but two, and the following decade about forty, while the last seven years have yielded one hundred and fifty, These proportions not only indicate judgment in selecting what is fresh. but correspond to an actual development on the part of the paper; for good as *The Congregationalist* may have been in times past, it is undoubtedly better to-day. The extraordinary extension given to the circulation and influence of *The Independent* since 1850 has infused life into all the other journals of its class, even where it might be supposed that competition could not have been felt, on account of sectarian differences; but, above all, the one topic of the years inaugurated by John Brown at Harper's Ferry wrought a radical change in the matter and manner of the religious press, as it did of the pulpits throughout the States. The part which the Orthodox Congregationalists, both clergy and laity, took in sustaining the war against secession and slavery is too familiar to need recalling here. The “South-side” Adamses were few, the Beechers and Mannings and Stones and Thompsons were many and potent. What the body felt, the body must read in its chosen papers, must hear in its weekly sermons; and politics, which when slavery was too delicate a question to bear mentioning were divorced from the pulpit and the religious newspaper, resumed their rightful place in the province of moral instruction. One remarkable change must not be omitted—the truce of theological controversy in the latter days of the religious press; the cessation not of sectarian self-assertion and self-defence, but of endless squabbles between the various organs, paired off by some principle of natural selection, and filled week after week with allegation and rejoinder in the style so well exemplified by the three or four great “dailies” of this metropolis.

Proofs of this last position we do not draw from the volume before us, which was confessedly prepared for “evangelical” readers without distinction of name. It is a very faithful mirror of almost any single issue of *The Congregationalist,* and is four-fifths religious in substance and aim. We meet, as was to have been expected, articles on “Servetus and Calvin,” “Why I cannot be a Universalist,” “Deacon Riding's Dancing-School,” “Death in the Ball-Room,” “Cards,” “Geology and Genesis,” “Fear, the Basis of all Law,” etc., etc. Mixed with these are the anecdotes common to sermons and to tracts, several articles of history, biography, and travel—the contributions of the Rev. Wm. L. Gage being the most interesting—one or two war descriptions by Mr. A. D. Richardson, stories for the young, and poetry, with a few editorial articles on public events of lasting interest. Many well-known names appear in the index, and we are reminded that “Gail Hamilton” made her reputation in the columns of *The Congregationalist.* “Sophie May” introduced here her famous “Little Prudy.” Three or four of the poems seem to be worth preserving; that entitled “No Sect in Heaven” outweighing all the deficiencies of the rest.

On the whole, we judge this book well adapted to the design of its compilers, but we should in their place have omitted the painful story of “Kitty's Rebellion,” true though it be. From the mother who would starve her child until it said “please,” to the Rev. Joel Lindsley, there is, it seems to us, but a step.

Records of Five Years. By Grace Greenwood, author of “History of my Pets,” etc. (Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1867.)—We fear that this volume will not do much to increase the author's fame. The most distinct impression that it leaves upon the mind after the perusal which its neat exterior invites is, that Grace Greenwood is married and has a little girl of whom she is more proud than she can say. The public may perhaps be very glad to hear of this, but whether they will think the information worth the price of the book is a more doubtful matter. Notwithstanding every page of the book reveals a warm and gentle heart, a great deal of maternal love and admiration, a ready sympathy with the suffering and oppressed, the reason fails to appear why, after having written several books worth reading, this should follow them. We dimly remember having shed some tears over “The History of my Pets” by the same author, but there is nothing here to excite the *donum lachrymarum.* We might criticize the author's style, for it is certainly diffuse and not a little strained, and there are many little bits of French that everybody knows, where English would be less affected and express the sense as well. But the main trouble of the book is that it seems quite objectless. The Essays “In Peace” do not tend to anything, have neither beginning nor end, and those “In War,” though doubtless of some interest at the time that they were written, have very little now. Were it not that Grace Greenwood has a very healthy soul and a great faculty of being on the right side of all the great questions, one might lose patience with her and so relieve themselves a little. But as it is, the only alternative is the dreadful one of feeling that a true and noble woman has written a most pointless and unmeaning book, yet so well meant that we are truly sorry that we can say nothing further in its praise than that it contains a few thoughts worth remembering—not many, still a few.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of The Nation *should be addressed to the Editor.*

THE FORTIETH CONGRESS.

Thanks to the firmness of the Northern people and the folly of Andrew Johnson, the new Congress which has just assembled is substantially the same as its predecessor. There are some new members in both Houses who will add to their strength—such as Messrs. Conkling, Drake, Morrill, and Morton in the Senate, and Gens. Butler and Logan in the House. The Democrats are also fortunate in having got rid of Mr. Jack Rogers, and having secured the services of Messrs. Brooks, of New York, and Holman, of Indiana, whose long experience and wide acquaintance give them an influence much beyond what the strength of their party alone would warrant.

The decisive action of the Thirty-ninth Congress upon the great question of reconstruction has relieved the new Congress from the consideration of that subject for the present; while the new law regulating the tenure of office has put an end to the system of proscription, the danger of which was one of the inducements to the early assembling of Congress. There does not seem, indeed, to be any positive necessity for its remaining in session, unless Mr. Johnson refuses to carry out the laws just passed over his veto, or unless, irrespective of that question, his impeachment has been determined upon.

These two questions are probably closely related, and must be carefully considered in forming any estimate of what Congress is likely to do. If Mr. Johnson is satisfied that he is in any event to be removed, he is likely to imitate the example of the unjust steward in making friends where alone he can find them. In short, if he cannot escape impeachment, he may reasonably conclude that his best policy is boldly to refuse obedience to the laws just passed over his veto, believing them, as he does, to be unconstitutional. Why should he destroy all the hopes of his Southern friends by enforcing an obnoxious law, if he cannot gain any credit with Congress by so doing? It seems, however, to be settled that he will obey and enforce these laws after some fashion, though undoubtedly with no great zeal; and we therefore infer that he considers himself safe against impeachment for his past actions.

Nevertheless, we think we perceive signs that he is mistaken in this assumption. The election of Benjamin F. Wade to the Presidency of the Senate is no slight indication that a vacancy is anticipated in a higher office. Mr. Wade is probably the last man who would be chosen by the Senate to preside permanently over its deliberations. It has always heretofore selected gentlemen of suave manners, whose ambition was not suspected of higher aims. Senators Foote and Foster, who have occupied the position of President *pro tem.* for the last five years, were men of amiable character, whom no one ever named for the Presidency of the United States. Mr. Wade is not noted for his knowledge of parliamentary law. His manners are not particularly gracious, nor his education such as to adapt him to the office of presiding over an assembly of calm and self-possessed gentlemen. Undoubtedly it is the last office which he would himself desire. To remain silent during a hot debate will be intolerable to him; and, indeed, we can scarcely believe that he will be able to keep off the floor on such occasions. But if the present Executive is removed, the choice of Mr. Wade is a very appropriate one; for he has the energy and courage necessary to face the possible difficulties of the transition, and ability to discharge successfully all the duties of the office to which he would thus be called. We do not mean to say, however, that *immediate* action upon the subject of impeachment is probable; for it is not. The Judiciary Committee will resume the enquiry commenced by the last Congress, and must occupy many weeks in the investigation. The report of the committee of the late House shows plainly that it deemed the evidence to be of importance; and the revelations concerning Collector Smythe's operations have a very disagreeable bearing upon the President's character.

That the Fortieth Congress will pursue the same line of policy as its predecessor is beyond doubt. It will be charged with the duty of seeing that this policy is fully carried out, and this duty it will perform to the uttermost. It is relieved from the doubts and difficulties which so grievously embarrassed Congress just one year ago. Its supremacy is practically unquestioned; its hold upon the people's confidence is assured. Its bitterest enemies confess that its decrees are final, and advise submission to all its demands. A vast change has occurred since its predecessor was openly denounced as hanging on the verge of the Government, as illegally organized, despotic, and treasonable. No Congress ever sat before that was so trusted by its friends, so terrible to its foes, so irresistible in its will. The Fortieth Congress is entrusted with gigantic power; let it remember that it must bear an equal weight of responsibility.

It is obvious that such unprecedented supremacy in Congress is attended with serious danger to itself. It is only natural that a certain degree of intoxication should be caused by such a wonderful victory as that of last fall. We do not counsel conservatism in the common but perverted meaning of the phrase; but we do urge most earnestly the necessity of patience and forbearance towards the minority, of full latitude in debate, of more circumspect and deliberate legislation. The new Congress has plenty of time in which to frame and pass its measures, after listening to all that can be said upon them. It is, of course, very trying to have to deal with a minority which rarely attempts to improve a measure, or to bear a debate in which nobody really expects to convince any of the auditors. But such faults in the minority are best cured by patience with those who are to blame, and a kindly encouragement of those who pursue a wiser course. In any case, the party which aspires and may reasonably expect to control the government for years to come is bound, for its own sake and for the example of future ruling parties, to act with dignity and generosity toward its opponents, and to legislate with the deliberation of wise and prudent men.

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"THE TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND AND FIRST CURIOSITY" IN CONGRESS.

The nomination of Mr. P. T. Barnum as one of the Connecticut representatives in Congress suggests considerations of some importance as to the effect which the crisis through which the nation is now passing is producing, and is likely to produce, on the taste and judgment of constituencies in the selection of public men. The war may be said to have completely destroyed what remained amongst us when the struggle commenced of the old European faith in the value of political leadership. From first, almost, to last, people hungered and murmured for a leader to supply them with plans and policy and ideas, and to conduct the contest as it should be conducted. For four years, at least, the "coming man" was daily expected; but he never came. Everything which the struggle needed—the thinking, the persistence, the foresight, the fortitude, the ingenuity—had to be supplied by the nation at large; and when the last shot was fired people were amazed to find that conception as well as execution had, in this stupendous undertaking, been the work of the unknown multitude, and that, in short, the age of the Washingtons and Pitts and Napoleons seemed to have passed away. The result is that "great statesmen" are perhaps just now in lower repute all over the world than they ever were before, and in this country the public may be said to have not only given up wishing for them, but almost to hold them in contempt. Whether the experience of our war justifies this state of feeling, it is impossible to say; one case is hardly sufficient basis for a generalization. This much is certain, that in all civilized countries, Bismark and Cavour to the contrary notwithstanding, the tendency is to rely more and more on popular good sense and on popular morality, on popular aspiration and on the national vitality, and not on individual genius, for the solution of great political problems.

But it is impossible not to see that along with this low estimate of the value of individual leaders there is creeping in also a low estimate of the value of individual character. The struggle through which we are passing is so severe, the danger to the national existence against which we are fighting is so great, and the necessity for union so strong, that we are getting into the habit of caring little for a public man's life and antecedents, provided that on the day of battle he keeps his place in the ranks and acts cheerfully with the mass; in other words, provided he shares our opinions, we are not disposed to enquire very closely into the reality of his conversion, supposing him to have been suddenly converted to our way of thinking. There have been numerous illustrations of this within the last three or four years. We could mention half a dozen very striking ones if we cared to be what the reporters call "invidious." The most prominent is Andrew Johnson himself. His loyalty to the Union during the war led people—and, we admit, not unnaturally—entirely to overlook his antecedents—his ignorance, his coarseness, his profanity, his foul-mouthed devotion to slavery during his whole public life; and not only to overlook these things, but to conclude that his loyalty indicated a radical extirpation of his faults. We now know that it indicated nothing of the kind, and that, all appearances to the contrary notwithstanding, Andrew Johnson of 1866 was just the Andrew Johnson of 1856, only somewhat older and more self-sufficient. We shall not run any further along the list, as we should be forced to speak evil of some other dignitaries whose shortcomings are not yet so apparent, and whose usefulness, whether it be little or much, we are unwilling to impair. The fate which has overtaken Henry Ward Beecher is, in a different way, an example also of the sternness with which the public is disposed to uphold at this crisis uniformity of political doctrine. Just as Mr. Johnson's previous bad education counted for nothing, as long as he held or appeared to hold sound opinions, so Mr. Beecher's good character counted for nothing when he fell suddenly into unsound ones. The one has labored through a long life for slavery, the other has labored through a long life for freedom; but their agreement on the question of reconstruction has caused them to be thrown overboard together, Beecher if anything being visited with the heartier reprobation.

This may seem expedient just at this crisis, but we are not afraid to say that we think in the long run it will be found that this mode of estimating public men is based on fatal error, and that if persevered in so as to become a fixed habit of the national mind, it will work more mischief than all the heterodox opinions in religion, morals, or politics that can be preached, we care not who preaches them. As we said some months ago, when discussing the prevalence of political personalities, the character of its public men, not their opinions, is the most valuable of a nation's possessions. Opinions pass, parties dissolve, platforms are abandoned, the wisdom of to-day becomes the foolishness of ten years hence, but character remains the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. No nation which cherished and maintained it has ever utterly perished. Territory may be lost, armies may dwindle, navies disappear, and wealth decay; but no people who have steadily insisted that, whatever their public men might lack, they should at least be truthful, courageous, high-minded; that, however they might differ from the majority in opinion, they should fear dishonor as a wound, and should approach the national service with clean hands, clean consciences, and dignity and self-respect, has ever been utterly brought to nought. It is of moral not political decline that nations die, and one of the symptoms of moral decline in all ages has been the indifference with which the people, having the power to prevent it, has witnessed the intrusion of knaves and humbugs and cheats into public offices. We have witnessed this spectacle in this country already, but it has never been witnessed by the great body of the people with indifference. The Democratic party was the first to treat character as if it were of no consequence in politics. The gross cynicism of the party on this point in its later and more desperate years was one of the most revolting phenomena of the contest from which we are just emerging. During the Buchanan administration this practice was elevated into a principle, until, by such appointments as Isaiah Rynders to the marshalship of the Southern District of New York, the party openly proclaimed that party fidelity would atone for any amount of ruffianism. But the Republicans, to their honor, fought against this as fervently as against slavery. The lax morality of the Democratic party and its contempt for character were almost as prominent a count in the indictment against it, and had nearly as much to do with its overthrow at the North, as its devotion to slavery. The whole country was shocked and disgraced two months ago by the election of a pugilist and gambler from this city to the House of Representatives. It was done by the votes of the ignorant foreigners; and can anybody wonder at it or severely blame the electors who knows that eight years previously they had seen the President of the United States appoint another rowdy, and a leader of rowdies, a pothouse bully, to one of the most responsible offices in the gift of the Government?

It may seem hard on Mr. Barnum to make his nomination the text for remarks of this sort. But we do not seek to place him in the same category with Rynders or Morrissey. We freely acknowledge that he has rendered some service to the anti-slavery cause in Connecticut; that he did good work on the right side during the war; that he is a friend of sobriety and good order; and that he has public spirit and is a good neighbor. But we shall never admit that a long career like his can be atoned for by merits of this kind. He is the personification—and, so far from concealing or denying it, he boasts of it—of a certain low kind of humbug; humbug so petty, and producing so little apparent mischief, that people are rather disposed to be utilitarian in their way of judging it, and smile at it. It is a kind of humbug, too, into which the Yankee "smartness," in its last and worst stages, appears to run naturally; but which, funny as it often appears, eats out the heart of religion and morality even more effectually than the display of great crimes or great vices, and which, if it were to spread, might easily end in presenting us with a community regular in its praying and singing, and decent in external crust, but in which all below was rottenness and uncleanness, in which the men were without truth and the women without virtue. He has passed his life in ransacking the world for curiosities to exhibit—or, in other words, as a "showman." We do not concur in the low estimate in which a showman's calling is popularly held. If it be honorable or instructive to go and see strange or queer things, it is honorable to collect and exhibit them; and if Barnum had confined himself to this, though we might not select him as a legislator, or like to see him sent to Congress by a New England State, we should not accuse him, as we now do, of having been for twenty or thirty years a depraving and demoralizing influence. His success in money-getting, so far from atoning for his offences, as those who have nominated him seem to think it does, only aggravates them; because it makes his example the more corrupting to the thousands of young men who leave home every year in New England with money-getting set before them as their mission in life. We all laugh over the woolly horse, the mermaids, the Circassian girl, and the dozen other devices to which he every year resorts to extract quarters from the country people who visit New York; and there has been so much laughing about it, and he himself joins in the laughing so readily, that we forget that it is simply swindling on a small scale, and that the spirit which prompts it and sustains it is the very same spirit which fills the jails with forgers and embezzlers and "sneak-thieves." What makes it all the more revolting, too, is his own efforts to deceive himself and his victims into the belief that he makes his trade moral by keeping up an appearance of respectability in his museum, and excluding all "indecent allusions or gestures," as he piously announces in his play-bills, from the stage of what, with all a humbug's deference for the prejudices of the religious world, he calls his "lecture room." We say nothing here of the intense and concentrated vulgarity—we do not use the word as the antithesis of "gentility"—of the atmosphere which surrounds him, though it ought to be, and we hope one day will be, when we have entered on a higher state of culture, an objection to a man who offers himself as a candidate for the national legislature. Nor would we dwell even on the knavishness of his career for the mere purpose of injuring his business, or trying to cure the depraved and debasing taste for monstrosities to which he so laboriously panders, knowing, as we do, how delighted he is with anything which increases his notoriety. One of the results of the growth of the periodical press and of the wide diffusion of reading is to create a class of which he is a good specimen, and who are well content to have their moral deformity exhibited to all comers as long as it makes the dollars flow into the till. But when a State which stands amongst the foremost in education, and ought to stand amongst the foremost in refinement, and which abounds in high culture, in high character, combined with both patriotism and eloquence, deliberately comes forward, and tells the world that the party of progress, of reform, can find in its borders no fitter representative of its ideas than the proprietor of the woolly horse and the bearded woman, it is time for people in whose eyes character is still a political force to speak their minds out, even at the risk of doing some political damage. Anybody who wants a good illustration of Mr. Barnum's career and calling can hardly do better than to visit his "lecture room," and witness the great "moral drama" of the "Christian Martyrs," which is now presented there to "delighted thousands." It is an affecting portrayal of Christian sufferings and constancy in the worst days of the pagan empire; the dresses are gorgeous, the pious rant is unexceptionable, and the scenery imposing; the martyrs are delivered in the arena to Van Amburgh's lions, brought up from the lower floor of the museum for their bloody work—and all for thirty cents a head. In the final tableau, Constantine's cross appears in the sky, and the Roman empire is converted amidst bursts of applause, whereupon the curtain falls and is seen to be covered thickly with puffs of "Horse Liniment," "Yahoo Bitters," "Ready Reliefs" and "Pain Extractors," and other quack medicines.

THE "RING" IN THE BOARD OF EDUCATION OF NEW YORK CITY.

THE N. Y. *Times* has been publishing a series of articles in the interest of the Board of Education and against the appointment of a commission. Confining itself to "glittering generalities" and the sentimental side of the subject, its remarks would bear with equal force against the Police, Fire, and Health Commissions, and even against the abolition of the Board of Supervisors, of all of which it is a warm advocate. In its issue of the 19th ult. it fairly caps the climax and shows how little it has looked at its own side of the question. The system, says this journal, is "not only good," "should be preserved," but "should be added to," it needs extension. Napoleon (the uncle) used to say, "Il n'y a rien d'impossible." Has *The Times* read the report of the Superintendent of Public Instruction, published in its columns some three weeks since with great laudation? Mr. Superintendent—we beg pardon, Doctor Superintendent Randall states in his report to the Board of Education that the whole number of scholars taught in the public schools of this city during the last year was 222,527, an increase over the previous year of about 7,000. As he gave 219,747 as the number for that year, we cannot for the life of us make the increase more than 2,778 (the doctor commits a similar blunder in subtracting 857 from 986, making the remainder 1,210); but it is hardly fair, perhaps, to expect a Superintendent of Public Instruction, at a salary of $4,500 a year, to be familiar with the common rules of arithmetic.

The census of 1865 makes the number of children of both sexes and all colors between the ages of 5 and 15 to be 148,499; and between the ages of 5 and 20, 205,804, or 16,723 less than were taught in the public schools—a thing unparalleled in any part of the civilized world. How does *The Times* propose to extend the system? Is everybody to go to school? Where are the "thousands upon thousands that require training" and should be brought under the birch of the Board of Education? Does not *The Times* see that its philanthropy has been grossly imposed upon? Had it read Doctor Randall's report by the light of the census, its article of the 19th would never have been written.

That the doctor is perfectly serious in the magnificent figures in which he deals, take the following from his report, though the statement about the pleasurable emotions of tax-payers is the reverse of true. It is, in fact, rather a severe joke on the sufferings of an oppressed community. Poor men, or those comparatively poor, it is well known pay the largest proportional share of the taxes; and that poor men will be delighted at seeing two millions and a half—sure soon, under the present system, to be three or four millions—extracted from their pockets, is more than doubtful.

> "Instead of an annual expenditure of less than $5,000, contributed from private or corporate funds, nearly $2,500,000 are annually contributed by the tax-payers of the city, and cheerfully and ungrudgingly placed at the disposal of the Board of Education. Instead of about a hundred pupils, gleaned from the overflowing of the parochial charity schools, we have 200,000 bright, cheerful faces, representing the homes and the firesides of the rich and the poor, without discrimination or distinction of class, color, or religion."

Considering that the Catholics profess to educate some 25,000 children, and that some 27,000 attend private schools, we respectfully ask what is the vaunted system of the Hub of the Universe, or the Prussian system, or the system of the Central Flowery Kingdom, where learning is the key to all preferment, compared to the New York system as administered by the Board of Education and puffed by the Superintendent of Public Instruction Randall for so small a slice of the two and a half million dollars? The serious side of the doctor's figures is, that for every one of the 222,527 children eight dollars are extracted from the tax-payers' pockets; and the Board of Education is now asking the Legislature to increase the amount to eleven dollars per scholar, which will add some $600,000 to the next year's taxes!

The Board of Education allots to the local boards a *per capita* wherewith to pay teachers' salaries other than principals and vice-principals, which is eight dollars for primary school scholars; for grammar school, males fifteen dollars and females twelve dollars each—the great source of fraud. But now an entirely new set of figures make their appearance, 74,257 being the sum total—26,359 in grammar schools and 47,898 in primary schools and departments.

The amount received by the Board of Education from the city during the past year was $2,454,327 54; of this it expended $2,420,883 86. Taking from this the expenses of the colored schools (six grammar and seven primary schools, with 731 scholars, costing $31,846 53, or $43 57 per scholar), the expense of the Free Academy—we should say the "College of the City of New York"—the Normal, Evening, and Corporate schools, we have some $2,160,639 27, on which are supported 92 grammar schools with 26,359 pupils, and 88 primary schools with 47,898 pupils, at an average cost of $29 09. The great leak in the system, through which the money runs with marvellous velocity, is in the

GRAMMAR SCHOOLS.

The large number of grammar schools—many of them worthless—is the result of the present system of school government, growing out of ward rivalries and a desire for patronage. Of the 48 male schools distributed over the city, the attendance, 13,896 (nominal), is divided as follows:

3 less than 100; 10 over 100 and less than 200; 12 over 200 and less than 250; 7 over 250 and less than 300; 4 over 300 and less than 350; 5 over 350 and less than 400; 4 over 400 and less than 500; 1 over 500; 1 over 600; 1 over 1,000.

Eight of the larger schools, having nearly one-third of all the pupils, cost $150,679 13, or $35 05 per scholar, while forty, with an average attendance of 250, cost $427,807 08, or $45 03 per scholar. Of female grammar schools the number is 44, with a nominal attendance of 12,463, divided as follows:

8 over 100 and less than 150; 5 over 150 and less than 200; 12 over 200 and less than 250; 4 over 250 and less than 300; 3 over 300 and less than 350; 3 over 350 and less than 400; 4 over 400 and less than 450; 2 over 450 and less than 500; 3 over 500.

Nine of these have over one-third of the whole attendance and cost $102,891 42, or $23 80 per scholar; and thirty-three, with an average attendance of 245, cost $267,098 05, or $45 68 per scholar. Under the present system the cost per scholar, as will be seen by the following tables, differs not only in every ward but in every school in the same ward, whereas, if properly managed, there should be a uniform cost throughout the city:

MALE GRAMMAR SCHOOLS.

WARDS.	SCHOOLS.			
I.	No. 29, $57 37			
IV.	No. 1, 59 12			
V.	No. 44, 37 79			
VI.	No. 23, 47 52	No. 24, $52 71		
VII.	No. 2, 50 01	No. 12, 54 84	No. 31, $56 92	
VIII.	No. 8, 46 00	No. 38, 39 40		
IX.	No. 3, 33 27	No. 16, 38 19	No. 41, 29 35	
X.	No. 7, 49 54	No. 20, 37 74	No. 42, 40 37	
XI.	No. 15, 46 84	No. 22, 49 53	No. 36, 47 04	
XII.	No. 6, 35 78	No. 37, 50 91	No. 39, 45 59	No. 43, $66 60
"	No. 46, 45 22	No. 32, 55 81	No. 54, 68 59	
XIII.	No. 4, 50 69	No. 34, 47 62		
XIV.	No. 5, 59 41	No. 21, 62 96		
XV.	No. 10, 45 04	No. 35, 29 46		
XVI.	No. 11, 39 01	No. 55, 39 52		
XVII.	No. 13, 44 51	No. 19, 38 92		
XVIII.	No. 40, 40 39			
XIX.	No. 18, 41 41	No. 53, 51 29	No. 27, 57 05	
XX.	No. 32, 34 12	No. 48, 41 21		
XXI.	No. 14, 32 32	No. 49, 41 04		
XXII.	No. 9, 41 18	No. 17, 36 82	No. 28, 43 09	No. 51, 42 30

FEMALE GRAMMAR SCHOOLS.

WARDS.	SCHOOLS.	
I.	No. 29, $40 78	
IV.	No. 1, 39 58	
V.	No. 44, 26 90	
VI.	No. 23, 37 32	No. 24, $37 24
VII.	No. 2, 33 99	No. 12, 54 18

VIII	No. 8,	$31 73	No. 38,	$27 64		
IX	No. 3,	21 60	No. 16,	27 22	No. 41,	$22 05
X	No. 7,	37 79	No. 20,	25 70	No. 42,	27 00
XI	No. 15,	32 11	No. 22,	33 54	No. 36,	34 04
XII	No. 37,	32 20	No. 39,	32 80	No. 46,	38 06
XIII	No. 4,	35 26	No. 34,	35 22		
XIV	No. 5,	45 19	No. 21,	44 12	No. 30,	39 06
XV	No. 10,	31 84	No. 47,	21 14	No. 47,	40 54—Senior Department.
XVI	No. 11,	26 33	No. 45,	28 19		
XVII	No. 13,	30 85	No. 19,	27 42		
XVIII	No. 50,	25 76				
XIX	No. 18,	25 69	No. 53,	29 22	No. 27,	36 46
XX	No. 33,	24 19	No. 48,	23 30		
XXI	No. 14,	24 03	No. 49,	29 63		
XXII	No. 9,	36 91	No. 17,	25 04	No. 28,	29 97

The Board of Education, instead of converting most of the grammar schools into primaries, has lowered the grade of the primaries to relieve them and fill up the grammar schools. Thus the two lower and largest classes are properly primary classes, the grammar school course beginning in the fourth grade, there being but six in the course. If these two lower classes and those below even the present low standard were taken out, the actual male grammar school attendance would be about 9,000, which could be easily accommodated in nine or at most ten school buildings. One school has at present over 1,000, and with the whole building at command could have 1,500. The same is true of the girls' grammar school. Eighteen or at most twenty buildings would provide for both male and female schools, leaving some forty or more departments for the use of the now overcrowded primaries, beside saving $249,700 to the city in the salaries of principals and vice-principals. This would render it unnecessary to buy lots and erect new and expensive school-houses; and certain patriotic individuals who serve the city for *nothing* could make nothing out of it.

The smaller grammar schools are generally worse than useless. The principal and teachers dare not exercise a proper control over the pupils, fearing they may leave the school (which they do not hesitate to threaten on occasion), and thus lessen the average attendance, on which the salaries are paid. In many of them the pupils are sent after absentees to beg them "just to come up and report," so they can be counted. A large portion of their yearly attendance is made up in this way. All sorts of bribes are used to induce children to come, besides letting them out early, etc. The children are retarded in their studies to retain them in the school, and in many the same children have filled the higher classes for years. The evil of these small schools is so evident that even the Board of Education some two years since appointed a committee to examine and consolidate them, but except in one or two of the worst cases the attempt failed, the local officers and teachers possessing too much influence to be molested.

A glance at Dr. Randall's figures will show that by far the larger portion of the children never enter the grammar schools, and most of those who do generally leave when through the two lower grades. All the education for which the children of the laborer and mechanic can afford the time must be obtained in the primary schools. It ought to be such that it could be built upon in after life by the pupils themselves, should opportunity offer. These are really the important schools of the city, and should have the care and attention which are wasted on the higher departments. Unfortunately, they differ in cost and quality in every ward and in every school. The school officers, like all other municipal officers elected by the people, have been constantly descending in the scale. Some of the trustees can hardly write their name in the visitor's book, some murder the People's English and have not even a conception of grammar, while some have even been seen drunk in the schools. One principal stated he was more sure of his position by patronizing the groggeries of his officers (all of whom but one were in the liquor business) than by attending to his school. The teachers appointed by these men have about the same social standing, and not unfrequently the teachers prefer men for officers who cannot criticise their acquirements. For a few years after the passage of the present school law some of the most respectable citizens filled the offices; but the city officials soon found there was a *placer* to be worked at their very doors equal to any to be found on the Pacific coast. Since then we have seen them, from alderman down, familiar as they are with all the jobbery and corruption found in other branches of the city government, devoting themselves to the cause of public education.

The members of both boards, most of whom have no social standing, are nominated by irresponsible conventions, composed, in most instances, of the lowest political characters in the ward or district, on strict party grounds, are voted for with the regular party ticket, most of the voters not even knowing their names. That the vote cast for the school ticket should be rarely more than, and often under, one-half the regular vote of the city, shows how slight is the interest the public take in the matter; and, with few exceptions, the worst candidate is elected. The boards are thus essentially political in character, and in all important matters their action is of the same stamp. Few of the men composing either of them could be appointed by any responsible power. Even our jocular friend, of the New York bar, who made such a piteous appeal for the present order of things at the Steinway Hall meeting (which took the whole time of one of the clerks of the Board of Education for three weeks to get up), failed to be elected by the people, and owes his present connection with the system to an appointment by the mayor.

A few years since the clerk of the Board was a gentleman well qualified, competent, and efficient. His salary was $2,000, with apartments in the hall of the Board. He was turned out, and the present incumbent, a member of the previous year, a Democrat and city official, was elected to the place. Besides the advantages of the situation, which are great and expansive, the salary has gradually reached the modest sum of six thousand five hundred dollars ($6,500), $5,000 as clerk of the Board and $1,500 as clerk of the Trustees of the "College of New York" (the two concerns being identical)—a salary $500 more than a justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, $3,000 more than that of a judge of the Supreme Court of the State, $1,500 more than that of the Governor of the State of New York, and even greater by one-fifth than that of the Clerk to the Common Council! Two other former members of the Board now fill lucrative positions in its gift.

That worthy Christian gentleman and scholar, Commissioner JAMES L. MILLER, an employee in the Street Commissioner's Department at $3,000 a year, not only devotes all his own time to the cause of education, but has a son enlisted in the same work as clerk under the Board at $2,000 a year; another son—a builder—aids the Board by doing odd jobs in his trade; a son-in-law does the same in stationery, and a daughter teaches in the public schools—a patriotic and philanthropic family. Commissioner JAMES W. FARR gives his own time *gratis*, and that of his son for the yearly stipend of $1,350; and Commissioner WILSON SMALL gives that of his son, Small WILSON, at the paltry cost to the public of $1,100 per annum.

An examination for some years back of the composition of the committees of the Board will show that, on all those affording an opportunity of turning an "honest penny," the same names—and those not the best—occur year after year, the better class of men appearing on those where there are no opportunities to be used. Some two or three years ago a gentleman experienced in educational matters, a professor in the leading college of the city, was accidentally elected commissioner from one of the up-town wards. On his appearance at the Board he was quietly shelved with the appointment of Foreign Corresponding Secretary, a genuine sinecure. Being asked in relation to the existence of a "Ring" in the Board, "Why, you knock your head against it when you enter the room," was the reply. Two years since a law was passed by the Legislature, at the instigation of the Board of Education, taking from the trustees the power of spending more than twenty dollars a month. One of the oldest and most efficient school officers in the city (who has long advocated a commission) said to the clerk of the Board in his office: "It is very fine to talk of the boards of school officers; the reform should begin here; this place is a sink of corruption; the bottom is out of it." The social, moral, and intellectual status of the two Boards is about that of the Boards of Aldermen and Councilmen. There are good men in all of them, but they are powerless. But over the Board of Education there is no control, no veto power whatever. They are responsible to no one, are complete masters of the situation, and can spend what they please.

The most respectable portion of both boards favor a commission, and those of them who oppose it are endeavoring to be appointed commissioners, should the bill now before the committee become a law. Even the clerk of the Board above referred to has been circulating a petition, to be signed by the teachers, asking his appointment as one of the commissioners. What an improvement such a commission would be!

Will the gentlemen in the Legislature from the rural districts, in consideration for what the city contributes to support schools throughout the State, look into this matter through their own eyes, not through the glasses the Board of Education would fasten on their noses, and see whether they would support schools in their own districts at *half* the expense which many of those here entail on the city, and how long they or their constituents would tolerate such a concern? Gratuitous service has proved to be the worst service the city receives, and is always a fraud on the tax-payers. Witness the Board of Supervisors. The clumsy contrivance which governs the schools is no exception to the rule. Let us have a few men to the manor born (not, if possible, appointed at Albany) fairly paid to devote their entire time to the work, and giving bonds proportionate to the trust confided for its faithful performance; a fixed amount for clerical aid; high schools, limited in number by law, so that no influence will avail to retain any beyond those strictly necessary; a higher grade for the primaries, and some check against unnecessary appropriations of the public funds.

PARIS GOSSIP.

PARIS, Feb. 8, 1867.

THE late bad weather, however much it may interfere with the Parisian passion for showing off finery in the open air, has no perceptible effect on the gayeties which form the most serious occupation of a Parisian winter. Dinners, soirées, balls, the opera, theatres, and lectures under the name of "conferences" (as inappropriate a designation as that adopted by Anglo-Saxons) are in the full flow of the usual stream of dissipation that constitutes a Parisian season. The American colony, very numerous this winter, and expecting to be reinforced in the course of the coming spring by 80,000 fellow-citizens from the other side of the Atlantic, is not only enjoying itself immensely in the way of dinners and soirées, but is doing a thriving business in the matrimonial line, to the vast vexation of French mammas having daughters to dispose of. To the long list of noble game already bagged by American sportswomen must now be added the bringing down by fair Miss Curtis of young Count de Talleyrand, one of the most brilliant *partis* of the matrimonial field of to-day. The count's lineage is aristocratic enough to satisfy the yearnings of the most republican belle: he is the eldest son of the Duke de Dino, nephew of the Duke de Valençay and of the Marchioness de Castellane, first cousin of the Prince of Sagan, and grandson of the famous Duchess of Talleyrand, Princess of Sagan, daughter of the Duke of Courland who died only three years ago, and whose beauty, intelligence, and grace made her for so many years the queen of Parisian fashion, and of whom Madame de Staël so often said that she would give the half of her lifetime to change places with her. The young count has lately come back from Mexico, where he had gained promotion and honors in the French expeditionary corps. On his return, he went at once to Nice to see his father, and there made the acquaintanceship that is about to convert a daughter of the great Republic into the future Duchess de Dino. Several other American beauties are making a sensation in the gay circles of this cosmopolitan capital, and are likely to carry off heavy prizes, thus sharing the run of matrimonial luck with several of the leading actresses of the day, among whom Mademoiselle Taglioni has just married a cousin of the King of Prussia; Mlle. Kreutzer, Prince Paul de Taxis, of one of the noblest houses of Germany; Mlle. Fontelive, the Prince of Thurn and Taxis; and Mlle. Charlotte Wolter, "the German Rachel," Count Charles O'Sullivan. What an importation of the red blood of ordinary humanity into houses in whose veins only the bluest of blue blood has been flowing for centuries!

The society of political economy, headed by Messrs. Michel Chevalier and Wolowski, who took so leading a part in the elaboration of the Anglo-French treaty of commerce, have given a grand banquet to Mr. Gladstone. The affair passed off most successfully. The two leading apostles of free trade in France made excellent speeches; and Mr. Gladstone delivered an oration which, though he committed the solecism of speaking English, seems to have completely won the hearts of his auditors by the extremely attractive delivery which has made him very popular as a speaker in his own country.

A number of literary and artistic dinners have taken place at Brébant's restaurant—one, composed of the friends of a late well-known artist, who, before his death, promised his friends to come back to this sublunary sphere on the first Friday of every month, and to dine with them. Another was got up by a group of authors and actors of repute, eager to profit by the culinary indications furnished in such profusion by Baron Brisse; while a third, whose forty-two guests included Meissonier, Gudin, Achard, Frère, Hamon, Jules Janin, Jouvin, Dumas Jr., and a host of equally eminent artists and men of letters, was given to Hébert, the painter, on his appointment to the directorship of the French school of painting at Rome. At one of these banquets, the Marquis de Créqui, a *connoisseur* in all that regards the dinner-table, expressed his regretful surprise at the disappearance from modern repasts of various dainties in vogue a century ago, and expatiated especially on the excellence of a robin-red-breast pie, immensely in favor at that epoch, but now unknown. This pie, which the marquis remembered to have eaten at his grandmother's table, and which he declared to be "the most delicate eating he had ever been favored with," was the favorite dainty of her friend, the famous Cardinal de Grèves; equally well known for his oddities, his benevolence, and his love of good cheer. The cardinal, who was very fond of cards, was never known to play for money, but he had no scruple in playing for a bushel of tender young peas in mid-winter, or for a bottle of Schiraz wine, at 300 francs the bottle, or for any other rare and costly delicacy. If he won, the cardinal accepted, and dined on these gastronomic wagers; if he lost, he paid the winner with a copy of his sermons, splendidly printed and embellished, with magnificent binding and gilt-edged leaves, fifty copies of which he always took with him wherever he went, with a prudent eye to such eventualities. It is recorded of this prince of the Church that having one day to cross a forest with his secretary and servants, the party were surrounded by the renowned brigand-band of Cartouche, and that the latter, having learned the quality of his captive, generously set the entire party at liberty without ransom; whereupon the cardinal, perceiving that there still remained about half of a red-breast pasty, on which the brigands had been lunching, requested Cartouche to complete the courtesy of his conduct by giving him the remains of the pasty and a bottle of the excellent wine with which they had been washing it down. To which request, Cartouche replied by inviting the cardinal with his attendants to join him at table; giving him to understand that he would only part with the pie in exchange for the honor of eating with his lordship. The struggle in the cardinal's mind appears to have been severe; but the sense of dignity carried the day, and the ecclesiastical grandee went on his way, leaving the brigands to the enjoyment of the envied delicacy. The prosaic *gourmets* who dine together every week, at forty francs per head, under the auspices of the great culinary oracle, Baron Brisse, are about to treat themselves to this dainty of a past era, utterly regardless of the poetic associations which should suffice to protect the "wee birdie" so prone to seek the companionship of man. It is bad enough to be obliged to eat fowls and pigeons, but a line must be drawn somewhere; and who that has his nervous centre out of his stomach would not prefer dining on a piece of dry bread rather than on the trustful little visitor the description of which, in his work on "Natural History," Buffon so odiously winds up by remarking that "this affectionate little songster is eaten roasted, with bread-crumbs?"

Maurice Sand has just come out with a delightful book entitled "The World of Butterflies," containing sixty-two exquisite illustrations from the author's pencil of the improvident beauties of which he treats. The illustrious "George" has contributed a charming preface to her son's book, and an admirable letter on "The Mystery of the Beautiful in Creation," intercalated into the text of the work. "The magnificence of the creation," she writes, "consists in its wisdom, in the unity of its plan, and in the variety of its combinations. You will only understand the Creator (in so far as it is given to man to understand him), on condition of leaving in your mind the smallest possible amount of ignorance in regard to the world which you inhabit."

The admirers of Michelet will be glad to learn that his last work, "L'Oiseau," is being illustrated by Giacomelli, the eminent artist, who has so ably performed the same office for those other favorite works of the same author, "La Mer" and "L'Insecte."

The question as to whether M. Ponsard will or will not be allowed to produce his new play of "Galileo," against which the whole clerical party is working as one man, is still undecided, the general opinion being that the Emperor will, at last, throw his influence into the scale on behalf of the rights of history and common sense. George Sand is dramatizing her beautiful novel, "Mont Revêche," for the Odêon. M. Emile de Girardin, with a group of friends, including the *impresario* who is about to bring out his new play, "A Millionaire's Daughter," is making the round of all the theatres of the capital, for the purpose of selecting actresses to represent the characters of the forthcoming play, on which the ex-editor of *La Presse* is understood to count for his glorification as a dramatist, his claim to which distinction is by no means so generally recognized as the vanity of the well-known journalist would like it to be. Mademoiselle Déjazet, the oldest actress on the European stage (she is considerably over seventy), and still, for vivacity, grace, and agility, one of the youngest (she plays the parts of ingenuous young heroines of "sweet sixteen"), came near killing herself a few nights since, on the boards of her own pretty little theatre. Tripping across the stage in her usual airy way, she inadvertently got her foot entangled in the long train of another actress, and came heavily to the ground, her forehead striking against a projecting point of the wainscoting. The veteran juvenile was taken up insensible and carried from the stage amidst a chorus of expressions of alarm and regret on the part of the audience, who took it for granted that she had received some serious injury; but a quarter of an hour afterwards she reappeared as smiling and, apparently, as sound as ever, and resumed her part amidst the acclamations of the spectators. The great event, however, of the theatrical world during the past fortnight has been the appearance of Miss Cora Pearl, one of the leading "lionesses" of the *demi-monde*, as *Cupid* in Offenbach's famous extravaganza of "Orphée aux Enfers," at the Bouffes, the approaches to which theatre were literally clogged up on the night in question with the carriages of princes, dukes, marquises, counts, barons, and untitled notabilities of all sorts, female as well as male. All that considers itself "virtuous" here has been, of course, in a state of fury at the *furore* created by this whim of the siren in question; but the tide of fashion is strong in this region, and the adorers of Miss Cora have shown that they possessed, at least, "the courage of their opinion." The new *Cupid* was once the most beautiful of blue-eyed houris; she is now ugly; she lacks grace and charm, and speaks French with a strong English accent anything but pleasing. But she is the mischievous Circe who has absorbed innumerable fortunes, ruined the peace of innumerable *ménages*, turned the heads of innumerable fools, and excited as long a list of the baser passions of envy, hatred, and jealousy as any woman living; and, accordingly, all the "fast men" here congregated, a goodly number of "fast" women, and a few women of repute with whom curiosity proved stronger than anger, made up a compact "cram" to witness the *début* of the "Pearl." The latter made her appearance arrayed principally in diamonds, with which she seemed all atwinkle from top to toe, even to the buttons of her buskins, which were composed of the same precious stones. Such is the madness of Miss Cora's devotees that a golden key (probably only gilded) which she carried in one of the scenes was bought by one of them for 450fr., and another had actually offered 50,000fr. for her buskins, whether with or without the buttons aforesaid, does not appear. The lady's performance was sufficiently poor, but she is said to persist in her determination to adopt the theatrical line; and the other actresses of the Bouffes, enraged at the influence of the interloper with M. Vacollier, the manager of that popular little theatre, have revenged themselves by giving him the title of "Var-Collier de Perle."

While the *demi-monde* has thus been turning the rest of the world upside down, the grandees of the official and aristocratic spheres are going wild over a troubadour, a young kineherd of Poitou, just discovered by the Marquis de Coral, son-in-law of Marquis d'Audiffret, who has brought back the youth with him, on his return from that remote province, and is now showing him off at the Duchess Tascher de la Pagerie's and other *salons* of equal brilliancy and renown. This young man is not only a living repository of all the old songs of France, but possesses a wonderful gift of improvisation. At the Duchess Tascher's, a few evenings ago, after he had charmed the distinguished company with his songs, some one gave him a paper containing a list of the most absurd and impossible words, with a request that he would find rhymes for them, and so work them up into verse; and this he did, without a moment's hesitation, to the admiration of all present. A lady then requested him to compose a poem on the cold weather which had then got us in its grip; the young man thereupon declaimed a really charming composition, into which he introduced the tragic event that had just occurred on the ice at Regent's Park, and various scenes of real life, some of which, painting the distress of the poor at these seasons of exceptional severity, were so vivid and so touching as to draw tears from the listeners.

Frederick Mistral, the grand Languedocian poet, who, like the late poet, Jasmin of Aglu, writes only in the old Provençal tongue—so much finer and more delicate, say those who understand it, than the modern French—has just published a new poem, "Calendal," said to be even finer than those which have preceded it, but as utterly unintelligible for the mass of the French people as though it were written in Greek or Hebrew.

A furious battle has sprung up between the more advanced chiefs of the old Republican party and the priests, the former having proposed a national subscription of ten sous per head for the erection of a statue to Voltaire. Imagine the outcry provoked by such a proposition!

An ingenious *coiffeur* of the Rue Vivilune has just invented a wig of real gold, which he gallantly declares will supply the *nimbus* with which nature intended, but forgot, to crown the female head; and offers his services to decorate his fair customers in the same style for evening parties.

The *Red, White, and Blue* is coming over here for the Exhibition, and will be shown in the basin of the fountain of the Pompeiian Palace, in the Avenue Montaigne; and an American company has engaged to keep a ship, during the Exhibition, at a distance of three nautical miles from the French shore; the said ship to be fitted up as a restaurant and boarding-house, and devoted to the exercise of all the games of hazard which the French Government, in its paternal solicitude for the well-being of its subjects, has made illegal on the soil of France.

Correspondence.

TARIFFS ON CULTURE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

I do not find time to read The Nation as promptly and regularly as I would wish, and therefore I have only now had the opportunity to see the assault on the proposed tariff on books in your number for February 21. I entertain too sincere a respect for the ability and influence of The Nation to feel inclined to leave uncontradicted the statements you have made, believing that, had you examined the subject more thoroughly, some, at least, of the assertions and conclusions put forth would have been withheld.

We have spent some $3,500,000,000 in vindicating the principles of republican democracy and freedom, and we should not wince in paying the bill. We propose to raise some $500,000,000 per annum for that purpose, and such a revenue cannot be exacted without entering into the cost of every product of human labor. To this books can form no exception. I observe that I pay you five dollars for a year's subscription, and I do not grudge the money, for no outlay brings me in a fuller return; though I know that but for the war I could have enjoyed the same amount of instructive reading for three dollars. Yet as your journal is local and cannot be exposed to competition from abroad, you are independent of tariffs and can serenely suggest the sweeping into the sea of unfortunate book publishers, or their swamping under the torrent of foreign importations. I cannot but think that, like the goat in Phædrus, you take some advantage of your position.

I am paying to-day to my printers and paper-makers quite twice the rates that I did before the war, and I must necessarily ask for my goods an increased price. Unlike most other manufacturers, I have not advanced my prices proportionately. For three or four years I have been doing business on a smaller percentage of profit than of old, and those profits are realized in a depreciated currency, of which the purchasing power, as you know, bears a very unpleasant comparison with that of specie in former times. I can endure all this patiently, for I know that in dealing with the inevitable patience is the only philosophy, and I am cheerfully content to bear my full share of the common burden; but when even this is threatened by the rising tide of importations patience is no longer in place, and I feel that I have a right to ask that the same necessities of revenue which enhance everything which I purchase shall likewise enhance the price of that which I have to sell.

The tariff of 1856 levied, I believe, a duty of eight per cent. *ad valorem* on books. I never troubled myself about it, for I could manufacture nearly as cheap as our English competitors, and I feel quite able to take care of myself when the odds against me are not too great. If now you could abolish taxation, you might, so far as my business is concerned, abolish duties, and I will engage to manufacture books and sell them in competition with England in any market in the world. When I am weighted down, however, I ask that my rival be not admitted to the race-course without some fraction of his share of avoirdupois.

Having said so much for myself and my brethren of the "trade," I freely admit that literature and learning are to be dealt with on higher considerations than the pecuniary advantage of a class, whether large or small, and had I not considered that the action of those who have been endeavoring to modify the tariff has been directed to the common benefit, I would not have ventured to undertake its defence. I think that you will hardly deny that, in the long run and on general principles, the interests of readers, authors, and publishers are identical, just as are those of labor and capital, however discordant they may appear in special cases. All patent and copyright laws are founded upon this conviction. If authors and publishers make money, the public will be supplied with abundance of reading matter; if they are starved, the starvation will extend to the minds of readers. Mr. Alexander

Strahan, in a very candid letter addressed to the London *Bookseller* of Jan. 31, 1866, boasted that the existing condition of affairs would soon result in there no more being an English and American edition of the same book than there now is an English and Irish. As all American books of note are now reprinted in England, the fulfilment of this prophecy, which you are doing what you can to bring about, means that no books but a few school manuals and local magazines will be published here. I leave you to estimate what, under such circumstances, would be the intellectual progress and culture for which you make so vigorous a plea. If publishing and authorship are prosperous, the higher education and training are stimulated. In the present exceptional condition of business, a moderate degree of protection is a Mæcenas whose encouragement of literature entails no sacrifice of personal independence.

This leads me to consider the measure of that protection for which we have asked, and to see whether, even granting your view of the matter, it would prove so disastrous to the best interests of culture as you assume that it would be. You assert that the proposed duty of 25 cents per pound weight on recent English books and 10 cents per pound on old and foreign books "is all but prohibitory." I cannot but think that you have accepted without due examination the assertion of some interested party, for I am sure that you would not knowingly make so palpable a misrepresentation, especially as your remarks are directed not to the novels, poetry, books of travels, etc., which are likely to be reprinted here, and for which you profess no particular interest, but to the higher order of works suited to the scholar, for which there is no large demand anywhere.

In comparing a specific with an *ad valorem* duty, it is necessary to premise that in London the ordinary "trade discount," or deduction from the retail price of books, is 25 per cent. I can make special arrangements with English publishers for editions of popular works, which would otherwise be reprinted here, and can purchase them at very low prices, for the English publishers are eagerly seeking to control our markets and break down competition; but when I order a few copies of a book, I am obliged to be content with the 25 per cent. Now, I have weighed a number of English books, and I find that 25 cents per pound in gold will average less than twenty (20) per cent. upon the net wholesale price which I pay in London. This surely is no prohibitory duty, and it is even less than the existing tariff of 25 per cent. On old books and foreign books the proposed duty of 10 cents per pound is scarcely more than nominal—hardly, indeed, sufficient to pay the cost of collection. It is, as you cannot but see, an enormous diminution of the existing impost, and was especially designed to encourage the formation of libraries and to stimulate that higher culture on which so much of the future destinies of the Republic depends.

On the books, therefore, in which you specially and properly feel an interest, the proposed tariff is far more liberal than the present one. Indeed, those earnest students and men of science whose cause you plead will rarely even have to draw the purse-strings to pay this reduced rate of 25 cents per pound, for nearly all the works of the high class which they require are German and French, and these they will be able to obtain at the lowest and almost nominal rate. In addition to this, libraries and other public institutions are authorized to import copies of books for their own use free of duty.

On the other class of publications, the lighter and more ephemeral literature, which comes into competition with American authors and publishers, the working of the proposed specific rate, low as it is, will increase the duty somewhat, and for this we have striven. We have felt for some time that on books of this class there was no protection afforded by an *ad valorem* rate. Mr. Odell, the late Naval Officer of New York, I am told, declared it to be his experience that in importations of books undervalued invoices were the rule and honest ones the exception. Mr. Strahan, in the letter alluded to above, was obliging enough to explain how the English publisher could employ a third party to stand between him and his New York branch, and receive and make out invoices at nominal rates. No appraiser can be expected to know the "market value at the place of exportation" of such articles as books, and the unanimous testimony of experienced custom house officials is that the only way to avoid frauds upon the revenue is to levy specific duties on every article capable of being so rated. Why we have been anxious to obtain a specific rate on books you can perhaps understand when I have it on good authority that in the negotiations between the various bookselling interests, resulting in the plan proposed, the importers offered to make no opposition to a duty of 75 per cent. *ad valorem* if we would abandon a specific rate which, as I have shown above, only amounts to about 20 per cent. on the ordinary English wholesale prices.

No manufacturing interest, I suspect, has approached Congress with so moderate a claim for protection, or one in which the interests of the consumer were more carefully guarded. I think it hard, therefore, that you should hold the publishers up to public detestation as men who are virtually conspiring against the best interests of the republic.

Very respectfully,

A PUBLISHER.

[We do not blame publishers, any more than any other men who have money invested in a business, for doing what they can to prevent themselves from being ruined by taxes and foreign competition. Our remarks, too, in the article referred to, applied to paper-makers just as much as to publishers. But we do maintain that in all the legislation of the last six years Congress has considered the interests of book manufacturers exclusively, and paid no attention to those of readers and authors, and habitually refuses to consider any side of literature but the material side. We do not know what "A Publisher" calls "prohibitory," but we can only say that as long as the dollar now counts only for fifty cents on every book we import, anything added to this—even five per cent.—is "well-nigh prohibitory," and does stop importation on the part of the great body of readers. We have no desire to see all American books published in England. It would be a great misfortune; and so far from trying to bring it about, we are doing what we can to prevent it. We therefore object to all legislation which has no better object than to punish Mr. Alexander Strahan for his foolish speeches; and we warn American publishers that the only true and lasting foundation for their business is the prevalence of high culture in America. Nothing strikes so severe a blow at native publishers as anything which retards or prevents the growth of original native thinkers and writers—and nothing does this as much as dear books.—ED. NATION.]

CLASSICAL AND SCIENTIFIC EDUCATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

Under this heading I alluded, last week, to a few questions which the public mind is beginning or has begun to ask in regard to our American college system. There are other enquiries on the same subject that no less urgently demand an answer.

For example, the college degrees are becoming an open question. Does the bachelor's diploma mean all it says, and does one small head carry all the knowledge which that parchment warrants to the bearer? To be sure, he is usually a bachelor (all the better for him, since Heaven help him if he has a family to support on the strength of what he has learned in college), but is he all the rest of it? Of course we do not pretend to know, for it is all in Latin. It is very wicked (the missionary agents tell us) for the Popish priests to talk to the people in an unknown tongue, but of course it is pardonable in the colleges. And does the master's degree mean that the young man is a master of all arts, or of any, or is it merely a reward of merit for having consented to live in this sinful world for three years after graduating?

Even the very classics have been desecrated, and the questions which Sydney Smith asked are again demanding the answer which they did not receive in his day. Shall our youth always be offered up on the classical altar? Have the classics the pre-eminence, nay, the monopoly, that is claimed for them as a disciplinary study or a means of culture? What powers of the mind do they strengthen? The memory first, no doubt, and next the power of forgetting. For no unaided faculty of oblivion could enable the student so thoroughly to discharge himself of his linguistic attainments as do our undergraduates in the course of two years. Do Latin and Greek enlarge the powers of observation, of abstraction, of generalization, of ratiocination? Power of language and precision of expression, doubtless, they may give, if the pupil is taught to transfer the exact idea of his author into clear, terse, elegant English. But of what fraction of one per cent. of our students is this true? Power of confining the attention and the general improvement of character that come from diligent occupation and the conquest of difficulties the classics may give, if the pupil does not interline his text-book with the vernacular, copied from the Oxford translations. But if he does so interline, is it not idle to talk about discipline? and if in addition he does this by stealth, what is the bearing of the process upon his character and his morals? Text books shd. be supplied in the class room by the college.

Is not this fact very significant as to the effect on the mind of the pupil? Our young men at the most susceptible period of their lives are daily reading the narratives of the most debasing actions, the deification of drunkenness and lust, and reading books which would be indicted if printed in English, and dwelling on scenes against which the early Christian teachers warned their disciples, and yet we cannot see that their morals are affected. We ask the teachers with some solicitude, and they reassure us by saying, "Really, the fact is, that the boys understand so little what they read, and enter so slightly into its spirit, that it does them no harm."* The defence may be perfect as against the particular charge, but how far does it better the case for the classics? It reminds us of the reply made by Deacon ——, of Bellingham, Mass., in the days when a brisk trade was carried on there in the manufacture of guns to be sent to the Northwest and bartered with the Indians for furs. The good man, willing to turn an honest penny, had just completed a considerable consignment with the barrels made of *cast-iron.* One of his brethren expostulated with him. "How could you do so, deacon? Why, they will burst and send the poor creatures into eternity." "Brother," said the deacon, with an air of injured rectitude, blended with holy complacency, "I was particular to guard against that very danger. I made them all *without any touch-holes.*"

Is it reasonable to suppose, men will ask, that because the classics were a great aid, were (if you choose) the chief instrument, three or four centuries ago, in the enlightenment of the human mind, they are as indispensable now? Does not all the most valuable food for the human mind to-day lie outside of the classics: to wit, history, science, metaphysics, belles-lettres, and ethics?

And is the same exclusive deference due to the classics as in the ages when they were the repository and vehicle of all knowledge? Because the stage-coach, the packet-ship, the canal boat, the flail, the distaff, the bow and arrows, the arquebus, the flint-lock were of unspeakable value once, must we devote years to learning their use now? Was it not, indeed, for being in advance of their times that we honor the classical authors, and shall we show our admiration for them now by falling behind our own times? Are we not most truly pupils of Aristotle and Plato and Socrates when we practise original enquiry and abandon obsolete traditions?

Is it not, moreover, a very unfair mode of argument that is applied to this question? When it is asked what is the power of the established curriculum and of classical lore to enlarge the human understanding, we are pointed to men who have been thus educated, and then to the men who have had no education at all, and we are complacently desired to compare the two classes. Now, it appears to us, O learned men! that if this were done by anybody but you, we should consider it the grossest sophistry. We know very well that any employment of the mind is better than mental stagnation. But the real question is between this learning and that which men might have gained at the same cost of time and labor. It is not, if we understand the matter, between going by stage and limping on foot, but between the stage-coach and the lightning express. The precise question which we wish answered is this: Would or would not the six, eight, or ten best years of youth, now demanded for Latin or Greek, be better employed in learning something of the marvellous works of God in history, in science, and in the world of mind?

We hope that we shall not be persistently misunderstood. We do not wish to ignore or exclude classical study. We know that there are men whose genius points unmistakably to attainments in this direction, and for whose future labors such pursuits are invaluable. We want to have our clergyman go as far back as he can to the original sources of the doctrines which he teaches. The more he knows of Greek, Hebrew, Chaldee, and Aramaic the better.

To *forbid* men to study the classics would be as despotic as to *compel* them to do so. We believe in entire liberty of choice. Because we think that we can get a better knowledge of the English tongue by the study of our best English writers,* is no reason why we should forbid you to besiege English by the gradual approaches of Sanscrit, Greek, and the Gothic tongues. Only, pray allow us the same liberty that we concede to you, and do not compel us to forego all the treasures of knowledge, or, as an indispensable condition, to wade through year upon year of classical superficiality. If we cannot be educated men, and know all about the difference between *ει και* and *και ει*, at least do not prevent us from being such ignorant men as George Stephenson, Hugh Miller, and Abraham Lincoln.

Just such enquiries as these, men unlearned, perhaps, but not wholly devoid of common sense, are making. The question is open. And the next query addressed the boards of our colleges, we apprehend, will be: "Will you, the guardians of high public education, in your colleges teach us and our sons what we want to learn and must learn, or shall we, after having endowed you with the wealth that our own labors have earned, begin anew and establish institutions that shall afford to those of us who do not choose a learned profession an education in the line of our favorite avocation?"

Such is the utterance of the unclassical and uncollegiate world. And if from them an appeal is made to the men who have tested in their own lives the time-honored classical course, and if we ask their judgment in the premises, we know of one, at least, who would reply, "Haud ignarus loquor," or, in the more idiomatic language of the Bowery, "I have been there." I began at the age of eight years to pursue the study of Latin, which was speedily followed by its cousin Greek. Ten of the best years of youth were passed in their study, under teachers of deserved eminence, and with every advantage for attainment in these departments. Subsequently, at different periods, nearly as much time has been spent in communicating the same knowledge to others. Meanwhile, not a day or an hour passes that I am not harassed, mortified, and crippled for want of the knowledge which I might have gained with ease during a fraction of the years spent with irksomeness and anguish in gaining a superficial knowledge of the ancient tongues. I have no desire that my descendants should buy repentance at so dear a rate. And it is a sense of the inadequacy of these pursuits to satisfy the average mind—a sense derived from my own experience and much observation—which has made me a *reformed classicist.* A GOTHIC MAN.

NEW HAVEN, Feb. 25.

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* We once heard a veteran teacher relieve the anxiety of a mother in precisely these words.

* For example, by the use of Mr. Marsh's admirable little book.

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Premiums on Policies not marked off 1st January, 1866		2,188,325 15
Total amount of Marine Premiums		$10,470,346 41
No Policies have been issued upon Life Risks, nor upon Fire Risks disconnected with Marine Risks.		
Premiums marked off from 1st January, 1866, to 31st December, 1866		$7,632,236 70
Losses paid during the same period	$5,683,895 05	
Returns of Premiums and Expenses	$1,194,173 23	

The Company has the following Assets, viz.:

United States and State of New York Stock, City, Bank, and other Stocks	$6,771,885 00
Loans secured by Stocks and otherwise	1,129,350 00
Real Estate and Bonds and Mortgages	221,260 00
Interest, and sundry notes and claims due the Company, estimated at	141,866 24
Premium Notes and Bills Receivable	3,837,735 41
Cash in Bank	434,207 81
Total Amount of Assets	$12,536,304 46

Six per cent. interest on the outstanding certificates of profits will be paid to the holders thereof, or their legal representatives, on and after Tuesday, the Fifth of February next.

The outstanding certificates of the issue of 1864 will be redeemed and paid to the holders thereof, or their legal representatives, on and after Tuesday, the Fifth of February next, from which date all interest thereon will cease. The certificates to be produced at the time of payment, and cancelled.

A dividend of Twenty per cent. is declared on the net earned premiums of the Company for the year ending 31st December, 1866, for which certificates will be issued on and after Tuesday, the Second of April next.

By order of the Board.

J. H. CHAPMAN, Secretary.

TRUSTEES.

John D. Jones,
Cornelius Grinnell,
Geo. G. Hobson,
W. H. H. Moore,
B. J. Howland,
James Bryce,
Wm. C. Pickersgill,
Fletcher Westray,
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R. Warren Weston,
James Low,
Dennis Perkins,
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William H. Webb,
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Charles P. Burdett,
William E. Dodge,
Charles Dennis,
C. A. Hand,
David Lane,
Henry Coit,
Benj. Babcock,
Francis Skiddy,
Lewis Curtis,
Robt. B. Minturn, Jr.,
Wm. Sturgis,
Lowell Holbrook,
Frederick Chauncey,
Joshua J. Henry,
Royal Phelps,
George S. Stephenson,
Joseph Gaillard, Jr.,
A. P. Pillot,
Sheppard Gandy.
Robert L. Taylor,

JOHN D. JONES, President.
CHARLES DENNIS, Vice-President.
W. H. H. MOORE, 2d Vice-Pres't.

ÆTNA INSURANCE COMPANY,

OF HARTFORD.

Capital, - - - - $3,000,000

Incorporated in 1816.

LOSSES PAID IN 46 YEARS, $17,485,894 00

J. GOODNOW, Secretary.

L. J. HENDEE, President.

Assets January 1, 1866, $4,067,455 80

Claims not due and unadjusted, 244,391 00

Persons desiring ample security against loss and damage by fire may obtain policies at fair rates.

NEW YORK AGENCY, 62 WALL STREET.

Losses promptly adjusted and paid by

JAS. A. ALEXANDER, Agent.

UNION MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

CHARTER PERPETUAL.

Organized 1849.

OFFICE: 151 BROADWAY.

Since its organization, this Company has paid (chiefly to Widows and Orphans) for losses by death,

$1,021,100 00,

and **$457,119 00** in

DIVIDENDS (averaging 40 per cent. of the Premiums)—a total of nearly

ONE AND ONE-HALF MILLION OF DOLLARS,

And now has, in its Capital and Accumulations, securely invested for the Payment of Losses and Dividends, a Fund of

$2,112,704 42.

New York References.

JAMES HARPER, of the Firm of Harper & Brothers, Publishers, 331 Pearl Street.
J. C. GUNTHER, of the Firm of C. G. Gunther & Sons, Fur Dealers, 502 Broadway.
SHERMAN, TALLMAN & CO., Grocers, 51 Front Street.
CRAGIN & CO., Provisions, 383 West Twelfth Street.
WOODRUFF & ROBINSONS, Fish and Salt, 44 Front Street.
H. B. CLAFLIN & CO., Dry Goods, 140 Church Street.
EMMET GETTY, of the Firm of R. P. Getty & Son, Provisions, 115 Greenwich Street.

N. Y. Medical Examiners.

J. J. CRANE, M.D., 31 West Twenty-first Street.
JOHN G. SEWALL, M.D., 234 West Thirtieth Street.
GEORGE T. SHIPLEY, M.D., 112 West Fourth Street.

We refer to the Massachusetts and New York Insurance Commissioners' Reports for 1864 and 1865 as an evidence of the Safety, Reliability, and Unparalleled Success of the Union Mutual.

J. W. & H. JUDD, GENERAL AGENTS.

☞ Active and efficient AGENTS wanted. Apply as above.

NIAGARA FIRE INSURANCE CO.

OFFICE, 12 WALL STREET.

CASH CAPITAL INCREASED TO -	$1,000,000
SURPLUS, JULY 1, 1866, - -	300,000

Losses equitably adjusted and promptly paid.

CHARTERED 1850.

Cash Dividends paid in fourteen years, 248 per cent.

JONATHAN D. STEELE, President.

P. NOTMAN, Secretary.

The Nation.

VOL. IV.—NO. 89. THURSDAY, MARCH 14, 1867. { Five Dollars per Annum. Twelve Cents per Copy.

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*** *Subscribers are particularly requested to note the expiration of their subscriptions, and to forward what is due for the ensuing year, with or without further reminder from this office.*

E. L. GODKIN & CO., PUBLISHERS, 130 NASSAU STREET, N. Y.

The Week.

There seems to be good reason to believe that the last Reconstruction bill will work, and bring the South to dry land at last, if not swimmingly and cheerfully, then by the hair of the head, or nape of the neck. There are numerous signs that the prospect of military government for an indefinite period is opening the eyes of the people to their folly in having relied so long on Mr. Johnson's power of obstruction. Preparations are making in Virginia, North Carolina, Alabama, and other States, by one party or other, to organize under the act; and there seems in some quarters, Virginia, for instance, to be a race going on to see which shall get hold of the convention first, and thus have the shaping of the new constitution. Of course, even under the law just passed, the military commander might, by a general order, frame rules and regulations for the election of the conventions, and the time and place of meeting. But then it is desirable not only that these rules and regulations should be uniform in all the States, but that they should emanate from Congress only, and that no sanction, express or implied, should be given to the doctrine that it is the business of the Executive, through the army, to organize civil governments in any State or Territory, conquered or unconquered, in or out of the Union. This is a heresy which must not be tolerated. Mr. Wilson, therefore, has very properly introduced into the House a bill, which will no doubt have passed before this meets the eyes of our readers, providing for the registration, before the 1st of September next, of all voters in each State qualified under the Reconstruction bill, and for the election of a constitutional convention within thirty days after this registration shall be complete. The constitution is to be submitted to the registered voters, and if adopted by a majority of them, and approved by Congress, senators and representatives from the State are to be admitted to their places. Whether Mr. Johnson will veto this or not, is of little consequence. If he is sincere in his expressions of opinion as to the condition and prospects of the country, he cannot consider it of much consequence now what anybody does, as our ruin, according to him, is accomplished.

There seems to be very little doubt that whether the last Reconstruction bill be the best bill possible or not, both Congress and the country are prepared to treat it as a finality and content themselves with it. An attempt of Mr. Stevens to revive the Reconstruction Committee of Fifteen has been defeated. Mr. Sumner, too, introduced last week a reconstruction bill of his own, framing "additional guarantees," the principal one being an oath to be administered to every office-holder and voter, binding him to maintain a republican form of government, to resist the payment of the rebel debt or the repudiation of the national debt, to discountenance all laws making distinctions on account of race or color, and to support education and the diffusion of education in public schools open to all. If, however, the success of the reconstruction process has to depend in the smallest degree on the fulfilment by really disloyal men of sworn promises to do certain things in the future, it is pretty certain to fail. A man's oath to support the diffusion of knowledge in common schools would, in nine cases out of ten, be of no more value than his oath to "support" early rising or cold bathing, or the general practice of virtue. This reliance on hard swearing is a thoroughly mediæval feeling, and its revival in our time as a great political agent is a singular phenomenon. An oath just now is of use simply as a test as to past conduct. An oath to bear allegiance in future to a particular government has, as all the world knows, never kept anybody in any age or country from rebelling whenever he thought the time had come. Who refrained from joining in the insurrection at the South solely because he had sworn allegiance to the Federal Government? We may by test oaths keep rebels from participating in the government for the present. We cannot by any test oaths bind rebels to good behaviour in the future.

◆

Mr. Sumner also introduced resolutions declaring the illegality of the existing State governments at the South, the desirableness of providing temporary substitutes for them, and of excluding rebel agency from all influence in framing the new governments; of establishing public schools in the rebel States; and of giving each colored head of a family a "piece of land." In answer to various senators, Mr. Sumner said "the piece of land" might come from land sold for taxes, or that the President (this is surely a mistake of the reporters) *might have* required the land for the freedmen from each person pardoned as a condition of the pardon; and that this grant of land, though not necessary to a republican form of government, was necessary to "conclude the glorious work of emancipation." Somehow, the Senate did not seem to get the idea clearly, and the resolutions were laid on the table by a vote of 36 to 10.

◆

The indefatigable General Banks has got into the chair of the Committee on Foreign Affairs of the House once more—a fact not creditable to Mr. Colfax, as Mr. Banks's report on the neutrality laws, of which Mr. George Bemis made such a shocking exposure, ought, in the eyes of every intelligent and honest man, to disqualify the author for any position of responsibility with regard to our foreign relations hereafter. It is hard to say whether the report was more marked by ignorance or unscrupulousness, and it ought to have relegated the writer to as private a station as his peculiar gifts will allow him to occupy.

◆

Mr. Johnson has been delivering a kind of philosophical disquisition on the state and prospects of the country to General Halpine, *alias* Miles O'Reilly, who prints it from memory in the New York *Citizen.* It is so weighty and profound that we despair of giving the ordinary reader even an idea of the gist of it. It appears to contain the cream of Mr. Johnson's reflections on the existing crisis; and the conclusion to which he has come is, that we have destroyed one slaveholding aristocracy at the South only to set up another, "a consolidated moneyed oligarchy," at the North, based on seven-thirties and five-twenties. This last-named aristocracy is, it appears, finally to devour us all. He says, "We have all read history"—but this is too sweeping a statement by half. Some of us have; others have not; and some of those who have read it have forgotten what they have read, Mr. Johnson, we fear, for one. For instance, we have carefully examined the statement he made last summer, that Charles II. had his head cut off, and although he afterward corrected himself, and said he meant James II., we doubt very much whether he could make good this correction either, as there are equally weighty reasons for believing that James escaped to Tunis, and died Emperor of Morocco. But let this pass. Mr. Johnson says "that we are to have a great financial crash this year; he holds it to be inevitable, though deprecating it, and having used every effort for its avoidance." When a financial crash has been "deprecated" in this way by a man of Mr. Johnson's standing, it is really too bad of it to come. The country, faulty though he be in many ways, ought to feel deeply grateful to him for the course he has adopted in this matter. If other public men would follow his example, and "deprecate" crashes, in time this plague of the commercial world would doubtless soon cease to trouble us. The following passage we cannot help quoting entire. An attempt at condensation would injure it. He says relying on Congressional enactments in our present condition is—

> "Like a man sustaining his strength on brandy; so long as he can increase the dose daily he may get along in high good humor—just as we have been prospering on an irredeemable paper currency and fresh issues of public securities. But, sooner or later, the day will come in which brandy no longer can stimulate; nor can irredeemable promises to pay pass current as a circulating medium for ever. To the man will come a severe fit of sickness, teaching him that the laws of temperance can only be violated under fearful penalties; and to the nation will come a financial crash, teaching it that paper is only a representative of value, not value itself; and that the only true securities for our public credit must be looked for in a system of rigidly exacted obedience to all constitutional restraints, and a thorough system of economy in all branches of the public service."

The fallacy in the foregoing illustration, we take leave to say, lies in the assumption that when a man finds brandy does not agree with him he must necessarily become temperate and have a fit of sickness. This, as most politicians know, is a mistake. The usual course is to fall back on rye whisky, which some of our greatest statesmen take in daily doses, year after year, and go on getting wiser and wiser, and more and more profound, so that unless the supply of whisky should fail we expect, before the close of the present century, to see every problem, both political and social, solved on the stump or in conversations in back parlors.

◆

THE impeachment enquiry has been committed anew to the Judiciary Committee, and the temper shown in the discussion of the matter both in the caucus and in the House, showed that the Fortieth Congress will deal with the subject with fairness, earnestness, and moderation. The reference to the Judiciary Committee is evidence of the general determination to make the proceeding a strictly judicial one, and not a roundabout way of getting rid of "an obstacle;" and there are various other indications that Congress is not anxious to hurry the Committee in reporting. Of course the result of the enquiry will depend on the nature of the evidence elicited; but the chances seem to be that, barring "startling revelations," the project will languish, and, if the President executes the Reconstruction bill fairly, expire in the fall.

◆

IT seems not unlikely that an attempt will soon be made to "flank" Brigham Young, and dispose satisfactorily of the troublesome question of polygamy, which for some years has loomed large and demanded settlement. The Nevada Legislature has been informed by Senator Stewart that he had good reasons for believing that Congress would be found quite ready, if Nevada would say she was willing, to make the Territory of Utah a part of the State of Nevada. Nevada appears to be willing; and on Feb. 6th the State Senate, by a vote of 14 to 2, ordered engrossed a resolution favorable to accepting Utah, or the "State of Deseret;" for it is true, though not very well known, that the Mormons have a shadowy sort of State government, with Young as governor and other Mormons as senators and members of assembly, who annually go through the form of ratifying the acts of the Territorial and National governments. It was of course to be expected that the citizens of Nevada should entertain a robust self-confidence in their ability to "handle" any number of Mormons and "to clean out Brigham" if need be within a brief period of time. But still it looks very much as if Nevada, when she gets Utah, will find that she has been swallowed instead of swallowing. There are perhaps, says the Salt Lake City *Union Vedette*, 3,000 legal voters in Utah. But there were in 1860 about 20,000 male inhabitants, and though a great majority of these are foreigners, their disabilities could soon be removed, and they be made voters. The estimated population of Nevada is 30,000 souls, of whom, to be sure, fewer are women and children than in an equal number of Mormons; but yet the voters in Nevada could be outnumbered, it is likely, by those in the Territory. So it is not wonderful that Young expresses his satisfaction with the proposed measure, declines to send money to Nevada to defeat it, and only stipulates that the new State shall be called the State of Deseret.

◆

THE Southern Relief Commission has not, we believe, been very successful in its operations, at least in this city. A few days ago only $20,000 had been raised, and over half this was contributed by members of the Committee. A plan for lending money in moderate sums to persons struggling to restore their fortunes by cultivating their plantations has been discussed with some of the leading bankers, and decided to be impracticable. There is, evidently, little or no faith current in Southern promises to pay. What is more unfortunate is, however, that there is very little disposition to give for the relief of Southern wants. There is very little question that when the war closed a million dollars might have been raised for this purpose as readily as a thousand now can be. People's charity has been dried up; and not only this, but their disgust excited to the last degree by the language of the Southern press and orators, by the position of defiance which the Southern public has allowed itself to be induced to take up, and by the outrageous treatment of Northern settlers and Unionists, black and white, in various parts of the country. No opportunity has been allowed to slip of insulting the Northern people, and even such philanthropic efforts as have been already made for the relief of distress or the diffusion of education have been ascribed to the vilest motives. We do not say these things for the purpose of stimulating the prevailing disposition not to give. On the contrary, putting Christian duty altogether aside, we believe that the North does itself real material service in endeavoring to lighten the burden of Southern suffering. But Northern men and women are made of flesh and blood; and it is not in flesh and blood to bear what they have had to bear from the South during the last thirty or forty years, and still to be charitable in these hard times to persons who curse and revile their benefactors in the act of eating their bread. At all events, there is just now an opinion prevalent amongst very good and wise men, that the South will never be brought to its senses except through greater privation than has yet befallen it.

◆

THE Reform movement in England has entered on a new and interesting stage. Mr. Disraeli has withdrawn his unfortunate declaratory resolutions and brought in a bill with which Mr. Gladstone is disposed to be satisfied, but which meets with Mr. Bright's unqualified disapprobation. The result seems to be a split in the Liberal ranks, Mr. Bright going off and having, it is said, determined on a course of agitation of extraordinary energy and activity during the coming summer. The chances are that, as far as the House of Commons is concerned, the bill will pass, unless the opposition out of doors is very strong. The six-pound rating (for the poor), below which Mr. Disraeli is not apparently disposed to go, and the plurality of votes—that is, two or three votes by one person on different kinds of qualification—are an abomination to the Radicals, but the Gladstonites seem disposed to take what they can get. One most important measure has just passed a second reading, providing for the eligibility of Catholics to the Lord Chancellorship both of England and Ireland and the Lord Lieutenancy of Ireland. This may seem a small matter, but it shows in reality that the great principle of religious and political equality is making rapid progress. Another most significant incident is the recent invitation of Cardinal Cullen—hat, red stockings, and all—to dine with the Lord Lieutenant, who has always been personally a Tory of the Tories. It is quite evident that a few more blows will upset the Irish Church Establishment, one of the most disgraceful caricatures on a religious organization the world has ever seen.

◆

The Fenian insurrection in Ireland is clearly a total failure; in fact, the movement is hardly worth the name of an insurrection. Of course it has created a good deal of excitement here, and has doubtless answered one object of its promoters in giving a fresh impetus to the collection of money on this side of the water. In this work of defrauding the poor, these worthies are, we regret to say, aided and abetted by native demagogues and by a portion of the press, such as the New York *Tribune*, in which one expects to find not only more conscience, but more intellectual pride. This and other journals have, during the past week, been working up "the rebellion" in the regular sensational style with which readers of the "great dailies" are unhappily so familiar, doubting the telegrams from London, and drawing wonderful pictures of imaginary armies that are to assemble in Connaught, and march through Athlone and the Bog of Allen to tear the British Empire to pieces, or else entrench themselves in Tipperary—a county whose strategic advantages *The Tribune* describes in glowing terms. It appears "cavalry cannot act in such a country; artillery, except in very small pieces, cannot be transported over the hills and mountains; and *the ground is favorable to ambuscades*." There is more of the same which we forbear quoting; the picture it conjures up of the approaching fate of the British army in Ireland is too harrowing for contemplation, richly as that body of men has deserved its impending annihilation. We venture to say, with all deference, that there is no flourishing daily paper in the United States which will not find a rigid abstinence from humbug of all sorts for the space of two years worth more to it both in character and circulation than a dozen "special contributors" of the highest reputation, at ten thousand dollars apiece. The New York *Times* has strong claims on the gratitude of the poor Fenians as well as of the general public, for its words of soberness and truth on this sad and repulsive Fenian swindle; for, in America, swindle it is. Mr. Thaddeus Stevens did the country good service too, and himself credit, by refusing to permit the introduction of the ridiculous Donnelly resolutions, claiming belligerent rights for the "Irish Republic." He had a chance for a good joke when doing so, which we are sorry he let slip.

◆

The French Emperor has finally, it appears, resolved to stand by his scheme of military reorganization, by which at one stroke he places 160,000 men every year at the disposal of the Government—that is, every young man in the country of the age of twenty, and not physically incapable; so that one-half the able-bodied men will have to serve five years in the regular army and four in the reserve, and the other half five in the reserve and four in the National Guard—the reserve, be it remembered, being liable to be called out at any time by a mere order from the Minister of War. This will raise the French force under arms, in six years, to 1,232,215 men. The hostility which this measure excited when it was first proposed, especially amongst the peasantry, who are the real basis on which the Imperial dynasty rests, was so very great that it was supposed until within a few days that it would be abandoned. But the Emperor, it appears, is resolute, and is determined to submit his hold on power to the severest strain it has yet experienced. What this draft means to the people may be best estimated by stating that out of 325,000, the total number annually of Frenchmen who attain their twentieth year, about 110,000 of them are unfit for service, throwing the burden of the conscription on the remaining 215,000, of whom over 30,000 have to be exempted for family reasons.

THE FREEDMEN.

We omitted inadvertently last week to add to our paragraph on the new common-school system in Tennessee some remarks on the effect which its adoption will have on the freedmen's schools at present in operation throughout the State. We instanced the valuable services of the American Freedman's Union Commission, and should have stated in the same connection that other societies than those united under this organization have done and are still doing honorable and useful work in Tennessee, and must share the credit of the recent statute establishing common schools. But this Commission and its branches, foreseeing the day when their pioneer labors would be absorbed by State action like this of Tennesseee, purposely discarded sectarian tests in the selection of teachers, yet, believing that "the religious instruction most needed by the freed people is the application of Christianity to moral conduct," appointed none who appeared to be incapable of making this application. Their schools are consequently ready at any moment to be turned over to the State authorities—needing no assimilation—and they bequeath besides a corps of intelligent, well-trained colored teachers who will assuredly not be rejected by the State. With the denominational or distinctively "evangelical" schools the case is different; they cannot contend with the common-school system, and yet they can scarcely coexist with it. Their teachers will probably transfer themselves to new fields. Those of the Commission are already preparing to do so—not, however, as if turned out, but in pursuance of their original design.

—Edmund Ruffin, of South Carolina, fired the first gun of the war against the Union. Governor Bullock, of Massachusetts, has just appointed George L. Ruffin, a colored man, justice of the peace for the county of Suffolk.

—On the 8th, a meeting of white and colored persons was held at Military Hall, Charleston, to take steps for the formation of a Union Republican party in South Carolina. Some 300 persons were in attendance, and a committee was appointed to report a plan of organization.

—According to *The Southern Churchman*, there are outside of Charleston thirty-one teachers and two thousand pupils in South Carolina, as follows: in Columbia, eleven teachers and eight hundred pupils; in Greenville, three teachers and about a hundred and fifty pupils; in Anderson, one teacher and about a hundred pupils; Lexington, one teacher and ninety-seven pupils; at Belton, one teacher and thirty-five pupils; in Orangeburg, two teachers and about two hundred pupils; at Aiken, one teacher and a hundred and five pupils; in Sumter, Kershaw, and that part of the State in general, eleven teachers and about five hundred pupils. In these schools are taught spelling, reading, writing, arithmetic, and geography.

—*The Charleston Mercury* acknowledges that the experiment of negro testimony in the courts "has been attended with more than the usual success. The colored witnesses appear to be fully impressed with the obligations placed upon them, and their evidence has been generally given with an evident desire to tell the whole truth and nothing but the truth. There is but little tendency to prolixity and discursiveness, and the testimony has in the late criminal trials been clear, intelligible, and to the point."

—The chief of police at Memphis has been arrested by order of Gen. Howard. His alleged offence is arresting negroes without cause, and hiring them out from jail, without trial, to planters, for small sums which the latter paid him.

—The Missouri House, on the 7th, passed a bill to amend the constitution so as to allow negroes to vote. Yeas, 76; nays, 46.

—The teachers of the colored schools of the District of Columbia met in Washington on the 1st inst., to report progress and to adopt a course of parallel studies. The attendance of some schools during the month of February was extraordinary, thirteen ranging from 100 to 90 per cent. The course decided upon is to be printed for the use and guidance of the teachers.

Notes.

LITERARY.

In our issue of January 3d we noticed the complaint of the proprietors of *Littell's Living Age* against Messrs. Harper & Bros., for having published in book form the serials "Miss Marjoribanks," "Sir Brook Fossbrooke," and "Madonna Mary," before they had been completed in *The Living Age*, and when it was known that Messrs. Littell, Son & Co. also contemplated making a book of them. A fresh controversy has arisen between the same parties, standing in the same relation, the subject being the novel called "The Claverings." In the last number of *Harper's Weekly* appears a statement intended as a defence of the course pursued by the Messrs. Harper, in the former as well as in the latter instance. It is asserted on their behalf: 1. That, being the American publishers of Mr. Trollope's novels, they paid more than two thousand dollars for the advance sheets of "The Claverings," before they were issued in England, and paid that sum for the express purpose of avoiding competition in this country. 2. That they announced the work as in press on the 13th of January, 1866, whereas Messrs. Littell, Son & Co. did not begin its publication in *The Living Age* till March. 3. That the latter, therefore, made their stereotype plates although they were in full possession of these facts, and that a part of the plates which they reproach the Messrs. Harper with not buying, to cover them from loss, "were made from the Harpers' own edition after its publication." And so the controversy stands for the present.

—Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, who have just issued "Our Mutual Friend," are said to have been very successful in selling their "Diamond Dickens." It is prettier by far than the rival edition put forth by Peterson & Brothers. The latter, however, has two or three decided advantages. We confess to finding the type of the Boston edition rather small for comfortable reading; then, secondly, the Philadelphia edition is rather cheaper than the other; thirdly, it uses the English illustrations, many of which are spirited and good. Mr. Eytinge's designs in "Our Mutual Friend" are nearly as bad as the worst pictures we ever saw in a book. They would disgrace a Sunday-school book. Peterson & Brothers, in their "Mutual Friend," without denouncing Ticknor & Fields by name, print on the title-page a note which declares that Mr. Dickens has never had any money for advanced sheets or manuscripts of his works from any American publishing houses except those of the Harpers, in this city, and the Petersons, in Philadelphia; that from these two houses, one of which publishes his novels in *Harper's Weekly*, and the other in book form, Mr. Dickens has received thousands of dollars, having had $5,000 in gold for "Our Mutual Friend" and a like sum for each of his other late books. The easy inference is, that Ticknor & Fields have violated what we may call the rights of the Harpers and the Petersons; much as if those latter firms should print cheap editions of certain poets who, as they say in the fly-leaves of the Ticknor & Fields editions, "desire that with those gentlemen the right of publishing in America," etc., etc.

—Fifteen or sixteen years ago, "Artemus Ward," "Mrs. Partington," and "Miles O'Reilly" were laboring together in one office, each in his degree, working on *The Carpet Bag*, a not very comic comic paper, which was then trying hard to live, and was published in Boston. We may be mistaken, but we think "Fanny Fern" was first successful in the columns of the same journal. Mr. Halpine and Mr. Shillaber, who were at the same time on the staff of the clever and witty *Boston Post*, filled the positions of editorial managers of *The Carpet Bag*, while young Browne worked as a compositor. If he wrote at all, it must have been only the most trifling and ephemeral articles, for he was no more than a boy in years. He was not thirty-two, we are told, at the time of his death. But it may very well be that it was partly because of his association with these humorous writers that the attention of the future "Artemus Ward" was turned to the field where he afterwards won money and reputation, and the affection, we may almost say, of very many men in the New World and the Old. His first "Ward" letter, written to fill space in the Cleveland *Plaindealer*, seems to have been struck off in a hurry, without much thought, and to have been suggested by his recollections of the old office in Boston. Its allusions and phraseology recall to our recollection the "funny" Tabithas and Ethans that used, twenty years ago, to figure in the Massachusetts and Maine comic papers and comic columns of papers. Till the end of his literary career he mingled in his works the humor of the East and West. The first letter in *The Plaindealer* proving a success, other letters were written which all the world has read, and after 1860, when Mr. Browne came to New York to assist in carrying on *Vanity Fair*, there was nothing to which he turned his attention—California and Mormon tours, lecturing at home and abroad, book-writing or writing for the newspapers—in which his powers of fun-making did not give him great success. To characterize and describe properly his humor—for he had a fund of native humor, though he used freely the written and spoken humor of the two great sections in which most of his brief life was passed—would require more than our present space to do. He was born in the State of Maine in 1836, in the town of Waterord, and died in Southampton on the 7th inst. Remembering his old trade, he has left his money to his mother during her life, and after her death it is to be used for establishing an asylum for printers.

—Now that England is again in the throes of the Reform agitation, the publication of the correspondence of the late Earl Grey with King William IV. and with Sir Herbert Taylor is very opportune. This correspondence extended from November, 1830, to June, 1832, and includes all that passed between the king and his minister on the subject of the Reform Act. It throws much light on matters that seemed well known, and reveals many new facts. It shows that William's mind was not as free from prejudice as was popularly supposed at the time; but that he had all the narrowness, fears, and political animosity of the oldest Tory, and, in addition, an extraordinary constitutional timidity. Had the premier been less conciliatory, adroit, or judicious, the king would have had an absolute horror of the policy which he unwillingly adopted, and a revolution would have prevented reform. One singular revelation of these letters is the great importance of Sir Herbert Taylor, the king's private secretary, who, to a great extent, seems to have been his master's master. Very few letters were written by the king personally, who was troubled with a rheumatic affection of the hand, but were merely signed by him. Most of the letters in the collection were either written by or addressed to Sir H. Taylor, who played the part of a mediator in smoothing over any difficulties that arose between the king and his ministers. At times he was empowered to use his discretion in deciding whether the king should hear the whole or only a part of a ministerial communication. The correspondence shows that the king's support of his ministers was far from unflinching, and that it was only by the vivid pictures of what might happen in the event of the rejection of the Reform Bill unaccompanied by a dissolution, presented to him by his ministers, that he reluctantly yielded, and gained great applause for his courage and promptitude. In one of the letters signed by the king is a remarkable argument against election by ballot; he says "that nothing should ever induce him to yield to it, or to sanction a practice which would, in his opinion, be a protection to concealment, *would abolish the influence of fear* and shame, and would be inconsistent with the manly spirit and the free avowal of opinion which distinguish the people of England." Some of the letters of the king have been reserved from publication by the editor, the present Earl Grey.

—"The Annual of Scientific Discovery for 1866," the issue of which has been thus long delayed, is just published. Mr. Wells, Chairman of the U. S. Revenue Commission, not having been able, on account of his duties to the Government, to superintend the preparation of the volume, Messrs. Gould & Lincoln, its publishers, put it in charge of Dr. Samuel Kneeland, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

—A circular from Mr. T. W. Higginson announces that a new edition of the "Harvard Memorial Biographies" is now in preparation, and requests from any source corrections of possible errors in the former edition. Mr. Higginson's address is Newport, R. I., and information should be sent him during the present month to be in season.

—The American Unitarian Association, whose list of publications embraces the works, or some of the works, of James Martineau, William Ellery Channing, Andrews Norton, A. P. Peabody, Henry Ware, Jr., George R. Noyes, William H. Furness, James Freeman Clarke, Daniel Schenkel, and others who have thought deeply on religion, has made a still further reduction in the prices of its books. Many of them are indeed extremely cheap. Channing's works, for example, are to be had in three volumes for a dollar a volume; Dr. Noyes's translations of Ecclesiastes, Job, the Psalms, Proverbs, the Hebrew Prophets, are offered in four volumes for no more money than a dollar and a quarter apiece.

—The printer of the slips issued to the readers of the Philological Society's Dictionary finds that during the last six years he has sent out 530,800 slips, with the printed titles of books read. Many thousands of written slips were sent in during the first four years of the work, so that the number of extracts sent in cannot be set at less than 550,000. This large mass of papers is in the hands of twenty-nine sub-editors, to be arranged and abstracted before coming under the eye of the revising committee of the Philological Society. It is proposed to publish the abstract of the whole of the material as a "Concise Dictionary," in order that the words and authorities for words, meanings, and usages still wanting for the Full Dictionary may, as far as possible, be supplied. It will, however, be two or three years before the "Concise Dictionary" can appear, so much work still remains to be done.

RITUALISM.[*]

THE appearance of this book is a portent not to be neglected by those who feel an interest in the Anglican Church. It is the confession of earnest-minded men that the Establishment has been weighed and found wanting, and it records their gropings for a remedy that shall enable their ecclesiastical system to do some reasonable share of the duty allotted to it, and to give some not totally inadequate return for the vast power and wealth with which it has been entrusted.

While awarding to the authors full measure of recognition for the zeal which prompts their efforts, it is impossible for a disinterested observer not to feel some wonder at the direction of those efforts, and no little misgiving as to their probable result. The questions of vestments and candles are of small importance, and if these only were involved, the enthusiasts who seek by such instrumentalities to overcome the fatal indifferentism of the age might safely be left to amuse themselves with whatever toys they might select to gratify their æsthetic ecclesiology; but these ritualistic observances are only an efflorescence of which the roots lie in strata that the world had supposed to be pretty effectually covered by modern progress.

The gentlemen who have contributed to this volume unite in deprecating the accusation that they are on the high road to Rome. It is true that they admit one of the great objects of the movement to be the reunion of the Church of England with those of Rome and Greece (p. 28), and they fail to show how they expect those great bodies, petrified in the moulds of centuries, to adapt themselves to the exigencies of the insular fragment; but they are careful to assume to themselves the exclusive title of Catholics, while the elder branch is distinguished as the Roman Church. At the same time, the differences between the churches are rapidly narrowing under their reverential zeal for antiquity and tradition, and this without any concessions from the other side.

Eucharistic adoration, of which they have been accused, they indignantly deny; but if symbolism have the vital force which they attribute to it, the esoteric meaning of candles and incense and genuflexions can hardly be long in overcoming a doctrinal repugnance which soon will be scarcely more than nominal. When the power of dispensation is admitted to be lodged somewhere in the Church, the reverence for tradition already displayed will soon be willing to acknowledge that it can only be exercised by the representative of him to whom the symbolical keys were entrusted. When the Lutheran doctrine of justification—the great awakener of the human mind from centuries of torpor—is stigmatized as "the most anti-missionary and anti-Christian of dogmas" (p. 49), the door is at once opened to all the abuses of the Thomist theology, which, as the most profitable part of her power over the consciences of men, the Latin Church can never abandon, and the rejection of which is one of the insuperable obstacles to her reunion with the reformers. When the reformers and the Reformation, indeed, are never alluded to save in terms of dislike and contempt, the unity of feeling with the old Mother of Churches becomes sympathetic, and little is left of concession requisite to reconciliation except the question of clerical celibacy. On that point, too, they are already nearly at one with Rome.

No one who has attentively studied the history of the Christian Church can fail to recognize the vast influence which has been exercised over both its temporal and spiritual concerns by the institution of celibacy. The line of separation which it draws between the priest and the people, while rendering the minister of Christ in some respects less efficient for good, vastly increases his value as an instrument of aggression and aggrandizement, and the sacerdotal caste which is thus formed becomes compact and easily wielded by the central directing power. The force of a church based on such institutions is therefore greatly increased, whether for good or evil, and as the leaders of the Ritualistic movement evidently dread nothing so much as the apathy and stagnation of the Anglican Establishment, they wisely seek to give to their Church of the future the advantages derivable from sundering all the ties that would otherwise divide the allegiance of their recruits.

Accordingly we find in this volume, besides various scattering allusions to the benefits of celibacy, no less than three essays devoted to setting it forth as attractively as possible in both its spiritual and temporal aspects. One essayist, the Rev. T. Thellusson Carter, is earnest in proving the superior holiness of virginity. He does not hesitate to aver that "Our Lord himself first announced this law," basing his faith on the well-worn text, "Sunt eunuchi qui castraverunt seipsos propter regnum cœlorum;" he urges that "virginity, as a specially sacred state, had moreover been from the beginning dimly revealed through the virgin birth foretold as the hope of redeemed humanity;" and the form in which this sanctifying law should be enforced he is willing to accept from the traditions of Latin sacerdotalism: "It was left, as in similar cases, to the Church, in her subsequent development, under the guidance of the Holy Ghost, to form regulations which might adapt to changing circumstances of time and place those secret inspirations of the life of God within the souls of his elect" (pp. 366–7). As the Church has decreed that this higher estate of virgin purity shall be sealed and secured by irrevocable vows, Mr. Carter accordingly proceeds to argue that "a continuous self-devotion" to God is no surrender of self unless the devotee specifically vows himself and thus cuts off all possibility of retraction: "We cannot give while yet we retain. To retain the power of continually giving, we must be really still holding it in our possession. We have not given it from the very fact that we still have the power of giving." If these "secret inspirations of the life of God" were to be indulged for the purpose of ministering to the wants of fellow-creatures, there would be some practical Christianity in Mr. Carter's teachings; but his doctrines point merely to the selfish piety of the anchorite, and his followers are only urged to earn the higher rewards which he assures them that God has promised to those who abstract themselves from all the purposes of their being.

It is so strange a sight to see an Englishman of the nineteenth century indulging in these mystic raptures and beatitudes, that we turn with some relief to the Rev. James Edward Vaux, who treats us to a somewhat more practical view of the matter. It is true that he argues from the marriage service that marriage is simply a refuge from fornication, a refuge not required by the elect, for those who may hesitate to bind themselves to an austerity which the weakness of the flesh may not be able to endure are comforted with the assurance, similar to that given by the Council of Trent, that they may expect "the special grace which God would give to such as voluntarily embraced the higher life" (p. 177). Still, Mr. Vaux does not indulge much in abstractions. After a weak and one-sided sketch of the ascetic celibacy, of which the animus may be inferred from his repeating without reprobation the scurril jests of St. Jerome—the most unscrupulous of polemics—in his assault on Vigilantius, Mr. Vaux proceeds to prove that church work can be much more cheaply and efficiently performed by celibates than by married men. Through careful calculation of pounds, shillings, and pence, he shows the impossibility of a curate maintaining even a small family respectably on a stipend of £150, and he gives the ghastly figures of five thousand curates in England and Wales whose incomes do not exceed £80; many hundreds of whom have not £50 a year, while even among incumbents there are five thousand whose revenues are under £150. "Christian prudence and wisdom," therefore, "would dictate a celibate rather than a married life, as that which is best not only for themselves but for those committed to their charge" (p. 162). A pastor's wife, he declares, however estimable she may be, is only an interference with the parochial work of her husband; a pastor's children, in most instances, are notoriously ill-trained; and, where poverty is not to be dreaded, the incomes of rich benefices ought not to be expended in "bonnets, parasols, and perambulators."

Descending in the scale, we find the Rev. S. Baring-Gould urging the introduction of celibacy from a still more worldly point of view. As the Church at present is manifestly unable to perform its work; as in large parishes the rector cannot possibly attend to all his flock; as he must not neglect the higher classes, and thus he, perforce, abandons the lower to dissent or infidelity; as, at the best, missionary efforts among the poor are not suited to gentlemen; as, moreover, gentlemen from the universities are growing rarer and rarer applicants for holy orders, and as gentlemen unfortunately are not furnished by the special theological schools, such as St. Bees and St. Aidan's, while gentlemen are absolutely requisite for rectorships, there is evident need of some system which will enable the rich incumbent to enjoy his living in peace; which will preserve the Church as an attractive refuge for the younger scions of gentle stock; which will enable the rector to hire good working assistants, in the shape of bare-legged friars, at a rate which he can afford without depleting his purse too severely; and which will give a career and sphere of action to the honest religious enthusiasm of the lower classes without intruding into the high places reserved for superior intellect and social standing. To accomplish all this; to preserve the aristocratic character of the Church, while enabling it to perform its real work and to reach the masses that are now utterly beyond its reach, the suggestion of monastic orders, full of holy zeal and careless as to the goods of this world, is not unpromising and certainly is economical.

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[*] "The Church and the World: Essays on Questions of the Day. By Various Writers. First Series. Edited by the Rev. Orley Shipley, M.A." Second edition, 1 vol. 8vo. London: Longmans & Co. 1866.

If the testimony of these essayists is to be relied on, something is surely needed to incite the Church to its duty, for, in the words of one of them, "the shopkeepers and artisans have gone to dissent, and the laborers have gone to the devil" (p. 40). They are mistaken, however, as to the efficacy of their panaceas and placebos. That a radical reform is wanted, no one who reads their pages can doubt; but when that reform comes, it will consist of something very different from intoning and incense and chasubles and celibacy. It will not be the revival of mediæval sacerdotalism, but the overthrow of the aristocratic constitution, which is the real cause of the inefficiency of the Establishment. As long as the cure of souls is private property, to be openly and shamelessly bought and sold, or to be used as a provision for penniless young gentlemen, the evils which these new tractarians so vividly depict and so earnestly deprecate cannot but increase and multiply. In the revolution which, sooner or later, is destined to modify all the institutions of England, the Church will have her share. The Irish Establishment, which exaggerates all the shortcomings of its parent, will be the first to feel that this age has no place for shams, and its downfall will be the handwriting on the wall. Anglicanism can do without a temporal head as supreme defender of the faith, without presentations of livings, prelates with fabulous revenues, prebendaries, deans, and rectors richly paid for doing nothing, and five thousand curates starving on £80 a year. Anglicanism, relieved from the incubus of state support and hoary aristocratic abuses, can well vindicate its place in the world and perform the duty that lies before it. Such a reform, however, is past the comprehension of these feudal-minded university gentlemen, who have adopted mediævalism as the remedy, and who look with most amusing disdain on dissent and evangelical Anglicanism as forms of faith which "could at best rank only as a creed for the lower middle-class" (p. 33).

THE GENIUS OF SOLITUDE.*

It was said of Rufus Choate that "he drove a substantive and six." It might be answered that if he did he had twelve excuses for doing it—his adjectives were addressed to jurymen. Mr. Alger, being a clergyman, may, perhaps, plead a not dissimilar excuse for a similar fault in style. However that may be, his readers are sure to be offended by his great diffuseness and frequent displays of fine writing. This latest work of his happens, too, to be a particularly unfortunate one for a writer whose style is vicious in this respect; who doubtless could be dumb, but apparently cannot be terse. His subject, one fancies, ought to have been treated of by an Elizabethan master of sententiousness and learning and force of thought, and waiting till our days of newspapers and bookmaking has waited to fall on evil times. All literature, ancient and modern, is so full of most excellent matter in praise and in dispraise of solitude, that there is hardly another subject to be named concerning which the reader of good reading knows so much deep wisdom, so much poetry, so much true eloquence and fine rhetoric, and any new writer attempting the theme provokes dangerous comparisons. Of the subjects of human thought that have been cause of greater wealth of general literature—death, fame, love, woman, poverty, riches, ambition, virtue—of these we may say that they are too wide and embrace too much for anything like exhaustive treatment by the essayist; so that if one were selecting a theme for an essay which should afford the amplest scope for display of acquired mental treasures, and for the use of every natural power, of thought, feeling, imagination, and yet should at the same time be comprehensible within such limits as might well consist with effective literary handling, it would be difficult, if not impossible, to choose a better theme than this of solitude.

Because, then, the subject is so good, and because so much is so easily attainable by the essayist (it is true that here the difference between much and all is immense), the reader less willingly pardons if, instead of the profound and the beautiful and fresh and fine, the commonplace is offered him, if he is put off with cheap ornamentation and flimsy thinness of reflection for solid and noble elegance and beauty and wealth; and he feels disposed to wish that nothing had been done rather than the field been entered and occupied but not cultivated well and made to yield all it might yield.

The volume opens thus:

> "At the first glance every form of being appears to be social, all the world gregarious. The trees interlace their branches and wave their tops in multitudinous union" [as in de Guérin]; "from the equator to the poles the waves shoulder their fellows" [as in Alexander Smith], "glistening with innumerable smiles; whole orchards of apple blossoms blush in correspondence; in regiments the ranks of corn laugh on the slopes" [as in the poets *passim*]; "ponds of lilies uncover their bosoms to the moon" [like a single lily in Heine]; "meadows of grass-blades bend before the breeze; and the barley rustles millions of beards together on the lea. Shoals of herring solidify acres of the sea with moving life."

The passage is from the "Introduction," which has the second title, "Gregariousness and Solitude," and is the beginning of Part I. There are four of these parts, "The Solitudes of Nature," "The Solitudes of Man," "The Morals of Solitude," and "Sketches of Lonely Characters"—the last, by much the longest, being composed of essays, varying in length from a page to a dozen pages, on the characters of men whose lives illustrate the good and the evils of solitude. Jesus is the topic of one of these essays, Buddha of another, Zimmermann of another, and the list includes Cicero, Tacitus, Boethius, Leopardi, Byron, Dante, Hobbes, Comte, Schopenhauer, Rousseau, Blanco White, Eugénie de Guérin and her brother, John Foster, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Chopin, Pascal, Confucius, Milton, Tasso, and several others of the great names of ancient and modern times. Under the heading of "The Solitudes of Nature" we have the sub-headings of "The Solitude of the Desert," "The Solitude of the Prairie," "of the Ocean," "of the Pole," "of the Forest," "of the Mountain," "of the Ruin." These preparatory paragraphs were written to induce in the reader a mood of mind proper for the contemplation of the various forms of human loneliness, or, in the author's phrase, "to envelope the soul in a fitting atmosphere of sentiment." They are done in the same manner as the paragraph already quoted. Borrowed thoughts or trite thoughts are enveloped in a befitting or an unbefitting fog of rolling words, a mist that sometimes clears away and lets be seen the poverty of the landscape it seeks to hide, as witness this passage of dials dolorous and admeasurements rather ludicrous:

> "Finally we come to the solitude of ruins—relics of the past, the dolorous dials Time in his passage has raised to count his triumphs and measure his progress by. A ruin is forlorn and pathetic wherever seen—in an isle of African Nilus, or in a forest of American Yucatan. The traveller falls into a pensive mood as, leaning against the stony masses of Meroë, whose glory the barbarian overthrew and the sands buried, he scans the fading marks of the life that once flourished there but is there no more. The same experience comes over him when his steed wearily penetrates the rank grass among the mounds of Copan and Palenque, the riddle of whose forgotten civilization baffles every guesser who inspects its remains, where the luxuriant vegetation has overgrown tombs and temples—here and there a palm, in its resistless upshoot, cleaving altar and image, column and skull. The sphinx, that strange emblematic creature, half beast, half humanity, sixty-two feet in height, a hundred and forty feet long, still tarries amidst the mute desolation whence the whole race and civilization that set it there have vanished."

"The Human Solitudes" are "The Solitude of Individuality," "of Grief," "of Love," "of Occupation," "of Selfishness," "of Genius," "of Death." Here the book begins to have something of value, and the author shows that his reading has been wide. It indulges freely in quotation; and much that has been said by those who have made acquaintance with solitude, whose genius has isolated them, or whose occupation has deprived them of companionship, or whose misanthropy has hedged them from their kind—what has been said by the recluse, the exiled, the hermit, the suffering, may here be read to the profit of the reader. It is mixed, though, with things like this, which are profusely scattered through the second and third divisions of the treatise:

> "If you saw two persons intently reading, and, looking over their shoulders, found that one was absorbed in Lola Montez on the 'Arts of the Toilet,' the other in Saint Bruno on the 'Delights of Solitude,' you would infer a great difference in their respective characters—a difference of mental dignity decidedly to the advantage of the latter. Most men live blindly, to repeat a routine of drudgery and indulgence without any deliberately chosen and maintained aims. Many live to outstrip their rivals, pursue their enemies, gratify their lusts, and make a display."

It is like most sermons after most texts. Stuff like that, bad alone, is doubly dull and tiresome when read in connection with such thoughts as this of Kant's, who, at the end of life, speaking of the shortest month, cries out in bitterness: "O happy February! in which man has least to bear—least pain, least sorrow, least self-reproach;" or this voice of Pascal's misery: "Man is so unhappy that he is weary without any cause for weariness;" or this beautiful expression by the great historian of his sadness, as he paced the covered walk of acacias after he had finished the work which had been for so many years a companion to him, and, as Keats says, a refuge: "But my pride was soon humbled, and a sober melancholy was spread over my mind by the idea that I had taken an everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion, and that whatsoever might be the future date of my history, the life of the historian must be short and precarious."

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* "The Solitudes of Nature and of Man; or, The Loneliness of Human Life. By William Rounseville Alger." Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1867. Pp. 413.

Part Third deals with "The Dangers of Solitude" and "The Uses of Solitude," and, with the Second Part, contains most of that on account of which we should care to own the book. Nevertheless, it is the concluding portion, that devoted to illustrative examples, which shows the author in the best light. He has made it a great deal longer than it needed to be by little essays which are really good for nothing as regards his special purpose, or for any purpose. The page devoted to Lucretius, for example, has very much the look of "padding," or is it introduced for the sake of this image?—"When we think of the immense mind of Lucretius escaping into the invisible, it affects us as though some lone planet had rolled off the flaming walls of the universe and sunk into night"—which is bad enough. Lucretius was a great poet, and committed suicide, but we do not know that he was lonely. If you say all such are lonely, you say what, perhaps, is true; but neither the good nor bad effects of solitude, nor the nature of solitude, are made more clear by the assertion. Great and small, we all are lonely at times—as regards the "abysmal depths of personality" are all always lonely—but that does not make a crowd of us, or one of us, a good illustration of the effects of solitude; does not, at any rate, unless more is known of us than that we lived and died, and may or must have experienced solitude. Others in Mr. Alger's list we would likewise strike out. Indeed, we doubt if all the useful matter in this appendix might not better have been judiciously incorporated with the text of the essay proper. Nevertheless, as we have said, these final essays show the author to more advantage than the other parts of his book. There are ten or twelve pages that contain a clear and intelligible account of Buddha; there are some remarks on Thoreau which seem to us just, if they are not wholly new—for there is already in existence an essay that pretty much exhausts the subject, and which Mr. Alger has read; and there is a very good estimate of the genius of Maurice de Guérin. It is high praise—we ought to say we praise it highly—when we say that it seems to us the essay on de Guérin from which one gets the fullest and truest idea of him. The last of these semi-biographical essays is entitled "Jesus," and is noticeable as being—somewhat unnecessarily, we should say—a frank presentation of the writer's views as regards the divinity, or, as he would say, the deity of Christ.

Zimmermann's "Solitude," of which we have read only the Philadelphia edition of the common English translation, in which the original appears reduced to one-fourth of its length, treats of solitude as "occasional retirement" from the busy world. Its scope is thus narrower than Mr. Alger's treatise. Moreover, Zimmermann died almost seventy-two years ago, and much has been written since his time. We recommend, then, the purchase of both books.

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LANMAN'S DICTIONARY OF CONGRESS.[*]

We have too long deferred a notice of this book, which is a remarkable one, whether we consider the scope of its design or the manner of its execution. American literature, as was long since remarked by de Tocqueville, is singularly deficient in books which reveal the spirit of our politics and the personal characters of our public men. With a documentary history of our Congress fuller than is possessed by any other nation of its national legislature, our political history presents for the most part an arid waste, and our few political biographies are remarkably unreadable. We do not forget some bright exceptions of late years, and we cordially welcome a tendency to improvement. Certainly it is time that some portion of the exuberant life, energy, and independence which characterize our people were reflected in our political literature. Intelligent foreigners, fresh from the piquant gossip of French memoirs, or the full personal biographies and journals of British statesmen, find American politics, as represented in books, to be very dry bones indeed.

Mr. Lanman's book presents no exception to this remark, nor should we expect, in a work which undertakes so much, to find anything more than the briefest and most condensed mention of individuals. What can be done in ten or twenty lines of print toward a proper characterization and account of any public man? Yet Mr. Lanman's plan crowds into a single volume notices of all the members of Congress from 1789 to the present time, to which he has added, in this edition, biographical sketches of all the members of the Continental Congress. Between four and five thousand names are thus commemorated, and the chief value of the work is that it does for the reader what has nowhere else been done in a collected form. While it thus adds one to our few biographical dictionaries of Americans, it gives little or no information respecting most beyond their titular honors, their terms of service in Congress, and the dates of their births or deaths. We are thankful for so much, and give the industrious compiler full credit for his laborious and, in many respects, thankless task.

The work would have been much more valuable had the author's plan permitted him to give along with the notice of each Congressman the designation of the party with which he habitually acted. In Dod's "Parliamentary Companion," a work which is a model of this class of compilations, and is now in its thirty-fifth year of publication, the politics of members of Parliament are treated as too important a part of their biography to be omitted. Mr. Lanman's resolution "to express no opinions of living men, and but seldom to echo public opinion in regard to the dead," need not have been so finely drawn as to exclude a political classification of his subjects. As it is, he remits us from his "Dictionary of Congress" to our files of the "Tribune Almanac" or the daily newspapers in order to learn what is often the only significant fact about a senator or a representative which we care to know. The same principle of so-called "impartiality" prevents our compiler from noticing the salient facts in the Congressional career of his subjects. Thus, we are told much about the dates in the life of Charles G. Atherton, of New Hampshire, and are even treated to the minute information that he "died of apoplexy," but not a word is said of the famous rule for the suppression of petitions on slavery known as the "Atherton gag-law." We are favored with half a column of dry figures respecting John J. Crittenden, but no mention is made of the "Crittenden compromise." Of N. P. Banks we are duly invited to admire the novel and surprising facts that he was "born of poor but respectable parents," and that "the love of books has been a source of gratification to him all his life," while not a syllable is heard of the memorable struggle which made him Speaker of the House of Representatives in 1856. We hear of Senator Benton's "valuable register of the debates in Congress" (which was not his), but nothing of his "Thirty Years' View," which is his sole characteristic legacy as a politician. Of Preston S. Brooks we are painfully and laboriously informed that he "died in Washington, District of Columbia, January 27, 1857, of acute inflammation of the throat," while the only thing which preserves the memory of the man is thus euphuistically recorded: "In 1856 he made a personal assault upon Charles Sumner, in the United States Senate Chamber, which event (!) caused much excitement throughout the country." We have heard much of the political eunuchism which long official residence in Washington is supposed to produce, but it strikes us that the above is a somewhat queer bit of "impartial history," even for the atmosphere of the capital.

We are sorry to find the work disfigured by many misprints and inaccuracies. Mr. Lanman speaks of Adams's "Essay on Canon and Federal (Feudal) Laws" (Law); he makes Francis Hopkinson born in 1737, instead of 1738; he says of Geo. P. Marsh that "in 1842 he took his seat in the U. S. House of Representatives, *which* he continued to occupy until," etc; he tells us that "the best biographies of him (Washington) were published by John Marshall, Washington Irving, David Ramsay, and *George* Bancroft"; he makes Mr. Sparks publish the writings of Washington in *ten*, and the writings of Franklin in *twelve* volumes. Nathan Dane, member of Congress from Massachusetts and author of the slavery-prohibition in the ordinance of 1787, is put down as "Nathan Dana," and inserted in the alphabet a full page out of place. D. P. Holloway, M.C. from Indiana, and afterward Commissioner of Patents, is entered as D. P. Halloway on page 161, whereas his name belongs and could only be looked for on page 185. All the names commencing with "Mc" are inserted after "May" instead of being treated, as in the best modern dictionaries, as if spelled "Mac," and classified accordingly. Such errors are venial in the first edition of such a work, but when we see "third edition" blazoned upon the title-page we confess to some disappointment. The compiler's knowledge of our political literature appears to have been derived from somewhat ancient sources. Thus, he has the works of Thomas Jefferson as "published in four volumes 8vo, 1829," but says nothing of the only complete edition, published by order of Congress in 1853. He tells us of Fisher Ames's works and memoir, 1809, but is silent respecting the far more valuable edition published by his son in two volumes in 1854. In the article on James Madison no mention is made of his "Report of the Debates in the Federal Convention of 1787," perhaps the most important political text-book our country has produced. We are told of Henry Lee, "He it was who first uttered the memorable saying in regard to Washington, 'First in peace, first in war, and first in the hearts of his countrymen,'" whereas the sentiment was embodied in the resolutions of Congress prepared by John Marshall, and adopted ten days before Lee's oration was pronounced.

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[*] "Dictionary of the United States Congress, compiled as a Manual of Reference for the Legislator and Statesman. By Charles Lanman." Third edition; revised and brought down to July 28, 1866. 8vo, 602 pp. Government Printing Office, Washington. 1866.

We are told in the preface that the compiler has embodied in the appendix "a mass of legislative and executive information calculated to be of service to members of Congress, especially in their examination of the public documents." We turn to the appendix, hoping to find some guide to the chaos of Congressional debates, or some indication by which to unravel the still more intricate mazes of the Congressional documents, but we find nothing which can throw a particle of light upon either. Considering that Mr. Lanman is said to have been for some years librarian to the House of Representatives, whose library consists almost wholly of Congressional documents, we might reasonably have expected some clue to the labyrinthine perplexities which the member of Congress, as well as the private student, finds in our ill-digested public documents. Even so slight and imperfect a classification of them as is given in Mr. Hickey's edition of the Constitution would have been a godsend, and we are not aware that the information in question is copyright.

Some of the biographical notices in this volume read suspiciously like the compositions of the subjects themselves. How otherwise could it have been recorded concerning Caleb Lyon, "of Lyonsdale," that he "was elected to the State Senate (of New York) as its youngest member, and for his services was presented by his brother senators in the state capital with a service of plate;" that "while abroad, he was identified with the Koszta affair as the friend (!) of Capt. Duncan N. Ingraham;" or, finally, that "he writes poetry, lectures on the East, translates Oriental literature, and is a member of several historical societies, with a passion for archæologic *and* antiquarian lore." After this, it is not surprising to be informed that "the degree of LL.D. has been conferred upon" this Admirable Crichton by the University of Vermont.

Upon what principle other than that of "natural selection" Mr. Lanman has apportioned his materials to his various subjects, must probably remain a mystery. The distinguished gentleman just referred to occupies nearly a column, while James Madison and Alexander Hamilton are despatched in half a column each, and Philip Schuyler and Joseph Reed are honored with a quarter of a column. So utterly insignificant a person as Kellian V. Whaley, of West Virginia, receives over half a column of commemoration, while Samuel Adams and Silas Deane are disposed of in half as many words. Arthur Lee occupies just two lines and a half, and Pierre Soulé an entire column. In the article on James Wilson, of Pennsylvania, no mention is made of his important writings on jurisprudence, nor of the fact that he was for nine years an associate justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

We have said enough to indicate in what directions this work stands in need of improvement, and to explain, in part at least, the reasons why Congress has recently refused, by an overwhelming vote, to print a greatly enlarged edition at the expense of the Government.

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THE SPEECHES OF HENRY WINTER DAVIS.*

Born and spending his life in a Southern and slaveholding State, Henry Winter Davis was always a true lover of liberty, yet always, until the last year or two of his life, so fettered by adverse circumstances as to make it impracticable for him fully to acknowledge his convictions to the world, and probably to make him unwilling to admit in his own mind the conclusions to which his principles necessarily led. In reading his earlier speeches, the struggle between the convictions of his conscience and intellect and the prejudices in which he had been reared are very apparent, especially when compared with his later utterances, after he had rescued his State from treason and slavery.

It is very interesting to trace the gradual progress of Mr. Davis's mind towards his ultimate declaration in favor of equal rights. Entering into politics at some period between 1850 and 1855, in which latter year he was elected to Congress, he commenced public life at a time when the most unquestioning devotion to slavery was the highest recommendation to public favor. Yet he hung back, and, while ridiculing abolitionists, he reserved all his denunciations for pro-slavery disunionists, avowing himself a disciple of Henry Clay upon the slavery question as well as upon other national issues. In the Kansas controversy he sought to do justice to the people of the Territory; and while refusing to recognize the Topeka constitution of 1856, he voted for every measure which seemed to promise a fair settlement of the difficulty, and a prevention of further outrage. To the Lecompton constitution of 1857 he offered an opposition as vehement as that of any Northern member of Congress. And finally, in 1860, he closed the protracted contest for the speakership by giving his vote for ex-Governor Pennington, of New Jersey, who was chosen by one majority. By this act, which was formally censured by the Maryland Legislature, Mr. Davis irrevocably cut loose from all pro-slavery influences, and lost his re-election in 1861. But it gave him a national reputation, and was an act as creditable to his foresight as it was to his patriotism.

On the memorable 15th of April, 1861, the day of Northern resurrection, Mr. Davis announced himself as a candidate for re-election to Congress on the basis of unconditional adherence to the Union. Four days afterward Baltimore was swept by a flame of treason; and even after the Federal troops took charge of the city the secessionists were allowed to vote, and Mr. Davis was defeated at the election held in June, 1861, by Henry May. In 1863, however, rebel sympathizers were excluded from voting, and Mr. Davis was again elected. He was the leading spirit in that canvass throughout the State, and organized and led to victory a party in favor of the immediate abolition of slavery in Maryland. This had to be effected by means of a constitutional convention, which was elected in 1864, and the work of which was ratified by a very small majority in October of that year. For the first time in his political history Mr. Davis was rejected by his own party in Baltimore that fall, and Mr. Phelps, whom nobody knows or cares to know, was nominated in his place for reasons which should be stated plainly.

Mr. Davis was a firm adherent of the Constitution. He believed that it gave ample powers for the conduct of the war; and he openly disapproved of Mr. Lincoln's well-meant, but clearly unconstitutional, suspension of the *habeas corpus* without the sanction of Congress. On the other hand, being himself a man of great energy and impatient of delay, he thought Mr. Lincoln slow and inefficient in the exercise of his constitutional powers for the suppression of the rebellion. He did not conceal his wish that Mr. Lincoln should not be renominated, and had some share in the private negotiations for the substitution of a new candidate. The Wade-Davis manifesto, issued immediately after Mr. Lincoln's "pocket veto" of the reconstruction bill in 1864, will be remembered as one of the severest criticisms ever passed upon him by sincere friends of the Union. Mr. Lincoln was not quite generous enough to prefer the rebukes of a faithful friend to the fawnings of toadies; and the whole influence of the Administration was used with success (a costly success for the loyal men of Maryland) to secure the defeat of Mr. Davis and his supporters. The nominations of Swann for governor and Phelps for representative, both of whom have betrayed their party and gone over to the rebels, were the melancholy results of Mr. Lincoln's interference with Maryland politics.

Mr. Davis was one of the first men to perceive and denounce the usurpations of Mr. Johnson; and his last public utterance was in a letter to The Nation, published in October, 1865, setting forth the errors of the President's policy, asserting the right and duty of Congress to control the subject of reconstruction, clearly foretelling the results of Mr. Johnson's course, and declaring himself unequivocally for universal suffrage. This letter is contained in the volume now before us. It is peculiarly interesting on account of its being the only published paper in which Mr. Davis spoke all that he felt, and as the first open declaration of a Southern man in favor of absolute equality of rights among men.

Mr. Davis died suddenly in February, 1866, just as his predictions were seen to be correct. His loss was deeply felt not only in his own State, but by loyal men everywhere; for there is probably no other man in the South who can exercise such an influence for good. A gentleman in every sense, by birth, education, and manners, he was always in hearty sympathy with the common people, and had a wonderful sway over their minds. His oratory, in early life somewhat too flowery, became gradually purer in style, and carried conviction to the hearts of his immediate hearers, while containing such solid argument as will bear reading after the lapse of years. We know few, if any, public men connected only with the legislative department of government whose biographies would be more instructive than his; and although this volume is only a contribution toward the history of his life, it will be found both valuable and interesting.

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* "Speeches and Addresses, delivered by Henry Winter Davis, of Maryland. Preceded by a sketch of his life, being an oration by Hon. J. A. J. Creswell." New York: Harper & Bros. 1867. Pp. 596.

IDALIA.*

A WRITER in *The Pall Mall Gazette*, a few days ago, carried away, perhaps, by the desire of finding progress in individuals as well as in the race, declared that, with scarcely an exception, the later works of novelists exceeded in worth, or showed no signs of falling off from, their earlier productions. Thus "Mugby Junction" was not inferior to the "Cricket on the Hearth," and "Our Mutual Friend" would compare favorably with "David Copperfield" or "Dombey." But there is hardly one of the famous authors whom he mentions who would be thought by a jury of impartial critics to show no signs of flagging powers; and when we come to the second and third and fourth-rate writers, to the Woods and Southworths and Evanses and others of that school, what do we find but repetitions and retrogressions? Take "Ouida," for instance. When her (we do not know whether the name hides a man or a woman, but we prefer to say her) first novel appeared, one might have given very fair reasons for reading it. It dealt in an overheated and sensuous way with somewhat repulsive incidents. The male personages united great culture with great stupidity, and wise, if we may believe "Ouida," in everything else, they most unaccountably fell victims to a very poor kind of women. Then their lives were blighted and they became morbid. But yet the reader felt some interest in the characters that the book described, and perceived some vigor in the mode of presenting them; so he, or she, could read the book through without pronouncing it remarkably tedious. But compare "De Vigne" with "Idalia," and their author will at once be put among the many by whom the *Pall Mall* critic cannot hope to find his rule supported. If there was some show of power and some approach to naturalness in "De Vigne," in "Idalia" everything is weak, false, and exaggerated.

Consider the book in the various points in which a novel may claim attention; and first look at the plot and the characters. If you expect the characters to be true to nature, you find that they are governed by none of the powers that usually move men, and that they are swayed neither by passion nor by reason. If they fall under the influence of some strong motive or into some critical situation, the motive is not allowed to produce its proper effect, nor the characters to extricate themselves by their own energy, but a *Deus ex machinâ* must intervene to set them free. The heroes and the heroines in the book we commend to the attention of psychologists, and the plot with its developments by jerks cannot fail to please the most conservative geologist.

Turning from the plot and the characters to consider the general style, the descriptions of scenery, or the merits of the dialogue, one is moved to equal wonder and amusement. There is probably no country that has sufficient novelty to awaken the author from her conventionalities. The notices of the lands that her personages visit are as formal and unimpassioned as the account in a guide-book, and as stiff and monotonous as the hieroglyphs of an Assyrian temple. If she seems to be on the point of giving a faithful portrait of nature, her wretched style comes in to spoil the effect, and the taste is shocked by her wanton abuse of English. She does not quote French with the freedom that marked her earlier novels; but she falls a helpless prey to Eastern words and Italian. "Sailor," for instance, she cannot say, but she delights in *marinaro*. And if one would get an idea of her skill in compounding expressions, he has only to look at these bits of pure senselessness which are culled from a number far greater than the six hundred tedious pages that form her book: grandly careless—the luminance which blinds the eye of men (meaning the sun)—chance its loss—in that world unseen which revolves under the rose (can this be *sub rosa?*)—grand dead names of Gracchan Rome—too integrally proud—every woman is at heart a Bohemian—slumberously restful—seized him by the linen of his vest (probably a Hebrew idiom for "his linen vest")—he recovered his momentary discomfiture (a very undesirable thing to recover, one would think; but does not a celebrated D.D., in a work still extant, tell us that iron becomes *deoxidized* on exposure to the air?)—and so on.

But these instances are too glaring to escape the reader's notice, and we refrain from further quotations. Yet such blunders form the sole merit of "Idalia." If the book has any value, it is this: that it will furnish high school committees and examiners of teachers a most convenient manual of false syntax and generally execrable English. For this last object it can be heartily recommended.

Writers of text-books of dogmatics should notice *Hou*mousians and *Hon*moiousians, and the editors of Gibbon, *Commeni;* and there are none of us who cannot admire sentences like this: "Her thoughts were far away among the shadows of the past, the great past, when the Io Triumphe had been echoed up to the dim majesty of the Acropolis, and the roses had drooped their fragrant heads upon the gracious gold of Alcibiades' love-locks." But what does "dim majesty" mean in this connection, and what does "gracious gold" mean in any connection? And look at this absurd sculptor: "The sculptor looks at the broken fragments of her statues, and throws aside his Calliope in despair before those matchless works." But let us cease to waste time on a worthless book. Yet the author is to a certain extent a favorite, and words are not wasted that may help even stupid and silly people like fond readers of "Idalia" to look with proper contempt on the ignorance, sensuality, and vulgarity of a person who has never written a book that has done good nor a chapter that has not done harm—a woman who has lost the respect of the good, an author that an intelligent school-boy can laugh at.

A LAST WARNING CRY FROM DR. CUMMING.*

ONE of our sins as regards the doctrine of Chiliasm has been the sin of dense and wilful ignorance. We have persisted in assuming that the world would last out our time, and have stolidly eaten and drunk, and married and been given in marriage, as if "The Great Tribulation" and "The Great Preparation" and "The Great Consummation" had never been written. But for this sin we hope forgiveness, inasmuch as it is shared so far as concerns density of ignorance by every Christian who has not and every Christian who has studied the Book of Daniel. The wilfulness is a worse feature in the case. So, also, is the fact that we have always laughed at Millerites in general, and Dr. Cumming in particular have had in special derision, as once, for instance, when *Punch* depicted the prophet of the Second Advent ceasing from his dolorous cry long enough to secure a twenty years' lease of his earthly house.

We make what atonement we can by publishing it abroad, so that all may inform themselves, that Messrs. Carleton & Co., of this city, have reprinted the three works by Dr. Cumming which are mentioned above, and with them one other, his latest, "The Last Warning Cry," a new and revised cry which finally, so far as the greatest of Chiliasts is concerned, closes up the whole business. It is now their own fault, not ours or Dr. Cumming's, if men are not fully prepared for the end of all things; at any rate, here is the doctrine of Chiliasm in a single volume, which may be cheaply bought and easily read.

We give the substance of it, for there may be men who will decline to read the book. The parable of the ten virgins describes under a figure the spouse of the Church returning to the earth to renovate it, reconsecrate it, and reign over it for a thousand years. The foolish virgins, says Dr. Cumming, are Christians who do not look for the speedy advent of the Saviour; the wise virgins are those who, like Dr. Cumming, do expect him. Now the ten virgins, just before the bridegroom's arrival, heard a cry, "The bridegroom cometh." The Church, if it will hearken, may hear this cry at the present moment. The Crimean war was followed by the Indian mutiny, that by the Italian war, that by the war between the North and South, that was closed by the assassination of Mr. Lincoln; "recently the son of the Autocrat of all the Russians was smitten by the pestilence from which he fled, and so the hope of a mighty empire sleeps in the dust." To this list we take the liberty of adding the Seven Days' War, the Cretan rebellion, the famine in India, the famine in the South, the fighting in the Corea, and the war in Mexico. We agree with Dr. Cumming that all this may be considered "distress of nations with perplexity;" and "distress of nations with perplexity," according to Dr. Cumming, was foretold by the Messiah as a sign of the eve of his approaching. We may doubt, however, if this description will apply to our Republican party, at any rate, though the doctor gives it as a description of the condition of things in the Northern States, "men's hearts failing them for fear, and for looking for the things that are coming on the earth." But there are other signs, and Dr. Cumming quotes Sir Robert Peel, who said—we are not informed when or why—"every aspect of the present time, viewed in the light of the past, warrants the belief that we are on the verge of a universal change." Dr. Arnold is another witness; "Professor Robinson, the eminent American who has written so fully and ably on Palestine," is another; *The Quarterly Review* is another; "Dr. Krummacher, author of 'Elijah, the Tishbite';" Dr. Seiss, "Cunningham of Lainshaw," Bishop Chase, "Habershon," "Brooks"—gentlemen who seem to us to possess one, at least, of the distinguishing marks of prophets—are also cited as among the voices predicting the immediate coming of the final storm. A more remarkable member of the doctor's company of authorities is Lord Macaulay, who, we must say, is rather forcibly dragged in to testify; and Dr. Cumming may ponder the fate of Mr. Montgomery, and be thankful that his lordship is dead and can no longer contribute to *The Edinburgh Review*.

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* "Idalia: a Novel. By 'Ouida,' author of 'Chandos,' 'Strathmore,'" etc., etc. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1867.

* "The Last Warning Cry; with Reasons for the Hope that is in Me. By the Rev. John Cumming, D.D., F.R.S.E." New York: G. W. Carleton & Co. London: James Nisbet. 1867. 16mo, pp. 327.

"Such is the opinion of Macaulay," he somewhat disingenuously says, at the end of a quotation from that author's well-known plea for the removal of disabilities from the Jews. Then there is Herschel, a chief rabbi in the synagogue of the Jews in London, "who thinks that the advent of the Messiah cannot be long delayed after the year 1863;" and there is Lord Shaftesbury, who thinks, as we may say we do, "that it does not proceed from any spirit of criticism" if we say that we believe the signs of the times are really unparalleled and wonderful, and are leading to some final consummation.

It being admitted that the end approaches, can we fix upon the exact time of its coming? It is well known that Dr. Cumming thinks we can; that, indeed, he has already several times fixed it. In "The Last Warning Cry" he once more returns to the prophetic books of the Old Testament, and, carefully going over all the ground again, he is led to the conclusion that the great event is pretty sure to take place in the course of this year or before the end of 1868. These are the data:

We read in Daniel of a period called 2,300 days. Also, we read in Daniel of time, times and half a time. We read in Revelations of time, times and half a time, which is there said to be 1,260 days. Again, we read in Revelations of 42 months. Now, these last three periods, whether they be days or hours or years or months, are plainly of the same length; a time is 360 days, and time, times and half a time is 360 days plus 720 days plus 180 days, making in all 1,260 days. 42 months, counting 30 days to a month, are equal to 1,260 days. In the end of his last chapter, Daniel adds 30 days to his 1,260, making 1,290; then he adds 45 more, making 1,355, and he says, if Dr. Cumming is to be believed—we have not looked up the passage—that whoever lives to see the end of this 1,335 days, "will live to see the first blush of the millennial morn." Then the doctor goes on to show that in Scriptural phraseology "day" is used when "year" is meant. Nothing remains but to fix on the year when the 1,335 days began, and at once we know when to expect the end of the dispensation under which we now live and the beginning of the thousand years of peace. We want to find a time when there rose up, while still existed the ten kingdoms into which the fourth great power, the Roman, was divided, a power that should be an overlooking power, an episcopal power, a power that should crush the people of God, a power that should set aside recognized seasons and times, for Daniel wrote, "He shall speak great words against the Most High, and shall wear out the saints of the Most High, and think to change times and laws," and all this the said power shall do for 1,260 years—"a time, times and the dividing of a time." Then he shall begin to be consumed away.

Well, in the year 533 the Emperor Justinian wrote to Pope John II.: "We have hastened to bring under your subjection, and to unite to the Church of your Holiness, all the priests of the eastern as well as the western district—to the see of your Holiness, the Head of all Churches." Thus, Dr. Cumming says, was organized the great apostasy which elevated a man to the headship which belongs to Christ, and this event and year, not the year A.D. 606, is the true *terminus a quo* in calculations of the beginning of Christ's reign. 533 and 1,260 make 1,793, the era of the French Revolution and of Napoleon, who dragged the Pope at his chariot wheels, and then the consuming of the papacy began; "whom the Lord will consume," the apostle says, "with the spirit of his mouth (a continuing action), and strike down with the brightness of his coming" (a sudden action). Daniel's final 75 years added to the 1,260, at the expiration of which period the consuming began, gives us the period when "the brightness of his coming" shall finish the work; and 75 added to 1,793 gives us 1,868, which is next year. We have only room to add that the papacy, the apostate power, has notoriously fulfilled the prophecy in regard to crushing the saints and speaking great words; and as for the predicted changing of times and seasons, Pio Nono dates his famous Encyclical in the tenth year after the authoritative promulgation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception—much as Mr. Seward dates proclamations in such or such a year of the independence of the United States.

In outward appearances the books have the familiar cheap theological look—stiff, black, and gilt.

HORACE MANN.*

SOME men's "thoughts" are all that there is of them. It was not so with Horace Mann. His life was more than anything he ever said. And though his words would be inspiring if we knew nothing of the man that uttered them except what they convey, the story of his life gives them a wondrous emphasis. Not that his life went less than is common into his words. Rather is the opposite of this true, that few men coined their hearts so much as he. But so intensely did he feel and live that his gift of expression would have been most extraordinary had it enabled him to symbolize in speech the length and breadth of his capacity. He said and wrote a great deal that deserves to be remembered, but he communicated more than he taught. The personal force that was behind his words made them "half battles," and won the victories which men attributed to his eloquence. He had much logic but more character.

The publishers of the little volume now before us have done good service to the public in preparing such a compilation. It will go into many circles which a larger volume would not penetrate. It will tempt not a few persons to go further and know more about a man the fragments of whose thought have so much nourishment in them. But as his thought is not a perfect index of his life, so is this volume but an imperfect index of his thought. He always loved a fine antithesis, and could, upon occasion, cram a great deal of meaning into a few sentences; and so it has been possible to make a volume of his sayings that is good, although it does not give his thoughts in their connection. But it is in the connection that they should be given if we would see them at their best. His power was not in parts, but in the whole; or if in the parts, still more in the entirety and sweep of his discourse. To know him as a thinker, we must read his speeches made in Congress, his articles in *The Common School Journal,* and his reports as Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Education. These show the cumulative nature of his thought. To convince men was his purpose, not merely to illustrate his ideas, and to this end he was not satisfied with crushing opposition with the weight of his arguments, he would also bury it with their bulk.

If this collection of his thoughts does not impress the reader as being either very suggestive or very original, it will not, then, be strange. Had it been made to appear so, it would have been even less truly representative than it is now. For these traits did not distinguish him. He was not a seer, but a sayer and a doer. He was not a first-rate man. He was an organizer. The men who organize are always second-rate. He originated nothing, and did not pretend to do so. His test of truth was portability. He liked phrenology on this account, because it was so practical and business-like. He left other men to seek new truth. For himself, he went to work to see if he could not embody some of that which was already in the world.

He was the incarnation of the practical. Writing to a friend, he says: "Men say that God is never in a hurry; but we are." In another letter he scouts the notion that having done our best, we are to leave to God the consequences. He fixed his eye upon these consequences, and argued from them to the means by which they could be gained. He was impatient for results. He despaired of the Republic almost every day. The death of a great man in whom he trusted seemed to fill him with alarm. "Can it be that God is not upon our side?" he asked, when Robert Rantoul died so suddenly just when he was needed most. The last words he ever spoke in public were the key-note of his whole life: "Be ashamed to die till you have won some victory for humanity." He was not content to be a skirmisher, to fight and fall not knowing how the tide would turn. He wished to see the end. Some men accept truth as their guide and follow it without reserve, certain that only good can come of doing so. Other men follow use. Of this sort was Horace Mann. He hated working in the dark. Whatever may have been his theory in practice, he was a strict utilitarian.

He consecrated all his energies to the improvement of his kind. In public life one does not often meet with men so free from selfishness. As a lawyer, he refused to take a case that he did not conscientiously believe he ought to win. He gave up his profession, which was growing every day more lucrative, and in which he might have risen to great eminence, in order to give all his energies to the cause of education. The extent and persistency of his labors seem almost incredible. The time he should have had for rest he gave to other causes closely allied to that which he most cherished—to the movement against intemperance, to measures in behalf of the insane, to penal legislation, to anti-slavery agitation. Would that the common-school system might find one such friend in every generation! But the story of his labors in behalf of education is almost tragical. At every step he met with bigoted and violent opposition. But it only put him on his metal, and, while it saddened him, made him work harder than ever. His views of education were not always so broad and philosophical as they might have been. Aurora Leigh tells Romney that his

> "Fouriers failed
> Because not poets enough to understand
> That life develops from within."

Horace Mann was no poet, at any rate not enough of one to see what

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* "Thoughts selected from the Writings of Horace Mann." Boston: H. B. Fuller & Co. (successors to Walker, Fuller & Co.), 245 Washington Street.

Mrs. Browning felt the poet should be able to see. He was a great believer in habit and drill. He believed rather in instruction than in education; had boundless faith in circumstance and will, made small account of a man's organization. Put any soul in favorable circumstances and arouse its will, and no defect of organization could long keep it down. Had his success depended on the correctness of his speculations it might have been much marred. But it did not; and so, although no poet, he did not fail. The common-school system is not bound to any special form of education. But once fairly established it can be made the vehicle of the finest methods, and to Horace Mann, more than to any dozen men beside, belongs the credit of having so established it.

It is impossible to read the closing records of his life without being saddened. The petty annoyances that afflicted him as president of Antioch College were of a sort he did not need to discipline his character. But they told terribly upon a nature that had been already overtaxed. It was the old story. The place was too small for so large a man. But he could perhaps have borne the harness had not the gad-flies stung him so. It was a good thing for Antioch to have this man. No wonder that the young men loved and honored him. It is only for himself that it must be regretted that he accepted drudgery when he needed rest. For, judged by any standard but his own, these last years of his life were a success; but the victory cost him his life.

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A Treatise on Entrenchments. By Francis J. Lippitt, Brevet Brigadier-General United States Volunteers, late Colonel Second California Infantry, author of "Tactical Use of the Three Arms." (New York: D. Van Nostrand, publisher, 192 Broadway. 1866.)—This little book is such an excellent one that our only regret in welcoming it is that it was not published in 1861 instead of in 1866. It contains instructions and suggestions that would have been of the utmost value to our intelligent officers of volunteers. It is a handsomely printed duodecimo volume of one hundred and fifty pages. The technical terms which belong to the art of field fortification are clearly and briefly defined by the author in such a way that they readily fix themselves in the memory. The principles of the art are accurately laid down, and many illustrations of their application are drawn from the history of modern warfare, including the recent war of secession.

The increased range which modern improvements have given to projectiles has had some influence upon the conditions of the problems presented in cases requiring the use of field-works, but it is rather in the application of the principles than in the principles themselves that any change is to be noticed. Thus, the line of defence of a bastion fort has been fixed at one hundred and sixty yards, upon the supposition that that was the greatest length at which the musketry fire of flanks could be relied on to sweep the ditch and reach the enemy in front of the salients. It is obvious that the increased range of the rifled musket permits the lengthening of this line very considerably. Again, the penetration of a rifled projectile being greater than that of one fired from a smooth-bore gun, it is necessary that the parapet should now be somewhat thicker than was sufficient a few years ago. General Lippitt is prompt in noticing these changes incident to the modern improvements in ordnance.

It is as a hand-book and *aide-mêmoire* that his book has substantial value. It is so simple that any intelligent man of fair education can master its contents with a moderate amount of study, and yet it seems to contain all that an officer whose command is not large enough for him to have an officer of the engineers on his staff can almost ever need to know about entrenchments. Mahan's "Field Fortification" is not much larger than this, and made larger only by the addition of chapters on water-courses and bridges and on permanent works, but it is so much more concise as to require closer attention. General Lippitt's book is better suited to the needs of those who have had no training in engineering, and, for the student, may well serve as an introduction to the admirable treatise of Mahan.

In a scientific work all illustrations of principles should be found in facts about which there is no dispute. It is, therefore, a fault in the book before us that the principle that "from the moment an entrenched position is turned, it is no longer of any value," should be thus illustrated: "So, at the battle of Fredericksburg, nothing saved the Confederates' entrenched lines from being turned . . . but the extraordinary inertness of the commander . . . specially entrusted with that duty." The author here seems to forget that the case he cites is one as to which students of the facts differ widely, and that a treatise on entrenchments is not the place for an *ex cathedra* judgment not only that Franklin was "specially entrusted" with a certain duty, but that he was guilty of "extraordinary inertness" in failing to perform that duty. It may be added that he seems to forget that an event which never happened cannot be accepted as proof that a certain consequence would have followed if it had.

The chapters upon the attack and defence of entrenchments are excellent in principle and full of useful practical suggestions. Like the other chapters, they are enlivened by "modern instances." The diagrams scattered through the work are sufficient in number, and well suited to their purpose. It is not often that a book passes through the press in which there is so much to commend and so little to criticise.

The Huguenot Galley-Slave. From the French of Jean Marteilhe. (Leypoldt & Holt, New York.)—This book is a good translation of the memoirs of Jean Marteilhe, which were originally published at Rotterdam in 1757. It is the true history of a slow martyrdom of thirteen years, chiefly spent toiling, half-naked, as a French galley-slave. The genuineness of the work has been doubted, but with no sufficient reason. Both external and internal evidence are satisfactory. The author was a humble confessor of the reformed faith, and might have prefixed to his story the words of a great apostle concerning twenty years of his life: "In journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by mine own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren; in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness." These sentences of Paul are an epitome of this story, but the heathen here are Catholic priests and the most Christian king Louis XIV.

The style of the book is simple and natural even in its occasional tediousness. The writer is not versed in composition. He hardly knows how to write. But his sincerity and his very inexperience give an air of reality. Not only in its plainness and lack of ornament, but in its calmness and patience the book is evangelical. It is the gospel of the sufferings of Jean Marteilhe. The value of the book is threefold. First, as a piece of unpretending natural writing; second, as materials for the history of religion and French Catholic policy in the opening of the eighteenth century; and third, as a study of human nature. The book is true and real, and therefore interesting and valuable, being the life of a human being. It is the narrative of an eye-witness and sharer in extraordinary religious phenomena, and so of worth to the student of religion. Lastly, it paints with conscience and without passion various and striking characters, showing man in his greatness and his meanness, his degradation and his divinity. The great King Louis is exhibited in his magnanimity condemning a man to the gallows for one impertinent sentence, and in his mercy softening death to perpetual slavery. The charity and brotherly love of Turkish slaves put to shame the priests of the Christian religion. We see, too, how thirteen years of torture could not conquer a human soul filled with a great hope and seeing, though afar off, the living truth.

Charles Wesley seen in his finer and less familiar Poems. (New York: published by Hurd & Houghton, 459 Broome Street. 1867.)—The compiler of this little volume, Rev. Frederick M. Bird, is evidently well versed in matters of hymnology. To his present task he has brought enthusiasm and ability in equal parts, and as a consequence we have a very interesting compilation made from Wesley's entire works, which, as we are told, occupy above three thousand printed pages. Less than one-fifth of this amount of verse is generally known, and furthermore as it appears in the hymn-books is most fragmentary, and not infrequently is not a little altered from the original. To preserve the literary integrity of as many poems as have here been collected from their various hiding-places is a rule which Mr. Bird has resolutely followed. Nothing is here altered or abridged. The main object of the book is to convince us that Wesley was a poet and not a mere hymnist, or perhaps, more correctly, that in being a true hymnist he was at the same time a true poet. This object we are very sure will be attained. The charge that Wesley's matter has no more variety than his manner is abundantly refuted by the poems themselves. This book will go into many hands outside of Methodism, and for these it might have been better for Mr. Bird to bring "forth from his treasures things both new and old," according to their quality alone. By far the most interesting feature of the book is the autobiographic character of the first sixty pages. The most striking events and experiences of Wesley's life are here mirrored in his verse. Here the dark shadow of his early faith falls on the page; here, too, we see the light of his awakening to more cheerful views, the marks of persecution and sore struggle, the trace of love's alternate hope and fear, the bitterness of soul begotten of his son's "apostasy," and many other signs to indicate his style of character and life. The book is very neatly published and is as unpretending in appearance as it is thoroughly excellent in its conception and arrangement.

Two Marriages. By the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," "Christian's Mistake," etc. (New York: Harper & Brothers.)—As the merits and demerits of Mrs. Craik as a novelist have been already considered at length in this paper (Vol. I., p. 376), a few words only need be added concerning the volume now before us. "Two Marriages" are two separate stories, whose moral lessons are intended for the fathers of marriageable children. The one shows how a young life may be blighted by the blind tyranny of a worldly-minded father; the other, how the highest earthly blessing can be brought to a son, even despite a great transgression, by the judicious course of a truly unselfish and spiritual-minded parent. Both these tales are told in so simple and straightforward a manner as to make them seem like histories taken directly, and almost literally, from real life. They are of a nature to draw out Mrs. Craik's best qualities of womanliness and instinctive correctness of judgment between good and evil. It is not often that stories of seduction can be recommended to all readers, and especially to young men; but "Parson Garland's Daughter" is worthy of being widely known, inspired as it is by purity and that profound knowledge of duty which is wisdom. "John Bowerbank's Wife" is far less interesting. One does not care to read of cases which are sad and hopeless from the very outset.

Languages Without a Master. (Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.)—Sanscrit bothered Ensign O'Doherty, and to learn it thoroughly took a fortnight of his valuable time; other tongues he acquired in the space of a few hours. Bar him, and we fancy all languages would be without a master so long as they were taught in this manner—that is, in a hurry, on the Robertsonian method. A. H. Monteith, Esq., offers us here Spanish in four lessons, Italian in but five; French, German, and Latin in six apiece. Forty cents is the price of each small paper-covered volume. Of course any one who wishes to learn any of the languages above mentioned is not wise if he does not get himself a good teacher if he can. If he cannot, we may say to him that there is something to be learned from these books, and, so far as we can judge, little of it will have to be afterwards unlearned.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION *should be addressed to the Editor.*

THE PROSPECT OF RECONSTRUCTION.

THE eyes of the country are just now turned more to the South than to Congress. The latter having passed a law providing a definite method by which the Southern States may regain their old footing in the Union, yet having left something to their option, the chief questions of political interest are whether those States will conform to the terms of the offer, and if so, what will be the result of their action.

The so-called legislatures of two States have already acted decisively, and in opposite directions. The Legislature of Virginia (we cannot well avoid the use of phrases that seem to admit a legality which we wholly deny) has passed a bill providing for the election of a convention in May, with liberty to colored men to vote. The Legislature of Louisiana, on the contrary, has passed resolutions declaring the acts of Congress void, and has summoned a convention, to be elected by white men only. Governor Wells has met this action by a proclamation announcing the law of Congress to be in force, and declaring all elections not held conformably thereto to be void. The Legislature of North Carolina has adjourned without taking any action.

In several States there are decided indications of a rising agitation, the sentiments of the white population being divided as to the expediency of reorganizing in accordance with the law, or of remaining inactive. Ex-Gov. Brown leads the movement in favor of reorganization in Georgia, where he is opposed by Col. Gartrell (formerly a member of Congress) and others. The only prominent Mississippian who has recommended such action is Gen. Chalmers, but he will soon be supported by others, although Gov. Humphreys is understood to be opposed to doing anything under the law. In North Carolina, the minority of the Legislature, comprising all who heartily welcomed the restoration of the Union in 1865, have taken steps toward the summoning of a convention in an informal manner. We have not heard of anything definite from the other States.

Upon the whole, we judge that, if the law is faithfully enforced by the President and his subordinates, the whole South will speedily conform to the terms of Congress. The amendment enacted at the instance of Mr. Shellabarger deprives the Southern whites of the option between military government and universal suffrage, which Mr. Sherman's proposition left to them; so that, whether they elect conventions or not, they must admit colored men to vote at all their current elections, while their only chance of escaping from military *surveillance* is by adopting constitutions recognizing the political equality of all men. The disfranchising clause affects only a very limited class, not including a single man under twenty-seven years of age; and it is improbable that the mass of people not excluded by law from political action will long continue to exclude themselves out of mere sympathy for the old race of politicians who are shut out. Even among the disfranchised class there are many sensible enough to comprehend the wisdom of submitting for a time to a limited disability rather than to keep their States out of all participation in the Government. Congress has deprived the stubborn of their favorite argument, that it was better to control the States, without seats in Congress, than to gain a place in Congress by sharing power with the colored race; for they are no longer to be left in supreme control of their States, and they can now see clearly the necessity of being represented in Congress.

It cannot be denied, however, that the soundest reasoning may fail to afford a basis for predicting the action of the Southern people. After the elections last fall it certainly seemed as if none but idiots would, in the situation of the Southern whites, refuse to accept the constitutional amendment as a basis of reconstruction. Yet they did so with comparative unanimity. And we presume that if they had a similar option under the Sherman statute they would reject it, even if they knew that worse terms would be imposed. But the new law gives them only the option between involuntary universal suffrage with military rule, and voluntary universal suffrage without military rule. This is, of course, upon the assumption that Mr. Johnson will execute the law in good faith. If he orders it to be set aside upon the first decision of a petty court against its validity, or if he repeats the let-alone policy adopted at the Alexandria election, the law will effect no good. But we think that he has too much sense of his own danger to make any such rash experiments on the forbearance of Congress.

Measures have been initiated in both Houses of Congress for the purpose of putting the machinery of reorganization in motion, under the direct supervision of the national authorities; and some measure of the kind will doubtless be enacted forthwith. This is clearly the proper method; and the only wonder is that so able a body as the late Committee of Fifteen should have so utterly failed in its duty as not to have reported such a bill at the last session. We rejoice, for the sake of all sections, North and South, that Congress has finally adopted the doctrine which we have steadily advocated, even when its success seemed hopeless, viz., that reconstruction should be *immediate* and *compulsory*, and not left to the choice of the insurrectionary population, either as to time or mode. Nothing could be more opposed to the theory of the Constitution than the let-alone policy which, while denying the validity of the *de facto* governments at the South, provided no means for the creation of legitimate governments. This false position, the result of timidity and distrust of the people, has been all along the weak point of the Radical policy. Its abandonment will give general satisfaction.

Under all the circumstances, there can be no doubt that nearly or quite all of the Southern States will be properly organized and reinstated in the Union within twelve or eighteen months from this time. The only question concerning our subject that really remains for solution in the future is as to the practical working of the new governments, and especially of universal suffrage.

It has been confidently asserted—and we have ourselves shared the apprehension—that the negroes, being confessedly ignorant, poor, and unorganized, would be surely controlled by their old masters when they came to vote. Of course there is much to be said upon that side; and, had universal suffrage been conceded in 1865, we think that such must have been the result in districts not fully garrisoned by national troops. But for nearly two years past urgent efforts have been made to introduce light among the colored people; and Northern men and women have steadily gained influence over them, while their Southern masters have, to a very large extent, thrown away whatever influence they may have had by their oppressive laws and obstinate resistance to the elevation of the colored race. Of this latter fact, the immense emigration of negroes from South Carolina and Georgia, and the loud complaints of planters in Louisiana and Texas, afford conclusive proof. The colored people have, moreover, organized themselves in every large town of the South, if not even more widely, during the last two years; and, with such assistance as their white allies will be prompt to give, they will be fully able to inform their brethren on plantations of the issues and the candidates. We therefore believe that the last hope of the disloyal will fail them, and that the colored voters will generally sustain candidates acceptable to the North.

No one can doubt that the complete restoration of the Southern States, freed from all their old inequalities and oppressions, will materially benefit the whole country. An impartial administration of justice will give new energy to the laborer; for who that has ever worked while in doubt of being paid (whether at mechanical or mental labor) has not felt the impossibility of putting forth all his energy and skill? Labor in the South has been performed for two centuries with a certainty of *not* being paid, and for the last two years in a total uncertainty upon that point. The lash, which formerly supplied a motive for drudging effort, has been latterly withdrawn, or at least has not come as promptly and surely as it was wont. What wonder is it that, with the accustomed terror removed, and no certain hope supplied, the labor system of the South has failed to produce the old results? But this defect will be thoroughly cured by a sound reconstruction, which will assure to all classes their rights. It will also remove from the white people the fear of confiscation and punishment, which now hampers the efforts of some of the most effective men at the South.

It will take away the last element of uncertainty from our political future, and leave us free to enter upon plans of business without fear of political disturbances. On every ground, moral, political, and financial, we welcome the near approach of a perfect reunion of the States.

THE "RISING" IN IRELAND.

The Fenian "rising" in Ireland, of which the news has been reaching us piecemeal during the past week, seems to have been the result of a plan for a simultaneous outbreak at various points in the island on the same day. The leaders are apparently all persons who have served on one side or other during the war in this country, and it is probably confidence in their skill and experience, and in their promises of help from the United States, which has secured them even the limited amount of help from the people which they have so far received; but, like most other plans of the kind, it has, as far as we can judge, totally failed. When men have to act in secret, under the eye of the police, at widely different places, complete concert becomes impossible. Unforeseen circumstances are sure to occur to prevent somebody doing what he undertook to do, at the time and in the way previously arranged, and a general change or postponement at the last moment is, of course, out of the question. Thus the "rising" in Kerry occurred some days before any movement was made anywhere else, and seems to have received no general support from the peasantry. One of the leaders, Moriarty, was arrested before it took place, when on his way to the scene of operations, and it does not appear that over two or three hundred, if so many, took the field. They were about to attack a police "barracks," but met a priest on the way who went and gave the police notice, and then came back and told the insurgents what he had done, and urged them to give up their enterprise. This, with the news that they were not supported in any other quarter, seems to have utterly disconcerted them. They at once scattered, and all that remains of the outbreak in Kerry appears to be a dozen or two fugitives in the hills whom the police are slowly hunting down.

A few days later similar "risings" occurred in Cork and in Queen's County and Kildare and Louth, each apparently consisting of the marching and countermarching of small bands, whose operations are confined to attacks on police "barracks," of one of which they are said, by the telegraph, to have secured possession. But in order to estimate the value of this achievement, the public here ought to know that these "barracks" are small stone cottages or "stations" scattered at certain intervals through the country, and garrisoned by a sergeant and five men. The Fenians would have to capture a great many of them before the "Irish Republic" came any nearer being established than it is now. Most of these attacks have been unsuccessful, a volley or two being, naturally enough, sufficient to disperse the ignorant, unofficered, and half-armed mobs by which they were made; and in cases in which the stations have been "captured," we suspect it has been owing to the police having previously evacuated them in order to concentrate.

If such a rising took place as the leaders, no doubt, contemplated and hoped for—the sudden appearance under arms of every man who had enrolled himself in the Fenian organization, followed wholly or even in great part by the peasantry—of course it would be a serious matter, and such a revolt, if prolonged and stimulated by a few successes at the outset, would doubtless require a large army for its suppression, and might maintain itself for at least one campaign if pains were taken by the chiefs to avoid great battles in the open field with regular troops. What may be done in this way by even half-organized bodies of men really in earnest, in a country affording good natural facilities for defence, was seen in the case of the Polish insurrection a year ago. But, then, it is safe to say that out of every one hundred men who took the Fenian oath, learned the "grips" and pass-words, and sung the songs in public houses, not over two have made their appearance in arms on the appointed night. In Ireland more than most other countries—though the same thing may be said of many other countries—there are always plenty of people who enjoy conspiring and being mixed up in the mystery of an illegal association, having the excitement of keeping an awful secret and dodging the police. The Irish have been doing this for two hundred years, and revel in it. The "Rapparees," "Whiteboys," "Peep o' Day Boys," "Rockites," "Molly Maguires," have all been Fenian brotherhoods on a small scale. But the number of active members of these associations as compared to the population at large has always been very small, and the work they undertook to do—the murder of bailiffs, landlords, informers, the houghing of cattle, and burning of houses—was always tolerably safe. The mass of the people rendered no assistance in it beyond refusing to give evidence or information against the perpetrators, and the chance of discovery or conviction was only one in a thousand.

Taking the field to fight regular troops in open daylight, to stand up against grape and musketry, is quite a different thing; and it would be against all experience of Irish conspiracies if any but a very small proportion of those who have undertaken to do it were found in the ranks on the appointed hour. The great body of the Fenians probably were snugly in their beds on the night of the rising, determined to wait and see how the thing got on before they showed themselves; and as to those who had not joined the organization at all, they have doubtless been so thoroughly canvassed already that their refusal to join was pretty good proof that they would give the movement no aid beyond refusing to give evidence against those who took part in it. This has been the story of all Irish rebellions. From 1688 down to 1798, the Catholics bore the most horrible oppression without stirring hand or foot, the very flower of their number going every year to recruit the armies of Louis XIV. When they rose in 1798 they had the secret sympathy or open approval of the clergy, and were headed by a very respectable body of the Catholic gentry; and they had much the same encouragement from France, brought about by a very similar course of events, that they are now receiving from America, and yet the movement was feeble and partial. It was confined to two counties, broke down after one or two shabby skirmishes, and left the chiefs in the hands of the hangman. Much the same story may be told of the unfortunate outbreak of 1803, in which Emmett perished, and of that of 1849, which began and ended in the battle of Ballingary. In fact, the plain truth must be told that the feebleness of the Irish attempts at rebellion, the loud talking which precedes them, the small amount of desperation or determination or concert or persistence or forethought which characterizes them, and the ridiculous failures in which they end, form one of the most awful illustrations of the demoralization worked by a long course of oppression. There is no lack of physical courage in the race. They have proved, both in the English and French and in our own service, with an organized government at their back and experienced officers at their head, that there is no lack amongst them of the highest military excellence. They have been as impetuous as Frenchmen, as steadfast as Englishmen, on some of the hardest-fought fields of history; but when they are called upon in their own country for the display of "the unconquerable hate, the study of revenge, the courage never to submit or yield," which are absolutely necessary to make a rebellion against a powerful government anything but a farce, they have been invariably found wanting. Something in the atmosphere—some moral poison, bred of centuries of misery and helplessness and despair—seems to quite vanquish them when the moment comes to strike, and leaves of the best-planned and best sworn-to conspiracies nothing but empty bottles, stale tobacco, bombastic speeches, and new uniforms and flags. The iron of English rule seems to have so entered into their souls that nothing political do they do well—not even rebel.

But we must not judge the poor fellows who have embarked in the present hopeless struggle in Ireland with the same judgment as the bands of "blatherskites" who set up an "Irish Republic" in New York and who organize the conquest of Canada safely behind dry-goods counters in the Bowery, or who cross the frontier in arms, knowing that when the fighting begins they can if they please run back in a few minutes to safe and friendly soil. Every man who takes the field in Ireland fights in a trap, and with a halter around his neck. Soldiers may well be amused by their attempts to upset a government like that of England, with their own clergy and men of education and the hardiest and dourest portion of the Irish population, the Leinster and Ulster Protestants, dead against them. But neither statesman nor moralist can witness their endeavors without pity. Only those who believe Ireland has no grievances, and that appeals for their redress to the English Parliament have met or seem likely to meet with fair consideration from it, constituted as it is at present, can judge harshly the few hundred men, fools and blind men though they be, who are now risking their lives in one more protest against a system which has produced so much misery, and of which the crowning condemnation is that it has made Fenianism possible. When He who sees in secret comes to reward us all openly, the unfortunates who are now wandering about the Irish roads as "rebels" will, we may be sure, be measured by a very different standard from that by which the world measures them to-day. No man who looks at the events of his own time in the light of history can fail to see in their efforts, puny though they be, a solemn appeal to the conscience of the English people, which we hope will not be marred by crimes or outrages, and which we are satisfied will not be made wholly in vain.

IMPEACHMENT FROM A LEGAL POINT OF VIEW.

PROFESSOR DWIGHT, of Columbia College, has recently made a very thorough examination of the nature of impeachment, of the crimes for which this mode of prosecution may be resorted to, and of the method of procedure, and the conclusions he has reached have been published in *The American Law Register*, and subsequently in a pamphlet which now lies before us. As he is the first lawyer of any prominence, so far as we know, who has undertaken to discuss impeachment as a legal question simply, and as he is removed both by position and habits from the arena of party strife, what he says on this subject is worthy the attention of everybody to whom the forms of law, as they are to us, are of deep and paramount importance, and who dreads as we dread the conversion of a legal process into a weapon of party warfare.

Mr. Dwight has made a very full and minute examination of the precedents from which the founders of this Government derived all their notions of what impeachment was, and from which, in fact, the word impeachment derives all its meaning, and he finds that impeachment and indictment are but two different modes of attaining the same end, but both are legal processes and governed in their course by legal principles. A man can only be impeached in England in cases in which he might be indicted. He is impeached on the presentment of the House of Commons; he is indicted on the presentment of a grand jury. But neither impeachment nor indictment means anything more than that there is sufficient reason to believe the defendant guilty of the offences laid to his charge to warrant his being put on his trial before the proper court, and pending the trial he is to be subjected to no greater inconvenience or restraint or deprivation than may be deemed necessary to secure his attendance from day to day. Says Mr. Dwight:

> "It may be asked why, then, is the cumbrous process of impeachment ever resorted to? The answer is, that there were often found in England persons who could not readily be tried by the common law courts, either owing to an influence which overshadowed the ordinary tribunals, or because technical rules of practice made the usual remedies scarcely worth pursuing. Moreover, impeachment was often adopted as an instrument of faction, and was especially active when society was disturbed by party contests or was in the throes of a revolution. In fact, through this process, Parliament ultimately triumphed over the executive, and Parliamentary government, with ministers responsible to the Commons for executive acts, was formed.
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> "When the United States Constitution was framed, trial by impeachment was fully developed. It was not, however, adopted in that instrument as a regular mode of criminal procedure, to be employed in lieu of an indictment. It was made a means of trial of a crime so far as it had a political bearing. It is used as a means of depriving officers of their offices and of disqualifying them from holding such positions in the future. Still, it is requisite that a *crime* should be committed as a basis for the accusation. The Constitution provides, in substance, that the offence, so far as it has a purely criminal aspect, shall be tried in the ordinary courts; while so far as it affects the official character, it shall be the subject of impeachment. Though the English theory and procedure still substantially continue, impeachment in our law has a comparatively narrow scope. The House of Representatives, in analogy to the English House of Commons, has the exclusive power of impeachment, and the judicial power is vested in the Senate, in analogy to its deposit in the House of Lords."

As to the crimes for which a man may be impeached, they must, as settled by the English cases, be true crimes, known to the common law. The court of impeachment must administer the same law as an ordinary criminal court. It was the chafing of the Commons under this rule which in exciting times led them so frequently to pass bills of attainder. One great case, the impeachment of Lord Macclesfield, occurred a few years before the adoption of the American Constitution, in which the point whether any offence not an offence by common or statute law could be tried by impeachment was expressly raised, and it was decided that it could not. A similar decision was solemnly made in Lord Melville's case in 1806, when there was an entire absence of party feeling. The text-books, too, agree in declaring that impeachment does not differ in essentials from trials before ordinary courts; the rules of evidence are the same, and so are the legal doctrines as to crimes and misdemeanors.

From all this Mr. Dwight deduces the conclusion that as there are, under the laws of the United States, no common-law crimes, but only those which are contrary to some positive statutory rule, there can be no impeachment except for a violation of a law of Congress, or for the commission of a crime named in the Constitution. "English precedents," he says, "concerning impeachable crimes are consequently not applicable." Whether there are any crimes against the United States not statutory, was for some time the subject of much controversy; but Mr. Dwight holds the point to be now settled in the negative by a great number of cases collected by Mr. Wharton in his work on criminal law. The Senate has condemned in one case only — Pickering's—and as he did not appear, and the judgment was given by a strict party vote, the decision is of little value. The decisions of the other courts settle beyond question that United States tribunals do not take cognizance of offenses not statutory. But even if they did, Mr. Johnson could not be impeached for abusive language or general indecorum of behavior. Here, however, we are met by a serious difficulty which Professor Dwight does nothing to solve. Suppose the President were to commit, say, burglary when on a stumping tour, and were convicted and sent to prison by the ordinary criminal courts of the State in which the offence was committed, would there be no way of removing him from office? Would he still remain President? May the House impeach him, and the Senate try and depose him for being a criminal and in jail, if not for being a generally unworthy and vicious person? A great many cases of this kind might be imagined in which the exemption of the President from responsibility to Congress might produce extraordinary inconvenience.

As to suspension from office during the trial, the English precedents show that even where the office of the person impeached was held at the King's pleasure, the House of Lords, even when requested by the Commons, refused invariably to join in an address to the King asking for his removal; where the office was permanent, and not dependent on the King's pleasure, the Commons never even asked for suspension. As to suspension on impeachment under the American Constitution, Professor Dwight says:

> "Where an officer, like the President, holds his office by a certain tenure, the people, according to the principles of law, have a right to his continuous services, of which they cannot be deprived before his conviction for an impeachable offence, unless there is something in the language of the Constitution which confers the power of suspension by express words or necessary implication. If the officer holds at the pleasure of the appointing power, he may, of course, be arbitrarily removed by the person exercising the power of appointment.
>
> "There is no express language in the Constitution conferring the power of suspension. There is no necessary implication, because it has been shown by English practice that the power to impeach does not involve the power to suspend.
>
> "It is well, however, to go further than this. I maintain that the history of the Constitution, the debates upon it, and contemporary documents, plainly show that the power of suspension was *studiously excluded.*"

In support of this position he cites the New York constitution of 1777, drawn by John Jay, and from which the provisions of the United States Constitution with regard to impeachment were closely copied. Now, the constitution of New York of that date does contain a clause expressly providing for the suspension of the governor on impeachment, and appointing the lieutenant-governor to fill his place; but this provision is omitted in the Federal Constitution, while all other clauses are copied. In addition to this, he makes the now familiar citation of Mr. Madison's opinion from the "Madison Papers," and cites, also

Chief-Justice Oliver's case from the works of John Adams, showing that the Chief-Justice continued to exercise his judicial functions in Massachusetts while under impeachment, although freeholders were so scandalized by it that they refused to be sworn before him.

ENGLAND.

LONDON, Feb. 22, 1867.

I REMEMBER that two friends of mine, who were dabbling in chemistry, once made a highly explosive compound. They were so much frightened at what they had done that they crept out of the room in which it lay, upon their hands and knees. Presently, as no explosion followed, they came back and poked at it with sticks. Still it would not explode. Then they thumped it harder, and, at last, when it still remained obdurate, they threw it into the fire, where it smouldered away calmly with one tiny fizz. This interesting reminiscence may serve as an allegory descriptive of the great Fenian insurrection. After many months of anxiety, suspension of the *habeas corpus* act, and all kinds of ominous forebodings, it has come at last; the explosion has taken place, and the sound has scarcely been audible to the unassisted ear. The Fenian campaign was apparently to consist of two parts: a rising in Ireland, with a sudden *coup de main* in England to act by way of diversion. Accordingly, one Monday afternoon the inhabitants of the ancient city of Chester saw their streets swarming with strangers. It is true that they were unarmed and confined themselves to walking up and down, but in their accents the pale burghers distinguished the dreaded Irish-American twang, and in their walk there was a certain military swagger. Chester Castle contained a certain quantity of arms and ammunition and very few troops—as befits an old castle in the heart of a peaceful country. Mayors and lord-lieutenants and commanders of volunteers sent off telegrams in hot haste; troops were sent in from one quarter and another; the volunteers were armed; the citizens were sworn in as special constables; and the Fenians continued to walk up and down with a certain military swagger for the space of two days. They gathered into little knots which dispersed when spoken to, and even under the influence of liquor they let out no hints as to their nefarious plans. On Tuesday evening they went quietly back by train to Liverpool; the Fenian diversion was over, and an enthusiastic mayor was enabled to despatch a true Napoleonic bulletin, beginning "Chester is safe." Some sceptics said that a prize-fight had been arranged for that day near Chester, and that the mysterious strangers were merely the roughs who were on their road to attend it; but I think there can be but little doubt that they were in fact Fenians, if only because it is so exquisitely Fenian that the whole affair should end in the exhibition of a certain military swagger.

But next day came more awful intelligence. The Fenians were up in Ireland; police stations were being stormed; telegraph wires cut; railways broken up; bands of men were collecting in green uniforms under the command of experienced officers; fresh bands had been landed from ships off the coast; and, in fact, the explosion was really coming off this time. Rumors of all sorts flew about for a day or two, and so much dust was thrown up that it became exceedingly difficult to distinguish the facts. When at last a definite substratum of information merged from the bewildering clouds of fiction, the insurrection reduced itself to this: A number of men had begun to plunder a coast-guard station. They had shot a policeman who fell in with them whilst carrying a message for assistance, but did not wound him mortally. They then seem to have dispersed; but the troops, after scouring the mountains round Killarney for two or three days, found a few cartridges, and saw, or thought that they saw, fifteen or sixteen men on the top of a distant mountain. It must be a consolation to the Fenians that they have undoubtedly wounded one policeman, as, but for that incident, future historians might imagine that the whole outbreak was purely mythical. And certainly, considering that the net result of the insurrection was one partially effective rifle-shot, they made a very fair amount of noise for their money; as I presume this is one great object of Fenian disturbances, I am happy to congratulate them upon their success.

It should be added, as a last touch, to prove the felicitous nature of their combinations, that Government had just promised not to apply for a renewal of the *habeas corpus* suspension act, which would naturally expire in a few weeks. Of course this disturbance may, though I hope it will not, lead to a continuance of the suspension. Meanwhile we have seen the end of another of those melancholy farces which recur with such curious regularity in Irish history.

Whilst Chester was in the agonies of attempted revolution, a failure, almost as great as that of the Fenians, was being encountered by her Majesty's Government in the House of Commons. Mr. Disraeli was expected on that night to reveal the Government scheme of reform. The nature of that scheme had been kept a profound secret; the veil was to be raised at length, and the world was to know whether the Tories would trump the Liberals by larger offers of enfranchisement, or would endeavor by some skilful juggling to get the credit of offering Reform whilst rendering the measure delusive. The House was, of course, crowded to its utmost limits; and great was the expectation when Mr. Disraeli rose to speak. I have always been told, and can fully believe, that Mr. Disraeli is at times an admirable speaker; I have heard him speak effectively when he is taunting his opponents on some personal question; no one can throw in a biting bit of sarcasm with more telling effect or with greater appearance of unconscious ease. But when Mr. Disraeli gets upon his high horse, and pours forth a string of generalities, intended as political wisdom, it is impossible to deny that he is disagreeably pompous. He has a beautiful voice; but he hums and haws and mouths his sentences, and gesticulates after an artificial and theatrical fashion, and is, in short, entirely unable to get up that flow of generous enthusiasm which carries Mr. Gladstone away, and enables him to carry his audience with him. He is always the clever politician, trying various artificial substitutes for genius, which never quite answer; his political wisdom rings hollow; it is flashy and tinselly, and makes no appeal to passion; the higher he attempts to soar, the more thoroughly unsatisfactory he becomes. Moreover, Mr. Disraeli is not only too much of an actor, but he never quite suits his acting to his audience; whether it is that he has something too much of the Jewish element in his character I know not, but certainly he signally fails in the important art to an English minister of being thoroughly in harmony with the sentiments of English gentlemen.

Now, on Monday night Mr. Disraeli was at his worst; he spoke for two hours, and throughout those two hours the chief material of his speech was composed of frothy platitude. A few personal hits—one bitter remark upon Mr. Goldwin Smith, whom he described as a "rampant lecturer"—were applauded; the rest fell very coldly even upon his own party. Scarcely a cheer was heard during a speech certainly ill-calculated to rouse party enthusiasm. The pith and substance of it came to two propositions: First, Mr. Disraeli declared with much parade that it was time that Reform should cease to be a party question; which means to say that Mr. Disraeli thinks he ought to stay in, whether he can carry his own views on the most important question of the day or not. This rather cool proposal was wrapped up in a good deal of very fine philosophy; but somehow it still seemed cool. Secondly, Mr. Disraeli said that the views of Government would be indicated in certain resolutions to be published the next day. Thus the secret still remained a secret; and when the resolutions appeared the secret was preserved nearly as well as ever, for most of them were platitudes, which really decided none of the main points. The chief question is, of course, the extent to which the franchise should be enlarged, and the resolutions only say that it is to be enlarged without condescending to say how far. This, together with the redistribution of seats, forms the real battle-field, and will still remain open for discussion after the resolutions have been debated. Hence, the resolutions seem merely calculated to waste time, as they involve a whole preliminary discussion before the really important matters can be settled. If the Liberal party were sincere, there would doubtless be an attempt to turn out the Government at once, on the ground that such shilly-shallying with a matter of such importance cannot be allowed; but the Liberal party is anything but sincere. I do not believe that a hundred members in the House really desire a large extension of the franchise; the remainder of the *soi-disant* reformers merely vote for an extension because their constituents insist upon it, but will be glad of any pretext for bestowing the gift as grudgingly as possible. Hence the decision of the question depends upon the zeal of a small minority, upon the general desire to get the question settled in some way or other in order to make room for other business, and upon the pledges given by the leaders of all sides of the House. But with so small a leavening of real enthusiasm, it is hard to say what will be the end of a measure tossed about by so many and such conflicting political forces.

One other failure took place the same evening, which may be compared with that of the Fenians on the Government. It had been resolved to get up a monster procession to show the sense of the people on the reform question, which was to march from Trafalgar Square to Islington and there to hold a monster meeting. The procession, like the former one, was quiet and respectable, but it was still smaller in numbers—so small as to be a distinct failure. The fact is, either the people don't care very much about reform or they don't like processions. I believe both these statements to be partially true. There is a general desire for reform, but it has not yet reached the point at which monster meetings become a natural mode of expression. There is nothing at all revolutionary or violent about the sentiment, and there will not be unless Government commits some gross folly. Moreover, Londoners, having seen our procession, had had quite enough of it; the interruption to business and traffic caused by a long row of shabby men with very bad bands of music becomes a bore. We do not see why Regent Street should be sacrificed for two or three hours to abortive efforts to get up such demonstrations. If they were successful, it would be another thing; but a mediocre procession, like a mediocre poet, is tolerable neither to gods nor men.

The mention of Trafalgar Square reminds me of one fact which may interest those of your readers who know London. Nelson's monument is completed—only sixty years after his death—by the four bronze lions which have long been expected. Sir Edwin Landseer has been employed upon them for eight years, and it is rather disappointing to find that, instead of four different lions, we are only allowed four repetitions of one lion. Such as they are, they lie admired by most spectators, and as grimly couchant as the British lion ought to be. The well-known lion of the Percys, on the top of Northumberland House, looks down upon them indignantly with his tail stiffly extended, but in spite of his obvious disapproval, and the criticisms of *The Saturday Review,* I think that the lions are generally liked. At any rate, I hope that Nelson—if he is still in a position to care about bronze lions—is gratified by this proof of our affectionate regard for his memory. His effigy on the top of the column looks more like a small mast-headed midshipman than ever, now that he is dwarfed by these metallic monsters. They cost £11,000 for casting, which is said to be extravagant, and Sir Edwin received in addition £4,000 and Baron Marochetti (who superintended the casting in his own studio) £2,000. It is an ill movement which brings nobody any good.

Correspondence.

A CORRECTION FROM MR. WHITTIER.

To the Editor of The Nation:

I am very well aware that merely personal explanations are not likely to be as interesting to the public as to the parties concerned; but I am induced to notice what is either a misconception on thy part, or, as is most probable, a failure on my own to make myself clearly understood. In the review of "The Tent on the Beach," in thy paper of last week, I confess I was not a little surprised to find myself represented as regretting my life-long and active participation in the great conflict which has ended in the emancipation of the slave, and that I had not devoted myself to purely literary pursuits. In the half-playful lines upon which this statement is founded, if I did not feel at liberty to boast of my anti-slavery labors and magnify my editorial profession, I certainly did not mean to underrate them or express the shadow of a regret that they had occupied so large a share of my time and thought. The simple fact is, that I cannot be sufficiently thankful to the Divine Providence that so early called my attention to the great interests of humanity, saving me from the poor ambitions and miserable jealousies of a selfish pursuit of literary reputation. Up to a comparatively recent period my literary writings have been simply episodical, something apart from the real object and aim of my life; and whatever of favor they have found with the public, has come to me as a grateful surprise rather than as an expected reward. As I have never staked all upon the chances of authorship, I have been spared the pain of disappointment and the temptation to envy those who, as men of letters, deservedly occupy a higher place in the popular estimation than I have ever aspired to.

Truly thy friend, John G. Whittier.

Amesbury, 9th 3d Mo., 1867.

[To say that an author has "more than once of late seemed to express a regretful feeling that his life had not been devoted to poetry pure and simple" instead of being spent in turning "the crank of an opinion mill," is not to say that he entertains a settled conviction that his life has been unprofitably or disagreeably spent. We all have our occasional moments of regret, but in a year there are three hundred and sixty-five days and in each many moments. We have never doubted that Mr. Whittier's habitual feeling in looking back on his distinguished and most honorable career is, as it ought to be, one of honest satisfaction and thankfulness that he has been enabled to improve great opportunities. Still, he has recently seemed to express, humorously in the "Tent on the Beach," more seriously elsewhere—for instance, in a rhymed preface to the late two-volume edition of his poems—the half-regret which was all we had in mind when the review in question was printed. —Ed. Nation.]

"HORTICULTURAL MORALITY."

To the Editor of The Nation:

In an article in your journal of Feb. 28, headed "Horticultural Morality," statements are made in regard to my volume entitled "Flowers for the Parlor and Garden" which, as they reflect personally upon me, I feel compelled to answer.

Were the article a mere review of a volume which has now been before the public unquestioned for more than four years, I might pass over the matter in silence.

In reply, however, I will confine myself wholly to the allegations asserted to be matters of fact, leaving unnoticed the personalities and the general discourteous and ungenerous tone of the whole article.

The first statement is that "the bulk of the book is taken, some would say stolen, from the work of a brother (English) horticulturist and author, Shirley Hibbard, who published, through Groombridge & Son, in 1857, a book called 'Rustic Adornments.'"

This statement is, in the first place, deliberately *false* as far as the text is concerned, as, indeed, the writer virtually admits himself when, having spoken of "Flowers for the Parlor and Garden" as a book of 408 pages, he at length confines himself to the pages between 232 and 286 as including the "stolen" matter, being in all 54 pages.

Now let us look at these 54 pages in detail: pages 232 to 253 are devoted to the Wardian case; of these 20 pages a portion are occupied by illustrations and the descriptions of the same, parts of which were condensed from various writers, and among others from Mr. Hibbard, as my publisher sent me leaves with illustrations torn from a volume which I have within a few days learned to be Mr. Hibbard's. These, by publication in journals and papers, had become public property, yet, in fact, they comprise but a small part of the twenty pages, the remainder being *wholly original* and the results of my own experience. The history of the discovery of the principle of the Wardian case and its description are also matters of common property. To sum up the matter, we have in these two chapters *at the most four pages* which are not original.

The next ten pages, from 253 to 263, treat of hanging baskets and ivy; these are wholly original; there is nothing upon the subject in Mr. Hibbard's book.

The next ten pages are upon Waltonian cases. At the beginning of the chapter, *vide* p. 263, the following sentence will be found: "We can, however, lay no claim to originality in this chapter; we have but collected all the best information on the subject." This information and the illustrations of the chapter came mostly from "The Cottage Gardener," *vide* Vol. III., p. 2—new series and *passim* for several years before. The next fourteen pages are devoted to the aquarium; as in the chapter on Wardian cases, a portion of these gives a description of the cuts, and these are not original; the cuts, however, do not come from Mr. Hibbard's book, but from a volume on aquaria published in London about 1855, and from which Mr. Hibbard's cuts were probably copied.

The best answer to the assertion in regard to the chapter on the tuberose is contained in the following letter from the gentleman whose experience I am alleged to have stolen:

"Boston, March 4, 1867.

"E. S. Rand, Jr., Esq.:

"Dear Sir: Having seen in The Nation newspaper an article reflecting upon you as author of 'Flowers for the Parlor and Garden,' I deem it but an act of simple justice that I set the writer right in relation to one of the allegations of his charge. I therefore address you this note, with leave to use it as you please.

"I allude to the portion of the article on tuberoses, the simple history of which is this: During the year 1861, while on the Committee on Plants and Flowers in the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, I (at your request as chairman of that committee) prepared an article upon its cultivation, the result of my experience and experiments, which was published in the 'Transactions of the Society' for that year, and thus became public property. Yet you were gracious enough, while preparing your book, to ask my leave to transfer its substance to your pages, which I freely granted. If the author of the attack will take the trouble to look into your book again, he will see that you *do not claim the experience as yours,* but give due credit to another (see p. 199). Kindly yours,

"E. W. Buswell."

Thus far as to text, the amount of the whole being *that, out of a volume of four hundred and eight pages, about eight* pages are not original.

Now as to illustration: and in the first place the author is in no way responsible for any of the illustrations which were furnished by the publishers, by whom the whole expense of the volume was borne.

The book contains in all about ninety illustrations, counting initial letters and tail-pieces; of these twenty-four are alleged to have been copied.

Of these so said to be copied those on pages 15 and 48 are original.

Those on pages 252, 253, 262, and 273 are insignificant initial letters or tail-pieces.

Those on pages 232, 235, 237, 238, 265, 266, 267, 274, 275, 280, 281, and 282 illustrate the text of the Wardian and Waltonian cases and the aquarium, and are copied, as we have stated; as are also those on pages 140, 224, 244, 286, and 307.

When it is remembered, as will be seen by reference to the volume, that these are generally the smallest illustrations in the volume, the spirit of the article will at once be manifest.

In regard to Mr. Hibbard's book, I never had it in my possession; as before stated, my publisher sent me certain cuts with a small portion of annexed text; what more natural than to use the ideas or even the words of another in illustrating his figures? I have never claimed these figures as original, but have ever in public and private told their origin as far as known to me, as many will bear me witness.

These remarks, however, have reference, as we have seen, to only a very small part of the volume, most of which, *both in text and illustration, is entirely original,* and embodies the results of my own experience.

What object the writer of "Horticultural Morality" had in view it would be difficult to conceive.

I may also be allowed to say, as it has been hinted to the contrary, that my only object in writing this series of volumes has been and is the advancement of horticulture, the pecuniary interest which I may have being so trifling as not to be worth mentioning.

In conclusion, I can only say that I have no wish to avail myself of the labors of others without giving due credit; if in the least respect I have seemed to do so, it has been unintentional; and in regard to the matter specially in question, any person interested, by comparing the two volumes, can be himself a judge of the merits of the case.

I deprecate a newspaper controversy, and ordinarily should allow an attack to pass unnoticed; but when statements so entirely false and calculated to mislead the public are gratuitously made, and when these statements also reflect personally upon me, I feel it a duty to myself and the public that such an article should not go unanswered.

EDWARD S. RAND, JR.

BOSTON, March 5, 1867.

[Mr. Rand complains that the notice of his book, "Parlor and Garden," in THE NATION of Feb. 28, is unjust and untrue, and assigns, in support of his complaint, several reasons, which may be classed as follows:

1. The statements made by the critic are false.

2. If they are true, they are of no consequence.

3. Some of the charges are undoubtedly true, but Mr. Tilton is responsible for the faults charged.

4. Mr. Rand has admitted in some places that he had no personal knowledge of the subject treated, and has, therefore, honorably acknowledged that what he wrote must have been borrowed.

5. Mr. Buswell is perfectly satisfied with the treatment he received.

6. Mr. Rand did not know that Mr. Hibbard's book was the source from which he obtained his information, because Mr. Tilton sent him pages torn out of a book from which to extract his materials, and he never knew what the book was.

7. Mr. Rand has frequently, in the presence of friends and acquaintances, disclaimed the credit due for the portions of the book he did not originate.

8. Malice must have prompted the reviewer to resuscitate a book published five years ago, and hitherto unchallenged.

Mr. Rand asserts that a comparison will show any one that his book was not borrowed from Mr. Hibbard. Let us look at the book itself:

> "Flowers for the Parlor and Garden. By Edward Sprague Rand, Jr. Illustrations by John Andrews and A. C. Warren. Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by Edward S. Rand, Jr., in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts."

E. S. Rand, Jr., and no one else, plainly claims the whole book as his work and property, yet he pleads that he had nothing to do with the illustrations, which "were furnished by the publisher;" and again he says: "parts of which (the text) were condensed from various writers, and amongst others from Mr. Hibbard, as my publisher sent me leaves with illustrations *torn from a volume* which I have, within a few days, learned to be Mr. Hibbard's." Such a want of curiosity on the part of Mr. Rand is without parallel.

This plainly represents Mr. Tilton as editor and author, and yet the book presents no evidence of his complicity. He must have been at least equal to Mr. Rand in authority if he could furnish large portions of the book, Mr. Rand not even knowing where the extracts came from. Mr. Rand must have great confidence in Mr. Tilton's judgment to permit him to interpolate pages into his MS. in this manner. Can we believe our eyes when we read that Mr. Rand confesses to the public he wishes to teach that he has no power over his own MS., but that his publisher illustrates it as he pleases? This is purely ridiculous. Neither Mr. Rand nor the merest neophyte of an author would permit such an interference. Mr. Rand would have us believe that the illustrations, instead of being aids to the text to impress it more firmly on the mind, are mere prettinesses sprinkled in according to the economy or fancy of a publisher. If this is true of the relations between Mr. Rand and Mr. Tilton, Mr. Rand had better stop making books.

But admitting the fact that some of the illustrations were from Hibbard, Mr. Rand thinks we are making a great deal of fuss about a trifle. At most there are but twenty-four stolen cuts out of ninety, and many of them are very small. If he would confess where the other cuts came from, if not taken from "Rustic Adornments," we should find the ninety still further and very greatly reduced. The drawings are said to be the work of A. C. Warren, a very conscientious man. But we do not find Mr. Warren's name on more than four cuts. These, then, are all he cares to claim as his, leaving eighty-six taken from some book and directly transferred to the wood block. We find that there are more taken from Hibbard than we claimed before, the whole number being thirty-one. Mr. Rand asserts that the cuts on pp. 48 and 15 are original. The cut on p. 15 is not original; it is one of the emasculated illustrations referred to before, and is identical with pp. 3 and 2 of Hibbard, excepting its centre. The rock-work of Hibbard's illustration has been replaced by a green-house in Rand. This same treatment has been applied to the half-page illustration on p. 326—not claimed before—where the terrace of the cut on p. 327 of Hibbard is altered into a sloping walk; the Normandy poplars are converted into a green-house; a lady sitting on a chair is turned into a group of shrubs. The cut on p. 48 we did wrongly quote as from Hibbard, but we fill its place in our list by the cut on p. 7, which serves as a frontispiece to the book, which comes from p. 403 of "Rustic Adornments."

"But," says Mr. Rand, "when it is remembered, as will be seen by reference to the volume, that these are generally the smaller illustrations in the volume" (not true, by the way), "the spirit of the article will be manifest." Well, perhaps size is an excuse. It may not be so wrong to steal a calf as a cow, and he should be excused so far as the things he took were little things; but of the number one-third are either full or half-page illustrations. There are thirty-one taken from Hibbard, and as the wrong is to be reduced two-thirds for size, we must consider that only fifteen are really taken without acknowledgment.

But to come to the text: Mr. Rand publishes a letter from E. A. Buswell, who therein disclaims any feeling about the tuberose chapter, and says that the mention of Mr. Rand's old friend on p. 199 is all that he requires to satisfy him.

We will quote the passage to enable the reader to judge for himself if the public should be as easily satisfied as Mr. Buswell:

> CHAP. IX. "How can I blow my tuberoses? They grow well; they produce abundance of foliage, healthy as could be desired, but no flowers. Yet their culture is easy. They will blow freely with but little care, yet you must learn how to do it. And this secret was communicated to me *a few years since* [our italics] by an ardent lover of this flower, who proved it by producing spikes of bloom with twenty or thirty flowers." "The tuberose is a native," etc.

What does this acknowledgment amount to? No reader ever supposed, as he passed on from these quoted passages to the next sentences, that this friend who, *several years since*, taught Mr. Rand, wrote two and a half of the three and a half pages (between pages 199 and 203) which make this chapter on the tuberose, and published them in the "Transactions of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society" (pp. 45, 46, 47), from which Mr. Rand has taken them *verbatim*. It is an evasion for Mr. Rand to try to escape the charge of using the printed labor of another person unacknowledged, by publishing Mr. Buswell's letter. What less could Mr. Buswell do than write it, considering that he is in daily intercourse with Mr. Rand and had no part in criticising him?

To analyze this book and cite all the borrowed matter would require a book as large as Mr. Rand's, but we will select a few examples to throw a little light on the way Mr. Rand makes books.

Two-thirds of the book describes the specific treatment of different plants. The horticulturist who reads Mr. Rand's directions finds nothing new in them, nothing but what has been frequently said elsewhere. An example of Mr. Rand's method of giving *original* directions may be found on page 221, where he treats of "The Lily of the Valley." This part of the book was not referred to before. Mr. Rand claims as his own all but that which was mentioned by THE NATION. But we find ten pages devoted to "The Lily of the Valley;" half of a page is the introduction, mostly Rand's, then commence the sentences which are the gist of the chapter: "If it is intended to remove the tubers when in flower," etc. From "if" to the words "is the same," nearly at the end of the second page, the whole is taken *verbatim* from page 612 of "The Cottage Gardener," 3d vol., new series; quite original, certainly, but not with Mr. Rand.

This does not prevent Mr. Rand's advice from being desirable, because an old thing newly and well said is often more valuable than new matter; but to claim the old thing as private property is stealing. Many of Mr. Rand's methods, in lieu of being new, or even the words of the author, are simply restatements or hashes of other people's ideas. Thus:

RAND, p. 277.	HIBBARD, p. 97.
"For ordinary tanks almost any of the common aquatic plants found in brooks or ponds will be suitable. It is an interesting fact that the coarsest plants soon adapt themselves to circumstances, and that their growth becomes more delicate. "The common (Potamogeton) pondweed appears too rank as a plant for an aquarium, but in less than a month its character becomes changed; it throws out delicate roots, sheds its coarse foliage, and acquires a smaller, neater and more delicately veined dress of leaves, and is a beautiful plant."	"For ordinary tanks and bell glasses almost any of the common weeds found in ponds and brooks will be suitable. Those which have a large growth, like Potamogeton and Ranunculus aqualitis, being the least suitable. "It is, however, an interesting fact that the coarse plants soon adapt themselves to the circumstances of the case, and native robustness being subdued by confinement, their habit of growth becomes more delicate and refined. "Potamogeton densus, when lifted from its cozy bed, appears too rank a plant for growth in a tank, but in less than a month its character changes; it throws out delicate white rootlets, sheds its coarse foliage, and acquires smaller, neater and more delicately veined leaves, and at last becomes a beautiful object."

We should hardly deem it necessary to give other examples of Mr. Rand's method, had he not said in writing, "*I have no recollection of ever copying a word from any volume*," perhaps because he used "leaves torn from a book." "After a rough MS. left my hands, it was corrected by the publisher, and I never saw it again till I read the proof, which I did (as is my custom) without reference to the MS." If Mr. Tilton interpolated the many pages taken from Hibbard (not eight, as Mr. Rand says), Mr. Rand must have been rather surprised when he got his proof.

But, however culpable otherwise, Mr. Rand feels clear about the Waltonian case chapter, because he says in the first part of the chapter, "We can lay no claim to originality in this chapter; we have but collected all the best information on the subject." This would be a good defence if the pages following had been written in the same spirit; but no person would ever suspect, as he continues to read, that all the rest of the chapter is taken from Hibbard *verbatim*, or adapted. Thus, he continues from the passage quoted with extracts from Hibbard until he comes to the passage quoted in THE NATION of Feb. 28, which he alters as therein described, and then continues *verbatim* until he comes to the words "a shilling a week;" as the currency might betray him, he substitutes "fifty cents a week." The next three lines he changes in like manner, and then returns to Hibbard for two pages and a half. Then follow two pages of some other author or "leaves torn" from some other book, and then Hibbard again for another page, ending with one of his changes:

HIBBARD.	RAND.
"The limited size of the case may seem to militate against it somewhat; but though it is not intended for the commercial florist, who must strike cuttings by the thousand, it nevertheless will perform such an amount of work, when well managed, as to meet the wants of most amateurs who delight in a garden of limited dimensions."	"The small size of the case may seem to be against it, but will perform such an amount of work, when well managed, as to meet the wants of most amateurs." [We have here about four and a half pages of Hibbard, plus two taken from page 2 "Cottage Gardener," Vol. III., new series.]

This chapter is so ingeniously managed that no one would suspect that Mr. Rand was not the original writer of the whole matter. He treats the chapter on the Wardian case in the same way (p. 233). After reading a few paragraphs of Mr. Rand's, we come to one beginning, "Mr. Ward extended the experiments," etc., where, without any warning, we pass from Rand to Hibbard. After half a page of Hibbard, Mr. Rand reduces the two following pages of Hibbard, beginning, "Mr. Ward extended the experiments, and arrived at the conclusion that certain kinds of vegetation readily," into about nine lines, commencing: "The experiment was extended, the case was shown," etc. He returns to Mr. Hibbard, with very slight changes of text to the end of the chapter. He makes such introversions as this:

HIBBARD.	RAND.
"One side of the sarcophagus top should be fixed on hinges to let down as a door, to give the necessary ventilation occasionally."	"One side of the top should be fixed on hinges, so as to give occasional ventilation."

To the end of this chapter, ten pages in all, Mr. Rand adheres closely to Mr. Hibbard, using his words, lines, and sentences, condensing in some places, taking literally in others; but no one, with Shirley Hibbard and Rand before him, would for a moment deny that Rand is a simple reproduction of Hibbard. If, as he says, he condensed it from various authors, to none of whom he gives any credit, it is strange that he should employ Hibbard's words.

We might continue these quotations from other parts of the book, but enough has been said to overthrow Mr. Rand's charge of falsehood, and to prove him, as we have said, a plagiarist.

Mr. Rand makes a strong point of the misuse of the word *bulk*, in THE NATION of February 28, because, as he shows, the larger part of the book is not taken from Hibbard. The book is to be considered as a whole, and when one finds the first page taken from Hibbard, and then in traversing the book page after page of illustrations, with accompanying text, throughout from the same author, the effect upon the mind is such that one is warranted in declaring the bulk of the book to be Hibbard's. We might, however, make a further defence of the use of the word. The printed sentence differs from that in the original MS., which said, "The bulk of the book is taken, some would say stolen, directly from the works of brother horticultural authors, and especially Shirley Hibbard," etc., and the change occurred by some inadvertence in copying the MS. for the press. But without using this as an argument, which, of course, could not be known to Mr. Rand, we still maintain that more than enough has been proved to sustain the charge of having presented a book to the public as his own production of which he was in no sense the author, and, if his own statements are to be taken, hardly the editor.

Mr. Rand complains that having been left unnoticed for five years, nothing but malice could have induced the criticism of February 28. We can heartily disclaim malice or personal feeling, as the writer of the notice of his book had never seen him when it was written.

Had Mr. Rand ceased writing books and magazines his error would have been left to slumber, but as the two first numbers of *The American Journal of Horticulture* are clouded by similar faults, it seemed a duty to the reading public to call their attention to the facts.

That Mr. Rand has frequently disclaimed the portions of "Parlor and Garden" not his own is to his credit, but his private disclaimers have never reached the public ear. His name is still on the title-page and in the copyright, and we who read have no way of knowing that he is ashamed of his production. Mr. Rand talks about things becoming "public property." What we complain of is that he has tried to convert public into private property, and then copyright it.

A man who edits or compiles a book often obtains more credit than the man who first wrote it. What we demand is that authors shall state by some obvious sign where they get their borrowed material, and that the task of supplying publishers with text for cuts, without knowing or caring where the cuts come from, be left to hacks, of whom there are plenty here, if not in Boston.—ED. NATION.]

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THE TARIFF ON BOOKS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

Your correspondent, "A Publisher," in THE NATION of March 7, tells us that "25 cents per pound in gold will average less than 20 per cent. upon the net wholesale price in London." Let us see. I will take the books known as Bohn's Libraries as a fair standard, because—1. They were all published since 1850, and therefore come within the class of new books upon which "A Publisher" wants Congress to levy a heavy additional duty. 2. They are very largely imported, being continually wanted by gentlemen collecting libraries, as well as by the poorer class of students; and 3. Being within everybody's reach, the facts can be easily verified or disproved by any reader. The volumes embraced in Bohn's Standard Library, then, weigh from 15 to 20 ounces each. Putting the average weight at 18 ounces, the duty on each volume, at 25 cents per lb., is a little over 28 cents in gold. Let us now see what it is at the present duty of 25 per cent. *ad valorem.* The books are published at 3s. 6d. per vol. in London, and they are bought (even by private buyers) at 2s. 6d. sterling. This, at 25 cents to the shilling, makes them cost 63 cents each, as invoiced for duty, the tariff on which, at 25 per cent., is precisely 16 cents, or a fraction under. From 28 take 16, and the difference represents the amount of "protection" which "A Publisher" modestly asks, that he may reprint Bohn's libraries! We already pay a tax of 35 per cent. (currency) on every book from abroad to support the Government and protect him; and yet we are asked to add nearly 30 per cent. more (28 cents gold on Bohn's 63 cent volumes equals 45 per cent. duty *ad valorem,* equals 65 per cent. in currency nearly) in order that one book in ten may be issued in an American edition.

Take another example. I have lately imported a copy of the works of King Frederic II. of Prussia, in 13 volumes 8vo, the cost of which in London was 18s. sterling. Under the existing tariff the duty cost me just $1 in gold. Being an old work, the proposed new *imposition* (I mean what I say) of 10 cents per pound, so much lauded by "A Publisher" as "scarcely more than nominal," and "designed to encourage the formation of libraries and stimulate higher culture," will apply. I weigh the book, and find 21 lbs. of "dirty linen," as Voltaire called the works of his royal patron. This, at 10 cents per pound, is precisely $2 10, or a little more than 100 per cent. increase on the present duty. "Scarcely more than nominal," you see!

That I am not citing extreme instances, I appeal to the experience of every man who has imported second-hand books for his own use, to prove. Take up Willis & Sotheran's catalogues, or those of any London dealer in old books, and you will find multitudes of English and foreign books, such as are continually ordered for libraries, quoted at an average price of 3s. per volume. Now, the average weight of these volumes is 30 ounces for the octavo size. This, at 25 cents per pound, is 47 cents per volume, gold duty, whereas the gold duty on a 3s. book, at 25 per cent. *ad valorem,* is but 19 cents. Here is a difference of much more than 100 per cent. on books printed since 1850. Even in the highly seductive shape of a 10 cents per pound duty on all books prior to that date, the increase of duty on cheap books, on the same basis of weight and cost as above, carries up the duty from 19 cents to 30 cents, or over *fifty per cent.*

Another objection. This dividing of books by an arbitrary date into two classes, and taxing one class *twice and one-half* as much as the other, is monstrously absurd, and would prove in practice intolerably vexatious. Either every foreign seller must divide off the contents of every box or package of books by their dates of publication, and make two separate invoices, or else the Custom House officials must open every book, and go through an intricate maze of calculations to arrive at the several duties to be charged on each invoice. What is to be done with books printed without any date at all? What with serial sets of books, like Grote's "History of Greece," the publication of which began in 1846 and finished in 1856? Was the book published before 1850, or since? a question involving, perhaps, several dollars of duty to the Government or the purchaser, yet liable to be decided arbitrarily and unjustly.

Again, the proposed new specific duty discriminates between books of which no editions are printed in this country and others which are reprinted. Who is to tell what is or is not reprinted? Must the Custom House discharge its old experienced entry-clerks and appraisers and engage a brand-new set of hands whose qualifications are that they know the trade-lists by heart? Add to this the intricate calculations above-named, and the almost certain probability that the law will be repealed or revolutionized before two years' operation, and it is apparent that it will cost Uncle Sam quite as much to enforce it as it will come to.

"A Publisher" asserts that the proposed law imposes "no prohibitory duty," and charges you with having "accepted without due examination the assertion of some interested party." I have given you facts, not assertions. Fifty or a hundred per cent. increase may or may not be a prohibitory duty, according to the means of those who have to pay the imposition. I am a private student, and import books for my own improvement when I can afford it. Probably that makes me "an interested party;" and "A Publisher," who looks down upon the vulgar herd of American scholars from the lofty standpoint of disinterested virtue, may not relish our mild protest against being additionally squeezed in order that our liberal and successful publishers may double their already handsome fortunes. VERITAS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

I am surprised to find the following in a communication to THE NATION of March 7:

> "On old books and foreign books the proposed duty of 10 cents per pound is scarcely more than nominal—hardly, indeed, sufficient to pay the cost of collection. It is, as you can not but see, an enormous diminution of the existing impost, and was especially designed to encourage the formation of libraries and to stimulate that higher culture on which so much of the future destinies of the Republic depends."

I have purchased a large number of old books during the past year, and my impression has been that the proposed duty of ten cents per pound on old books would increase their price. I have weighed some books, taken at random, with the following results. In order to find the amount of the present duty, I take your correspondent's data and deduct 25 per cent. from the retail price for the importer's profit. The remainder shows the whole cost price, including the duty. As the present duty is 25 per cent. *ad valorem,* one-fifth of the cost price will be the duty. This allows a liberal amount for the duty, as I have taken no account of freight, insurance, etc.:

		Duty in Currency at 25 p. ct. ad val.	*Weight.*	*Duty in Gold at 10 cts. p. lb.*
Rees's Cyclopædia. 45 vols. 4to. London. 1819	$55	$8 25	184 lbs.	$18 40
Aiken's Biography. 10 vols. 4to. London. 1803	10	1 50	38 "	3 80
Donelli de Jure Civili. 16 vols. 8vo. Nuremberg. 1826	5	75	16½ "	1 65
Gisborne's Sermons. 3 vols. 8vo. London. 1809	1 50	23	4 "	40
Dictionnairede Médicine et de Chirurgie Pratiques. 15 vols. 8vo. Paris. 1829	8	1 20	22 "	2 20
Q. Horatii Flacci Opera. 2 vols. 4to. London. 1792	5	75	13 "	1 30
Law Magazine or Qr. Review. 41 vols. 8vo. London. 1828-49	30	4 50	84½ "	8 45
Christian Guardian. 25 vols. 8vo. London. 1809-33	6	90	36½ "	3 65
Dictionnaire de L'Académie Française, 3 vols. 4to. Paris. 1822	5	75	14 "	1 40
		$18 83		$41 25

But in the above estimate the *ad valorem* duty is set down in currency. To find the true relation between the present duty and the duty at 10 cents per pound, we must reduce the currency to gold. $18 83 currency=$13 95 gold at $1 35, the present rate. So we have $13 95 in gold *ad valorem* against $41 25 gold specific, and yet "A Publisher" says:

> "No manufacturing interest, I suspect, has approached Congress with so moderate a claim for protection, or one in which the interests of the consumer were more carefully guarded."

I am aware that many old books are expensive, and in many cases the duty at 10 cents per pound would be less than the present duty; but I am also well aware that the proposed duty would be much higher, upon the whole, than the present one. If we must have a specific duty, let us have a fair and sensible one. Can any one read the provisions of the bill last proposed without at once concluding that the intention of the publishers was to make the importing of books as difficult and perplexing as possible?

It seems to me that readers and students have some rights that publishers and booksellers are bound to respect.

Respectfully, AVOIRDUPOIS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of the 7th instant there is a statement contained in the communication signed "A Publisher" which has a strong odor of untruth. It is as follows:

> "Why we have been anxious to obtain a specific rate on books you can perhaps understand when I have it on good authority that in the negotiations between the various bookselling interests, resulting in the plan proposed, the importers offered to make no opposition to a duty of 75 per cent. *ad valorem* if we would abandon a specific rate, which, as I have shown above, only amounts to about 20 per cent. on the ordinary English wholesale prices."

As it reads, the public are informed that the importing interest offered to submit to a duty of 75 per cent. *ad valorem* rather than to a specific duty, which is equivalent to about 20 per cent. only. Of course the inference is that the importing interest is a swindling one, and prefers to take the chances of defrauding the Government out of 55 per cent. of the legal duty rather than submit to a specific duty. Now, we deny the above statement, and perhaps your correspondent will be kind enough to give his "good authority." Yours truly, IMPORTERS.

"THE SOCIAL EVIL AND ITS REMEDY."

To the Editor of The Nation:

The admirable article in your paper of Feb. 21, 1867, with the above title, calls for the thanks of every sensible man. It is a subject which has exercised the minds of many, and yet one which is difficult, for various obvious reasons, to speak or write plainly about.

If you will indulge me in a few remarks on the subject, I desire to treat it, as it has occurred to me it *ought* to be treated, with exceeding plainness of "Saxon" diction, taking as a text ("preachers" can hardly get along without one) these words of the article referred to (page 153): "Society, through legislation, . . . does not pretend to assail a sin. That duty devolves on the sociologists, the moralists, the preachers, and other guardians of the public ethics; and it is a duty from which they are in no manner or degree absolved."

This is very true; and yet all must acknowledge that the topic is one exceedingly difficult to handle in the pulpit. In ancient Sparta it was not deemed a crime or even a disgrace to *steal;* but if any one was *caught* in the theft, *that* was treated both as a crime and a disgrace. With us, to such a degree is an unhealthy prudery cultivated, it is considered *very* wrong and unpolished to *speak* of things plainly; while the *commission* of those things it is held improper to speak of in public is held (practically) to be the more venial fault. We may in the pulpit *generalize* about sins, those of lust included; but to go into detail, to show what leads to sin, to mark the sin plainly, to suggest remedies or preventives accurately, is hardly allowable. The women would be driven from church, the men would feel that their wives and sisters and daughters were insulted.

As, therefore, you have opened your columns to the discussion of this subject, I beg, in the only way left, to give a "preacher's" view of causes, remedies, preventives; the two last being admitted to be of but partial efficacy. Still, a partial abatement of the evil is better than no abatement.

It will be admitted by all that the great moving cause of prostitution is the lust of man, not of woman. To prevent the wrong thus done by man to woman, the lust of man must be controlled, or at any rate regulated. If it be possible to bring this about to any extent, the evil will be so far forth *mitigated*, if not eradicated.

Now, the question arises, *how* is this control or regulation to be effected? To answer this, the *causes* of lust and those things which foster and promote it when existing must be clearly seen to be reasonably dealt with.

Every healthy man has *natural desires*, which are as much a part of his constitution as are hunger and thirst. Confined within lawful bounds they are not reprehensible. *Why* is it that they so universally exceed those bounds? In the first place, because boys do not grow up with a *healthy* knowledge of their constitutional powers. Parents and teachers feel a natural delicacy in teaching the boys committed to their care anything at all connected with this matter. But this is wrong. If boys were *properly instructed*—if they were taught, as soon as able to learn, what solemn things human life and human virtue are, how dreadful is the wrong of this vice, how by natural laws it is visited by pains and penalties in the body, how degrading and unmanly a thing to gratify desire at the expense of innocence and weakness and misfortune is, how fearful is the guilt of helping even one woman down the pathway of shame and sorrow; if, in addition to such theoretical teaching, the plates of medical works were shown them in which the horrors of the disease are so truthfully and fearfully delineated—if such instruction were given solemnly and faithfully to boys, one great safeguard would be attained. It may be objected to this that it is enlightening them too early upon subjects which children are supposed to be better ignorant of; but let it be remembered that the knowledge always comes, and comes *early*. The only difference is that the knowledge given by parental instruction is *healthy*, and produces healthy results; the knowledge boys pick up here and there for themselves is always prurient and unhealthy, producing in the vast majority of cases the results which culminate in all the horrors of prostitution.

So much for the mental training of instruction. Parents and teachers should do more. Nothing so much stimulates lust as idleness, luxury, and sloth, working with a depraved imagination. Hence care should be taken that the bodies and minds of boys and young men should be constantly kept busy by exercise and work. Let manly sports be cultivated, let the mind be busied with study, let the child be sent to bed reasonably *tired*, and made to get up and bathe in cold water as soon as he wakes in the morning, and immediately have something in the nature of work or play to attend to. Let the diet be plain—as unstimulating as possible. Such care, added to the care of proper instruction, cannot fail to produce most beneficial results.

But bad books must be kept out of the way. Here is something for legislation to do. I fail to see why indecent pictures and the low-priced books of vice are dealt with by law, while such books as "Laus Veneris and Other Poems," having upon them the imprint of a respectable publishing house and gotten up with all the charms of fine binding and good type, are allowed to be scattered broadcast. The natural results of such elegant pruriency as the pages of that book exhibit are to send young men of excitable temperaments to houses of prostitution, in order to gratify passions which have been inflamed by their perusal. There is another provoking stimulant of man's lust which legislation cannot reach, which can only be touched by the common sense of moral women. Joseph had a means of escape by running away—into the street, I suppose. *We* cannot find even in the streets an asylum at any rate from evil thoughts, which are the prolific parents of evil actions. So long as modest women will countenance "tilters," and wear such short undergarments, so long will the street displays which they make be anything but a help to virtuous struggles on the part of men who wish to fear God and honor woman; so long will a willing pruriency be fostered and inflamed in those whose imagination is led to run riot by the revelations whose coy suddenness is so suggestive. That shameless women should thus display their persons is no wonder; it is a great wonder that so many moral, pure-minded, Christian women are so culpably careless. There is enough of this element among the sex so to control fashion as to help virtue and discourage vice. Suggestion is more prurient than open display. Many men would be disgusted with the latter who would simply be allured by the former.

The influence of pure-minded women is almost boundless. Let them exercise a little thought in this matter, let them be guided by common sense, let them give no occasion themselves, and let them, with that majesty which feminine virtue possesses, indignantly frown down, even by social ostracism, others who give occasion to men to be less pure-minded and pure-lived than they ought to be. A great responsibility rests upon married women, especially mothers. *They* know what their thoughtless daughters, in their innocence, do *not* know; and they should see to it that their daughters are modest in dress as well as in action.

It is not to be denied that early marriage is a great safeguard to both men and women. But how, especially in that "good society" which, from the ease and luxury abounding in it, produces stimulants to vice on the part of men, is it possible in our time for men to marry early? Extravagance and love of display, a desire on the part of both young men and young women starting in life to maintain the same state as their parents live in, the costliness of female attire in the present day, etc.—all operate as so many insuperable hindrances to early marriage; and, for the *men* at any rate, the natural results follow. They *will* gratify themselves illicitly, and society suffers proportionably; especially as, while a fallen woman is ostracized promptly, the fast men are rather popular than otherwise. If *they* were ostracized in like manner, as they ought to be, the evil would be greatly checked. One of the chief glories of Victoria's reign is that the English court has been rendered comparatively pure. This is due exclusively to her personal influence. *All* Christian women can exercise a like influence within a smaller sphere; and the cumulative influence of Christian women in society would produce grander because more general results.

Let them take the matter in hand, quietly but determinedly; and while the Christian charities of "midnight missions" might still be necessary, they would not be so universally so. Legislation would not be so loudly called upon to interfere; man would be purer and woman more uninjured.

But so long as even our Christian churches display the allurements of *revealing* fashion; so long as prurient literature is condemned only when it is presented in a cheap or repulsive form; so long as the intellectual and physical education of boys with regard to this most solemn matter is as culpably neglected as it is, so long will the only check, the only palliative, the only repression, be lodged in the strong arm of the law, which can, at best, only salve over a hideous sore, whose nastiness *might* have been greatly prevented by simply beginning at the right end and using

Christian Common Sense.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

HURD & HOUGHTON, New York.

Venetian Life. W. D. Howells. 8vo. Adv. below. 2 00

JAMES MILLER, New York.

A Talk with my Pupils. Mrs. Chas. Sedgwick, 12mo. Adv. below. 1 25

D. VAN NOSTRAND, New York.

Rebellion Record. No 61. Adv. below. 60

STRAHAN & CO., New York.

Our Father's Business. Thos. Guthrie, D.D. 8vo. Adv. below. 1 50

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The Week.

THE Supplemental Reconstruction bill, after passing the Senate, with a provision that, to make the election valid, half the registered voters must vote at the election of the conventions, and that the majority of this half shall be sufficient to ratify the constitutions, passed the House with this clause altered so as to provide that a majority of all the registered voters shall be necessary to ratification. In this change the Senate on Monday refused to concur, and there will probably be a conference, the result of which will not be known before we go to press. There will be no difficulty in reaching a compromise on the point in dispute. The Southern States, as far as we can judge by the newspapers, are disposed to organize under the act, in order to prevent the conventions getting totally into the hands of the Unionists and negroes, but with the intention of bringing the constitutionality of the act of Congress before the Supreme Court. The strong resemblance of the Southern mind to that of the Bourbons has often been pointed out, so that we are not saying anything very novel when we say that most of the Southern articles which discuss what the South ought to do at present, remind one strongly of the late manifesto of "Henry V." of France. Why not appeal to the Supreme Court also touching the legality of the abolition of slavery or of the whole war from the beginning? We notice that the Michigan Legislature has lately passed a resolution calling on the Regents of the University to expel all students who have taken part in the rebellion. But when one sees the fog in which the Southern brain works, the crass ignorance of the leading Southern men of the feelings and opinions not of foreign nations only, but of the people of the Northern States, one feels that so far from driving away young Southerners from Northern universities, it would be sound policy to educate some hundreds of them here every year at the public expense. Mr. Sumner made an attempt to insert in the bill in the Senate a provision for popular education, which we are very sorry to say failed. On this we have commented elsewhere.

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THERE have been few other attempts at legislation during the week. It seems to be admitted, on all hands, that the present session of Congress is held simply to put the Supplemental Reconstruction bill out of danger, and that as soon as it has been passed over the veto, there will be an adjournment till the fall. The Senate, it is true, shows some disposition to take up questions of general legislation, but the House holds firm. The most notable debate of the week has been on the proposition to vote $1,000,000 for the relief of Southern destitution. It passed the Senate, but seems to lag in the House, and may die there. Nobody seems very enthusiastic about it, for various but obvious reasons. Even Fernando Wood opposed it, out of regard for Southern pride. Its great champion was Mr. Bingham, who went on very well till he got near the close of his speech, when the Congressional Plutarch quite vanquished him, and he became classical. He said that "we might learn a lesson upon this subject" (the duty of charity) "by words that had come down to us three thousand years from Pagan antiquity, when famine swept over Thrace, and a father, in dying agony, . . cried out, 'Xanthus, good Xanthus, save my child from famine!'" A better example than the foregoing of the nonsense into which Congressmen are led by Plutarch and the Classical Dictionary could hardly be pointed out. A man's having, three thousand years ago, in Thrace, asked "good Xanthus" to "save his child from famine," conveys not more of a lesson to the Congress of the United States as to its duty about voting money for the relief of Southern destitution, than the speech which we hear every day from the little crossing-sweepers in this city, "Boss, give us a penny, will ye?"

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THE election in New Hampshire is the first held in any Northern State since the Republican party committed itself to universal suffrage. The result is encouraging to the Radical wing of the party. It is not doubtful that disagreements between friends of Mr. Harriman, the Republican candidate, and friends of Mr. Stearns, who came very near being the Republican candidate, somewhat diminished the Republican vote, and slightly increased the Democratic. But Harriman's majority is as nearly as possible 3,100 in a total vote of about 67,000, which is a majority smaller by 1,556 than that of last year, when the Constitutional Amendment was the platform laid down by the Republicans, and when no "railroad issues" weakened the winning party. On the whole, New Hampshire makes the prospect of a Republican victory in Connecticut very favorable. We sincerely hope every Republican candidate but one may be successful. Mr. Barnum, we trust, will be left at home. A Republican from the Fourth District is not absolutely necessary; the majority in Congress is already almost too large; and there seems to be no reason why Mr. Barnum should not be left in attendance on the "Bearded Woman." It is a great misfortune that General Hawley should be saddled with him, but we, nevertheless, trust Mr. Barnum will be defeated. It is only by one or two such examples that nominating conventions can be taught decency. At present the sole consideration with many of the members is not how good a man they can get, but how bad a man the electors will stand, and as long as the voters go on electing everybody they present "for the sake of the party," our course will be downwards--and it is now downwards almost everywhere in this particular. We therefore cordially recommend every Connecticut voter to "scratch" Mr. P. T. Barnum's name, as a religious duty. Never mind "the party." It will survive it. Providence has not left any good cause dependent on the appearance in the National Legislature of a gentleman of his peculiar views of life.

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MR. THADDEUS STEVENS has offered the confiscation bill of which we have been hearing so long; these are its main features: Pretty much all the property in the lately rebellious States is to be seized by the National Government. No property owner in that region can escape ruin, except him who never aided or abetted the rebellion, and him whom Mr. Johnson has pardoned. The act of July 17, 1862, which was a most comprehensive measure, is taken as the basis of the new legislation sought for. After the property has been seized, each adult male negro resident in the Southern States is to get forty acres of land, and to each of these homesteads the sum of fifty dollars is to be apportioned for the erection of buildings. The title to the homestead is to be vested in trustees at first, and at the end of ten years passes absolutely to the owner or his heirs. After the sum for the buildings above mentioned has been obtained and the farms have been distributed, the confiscated property is to be made to yield the further sum of $500,000,000, of which $300,000,000 goes to pay loyal Southerners for damage done by the rebel governments, both State and Confederate, and the interest of the remaining $200,000,000 to the pensions of our own pensioners. A bill in which provision is made for the violation of a greater number of the principles of good government and for the opening of a deeper sink of corruption has never been submitted to a legislative body, and we venture to add that had anybody proposed such a measure to the Sultan after the storming of Constantinople he would have been expelled from the "Medjlis" as a ruthless and troublesome visionary. There is, of course, no probability that Congress will pass it; but the mere prospect that it will be discussed in the House afflicts us, and must afflict everybody who cares for the credit of the country.

We think it is safe to say that in all that concerns Reconstruction, affairs have never yet looked so bright as at this moment. There appears—if we are to judge from the selection of generals to command the military districts at the South, under the new law, and from the course already adopted by General Schofield, the only doubtful one of them all—to be no disposition on the President's part to frustrate or evade the execution of the Congressional scheme of Reconstruction, and there are abundant indications that the new act, and the restoration of military protection under it, are facilitating the formation of a real Union party in every State in the South, of which the negroes will form a strong and valuable portion, as there seems no reason to doubt that they do know their friends, and are as capable of party discipline as any other set of men. We may, therefore, fairly expect to see several of the States pass into new hands under the new constitutions. In fact, there is only one black spot in the political sky, and that is the increasing disposition of Congress to use the present enormous revenue for the perpetration of jobs on a great scale, in the shape of bounties, land grants, pensions, and what not. This tendency, if not promptly repressed by the people, will, before very long, launch us on a sea of trouble, compared with which that on which we have been tossing is only a duck-pond. Combinations are already being formed in all parts of the country for a share of the plunder, and we therefore warn all whom it may concern against all schemes for the grant either of lands, or goods, or money, to men of any race, hue, or creed, as merely—we care not how high the character of the proposers may be—swindles in disguise, of which hordes of knaves stand ready somewhere to reap the fruits. The principle of this Government is "a fair field and no favor" for everybody, black and white, male and female—no restrictions, but no loans or gifts.

The New York Custom House scandal has resolved itself very much into a question of veracity. The "general order" business seems to be a bit of corruption which Collector Smythe found in full operation when he took office, and by which either the Government or the merchants are swindled to the tune of $40,000 or $50,000 a year; and Mr. Smythe's fault seems to be that he accepted usage as a proof of harmlessness, and went into the business himself with as much gusto as if a man's moral sense was of no use to him when he took a Government office. Between him and the Congressional Committee there is a conflict of testimony, but even on Mr. Smythe's own showing the management of the Custom-House is a disgrace to the nation.

Judge Bond has the honor of having had a bill aimed at him individually by the Maryland Legislature. The Judge of the Criminal Court of the City of Baltimore is forbidden to issue writs or in any way exercise jurisdiction in cases growing out of the relation of master and apprentice. All such are to be left to the Orphans' Courts. Comment on the animus or the method of the Legislature in this enactment is not necessary. But as a fact not wholly disconnected, we may mention that when Senator Johnson presented the credentials of Mr. Thomas, senator elect from Maryland, he encountered opposition which is not likely to be allayed by the passage of bills like the one we speak of.

"An Artist" writes an extraordinary letter to *The Evening Post* in defence of the proposed tariff on pictures, showing by a table that the duty of 100 per cent. would gradually diminish in weight, till on a picture worth $1,000 it would only be ten per cent., and then asks the editor, with an air of triumph, whether "he thinks this a prohibition on the importation of fine works of art, such as cultivated people *desire* to have brought here?" *The Post* asks, with great propriety, What *are* fine works of art? Who is to decide? Why should the Government decide? Whom can the Government get to decide? A duty on pictures diminishing in the inverse ratio of their goodness involves a censorship of pictures—the decision by one man of what kind of pictures another man of limited means ought to buy or have in his house. This plan of improving the public taste, as we have often said before, if worth anything, is applicable to books, and any native author has a right to ask the Government to value foreign books at the Custom-House, not by the cost of their material, but by their probable effect on the mind of the purchaser, and tax them accordingly. If artists will insist on lobbying for protection, or, in other words, turning politicians and treating their works as so much "native manufacture," the public will be driven, as a last resource, into insisting on their knowing a little of logic and political economy.

The Rev. J. S. C. Abbott, of New Haven, has gone to Paris to collect materials for one of his "histories," and has just sent to *The New Haven Journal & Courier* an amusing account of an interview with the Emperor, which the malicious editor has published. Mr. Abbott reproduces an epitome of the Emperor's own biography from his birth to the present year, which he repeated to his Majesty's face. He was also pleased to approve of the Emperor's entire policy, domestic and foreign, during the last fifteen years, including the Mexican expedition, and to draw for the imperial satisfaction a horrible picture of the fate that awaits Mexico now that the French troops are withdrawn. Mr. Abbott had his reward for all his labors in the service of the Napoleon family on the following evening, when, at a ball, before four thousand people, "the Emperor shook hands with him," and did not shake hands with anybody else. In fact, as Mr. Abbott says, "it may not be improper to state he was honored with particular attention." He also adds that "it is with a continually hesitating pen he records these scenes," and says he is aware he "exposes himself to imputations which will be painful to him." We sincerely trust he will continue to "record" them all, and that his friend in New Haven will be base enough to publish them. The feelings of a great writer at the court of his hero are things which the human race will be the better of seeing described as often as possible.

The Evening Post of the 18th inst. has an interesting letter from a North Carolinian, who gives an account of the action already taken with a view to reconstruction under the military bill by the Union men of his State. The North Carolina Union party, he says, has been brought into life suddenly by an act of Congress. The position which it occupies is indicated clearly enough by the words of one of its members, that he would "stand by this Congress though it slew him," and by its formal admission into its fold of the negro voters. This was done at a meeting for consultation called by the thirty Union members of the Legislature, and attended by their representatives and by the colored people of Raleigh. It had been decided to forestall the rebel population by summoning a State convention at once; but the Supplemental Reconstruction act has made this impossible. The only danger, the letter-writer says, which threatens the Southern Union men from this Supplemental bill, is the provision allowing "the commanding generals to delegate the power and duty of reconstruction to the present governors of the rebel States," and this he regards as a serious danger, for each general "will be overwhelmed with attentions and flattery till he yields, and then—well, then down goes the Congressional policy into the same pit into which Andrew Johnson's so suddenly disappeared." We agree with the North Carolinian in his opinion, which would be confirmed by the testimony of nearly every officer who has held command in the South, that when a point is to be gained by truckling and mean flattery, no Americans are equal to "the chivalrous gentlemen of the South." But the danger he apprehends is pretty well guarded against in the bill as it now stands, and a great security against it is in the character of the generals appointed to the districts. The Republican party, then, exists in North Carolina. The other party has itself only to thank if the course of the new party in North Carolina is like that of the Republicans in Tennessee and Missouri—and we see some reason to apprehend it.

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The only news of importance from England is the telegraphic summary of the leading provisions of the new Reform bill, which the Derby Ministry are bringing in, after having got rid of three recalcitrant members of the Cabinet, who did not want any bill at all. The bill is to bestow the suffrage on all householders rated for the poor-rate, after two years' residence; on all men paying $5 yearly taxes, or having $150 in the savings-bank, or $250 in the public funds; and to all members of the learned professions and graduates of the universities. It is estimated that this will add about 500,000 to the electoral body, and will bring in a very large body of artisans; but whether it is sufficient to satisfy Mr. Bright, remains to be seen. Governor Eyre remains in the country, so as to have the benefit of a grand jury of country gentlemen, who are pretty sure to throw out any bill against him, and has resisted the invitations of the Jamaica Committee to present himself in London, where he would have to encounter a different kind of magistrates and jury. The Eyre affair has divided English society very much as the American war divided it, and has roused, on both sides, much the same feeling; and a good deal of intensity has been infused into the quarrel by the contingency, which everybody sees dimly foreshadowed, though no one likes to speak of it, of a collision between the Government and the people, arising out of the existing political agitation, both in England and Ireland, in which Government officials might find themselves saddled with the responsibility which Governor Eyre finds so heavy. "Good society" has, in fact, thrown itself on Eyre's side with such vehemence that it is with difficulty that the Jamaica Committee can even keep their own counsel up to their work.

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The last mail shows the number of "battles" which have taken place in the late Fenian "rising" in Ireland to have been six. There was another Fenian "battle" in this city on St. Patrick's Day, at the corner of Grand Street and East Broadway, of much the same character and proportions as those in Ireland—which makes seven in all. The casualties, as well as we have been able to count them, foot up three men killed and some thirty wounded, of whom twenty were wounded in the fight in this city, making an average of three-sevenths of a man killed and five men wounded in each "battle." The engagements seem to have been amongst the shortest in military history, and to have consisted generally of two volleys of musketry, one from each side, after which the Fenians invariably changed their base. The New York *Tribune* has summed up the results of the campaign with great lucidity, and shows in an article which evidently emanates from a military pen, that the struggle will probably terminate unfavorably for the Fenians, and advises the Brotherhood to betake itself to peaceful agitation in conjunction with Bright and Gladstone and the English Liberals—advice which, valuable as it is now, would have been twice as valuable some months or even some weeks ago. But we fear *The Tribune* has itself neutralized this advice by the glowing account it gave last week of the strategic advantages of Tipperary County—that remarkable county in which "neither artillery nor cavalry can act," and in which the ground is so "favorable for ambuscades." The danger now is that the Fenians may be tempted into concentrating in this district, and keeping up the fight for ages and ages.

THE FREEDMEN.

In condensing Superintendent Tomlinson's school report for January, we either copied or originated an erroneous statement concerning the school at Belton, S. C. Lieut. William Stone, agent of the Bureau at Aiken, writes us that the school in question is not sustained by the colored people. During the latter half of 1866 the teacher, Mr. P. L. Walker, was paid by citizens of Salem, Mass., and since January 1, 1867, by the Salem Freedmen's Aid Society. The correction is due to the contributing parties, and the freedmen have other laurels of which they cannot be deprived.

—The late Rev. Charles Avey, of Pittsburgh, left $150,000 in trust, to be devoted, according to the best judgment of the executors, to the "education and elevation of the colored people in the United States and Canadas." Of this amount $25,000 have been paid to Oberlin College, which is to furnish free tuition to fifty of its most needy colored students who may apply for it.

—The February statistics of colored schools in the District of Columbia show that there are, of day and night together, 90, having 129 white and 13 colored teachers, and 4,822 scholars. In Alexandria City and County and Fairfax County, Va.—schools, 26; white teachers, 29; colored, 6; scholars, 1,756. In the District there are also, not regularly reported, 7 schools and 460 scholars.

—A shipload of colored emigrants that left Charleston for Liberia, last autumn, has been heard from. Three died on the passage, but the rest fared well, and have entered upon the land allotted by Government to immigrants, viz., three acres to every single adult, and twenty-five acres to every family.

—*Flake's Bulletin*, of Feb. 27, publishes two statements, filed at the local bureau, Galveston, Texas, which indicate, as the editor truly remarks, "a condition of things in the interior perfectly appalling." Leon County is the scene of the enormities reported—upon whites and blacks. Although the people exhibit a proper abhorrence of the acts which are committed among them, the U. S. Commissioner, Mr. J. H. Potts, testifies: "I believe the arm of the civil law to be too short to apprehend and bring those persons to justice, owing to the great prejudice that exists towards the freedmen and Union men of this section. The same paper publishes a petition from fifteen citizens of Grayson County, setting forth a long list of outrages and murders committed in their neighborhood and the adjoining counties since the removal of the U. S. troops. This catalogue embraces both black and white victims, and they earnestly entreat Gen. Griffin to send them troops again, inasmuch as the civil authorities have taken no cognizance of the disorders described. They fully endorse the official conduct of Captain Evans, a sub-agent of the Bureau. Gen. Griffin has complied with the petition, and ordered the military to co-operate with the Bureau in arresting the lawless ruffians of Grayson County.

—"Dixon," the Washington correspondent of the Boston *Advertiser*, thus does honor to one of the most efficient legislators in the national Congress:

> "It is but the just meed of praise to Mr. [Senator] Wilson to call attention to the four most important measures affecting colored people that he introduced and carried through Congress at the last session. These are: first, the bill to prevent the flogging of freedmen as a punishment for crime; second, the proposition to disband the militia of the rebel States; third, the proposition to strike the word 'white' out of all United States militia laws; and, fourth, the bill to abolish peonage in the United States. He also introduced and carried through the proposition declaring that workmen in the navy-yards shall not be assessed for political purposes, or dismissed for political reasons."

The first two measures have been embodied in the Military Reconstruction Act.

—Gen. Howard estimates the number of rations that must be issued to destitute whites and blacks at the South for the next five months to be 8,535,000, costing $2,133,750, or $1,508,750 more than has yet been appropriated for that purpose. The recent floods in the border country of Tennessee, Alabama, and Georgia, and also in Mississippi, have widely increased the suffering and destitution already existing. The appeals of the Southern Relief Commission are therefore more weighty than at any previous time. The $20,000 which we announced last week had been collected in this city, has now, we are informed, been raised to $76,000 and upwards, and the Commission has already purchased 64,000 bushels of corn.

Notes.

LITERARY.

In the general neglect of a careful study of the English language and literature by our schools and colleges, Anglo-Saxon has, of course, found few to study it. Occasionally some enthusiastic young man has, with the help of Vernon's "Guide" or Rask's "Grammar," mastered the elements of the language. Hardly one, however, even of our best and finest scholars, is thoroughly conversant with its literature, scanty as it is. Even in England it has been greatly neglected. It remained for a German scholar, Grein, to edit the best collection of Anglo-Saxon poetry, with a complete translation. No doubt one cause why Anglo-Saxon has been less studied here is the deficiency of any good and convenient text-book. There is no grammar that is thoroughly accurate, brief, and comprehensive, and Bosworth's dictionary has many errors. Prof. Samuel M. Shute, of Columbian College, Washington, proposes to remedy this want, so far as he is able, by publishing a text-book of Anglo-Saxon. It will contain, in one volume of convenient size, a grammar, selections for reading, and a glossary, and is calculated to meet the wants of students of the oldest and original English. The book will soon be published by Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt, of New York. The valuable "Thesaurus of Archaic English," by Prof. Corson, so long advertised by the same firm, is still unpublished. The chief cause of the long delay is the lack of subscribers. Still one hundred are needed to complete the list. Are there not two hundred and fifty people in the United States who read Chaucer and other early English writers and need a glossary for them? There are more high schools and colleges than this in whose libraries there should be at least one copy.

—Messrs. Hurd & Houghton, who reprint *London Society*, have the pleasure of seeing *Every Saturday* come out each week and of knowing that the public in general are getting in the cheaper form all the articles which would make it worth any one's while to reprint the English magazine for the American market. Neither Ticknor & Fields nor Hurd & Houghton are to blame for this disagreeable state of things. Mr. John Hogg, the proprietor of *London Society*, long ago made an arrangement with the Boston firm, under which their advanced sheets of the magazine are sent to Boston nearly a month before the day of publication in London. Afterwards he sold to Hurd & Houghton the privilege of republishing *London Society* in New York. It is to be regretted that Messrs. Hurd & Houghton are losing money, if they are losing money, by the fault of another, but we do not know that the public would suffer a great loss if *London Society* were not reprinted. We have had to look at several numbers, and are free to say that we did not find much in any of them. A million such pictures of well-dressed young women and well-dressed young gentlemen, and millions of pages of such letterpress as accompanies them, might be, and, for anything we know to the contrary, are, put forth yearly in England. "The American Bureau for Literary Reference" does not wholly confine itself to cis-atlantic labors, we see. Why could not Hurd & Houghton make an arrangement with that establishment for a steady supply of such matter as appears in *London Society* and *Belgravia*, and escape these heartburnings and jealousies?

—The Agathynian Club announce that the second volume of their publications will be issued on the 15th of April, and will be a reprint of the rare old English translation of the "Proverbs" of Erasmus, by Richard Taverner, first printed in 1550. It will be edited by Mr. George P. Philes, who has for many years made a special study of Erasmus, and who will write for this edition a biographical and critical notice of the author and his works, and a biographical account of the various editions of the present book. The work will be reprinted in black-letter, and will be as perfect a copy of the original as can be made with type cast at the present day. It will contain about two hundred medium octavo pages, and will be sold for five dollars. One hundred copies only will be for sale to subscribers.

—President Van Buren, when he died, left behind him autobiographical memoirs upon which he had been laboring while living in retirement at Lindenwald. They are voluminous, but incomplete, bringing his history down no further than the period just before his election to the Presidency, and they had not had the author's revision. But a long episodical portion of them, an elaborate review of the origin and course of political parties in the United States, was fully completed; and while the rest of the memoirs has been put into the hands of Charles H. Hunt, Esq., who is at work on a biography of the ex-President, this episode is to be published separately, and will very soon be issued by Messrs. Hurd & Houghton. We expect an interesting work—the work of a man who, by birth and education, was not only a politician, but a New York politician, a "Democrat" trained in that school of political intrigue which this State boasted in the old times, who made use through all his life, and in the highest positions, of what he learnt at Albany, and who now tells us something, at any rate, of his teachers and fellow-students.

—The "Catalogue of the Hebrew Books in the Library of the British Museum" has recently been published, and *The Spectator* gleans from it some interesting information. In 1759 there was but one Hebrew volume in the library; there are now more than ten thousand volumes, which form the largest existing collection of Hebrew books. Indications of the sad history of the race, the dispersion and persecution of its members, are found in the names of the places where many of these volumes were published. There are volumes printed in Shanghai and volumes printed in Cincinnati; and the Jewish press frequently found its sole security in obscurity, and had to retire to barbarous villages whose names are hardly known to the maps. Many of the books are written in Spanish or Arabic or German, or some other Gentile tongue, but in all the Hebrew character is used. The Jew might speak the language of his master, but he would use his own alphabet. Often, too, he was forbidden, as in Morocco, to use the sacred alphabet of the Koran. Most of the ten thousand volumes are devoted to the Bible, the traditions of the fathers, law, which in Hebrew literature is never dissociated from biblical theology, and to works of instruction in Hebrew grammar. But there are 500 volumes which relate to science, history, natural history, and geography; and 750 which relate to poetry and criticism.

—A work which we hope to see soon reprinted in this country is the volume entitled "Modern Culture: its True Aims and Requirements," which is the joint work of Tyndall, Daubeny, Henfrey, Huxley, Whewell, Faraday, Herbert Spencer, Dr. J. Paget, and Dr. E. L. Youmans. The last-mentioned gentleman edits the compilation, and contributes an essay on "The Scientific Study of Human Nature." The other essays are on "The Study of Physics," "of Chemistry," "of Botany," "of Geology," "of Physiology;" Dr. Whewell's on "The Educational History of Science," Dr. Faraday's on "The Education of the Judgment," and Mr. Spencer's on "Political Education." The very indefinite word "culture" will hardly, we suppose, get full definition in this book; no doubt the essayists are in a measure advocates, and their treatises probably have not the judicial tone. But scientific studies it has been so much the fashion in England to disregard or despise, that men of science do good service to the cause of culture when they magnify their favorite pursuits or strongly insist on a just valuation of them.

—In a late number of *The Athenæum*, M. Philarète Chasles, a well-known French critic, publishes a new explanation of the enigmatical dedication of Shakespeare's sonnets. He has abandoned his former idea that W. H. stands for William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, and now concludes that by those letters is designated William Hathaway, the poet's brother-in-law, the *dedicator* and not the *dedicatee.* Hathaway, he conjectures, obtained from Shakespeare these sonnets, for whose preservation little pains had been taken, and published them for his own benefit, dedicating them in an obscure way to the Earl of Southampton, who, as Shakespeare's patron, was their "only begetter." The T. T. is of course Thomas Thorpe, the publisher, who, having adventured his money on the publication, claims his share in the dedication. Many examples of similar enigmatical dedications are given in Mr. Gerald Massey's recent book. M. Chasles would read the dedication as follows, making W. H. the subject of wisheth: "To the onlie begetter of these insuing sonnets, Mr. W. H. all happinesse and that eternitie promised by our ever-living poet wisheth. The well-wishing adventurer in setting forth, T. T." M. Chasles promises soon to publish a book containing the fruits of his ten years' study on the sonnets. But the Rev. Samuel Neil, an English Shakespearean, roundly asserts that it is the fruit of his study which the French critic promises to publish. Mr. Neil declares that in 1861 he published a volume which contains all the facts and arguments which M. Chasles now parades as his own; and, moreover, that out of friendship and respect he sent the book to M. Chasles. M. Chasles will perhaps have something to say by way of answer to this, but it is difficult to see what.

—France is just now affording an example that it does not follow, because a ruler enrolls himself among the authors and writes history, that his subjects will be protected in the liberty of the press. The recent violation of the sanctity of the post-office, in search of the printed circular of the Count de Chambord, proves that an emperor who intrudes into the republic of letters is not more fit for that region than a bull for a china-shop. It augured ill for the good intentions of Napoleon and for the permanence of his latest "reforms" that the first interrogation of his semi-responsible ministers in the Corps Législatif should have related to tampering with the mails. But even he must have smiled (as he winced) at the sarcasm of Mr. Deputy Pelletan, who styled this opening of sealed letters a *Cæsarean operation.*

—The German translation of Max Müller's "Science of Language" has, in spite of its shabbiness, been accorded a second impression. In addition to the text are given an essay on the state of English and German philology and many references not in the English edition.

—In the list of the Berlin book auction for the 12th of March is a very valuable collection of periodicals and works of travel; among the latter several of the earlier are on America. Of the costlier works are the "Petrefacta Germaniæ," by Goldfuss; Humboldt's first essay concerning basalts on the Rhine, with an autographical dedication; Thurneyser's "Mineralische Wasser" (Mineral Waters), with autographical dedication; Lepsius' "Denkmäler aus Ægypten" (Memorials of Egypt), in 12 vols. folio, bound in morocco, the royal presentation copy. There are also autographical letters of Abel, the mathematician, and of Euler, of Linn, etc.

—Some of the works in Lappenberg's library brought prices hitherto unexampled in Germany, *e. g.:* Pertz, "Monumenta Germaniæ," 19 vols., $210 54; "Publications of the Literary Society in Stuttgart, 1–75, $51 81; Dugdale's "Monasticon Anglicanum," 6 vols., $98 01; Percy Society's publications, 30 vols., $91 48; Lappenberg, "Hamburg Urkundebuch," $15 73; Montfaucon, "Les Monuments de la Monarchie Française," 6 vols., $51 81; "Cronica Slavica' (1490), $71 32, etc. Thalers we reduce to dollars and cents (specie).

—A "Review of the Publications of the German Book Trade" in the year 1866, from the firm of Heinrich, in Leipzig, shows that the war of last summer had some effect on most branches of literature. The whole number of books published in 1866 was 8,699, against 9,661 in 1865. Of light literature, 935 works appeared in 1865 and 704 in 1866; of memoirs and historical works, 651 in 1865 and 534 in 1866; on theology, so prolific of writing and strife, 1,411 works were published in 1865, and in 1866 1,250. Under the title "Maps," 139 is given for 1865 and 203 for 1866; and under "Science of War," 148 is given for 1865 and 171 for 1866. The number of school-books is only 36 less in 1866, and even more books were published concerning the old classical and Oriental languages in the latter than in the former year.

—American matters are forming the subject of numerous German pamphlets and magazine articles. Two papers in the last number of the *Internationale Revue*, on the "American School System" and "North American Legal Culture," are pretty good samples of their general tenor. The writers lay down the dogma that success is due to something, bring forward as reasons for American thrift many things which a citizen of the United States would scarcely think so important, and almost ignore the educating influence of American institutions. Herr Sturz, for many years representative of the Brazilian Government at the court of Berlin, is preparing to publish the impressions made by an extended trip through the United States last summer. He will advocate the "protective system" very strongly.

—One of those pleasant exhibitions of the reverential side of German "Gemüthlichkeit" was the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of Professor von Ranke's "Doktorat," February 20 In the morning a deputation from the Friedrich-Wilhelm Gymnasium presented him a Latin address, by Prof. Zumpt, and, led by Director Wuerst, sang the choral "Nun danket Alle Gott." Later, his scholars and friends assembled to present their congratulations, which were offered by Professor Köpke, in the name of his numerous scholars; by Rector von Langenbeck, in the name of the University; and by Doctor Pertz, chief royal librarian, in the name of the "Historische Kommission" in Munich, of which Professor Ranke is president. Deputations were also present from Stuttgart, Halle, Göttingen, Jena, and Erlangen. The presence of so many former and now honored pupils and friends, the flattering mention of his services and his laurels and kindly wishes for his welfare, would have affected a less impressible man than the esteemed professor, who replied with deep emotion. Over a hundred of his admirers also gave him the compliment of a public dinner in the afternoon. The Kultus-Minister, von Mühler, by order of the King, invested him with the insignia of the second class of the "Order of the Red Eagle," with the star, and the King of Bavaria sent him the cross of a Grand Master of the "Order of St. Michael." Duncker and Humblot, of Leipzig, announced as their contribution to his honor an elegant octavo edition of his complete works, revised by the author himself, and containing, besides many alterations in the text, several hitherto unpublished articles. Most of von Ranke's historical researches have their field in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and a great charm of his works is the completeness with which he made the contents of unprinted manuscripts, documents, ambassadors' reports, etc., of this period, his own. Though not so well known in America as his "History of the Popes, their Church and their State," his "History of England," in seven volumes, surprises every English reader by the accuracy of its statements and the clearness of its pictures. His "Fürsten und Völker von Süd-Europa im XVI. und XVII. Jahrhundert" (Princes and Peoples of Southern Europe in the XVIth and XVIIth Centuries), which called Ranke (now von Ranke) from a professorship in the Gymnasium in Frankfort-on-the-Oder, has been entirely rewritten, and is perhaps the best example of his style, as it is the result of his maturest and most careful scholarship.

—There was lately discovered in a corner of the Clam-Gallas library a quantity of letters forming part of the original correspondence of Count Matthias Gallas, during the Thirty Years' War. Among them were three hundred and twenty-one dated documents, from the years 1633 to 1636, with a number of others belonging to the same period, but without dates. The most important are those of 1634, which refer directly to Wallenstein. Between the 20th of January and the 1st of April, 1634, there are sixty-three letters from imperial generals, Medici, Suys, Piccolomini, Manadas, Colloredo, and others, to Gallas; and a letter from Gallas to the Emperor, dated Frauenberg, Feb. 24. This discovery can hardly fail to clear up some disputed points with regard to Wallenstein's conspiracy.

EDUCATIONAL.

A PAMPHLET has been published in Albany giving in full the principal papers which were presented at the third annual convocation of college officers and academy teachers of the State of New York. The proceedings of the assembly are also reported in full.

The most noteworthy paper of the collection, as it appears to us, is that of Dr. T. A. P. Barnard, President of Columbia College, on the terms which should be prescribed for admission to the colleges of the State. He advocates the study of some modern language prior to entering college, and also the cultivation of the observing faculties by some scientific pursuit. The paper is a very sensible one, and deserves to be widely read. His former essay on the "Improvements practicable in American Colleges" is well remembered yet in educational circles.

Besides this article we commend to attention a vigorous protest from Principal Jones, of Franklin Academy, Delaware County, against requiring academies to teach so many branches. He would banish Greek from their curriculum. Prof. Monroe advocates the teaching of Latin as if it were a living and not a dead language; and Prof. Tayler Lewis insists, with his usual vigor, upon making the Bible a prominent study in a liberal education.

—The Senate of the United States, on the last day of February, passed the bill, which has been for many months on the table, establishing a National Bureau of Education. Its features are very simple: it provides for the appointment of a commissioner and three assistants, whose duty it shall be to collect and diffuse information on the subject of education, and to report annually to Congress such statements and recommendations as may be of value to the country, beginning with a history of the various land grants made by Congress for the promotion of education. The bill was elaborated, as we understand, by a select committee of the House, including Garfield, of Ohio; Boutwell, of Massachusetts; Patterson, of New Hampshire; and other gentlemen whose names in their several States are identified with the progress of public instruction. It has been strongly supported by many of the State superintendents of schools. Mr. Garfield made the principal speech in favor of the project, which soon afterwards (June 19, 1866) received the approval of the House by a vote of 80 yeas to 44 nays. The President has given the bill his signature, and has nominated Henry Barnard as the first United States Commissioner of Education. We have reason to rejoice that the President has conferred this appointment upon a man of unquestioned ability, long experience in educational affairs, and wide reputation both at home and abroad. Probably nobody in the country is so well acquainted as Mr. Barnard with the advantages and the defects, the history, laws, and condition of the school systems of the several States. His life has been devoted to their study, and he has had unusual opportunities for acquiring correct information and opinions. His judgment, we believe, in all such questions, is highly valued. The only question we have heard respecting his fitness for the newly constituted office has arisen from the doubt whether his habits of intellectual labor are such as will enable him to endure the drudgery of a "bureau," and patiently to reduce the complex data which will come under his eye into such order and harmony as are essential to a thorough exhibition of our educational progress. If he can perform this service, which is one of the fundamental duties of the office, we have no doubt that the country will derive great benefit from his experience and influence. His work in life has thus far been varied in form, but single in its aim—the improvement of every means of public education, the common school, the reformatory, the high school, the normal school, the college, and the public library. Connecticut and Rhode Island, which had the benefit of his early enthusiasm and vigor, will never cease to feel the good effects of his labors. His more recent services in Wisconsin were less successful. From Maryland, where he has lately been engaged, we have heard very flattering reports. His *Journal of Education*, with much that is unimportant, contains a vast amount of valuable discussion. His library is probably the most complete in the country in educational documents. Under all these circumstances, we look hopefully for the best results from the new bureau and its first director.

—Mr. Peabody's latest public act of generosity, by which a million dollars, and possibly over a million more, are placed in the hands of a board of trustees for the promotion of popular instruction in the Southern States, has attracted the attention of the nation, and has given rise to much discussion respecting the true educational necessities of the South. By the terms of the gift the trustees are left quite free in respect to the adoption of specific measures for the accomplishment of the main object. Their responsibility is consequently of the gravest character. The future quite as much as the present will be affected by the wisdom of their conclusions. A rare opportunity is now afforded to point out the good points and the errors of the American systems of public education as established in the Northern and Western States. No one pretends that our systems are perfect; yet almost every new State, in organizing its public schools, copies the faults as well as the virtues of the schools in the older States. Errors which the wisest educators in New England and New York would gladly eradicate are thus reproduced in young and vigorous forms at the West. We would spare the South such prolific sources of trouble. With the corn we plant there should be no thistles. A series of careful investigations and of impartial, judicial, discriminating reports respecting plans of organization, courses of study, and methods of instruction, published under the auspices of so enlightened a body as the Peabody Educational Trustees, would command universal attention, would save the South many hundreds of thousands of dollars, would awaken the North, and would advance the education of the people in Europe as well as in this land. Will not the Peabody Trustees, at the outset of their labors, bestow this boon upon the country?

—The metrical system of weights and measures is becoming popular by the instrumentality of the public schools, and we may safely anticipate that a short time hence no opposition to its general introduction will be made on the ground of its difficult and unintelligible nomenclature. Children learn the system just as readily as the tables of avoirdupois and duodecimals. Here are some of the signs of progress, showing that the action of Congress in authorizing the use of the system was not in advance of the popular sentiment:

A few months ago a circular, signed by a large number of scientific and literary gentlemen, was addressed to the publishers of the school arithmetics in common use, requesting that the necessary explanations of the metric system should be introduced into their books, with such problems as would show the applications of the system in simple calculations. Several of the publishers have complied with this request. Greenleaf's, Ray's, Stoddard's, and Eaton's Arithmetical Series now include brief statements of this system. There are probably others unknown to us which have also introduced this feature.

2. Several brief explanations of the system, independent of text-books, have been skilfully prepared and published—the earliest, we believe, by Professor H. A. Newton, author of the above-mentioned circular; and the latest by Prof. Chas. Davies.

3. The Legislature of Connecticut (and possibly those of other States) has by a formal vote recommended that the system be taught in the common schools.

4. The most recent action on the subject which has come to our knowledge is a resolution of the National Academy of Sciences, at their recent meeting in Washington, instructing the secretary to request the instructors of colleges throughout the land to make an acquaintance with this system one of the requisites for admission.

See Appleton's Jour. Apl. 9 '70

MEMOIRS OF MADAME RÉCAMIER.[*]

If any writer shall ever take it in hand to write a history of fascination, the substance of these memoirs will make a very striking chapter in his book. Madame Récamier was born in 1777 and died in 1849, and for a period of sixty years she held in thrall not merely the affection but the respect and reverence of many men and women, some of whom were the most gifted and distinguished of her time. The story of this process is one that might be quickly told. The greater part of these memoirs is incidental, and though very interesting as a retrospect of French society and for the glimpses it affords us into the inner life of men who in their day played no mean part in social and political affairs, it adds but little to our knowledge of Madame Récamier's character. Quite as distinct an idea of this could no doubt be gained from an article by the translator in *The Atlantic Monthly* for October, 1864. A part of this article has been wrought into the introduction of the present work. The whole of it would have been more acceptable to those who have not read it. And if, in addition, the sketch of Madame Récamier which is one of Sainte-Beuve's "Causeries de Lundi" could have been well translated, our means of judging of this charming woman would be much more complete. The extracts from Sainte-Beuve's essay which the translator has given here and there are so discriminating that the reader will inevitably regret that more of the same sort is not given.

The present work is a translation of Madame Lenormant's "Souvenirs et Correspondance tirés des Papiers de Madame Récamier." Madame Lenormant was M. Récamier's niece and the adopted daughter of his wife. It was Mme. Récamier's desire that this lady should write her biography, and to this end she entrusted her with her papers. But Mme. Lenormant being devoid of literary skill, made poor work of her accepted task. It was published in Paris in 1859. Our translator tells us it was diffuse and ill-arranged and contained much that was totally irrelevant. These defects have been remedied as far as possible in the translation. No changes have been made except by way of rearrangement and omission. The original contained 453 letters; 384 are preserved in the translation, including all of Chateaubriand's. The most remarkable feature in the correspondence is that only seven letters are written by Mme. Récamier. None of these are to her dearest friends. The remainder are all addressed to her. It is not easy to determine why Mme. Récamier saw fit, while giving to the world the letters of her friends, to withhold carefully her own. That they were not unworthy of publication would appear from the encomiums awarded them by her friends, especially Mme. de Staël. “What a charm there is in your style,” she exclaims. “If I wanted to write a novel, wherein to portray a celestial being, it would be your expressions I should use, without changing a single line.” During the last years of her life she commenced writing her autobiography, but was obliged to discontinue it on account of her increasing blindness. Could she have completed it, it would no doubt have been a very graceful and entertaining story of her life.

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[*] "Memoirs and Correspondence of Madame Récamier. Translated from the French and edited by Isaphene M. Luyster." Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1867.

Mme. Récamier's life was made up of so many incidents that to be brief in making a report of it is to be superficial, but still we venture the attempt. At the age of fifteen she marries M. Récamier, a wealthy banker, aged 42. The relation between them was a strange one, to say the least. It was characterized by mutual kindness and respect, by parental fondness on his part, by filial regard on hers; so much so that the theory has been maintained that they were father and child—a theory which the memoirs abundantly refute. Given to hospitality, their house, under the Consulate and the Empire, is much frequented by such men as Bernadotte, Moreau, M. de La Harpe, Lucien Bonaparte, and others of much note. Lucien Bonaparte becomes deeply enamored of Mme. Récamier's beauty and writes her very wild and stupid protestations of his love, but meets with no response. Napoleon himself offers her a position at court, and because she will not accept it hates her very cordially and banishes her from Paris. A further excuse for his so doing is that her house is a resort for persons hostile to the government. Owing to Mme. Récamier's unpopularity with Napoleon, the government refuses to assist her husband in his business straits, and consequently his fortune suffers wreck. The change of circumstances following upon this is very nobly borne. During her banishment she visits Rome, and there Canova makes a bust of her without her knowledge, a proceeding which she does not like. Returning to Paris at the Restoration, she becomes acquainted with the Duke of Wellington, who writes notes to her in miserable French, and, thinking to please her, says of Napoleon: “I have given him a good beating.” When he comes again he is refused admittance; her national pride was stronger than her personal dislike. In the sick room of Mme. de Staël she makes the acquaintance of Chateaubriand, an acquaintance which shortly ripens into an intimacy that causes her more joy and more unhappiness than any other. For thirty years she is devoted to his happiness. His correspondence with her is unstinted in amount and affords an excellent opportunity for studying the inner life of this selfish, irritable, exacting man of most undoubted genius. A second reverse of fortune happening in 1819, Mme. Récamier leaves her husband and retires to the Abbaye-aux-Bois, and there, with brief exceptions, spends the remainder of her life. Here she gathers about her her best friends, and lives a life that would be quiet but that the vanity of M. Chateaubriand must be continually fed, and those who are disposed to feed it must be invited constantly to meet him. In 1826, Matthieu de Montmorency dies, and after that Chateaubriand more than ever has his own way. Soon after the death of his wife in 1847 he begs her to accept his name, but she refuses.

> “Why should we marry?” she said. “At our age there can be no impropriety in my taking care of you. If solitude is painful to you, I am ready to live in the same house with you. The world, I am certain, will do justice to the purity of our friendship, and sanction anything that will render the task—of making you in your old age happy and comfortable—more easy for me. If we were younger I should not hesitate, but accept with joy the right to consecrate my life to you. Years and blindness have given me this right. Let us change nothing in so perfect an affection.”

On the 4th of July, 1848, amid the thunders of another revolution, Chateaubriand dies, and Mme. Récamier is left lonely enough. She survives him less than a year. It is time for her to go. Her four best friends, Mme. de Staël, Montmorency, Ballanche, and Chateaubriand are gone already. She dies on the 11th of May. “By an exception,” which Mme. Lenormant cannot help regarding as a last favor of Heaven, “Mme. Récamier's features assumed in death a surprising beauty.” “Her expression was angelic and grave; she looked like a beautiful statue; there was no contraction, nor were there any wrinkles; and never has the majesty of the last sleep been attended with so much grace and sweetness. A sketch by Achilles Devéria has preserved the memory of this remarkable circumstance.”

Mme. Récamier counted among her friends a host of men and women of whose affection she was justly proud. Among these there were, besides those we have already mentioned, Benjamin Constant, Prince Augustus of Prussia, the Queen Hortense, Mme. Swetchine, and the wife of Murat. Of all her friendships that with Ballanche seems to us the least to be regretted. Matthieu de Montmorency's would have been nearly as beautiful, but Montmorency had a wife who could not have enjoyed the adoration lavished by her husband on another than herself. Chateaubriand's friendship was too grasping and imperative, and although it doubtless bettered him, it is far less beautiful than Ballanche's, which was always gentle and respectful, while it made constant demands on Mme. Récamier's fidelity not to himself, but to her own highest views of life and character. Of all her friendships the one least worthy of the name was that of which Augustus, Prince of Prussia, was the object. With a view of marrying this man, she wrote to her husband asking a divorce. But his feelings in the matter soon conquered her desire. With this exception, it was only friendship that this woman had to give. For this she had a genius. And she was always true to her friends; she never forsook them. It is a saying of Sainte-Beuve's that “she brought the art of friendship to perfection.”

Her power to influence men and women was indeed remarkable. Her beauty must have been almost miraculous, and was, doubtless, even to the last the means of her initiative stroke. But though beauty makes admirers, it is not sufficient to make friends. “What, then,” asks Miss Luyster, “was the secret of her influence?”

> “It lay in the subtle power of a marvellous tact. This tact had its roots deep in her nature. It was part and parcel of herself, the distinguishing trait in a rare combination of qualities. Though nurtured and ripened by experience, it was not the offspring of art. Her successes were the triumph of impulse rather than of design. In order to please, she did not study character; she divined it. Keenly alive to outward influences, and losing, in part, her own personality when coming in contact with that of others, she readily adapted herself to their moods; and her apprehension was quick if not profound.”

Mme. Récamier was not creative save in a very limited degree, but she was appreciative. Sainte-Beuve has told a great deal of her secret when he says she listened “avec séduction.” But to read these memoirs is to be convinced that still more credit for her power to fascinate and hold should go to her real kindness of heart and gentleness of disposition. She had wealth and beauty and grace, but above these, and including them, she had goodness. So it was that she could not help fascinating men and women. Her power was unavoidable. But it is very certain that not one woman in a thousand would have used it, on the whole, with more discretion and with less of foolish pride.

ENNIS ON THE ORIGIN OF THE STARS.[*]

THE author of this book has undertaken to explain the origin of the motions of the universe without having qualified himself for so great a task by so much as even making himself acquainted with one of the simplest and most elementary of the laws of motion. He may have read in the course of his somewhat extensive researches that “action and reaction are equal” in all the known causes of changes in motion; but he has signally failed to understand what this law of motion truly signifies. And of the more recondite mathematical deductions from this and the two other laws of motion he appears to be quite unconscious.

That the mutual actions by attraction, repulsion, collision, and friction between the parts of a body or a system of bodies cannot change the motion of the centre of gravity of the body or system, or change the average movements of revolution about this centre as measured by the description of areas; or, to take concrete examples—the facts that a body cannot be raised from the earth by any terrestial force without a depression of the earth by the same amount; that a body cannot be moved along the surface of the earth or around its centre of gravity without pushing the earth backwards by the same amount; that a railway train, whether moved by traction or by its own weight on a downward grade, cannot bring its freight to its destination without also turning the earth backwards by as many tons per mile; that a bird rises on the air only by forcing downward the air and the earth, and can only move forward by forcing the air backward by as many ounces per foot; that a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without raising the earth by an equal amount—these facts are elementary examples of laws of motion which, though we cannot presume the general reader to be familiar with them, ought to be known to any one who should undertake to discuss the mechanical problems of the “nebular hypothesis.” Yet the author of this book has attempted, in utter defiance of the laws of the “conservation of areas,” to account for the origin of the movements of revolution in the solar system and in sidereal systems as results of the mutual gravitation of the parts of the nebulous masses, which he does not hesitate to believe were the primitive forms of these systems. And he has done this not only in defiance of the elementary principles of motion, but also against the authority of all the best writers on the subject with whose judgments on this question he is acquainted. He appears to regard these judgments as mere opinions, or as confessions on the part of the writers of their own inability to account on the nebular hypothesis for the origination of these movements; and he therefore proposes by his contributions to remedy what he justly regards as a great deficiency in the hypothesis. But unluckily, instead of accomplishing what previous writers have failed to do, he has failed to see what previous writers have really accomplished, namely, the demonstration that the movements of revolution in the solar system could not have originated, as the author believes, in the interactions of the parts of the system, whatever may have been the original form of the system, and whatever the nature of forces of interaction, provided these have obeyed from the beginning the universal laws of motion.

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[*] “The Origin of the Stars, and the Causes of their Motions and their Light. By Jacob Ennis.” New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1867. 12mo, pp. 385.

Nothing further, therefore, requires to be said about this part of our author's treatise. But this is not the only thesis on which he has opposed himself to the world of living scientific authority as well as to scientific demonstrations. He proposes to go backward and revive the antiquated doctrine that chemical action is the cause of the light and heat of the sun and the stars; and to this doctrine, and its various relations, he devotes the greater part of his volume.

As in his other doctrine he attempts to do away with an insurmountable defect in the nebular hypothesis, so here he proposes a theory in opposition to its only demonstrated sufficiency. Though gravity cannot account for the motions of revolution in a system of bodies, it is able to account for the light and heat of the heavier masses like the sun, and this by the strictest of physical demonstrations, in which nothing is hypothetical except what the author regards as established—the nebular genesis of the sun and the stars. Once grant the author's premise, the nebular hypothesis, and by the strictest reasonings on mechanical principles, as extended by recent researches in physics, it is shown that the falling forces of the matter of the contracting sun are sufficient, or at least vastly more competent than any known chemical action, to account for its light and heat. As he reasons in one of his theories in contravention of the principle of the “conservation of areas,” so in the other he is at issue with the principle of the “conservation of power,” a principle which, though not so universal in its applications to the phenomena of visible motion as the former, has become, by the extension given it in the modern “mechanical theory of heat,” of equal validity and extent.

Of this principle the author has at least learned the name, though it is evident he does not understand it. By a confusion of the two things expressed by the word force, namely, a tendency to produce or arrest motion, and the special conditions, including the tendency, by which the production or arrest of motion is rendered possible, our author has arrived at the conclusion, in opposition to the “law of power,” that “force may be annihilated.” The force of gravity is nullified, he thinks, when a body rests on the ground and is prevented by the earth's surface from falling further. But in this confusion our author does not stand alone. Several eminent physicists have failed to comprehend, on account of this ambiguity in the word force, the application of the “law of power” to the phenomena of gravity. The law that no “power” can be extinguished except by being replaced by an equivalent “power,” whether in the form of a motion or as a special new condition for the production of an equivalent motion, does not apply, it is true, to gravity as mere weight in a body and irrespective of the body's position. The position of the body, its height above the earth's surface, is a factor in the measure of the “force” of gravity, as the word is used in this law. In view of this ambiguity Dr. Mayer has proposed to limit the use of the word “force,” and to define gravity or the simple weight of bodies not as a “force” but as a “property” of matter; and he proposes the name “falling force” for the “forces” into which gravity enters as a factor, as in the “force” exhibited by a body when placed unsupported at a height above the ground. Not only the weight but the height of the body enters into the conception of “force” thus limited and defined. But, in spite of Dr. Mayer's clear exposition of this principle, our author has totally misconceived him. He says: “Mayer regards gravity as a property of matter, and not as one of the forces capable of conversion and reconversion.” In fact, Mayer proposes “falling force” as the name of the conditions for the production of motion into which gravity enters as a factor, and he does this simply to avoid an ambiguity of language, and not on account of any difficulty in the theory.

But the author says “the theory of the conservation of force is yet in its infancy.” He cannot, then, be aware that, so far as the relations of “falling forces” to the “living forces” of motion are concerned, the doctrine is almost as old as the theory of gravity; or that, by the recent extension of the doctrine to the force of heat, it is made equally extensive in all astronomical problems with the principles of the “conservation of the centre of gravity” and the “conservation of areas,” and is thus sufficiently mature to have inherited the problems which the author proposes to solve without its aid and in defiance of it. It is at least sufficiently mature in the minds of the most eminent modern physicists to discredit the “chemical theory,” which, in his ignorance of the doctrine, the author has attempted to revive.

SOUTHERN BOOKS BY SOUTHERN AUTHORS.[*]

AND of course “For Southern Readers” is implied. The words are used by Messrs. Blelock & Company at the head of a brief list of books which they publish. They publish “Ingemisco,” and no one who knows anything of the Southern literature of the past, and, for that matter, of the present, will be surprised to hear that we took up the novel without great expectations of pleasure or profit. We confess to an agreeable disappointment. There is, to be sure, one very reprehensible Yankee in it, whose feet are of enormous extent, who is extremely ill-mannered, who speaks through his nose and refers to the battle of Lexington; but he has nothing to do with the story and he fills but a very small space. We must not begrudge the Southern patriot who encourages literature something for his money, and we get off easily if we are made to swallow the Yankee alone. We might have had “the true Southern gentleman.” The Baroness Tautphœus has been the exemplar whom the authoress of “Ingemisco” has followed, and she has learned something of that admirable writer's charm. The scene of her story is Switzerland and Bavaria; her characters are a wealthy Scotch family with two human daughters, and certain foreigners, counts and peasants, whom they meet abroad; and the story tells how the high-spirited Margaret, betrothed to a good young gentleman whom she rather liked, fell in love with the Count Zalkiewski and was by him loved and married. Married against her will, however, for she had promised her father to marry his ward, and it is by the strong hand that the count carries her to church. He overbears her rather exasperating scrupulousness by offering her a choice between instant marriage and abduction. She chooses marriage, but warns her husband that she shall hate and despise him. She faithfully keeps her word, to all appearance at any rate. Aside from this fault he is a very fine fellow, and after months of unhappiness, of estrangement from her family and anger against her husband, affairs are arranged, her mother and sister come back to her, her husband breaks his arm, she nurses him, and all is well. There is much pleasant reading in the accounts, full of little details of Swiss and German life, of excursions which the party make in Switzerland and Bavaria; the love affairs of Margaret and Harry May and the Counts Zalkiewski and Falkenstein are very well managed; the people who talk and act are living people; the author's style is good, and in dialogue unusually good. The whole effect of the novel is healthful, cheerful, and every way pleasant. “Fadette” is not the Baroness Tautphœus; but a sweet sound is good and the echo of a sweet sound is good. On the whole, we hope we may have a successor to “Ingemisco.”

To point out the absurdities of “St. Elmo” will seem very much like trifling with the reader. But there are a good many people in the North who read Miss Evans's volumes. And in the South there is an enthusiastic man, a fellow-citizen of hers, who records his opinion, and his “section” would say amen, that in consideration of the fact that Miss Evans is a Mobilian, this unconstitutional and radical Congress should forthwith reconstruct the State of Alabama. This may be a reason for immediate reconstruction no better, or only a little better, than most other Southern reasons we have had; but it is plain that the critic ardently admires Miss Evans. “The Emathian conqueror bade spare the house of Pindarus”—so the classical precedent, dear to the heart of the Congressman, is not wanting in case any radical gentleman should feel moved to try the suggested “policy of conciliation and magnanimity.” This, however, by the way. In view of the two facts above-mentioned, it is probable that the authoress of “St. Elmo” is tolerably well armed against adverse criticism; they may serve, too, with our readers as an excuse for our spending a minute or two in pronouncing just condemnation of the novel.

We may say that Miss Evans's intentions are good. The idea at the bottom of her story is that a very cynical, sinful man, who has for nineteen years cast off all fear of God, who has accustomed himself to despising his fellow-creatures and treating them with contumely, may be made by the influence of his love for a noble woman a very good man. It is a subject with which, in all its aspects, a multitude of novels have made us wearily familiar, but it is the one selected by Miss Evans, and the credit must be allowed her of having selected a theme which, though threadbare, is noble. This being said, pretty much all is said that it is possible to say in her favor. What characters she has she steals and spoils. She fails in the invention of incidents probable or pleasing or adapted to the requirements of her plan. As for the thought in her book—"the sentiments," as the critics used to say—that surely need never have driven her into print. Unless one wishes to say that a moralist from Mobile has only a very provincial sort of morality to teach us, what can one say of an author who, in 1867, treats us to elaborate discourses on the sinfulness of duelling? But this is what Miss Evans does. She writes page after page of high moral indignation on this topic. Yes, she knows that the author who unsparingly lashes the sin of the duellist must look to be jeered at and hated by society; she well knows how fond society is of fighting duels; but she is prepared to perform the duty which genius owes its age—to brave the scorn of the world and bear testimony against vice. So in several places the duellist is called a murderer. It is funny, too, to read her scornful remarks on the fraternity of critics, and see the unsuspecting self-complacency with which she deals out the ancient commonplaces of abuse. We may as well speak here of another of her characteristics which does almost as much as anything else in her book to give the impression of crudity and ambitious feebleness—her way of lugging in, on every occasion, a mass of odds and ends of knowledge, some of it curious and some of it trite, and almost all of it, as she uses it, worse than useless. This she does of set purpose; she is at pains to defend the practice at length. Where she learned that it is the business of a novelist to disseminate rare or useful information we are not told, but that it is her business she seems fully convinced. And having decided on making use of bits of cyclopædias, apparently it violates none of her notions of verisimilitude to represent her characters as talking these scraps of erudition in ordinary conversation. Her lovers and frivolous young ladies and crippled children habitually make references—not allusions generally, but downright, laborious marginal-note references—to things of which the merest pedant would hardly make oral parade, unless he were lecturing. Mr. St. Elmo Murray, for instance, has offered Miss Edna Earl a most magnificent ring—a carved jacinth set in costly diamonds; Miss Earl declines the gift, and the reckless St. Elmo, regardless of expense, flings the jewel into the fire, where it is consumed while its owner, we are requested to believe, talks in this manner:

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[*] “Ingemisco. By Fadette.” New Orleans: Blelock & Co. 16mo, pp. 341.
“St, Elmo. A Novel. By Augusta J. Evans.” New York: Carleton. 16mo, pp. 571.

> "Stand aside, if you please. Cleopatra quaffed liquid pearl in honor of Antony, Nero shivered his precious crystal goblets, and Suger pounded up sapphires to color the windows of old St. Denis! *Chacun à son goût!* If I choose to indulge myself in a diamond cremation in honor of my tutelary goddess Brimo, who has the right to expostulate? True, such costly amusements have been rare since the days of the 'Cyranides' and the 'Seven Seals' of Hermes Trismegistus. See what a tawny, angry glare leaps from my royal jacinth! Old Hecate holds high carnival down there in her congenial flames."

The same pair are talking together at another time, and they do it thus:

> "'Nineteen years ago, to satisfy my hunger, I set out to hunt the daintiest food this world could furnish, and, like other fools, have learned finally that life is but a huge mellow golden Osher, that mockingly sifts its bitter dust upon our eager lips. Ah! truly, *on trouve au fond de tout le vide et le néant!*'
>
> "'Mr. Murray, if you insist upon your bitter Osher simile, why shut your eyes to the palpable analogy suggested? Naturalists assert that the Solanum, or apple of Sodom, contains in its normal state neither dust nor ashes, unless it is punctured by an insect (the Tenthredo), which converts the whole of the inside into dust, leaving nothing but the rind entire, without any loss of color. Human life is as fair and tempting as the fruit of "Ain Jidy," till stung and poisoned by the Tenthredo of sin.'
>
> "All conceivable *suaviter in modo* characterized his mocking countenance and tone, as he inclined his haughty head and asked:
>
> "'Will you favor me by lifting on the point of your dissecting-knife this stinging sin of mine to which you refer? The noxious brood swarm so teasingly about my ears that they deprive me of your cool, clear, philosophic discrimination. Which particular Tenthredo of the buzzing swarm around my spoiled apple of life would you advise me to select for my *anathema maranatha?*'"

This St. Elmo Murray is Charlotte Brontë's Rochester so unblushingly stolen that we are in doubt whether or not to call the transfer theft. He is a very bad person. His brow is white, but the lower part of his stern face is bronzed with exposure. He has magnetic eyes. He has not been inside of a church for nearly twenty years, and "talks dreadful." One exquisite passage we must quote. It reveals the scathing power of St. Elmo's sarcasm, his sad spiritual condition, his intellectual brilliancy, and, finally, we get a glimpse of the vastness of his fund of information. His mother, let us say, has taken the orphan Edna Earl into her house, and intends to educate the child. St. Elmo speaks in deep, strong, bitter tones:

> "'With your knowledge of this precious world and its holy crew, I confess it seems farcical in the extreme that open-eyed you can venture another experiment on human nature. Some fine morning you will rub your eyes and find your acolyte *non est;* ditto, your silver forks, diamonds, and gold spoons.'
>
> "Edna felt the indignant blood burning in her cheeks, and as she could not walk without assistance, and shrank from listening to a conversation which was not intended for her ears, she coughed several times to arrest the attention of the speakers, but apparently without effect, for the son's voice again rose above the low tones of the mother.
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> "'O carnival of shams! She is "pious," you say? Then, I'll swear my watch is not safe in my pocket, and I shall sleep with the key of my cameo cabinet tied around my neck. A Paris police would not ensure your valuables or mine. The fates forbid that your pen-feathered saint should decamp with some of my costly travel-scrapings! "Pious," indeed! "Edna," forsooth! No doubt her origin and morals are quite as apocryphal as her name. Don't talk to me about "her being providentially thrown into your hands," unless you desire to hear me say things which you have frequently taken occasion to inform me "deeply grieved" you. I dare say the little vagrant whines in what she considers orthodox phraseology, that "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb!" and, like some other pious people whom I have heard canting, will saddle some Jewish prophet or fisherman with the *dictum*, thinking that it sounds like the Bible, whereas Sterne said it. Shorn lamb, forsooth! We, or rather you, *madame ma mere*, will be shorn—thoroughly fleeced! Pious! Ha! ha! ha!'"

This gentleman's physical strength is great, his wealth is boundless; he has roamed all over the world; he despises the conventionalities of society; he is "quite the gentleman" when he likes, and is particularly clever at a profound, perfectly polite, but mocking bow, which he alone can do. In short, he is a very stupid copy of Rochester; and we fear the patience of our readers is exhausted by this long account of him. We may be permitted, however, to add that at the age of forty the tiger becomes a lamb, and is ordained a minister of the Gospel. We do not intend to say much of Edna Earl. She is a creature not to be suffered. The disagreeable hero is, in a sense, amusing; but the heroine carries to the third or fourth power a capacity which she has in common with every character in every book this author ever wrote—the capacity, namely, of making every reader of average sense and average temper very cordially detest her as a thoroughly uncomfortable person. One is amused with St. Elmo as with a caricature, but Edna Earl is a combination, with a woman's name, of pedantry and priggishness in the abstract, and one cannot laugh at that. She barely suggests Jane Eyre. The other personages of the story are, some of them, little better, and some of them not in the least better, than names.

Altogether, "St. Elmo" is the heaviest novel and the least weighty that we have read since we read "Macaria." Indeed, we only tried to read "Macaria."

Religious Poems. By Harriet Beecher Stowe. With illustrations. (Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1867.)—These poems will doubtless soothe the sorrow of many suffering bereavement, or help many to be good, and their publication is therefore justified. With few exceptions, however, the verses are to be styled poetry only by courtesy or in virtue of that classification which accords the name to all compositions in rhyme. But there is some pleasing imagery to be found here and there, and we find one picture, not however carefully painted, that is fine, and in part new. The legendary Saint Catherine, unbound from the wheel, is borne by angels over the sea:

> "The restless bosom of the surging ocean
> Gives back the image as the cloud floats o'er,
> Hushing in glassy awe his troubled motion;
> For one blest moment he complains no more.
>
> "Like the transparent golden floor of heaven,
> His charmed waters lie as in a dream,
> And glistening wings and starry robes unfolding,
> And serious angel eyes far downward gleam."

A Rosary for Lent; or, Devotional Readings. Original and compiled, by the author of "Rutledge." (New York: Carleton & Co. London: S. Low, Son & Co.)—For those who like to have a certain track laid down for them, and to be held to that, this volume will be no unwelcome visitant. It is, of course, a track; but it has been laid down through pleasant sections of the country, where the views on every side are very beautiful. Not but that some of the beads that constitute this rosary are rather lustreless, but the most of them have been selected with much taste and carefulness. The various themes fitly illustrate the various periods in Lent. The selections are made from a wide range of authorship. It is intended for the use of persons in the Protestant Episcopal Church. Some of these will, no doubt, like it very much; but others will be satisfied with the amount of form contained in the Book of Common Prayer, and for the remainder of their reading will prefer something more continuous of such sort as their private tastes may justify. The exercise of judgment and discrimination that would thus be rendered necessary, would be no mean observance of the holy time.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION *should be addressed to the Editor.*

THE SUPPLEMENTAL RECONSTRUCTION BILL.

THE bill providing the machinery for carrying out the Reconstruction bill of the last Congress has just passed the House, with an amendment touching the proportion of the registered electors which shall be necessary to elect the conventions, and, unless the Senate should agree, the final passage of the bill will be delayed by a conference. Its provisions are such as we described in our last number, and no debate of importance took place on any of them in either the House or Senate. Mr. Howard made a strong effort to make improvements on the oath to be administered to persons voting for the delegates to the constitutional conventions, by requiring them to swear that they were "sincerely attached to the Constitution of the United States"—a provision which of course would simply have furnished one more temptation to commit perjury, without making the least addition to the security of the Constitution. As a general and sound rule, no man should ever be legally required to swear or affirm anything as a test of fitness for any office, or for the exercise of any franchise, unless there exists some means of proving him guilty of perjury in case he breaks his oath, or rather of knowing whether he ever breaks his oath or not. If a man promises, on oath, to support the Constitution of the United States, he fulfils his promise by being a decent citizen and letting the Constitution alone. "Supporting" a constitution consists in living quietly under it, and refusing to join in or actively opposing attempts to overthrow it. Therefore, when a man has sworn true allegiance to one, all his neighbors have the means of detecting him at once in case he breaks his oath. But when, as Mr. Sumner proposed the other day, you make a man swear to "support the diffusion of knowledge," you have no means of knowing whether he has kept his oath or not, because no definition of "support to the diffusion of knowledge" could possibly be fixed upon that would be satisfactory. A person may "support" the diffusion of knowledge by giving a small boy a primer, or by saying occasionally in his family circle that education improves the mind, and that knowledge is power; but it would always be impossible to find out whether he had even done this or not. So also, when you ask a man to swear that he is "sincerely attached" to the Constitution, you exact an affirmation of which you cannot either detect or punish the falsehood. If he is a loyal man, and really attached to the Constitution, his telling us on oath that he is will not make him one whit more so; if he is not a loyal man, he may take the oath as often as he chooses, and cannot be punished for taking it falsely. In the Middle Ages oaths were administered very lavishly, because it was generally believed that something dreadful would happen by a special act of Providence to people who swore falsely. We do not expect anything of the kind. We rely, it is true, for the sanctity of an oath on the dread of future punishment on the part of the person taking it, but only in a very small degree, because we know, as a matter of fact, that men's conduct is influenced only very slightly, as regards the grosser offences against morality, by the fear of penalties to be inflicted in the next world. Our main reliance is on the penalties inflicted by the courts in this world, and we owe it to the cause of public morality not to administer oaths, on a great scale, in cases in which those who take them know that they are, if they commit perjury, safe from human justice at least.

It may be suggested that we are wasting words on this matter, inasmuch as the amendment was not adopted; but nobody who sees the extent to which some of our radical friends in Congress are disposed to rely on test oaths for the safety of this Government at the South, can help feeling that attention ought to be called by somebody to the teachings of experience and of common sense on this point. Many attempts have been made in the Old World to bolster up institutions of all kinds, political, ecclesiastical, and social, by oaths, and they have all failed. In all countries in which this plan of securing stability or safety has been resorted to, it is being abandoned in despair after having caused an enormous amount of perjury, and made the offence seem a mere peccadillo in the eyes of the public. For us to resort to it at this day is worse than ridiculous. As we have said before, it may be, and we believe it is, proper to exclude at present from participation in the government all those who have, during the last five years, borne a prominent part in the attempt to overthrow it; but it is not desirable to exclude those who are simply not "sincerely attached to it." Our duty and interest are to make them sincerely attached to it by every means in our power, to convince them of its benefits, to interest them in its preservation. Oaths will not do this; but oaths wantonly and unnecessarily imposed may make men hate it and want to get rid of it. The oath is a capital instrument for the exclusion from a share in the government at present, or always, of persons who have taken a certain part in the rebellion, but as a guarantee for anybody's future good behavior, or for the present state of anybody's heart, it is worse than worthless.

Mr. Sumner moved one amendment, towards the close of the debate in the Senate, which was lost by a tie vote, "that the constitution of each State shall require the establishment and maintenance of a system of common schools, open to all without regard to color." No debate appears to have taken place on this, so that we are left in ignorance of the objections of those who voted against it. But whatever they were, we cannot but regard its failure as a great misfortune. No other opportunity may ever offer itself of overcoming that dislike or want of appreciation of popular education which has all along been the curse of the South, and which, like some other Southern defects, will not, in our opinion, disappear for many a day, without some pressure or interference from without. There may be objections to insisting that the public schools shall admit children of both colors indiscriminately, for this would probably result either in the forcible exclusion of the colored children from all schools, or the non-attendance of the white children. In trying to elevate or improve ignorant or prejudiced men and women, we have to take them as they are, with all their imperfections on their heads, and if they will not start on our road, we must be content to go a little way with them on theirs. We should prefer seeing separate schools for each color established at the South, to seeing schools for both colors which only one attended, or seeing none for either. The great object to be attained is education; the color prejudice will only be extirpated by the spread of knowledge and of Christianity.

But of the vast and overwhelming importance of starting some general system of popular education at the South now, and of making it an essential feature of any reconstruction plan, there can be no doubt. We have no hesitation in pronouncing the question of excluding rebels from the polls to be of a very inferior degree of importance, though it is the only thing to which most of the majority in Congress seem to give much attention. We do not hesitate to confess, once more, that we are of the number of those who think the doctrine that nothing but the common sense of an ignorant man is needed to enable him to use the ballot rightly, and that the ballot is in itself a sufficient educator or enlightener of ignorant men, or that it may not and does not prove very frequently in their hands an instrument of their own spoliation and degradation, to be a dangerous and pernicious heresy, opposed to the whole theory of democratic government, and to the principles on which the social system of the free States has been based ever since the settlement of the country. It is a doctrine imported by Southern slaveholders from English Tory manor-houses, and preached at the South through long years in the interest of slavery; and we consider its adoption by Northern preachers and politicians, under the influence of the present political excitement, as a ready means of hastening a political triumph, to be something which all intelligent and patriotic men ought to deplore and fight against. Nevertheless, even if Congress will exact no pledge from the South on this point, although it is exacting so many others, all is not lost. As long as the Government supplies protection, both Southern whites and Southern negroes can be educated. The volunteer organizations of the North are doing a great work in this field already, and if the people will only sustain the Freedmen's Associations in the support and diffusion of their schools, we think we can promise that test oaths will, in a very few years, be of little consequence, and that the National Government will be surrounded by other and better bulwarks.

"REPORTS" OF CONGRESSIONAL COMMITTEES.

THE resources of demagogues may be said to be for all practical purposes inexhaustible. There is hardly a hope, aspiration, desire, fear, or weakness in the human heart, hardly an incident in the national life, which they do not turn to account. And their ways of turning them to account are, of course, almost infinitely varied. To the working-men they boast of having been themselves working-men, and ask to have the hardness of their palms examined; to the poor they present reminiscences of their own poverty, past or present; exhibit the red pocket-handkerchief in which they tied up their worldly goods on their first journey, and mention the exact sum they borrowed to get a suit of clothes to fit them for their first situation in a store, and profess the greatest horror of wealth or a kind of honest scorn for rich men. As they are hardly ever farmers themselves—the farming mind being a little too staid and simple for these gymnastics—so to the farmers they boast of having been born on a farm, with as much confidence as if they had chosen their own birthday and birthplace under the influence of a fondness for the country and for agricultural pursuits. But then most of this work has to be done in stump speeches—a species of oratorical exercise which is, unfortunately, falling every day into greater and greater disrepute. The party newspapers pretend, in a fond, foolish way, to believe that whatever a politician says on a platform his hearers believe every word of, and go home and laugh and ponder over it; but then the rest of the world knows they do not. They go home and criticise and cavil, pick out what was worth anything and then throw the trash away—a fact which accounts for the gradual dying out of the once famous Fourth of July oration, and the growing sobriety which characterizes the public performances even of that "chartered libertine," the "rising and gifted young lawyer" of the country town. The spread of education—we do not mean of the mere art of reading and writing, but of that maturity of judgment and severity of taste which grow in nations, as in individuals, as they get older and stronger—is, in fact, making the "stump" every year a less elevated and less authoritative platform. People form their opinions, at the North at least, and they will soon form them at the South, mainly from reading, and written balderdash can never produce the same effect as spoken balderdash. Nobody will venture to put on paper such stuff as orators very often have no hesitation in talking, for the simple reason that a man reads calmly by his fireside, and weighs every sentence as carefully as his powers will allow as he goes along, while at a meeting he listens in a crowd to a rapid flow of words, and in a state of excitement which makes reflection for the moment impossible.

The demagogues are, therefore, beginning to find the "stump" a failing instrument; the newspaper does not meet their wants, as it is rarely under their control; even the Congressional speech, let it be distributed ever so widely in print, is but a feeble mode of expression. Few listen to it when delivered; fewer still read it, and the coarse pamphlets in which it is now circulated to constituents have come to be rather a mark of civility on the part of the member, like the cards which people send round in Paris by their lackeys, than a means of spreading opinions.

Something had, therefore, to be found which would secure more attention than the mere expression, whether oral or written, of individual sentiments, and which would, nevertheless, tend really to individual glorification—and this thing has been found, or is supposed to have been found, in "reports" of Congressional committees. The process is a very simple one. A bill—or set of resolutions—is introduced for the mere purpose of getting it "referred," and with the full certainty that it will never come to anything. But it is not intended it should ever develop into a law; what is wanted is to make it the text of remarks in the shape of "a report," by an ambitious committeeman who has "an axe to grind," a sect or party or "interest" to conciliate, or who has a damaged "record" to furbish up before the next election. The "report" rarely contains anything but his own private and individual nonsense. The rest of the committee, understanding the matter thoroughly, do not trouble him with their sentiments, and often he does not take the trouble of consulting them; so he says what he pleases, and his composition goes forth to the country with the authority of the committee, whom the country people fondly believe to have gravely studied the whole question, and sat up at night combining their views upon it; but, nevertheless, with his name associated most prominently with it. The device has worked so well hitherto, owing to its novelty, that, as might be expected, it is coming more and more into use. In the last Congress it did good service; in this Congress it promises to do better. In the present session it is very generally believed that no important measures are likely to be taken up, except the Supplemental Reconstruction bill; but, nevertheless, the committees have been nearly all appointed in order to set the reporting machine at work, and the amount of raw buncombe which is at this moment in the mill will astonish the country when it makes its appearance in the whole cloth.

The cause which is most stimulating the "reporting" mania is the rapid growth all over the country of sets or classes of people, apart from the regular political parties, commanding large numbers of votes, and acting in disciplined concert under the influence of motives in which the rest of the community does not share. This phenomenon is a new one in American politics, but we greatly fear we are only as yet witnessing its small beginnings. One of the most prominent of these classes is the Fenians, a body which takes little or no interest in American politics, gives little or no attention to them, and whose sole aim in exercising any influence at all on the Government of this country is to involve it in a foreign war for the decision of a question of foreign politics. Another of these classes is the "Working-men," meaning thereby those who work with their hands for wages. This class, which is also of recent origin, is gradually dissociating itself more and more from the ordinary political parties, withdrawing its own interest in the great political questions of the day, and using its combined strength for the sole purpose of securing legislative interference with a particular kind of bargains between individuals. It is only recently that we have begun to hear of "working-men," as a class apart, needing special legislation for their benefit or protection. A few years ago all Americans were supposed to be "working-men," whose proud privilege it was to be able to make their own way in the world, frame their own contracts, take their turn, no matter about the nature of their occupation, in the work of government, while asking nothing from the law but protection for life and limb and property. Now we are told that nobody is a "working-man" but a mechanic, and that his position is that of "a child" of the state, like that of the French workman, and that his hours of labor must be fixed for him by law lest he should hurt himself.

Another class which has grown up within a year or two is that of the "Soldiers and Sailors." They too are forming themselves into a political organization apart from the rest of the nation, and are trying to persuade themselves that they have also separate interests, which will warrant them in pursuing a separate line of political action, and that all they can get out of the national Treasury for their separate use and behoof will be so much clear gain, no matter what effect it may produce on the national credit or the national industry.

We need hardly say that the claims of these classes have begun to keep both the regular demagogues and the regular drafters of resolutions at party conventions pretty busy. It requires now almost as much skill and ingenuity to draw one of these documents as to draw an impregnable will. The Fenians, the "Working-men," the Soldiers and Sailors, have in the first place to receive each an appropriate plaster which will make the patient feel comfortable, and yet will not promise more than the doctor knows he can perform. Then come the temperance men and the anti-temperance men, the protectionists and free-traders, and other nebulous bodies which hang outside the consolidated organizations, and which, though not concentrated enough to do much damage, it is desirable to keep in a state of hopeful uncertainty. Other bodies of a similar character are making their appearance on our horizon—the negroes, for example, and the Chinese. The negroes have not as yet been courted for their own sake. Whatever respect or affection the regular political hacks have as yet professed for them has been due to a desire to curry favor with the great party which has within the last ten years devoted itself to the assertion of the equality of all men before the law. But now that the negroes are to vote, we may feel sure that the business of making Congressional "reports" to flatter their prejudices or self-love or in furtherance of their peculiar interests will be eagerly taken up. And we are bound to say that a more fruitful field has not yet been opened to an industrious and aspiring demagogue. In the first place, he will find in it an opportunity for the airing of what in Congress is called "his lore," such as he may seek in vain in Fenianism. His Plutarch and his classical dictionary will furnish him with abundant materials for the loftiest and most poetic speculations touching the early history of the negro race, in which Dido and the Carthaginians may be made to play a dazzling part, and which may profitably occupy one half of the report. Another attraction of this field is that its soil is virgin; its tropical luxuriance has never yet been disturbed by axe or plough. The first reporter on negro claims will be its first explorer, and if he does not make a good thing of it he will have himself to blame. We hope the colored voters of the South are fully prepared for what is coming, for if we are not greatly mistaken they will find friends in quarters in which they have never thought of looking for them, and from which they have received hitherto nothing but sneers or curses.

ART AT THE CAPITAL.

Within a short time two new propositions have been made for the purchase of works of art for the National Capitol. Two appropriations for a similar purpose were made at the first session of the Thirty-ninth Congress, and one remains in an uncertain state. Some of these would probably procure for the nation worthy work, but some, most probably, would not. But of the complete want of system or of intelligence displayed in the giving of orders for pictures or statues we propose to say a few words. If we look at any branch of the fine arts, as sculpture, for example, we must see the many difficulties which lie in the way of its acquirement. The intimate knowledge of form and structure; of the effects of light and shade; of the properties of the material in which the work is to be executed—the varying effects of the clay, the plaster, the marble, or the bronze—all these absolutely necessary to the successful execution of a work of sculpture, or, *mutatis mutandis*, any other work of art, are such as require years, nay, a lifetime, of study for their acquirement. And further, all this knowledge, though perhaps in a less degree, or rather in a different way, is just as necessary to a proper appreciation of a work as to its execution. And knowing this, knowing how few must be those who attain to knowledge and power in art, might we not expect that in the execution of a public work, whether monumental or of ornament, that artist should be employed who has shown his abilities in former work, and who, by his long study of his art, its laws and practice, has fairly earned his title of *artist?* Unfortunately this is not always, is indeed too seldom, the case. While the artist is at work in his studio, faithful to the art to which he has consecrated his life, he who calls himself an artist, perhaps on no other warrant than the construction of a few childish models, or of a tombstone in a Western cemetery, is at work in the *lobby;* and whoever shall prove himself (or herself) possessed of the most winning tongue, to him we may generally conclude will the "job" be awarded. It does not seem to occur to the honorable gentlemen that the mere styling of one's self *artist* does not of necessity imply ability to execute a work of art, or that in the execution of a public trust they are under any obligation to exercise that caution, or to look for that surety of accomplishment which would be required in any ordinary business transaction. We could almost prefer the awarding of the contract to the lowest bidder, which would have, at least, the merit of economy—a merit certainly not possessed by the prevailing system of Government commissions. There are, indeed, some few works of art at Washington worthy of their places; but it can hardly be denied that what we have said is, in most instances, true, as may be illustrated by a case which came before Congress not long ago.

But we should first allude to a more recent instance in which one House made an effort to award a commission deservedly. A resolution passed the House of Representatives, authorizing the Secretary of War to contract with Henry K. Brown for a statue of General Scott, to be erected at West Point. This was eminently proper; it was fit that the nation should honor the memory of the departed leader, and Mr. Brown had shown himself capable, as no one else in the country had, to execute the work. But mark the fate of the bill in the Senate: referred to the Military Committee, it is returned to the Senate with the name of H. K. Brown stricken out. This action, which disappointed every one who felt an interest in American art, and in the worthy execution of a public commission, would have been somewhat difficult to comprehend did not a previous action of Congress cast an unpleasant suspicion on the object of the Senate's amendment. We allude to the "Vinnie Ream contract"—an act in itself, and in the remarks which it called forth from several senators, most disgraceful to the culture, or supposed culture, and education of the United States Senate.

This, it will be remembered, is a bill which passed both Houses of Congress last July, authorizing the Secretary of the Interior to contract with Vinnie Ream for a statue of Mr. Lincoln, to be erected in the Capitol, at a cost of $10,000. Now, Vinnie Ream is a young girl of sixteen, the daughter of a department clerk, who has never, upon the showing of her friends, executed a work of sculpture of any kind except some few models, including, we believe, a bust of Mr. Lincoln. But Miss R. is "an untutored child of the West," and is, therefore, entitled to construct, for the country's Capitol, a statue of the country's hero. It mattered not that she had never shown any evidence of her ability to construct such a work as it was proposed to commit to her; that the probabilities, nay, the possibilities, were most evidently against such ability; the axe had been well ground, and the lobby triumphed over the life-school.

We have taken this case, and it is the more marked in comparison with the other bill we have spoken of, as affording a notable example of the system, or want of system, pursued in procuring works of art by Government. Other bills passed by the last Congress were quite as reckless. The ignorance displayed by honorable senators in the debate upon this bill was most astounding, and would have been ludicrous had it not been so saddening. What, it may be asked, is to be hoped for art in a nation whose highest representatives can speak, as did Mr. Nesmith, of Oregon, in reply to Mr. Sumner? "Mr. President, if this was a mere matter of research, I should be very much inclined to defer to the judgment of the senator from Massachusetts; but as it is not, and as it requires no great learning, no particular devotion to reading, to discover what is an exact imitation of nature, I claim that my judgment on such a subject is as good as his own. My mind has never been perverted by the extensive reading which the gentleman from Massachusetts has had, or by that vast amount of lore in which he is so accomplished, but I claim to be equally as good a judge as he is of any mere matter of art which is an imitation of a natural object." There is an effrontery about this truly magnificent; an utter ignoring of the fact, which we should think scarcely needed demonstration, that a knowledge of art is to be acquired only by study and observation, just as a knowledge of any other branch of learning. Just as well, surely, might Mr. Nesmith claim to be naturally an entirely competent judge of music or of Greek prosody. A knowledge of art and its laws is not to be required of members of Congress. It may be a question whether or no the "condition of the senator from Massachusetts," which seems so irritating a thorn in the sides of many members, be necessary to the faithful fulfilment of their trusts, though we are inclined to think that it might do no harm even to the worthy senator from Oregon; but we are not disposed to ask of them an intimate acquaintance with art. We do ask, however, that they should acknowledge the fact that there may be others in the land, men whose lives have been devoted to the study of art, who are more competent to judge in this department than they, and to whom the purchase of works of art, and the adornment of the public buildings, might well be committed, that the public money may not be squandered in works which can be but an eyesore to all cultivated persons, and whose only tendency must be to depress the public taste.

This is no new suggestion; eight years ago, Congress, yielding to the memorials of men of culture throughout the country, established the United States Art Commission; but in the following session the Commission was abolished—actually before it had come into operation—and for no other conceivable reason than that it took from members of Congress he power of foolishly expending the public money. It is but necessary to go into any of the public buildings at Washington to recognize at once all that has been said of the grievous want of knowledge in the employment of art. The vast sums of money expended in the ornamentation of dark corridors, and in the purchase of poor figures and paintings, and of flash furniture, out of all accord with the architecture amid which it is placed, must most painfully impress every one, whether as a man of taste or as a tax-payer.

If we believe at all in art, if we hold it of any importance that our public works should be other than museums of monstrosities, we must most urgently demand of Congress to stop these worse than useless expenditures of the nation's revenue. We can hardly over-estimate the importance of art in public places; but it is sinful thus to throw away money upon what are but disfigurements, to be tolerated only till a more cultured generation shall remove them. And even if everything obtained were good, how manifestly false thus to leave it all to chance; to place a picture here, a statue there, without reference to any general plan, and with no surety of accordance. We urge the subject upon the consideration of Congress.

PARIS GOSSIP.

PARIS, Feb. 22, 1867.

THE Empress, who last winter set an example of greater sobriety of toilette, has come out very "strong" in that line this winter. Her dresses at the three state balls already given have been extremely elegant, though not nearly so costly as the wonderful toilettes which used to astound an admiring crowd during the early years of her Imperial dignities; and the additional splendor imparted to her appearance by a freer use of the magnificent crown jewels makes her, of course, the most brilliant object to be seen at the great fêtes of the Tuileries. At the ball of last week she wore a tiara of diamonds, in the centre of which was the famous "Regent," one of the finest known diamonds, weighing over 136 carats, of the most exquisite water, and absolutely without a flaw. Around this blazing centre were a number of wheat-ears composed of that rarest and most costly of all gems, the black diamond, the effect of which was as splendid as original. The toilettes of many of the great ladies of the court and of the fashionable world were also unusually splendid, and the display of jewelry particularly brilliant. Both the Imperial hosts, who always show to so much advantage when dispensing the magnificent hospitalities of their home, were even more amiable and animated than usual. The state of Europe in general, and the rapid and successful progress of the preparations for the Exhibition in particular, seem to have put the Emperor into an unusually bland and benignant frame of mind, as attested by all who have the privilege of approaching the "august" personality of the modern sphinx. His health, too, has rallied wonderfully during the autumn, and though he cannot be said to be growing younger, his appearance indicates a very fair chance of his outliving a good many of those who have been most busy in consigning him to the attentions of the "Company of Funereal Pomps." The Empress, who is intending to give a great masked and fancy ball, was heard to remark that if the project were carried out the costumes would be rigorously confined to the reign of Henri II., especially rich in the variety and picturesqueness of its costumes. The epoch of the Renaissance was distinguished by a development of the arts of the toilette quite as marked as that which it witnessed in the departments of painting and architecture; the head-dresses of the women, especially, being among the most graceful and becoming ever invented. The style since known as *la Ferronnière* dates from that period, as do so many other modes of dressing and ornamenting the female head which we are in the habit of admiring in the *chefs-d'œuvres* of the painters of that time, but which are not seen out of the gilded frames of picture galleries. One of the most elegant of the head-dresses of the period in question consisted of a band of diamonds that held up the hair from the forehead and neck, and fastened over the left ear with a large rosette of pearls and rubies; another style, adopted by nearly all the leading beauties of the day, consisted of a broad ribbon, beneath which the "front hair," carefully smoothed, was passed in broad shining bands; this ribbon, which fell nearly to the shoulders, serving as the *point d'appui* of a veil of the rich delicate lace of those days, no longer known to the bobbins of lace-workers, which was gathered at one end into a golden tulip set with precious stones and fell over the side of the head, producing an effect which, though it would hardly be in keeping with the surroundings of ordinary drawing-rooms, was very charming when seen among the stately grandeurs of the court in the days of the second Henri. All those whose position entitles them to expect an invitation to this ball—which, if it take place, will be the most splendid affair of the season—are already busy with musty old chronicles, which they are carefully consulting for the details of the costumes to be prepared for the occasion.

Among the other splendid dissipations for which the gay world is busily preparing is the grand fancy ball to be given next week by one of the rich Pereire family, and for which eight hundred invitations have already been issued. Among the other "characters" getting ready for this ball is a cock, which is to be one of the features of the gathering. This appropriate emblem of the crowing of Gallic vanity will carry attached to its waist a basket shaped like a nest and filled with eggs, which will be offered to the ladies, and which will contain fortune-tellers' predictions, witticisms, or scraps of the cock's memoirs, each being maliciously contrived with special reference to the fair recipient to whom it is destined.

The newly-awakened but rapidly-developed passion of the Parisians for the imitations of Anglo-Saxon lectures, for which, after trying and rejecting various other designations, they have now adopted that of "conferences," seems to have extended itself to the Imperial circle. A few weeks ago, M. Leverrier, the director of the Paris Observatory, where he has inaugurated a series of lectures on astronomy and kindred scientific subjects, had the honor of holding forth, in presence of the Imperial family and the court, on the matters to which he has devoted his life; and last week the Abbé Moigno—a very clever ex-priest, widely informed though perhaps not very profound, who has devoted his energies for several years past to making money by what he calls "the popularization of science"—was sent for, with two or three other special scientific lights, to give a *conférence* in presence of the same brilliant circle, increased by about thirty other persons, specially invited by the Emperor. Electricity was the subject to which the evening was to be mainly devoted, and the most perfect apparatus being provided for the illustration of that pregnant theme, the lecture seems to have excited the greatest interest on the part of the audience. Some of the experiments, conducted with the aid of the most skilful electricians of the capital, and illustrating the latest developments of which the wonderful fluid has been found susceptible, interested the Emperor so much that he left his chair and took up his place at the table. The Empress followed his example, and the little Prince, who had evidently been longing to get close to the wonder-working apparatus, immediately took his place at the side of his father, testifying so eager an interest in what was going on that the Emperor was repeatedly obliged to hold him back, as the apparatus was exceedingly powerful and might easily have done mischief. Forked lightnings a foot in length, a mimic sun, so intensely luminous that it could not be steadily looked at, and a bright coruscation, resembling an aurora borealis, but with the words *Vive l'Empereur Napoléon III.* distinctly visible in the middle of it, were among the marvels displayed to the circle. On the conclusion of the abbé's address most of the party underwent shocks of more or less intensity; ministers, marshals, dukes, duchesses, and princesses starting, screaming, laughing, as is the wont of humanity when brought in contact with the "buttons" of an electrical machine. Experiments with the magnesian light, etc., wound up the demonstration; the Emperor and Empress conversing freely with the abbé and the other operators, complimenting them on the skill they had displayed, and assuring them of the pleasure which the evening's demonstrations had given them.

The dulness and inanity of courtly circles in past days, when the rigidity of etiquette and the ignorance of princes and courtiers concurred to reduce the fêtes of the court for the most part to a mere exhibition of stupid splendor, seem decidedly to be giving way to something better. Thus the Crown Prince and Princess of Prussia—the former a sensible, highly-educated man, the latter not only most carefully educated but highly accomplished, and a thorough artist in feeling and cultivation—have just given, in honor of the betrothal of the Count of Flanders with a princess of their house, a most charming entertainment, of which the principal feature was the representation of Schiller's "Lay of the Bell," in a series of exquisitely-managed *tableaux vivants*, given with the aid of the handsomest women of the court and the men of the same circle whose physique rendered them the most fit to impersonate the descriptions of the poet.

To say nothing of the golden harvests being reaped by Patti and Nilsson at the *soirées* of wealthy entertainers, who give to those favorite warblers the pretty little payment of one hundred guineas per night, Mademoiselle Vandermeersch and her wonderful birds, and M. Lemercier de Neuville, with his equally wonderful puppets, are in such favor here at the present time that no *soirée* is reckoned as a "success" unless one or other of those artists be present. Even the astounding feats of Alfred de Caston are just now overshadowed by the *furore* excited by those successful candidates for public favor.

Several grand weddings, with the displays of magnificent *trousseaux* incident to such events, have given scope for much of the gossip so intensely enjoyed by the Parisians; the most noteworthy of them all being, perhaps, that of one of the noblest of the seventy-odd dukes of France, who, having run through the whole of his princely fortune, has just married the daughter and heiress of rich trades-people bent on being "Madame la Duchesse," and whose parents, sympathizing in the "noble" ambition their only child, were willing to purchase that glorious whistle by settling on their ducal son-in-law the sum of seventy-five thousand francs a year for his lifetime. The wedding accordingly took place with the usual formalities and accompaniments; but the bridegroom disappeared immediately after the conclusion of the ceremony, leaving a letter for the "duchess," which, on opening, she found to run as follows:

> "MADAME: You wished to be a duchess, and married me to obtain that title. I was penniless, and married you to repair my finances. There has been no pretence of affection on either side. Let us, therefore, leave one another free to live as each pleases. Enjoy your rank as duchess as freely as I shall enjoy the spending of the income secured to me by our marriage contract, and leave me as entirely at liberty to lead the life that pleases me as I leave you to shape your existence according to your own pleasure."

The family of the bride left to this novel species of widowhood in so unceremonious a style is about to institute proceedings with a view to obtain not a divorce, which is unknown to French law, but a declaration of "nullity of marriage," which is admitted by the Code Napoléon.

The preparations for the Exhibition are going on upon a scale that is perfectly colossal. Leaving out of sight the wonders that are being made ready in the interior of the vast, ugly building, that looks like Brobdingnagian gas-works, the mere enumeration of the annexes, with their workshops, where all nations will be represented; their dining-halls, where every variety of the world's *cuisines* is to be exemplified, and some of which contain 400 tables and 1,000 chairs; of the post-office, which will distribute letters seven times a day, with the aid of 300 employees, speaking all tongues that boast a grammar and dictionary; and their clubs, baths, and concerts, would require at least a dozen letters. The Emperor has determined to have a square on the high ground opposite, commanding a view of the exhibition ground; a series of concerts "exhibiting" the works of living composers, and a "competition" of poems in honor of the Exhibition and of peace, all with a tempting array of prizes. Rossini has just composed a "Cantata de l'Exposition," which is said to be a *chef-d'œuvre*, and which has just been rehearsed in presence of the *maestro* by the military bands who are to execute it, and by whom he was received with immense enthusiasm.

Fine Arts.

SARTAIN'S ENGRAVING OF OUR SAVIOUR.

No record remains to us, nor does it appear that the Christian world has ever possessed any record, of the actual personal appearance of the Saviour. But the intense interest which Christians have always felt in any pretended likeness or confessedly ideal portrait has caused many false representations to be brought forward, especially during the earlier Middle Ages. The Veronica and Abgarus miraculous portraits on cloth, and the famous description of Christ's person asserted to have been sent to the Senate by an imaginary Roman Governor of Judea and predecessor of Pontius Pilate, belong to the class of mediæval impostures. The portraits in the catacombs of Rome and those of Byzantine antiquity pretend to none but a symbolic character; and the majority of them are symbolic in form as well, and represent some characteristic of his nature as frankly as do the Lamb of God and Good Shepherd types, so common then and so familiar even now. The profile head in intaglio, said to be upon an emerald and to have been made by order of the Emperor Tiberius, has, so far as we know, no legendary miracle connected with it, nor any fabled power of working miracles; and its claims to be considered a real portrait from life seem to rest upon the insufficient foundation that nobody knows anything about it or has any theory in regard to it. There is no alleged ancient piece of sacred art so completely ignored by most authentic writers on Christian iconography, and so uniformly declared an imposture by the few who mention it.

Mr. Sartain has engraved in mezzotint what purports to be a copy of this, at three removes. It is of about half life-size. This is not the first copy of the same head that has been made in this country. There is at least one other, but on a smaller scale, which adorns a cheap edition of the Prayer-book of the American Episcopal Church; and of this we own a copy which is worth keeping on account of its offensive weakness—valuable as being the worst so-called portrait of Christ within our knowledge.

Mr. Sartain's engraving is a little better than that smaller one, but not much better. These opaque, black mezzotints are very disagreeable and in every sense inartistic, and this is a bad specimen of the class. The face is very feeble and valueless in its conception, whatever its origin, and whether it is faithfully copied from something else or not. A circular accompanies the engraving which makes a slight attempt to prove the actuality and authenticity of the original portrait, quoting the long-ago exploded letter of Lentulus, mentioned above, and some surmises of later writers.

MISS HOSMER'S DESIGN FOR THE FREEDMEN'S MONUMENT TO LINCOLN.

IT appears from a circular before us that Miss Harriet G. Hosmer, the sculptor, heard while in Europe of the proposition to erect a monument to Abraham Lincoln at the cost of the freedmen. It appears that it was "in the mountains of Switzerland—free Switzerland—that this lover of freedom conceived and designed a monument." A model in plaster illustrating the design in question has been for some time past on exhibition in Boston, and some persons who are familiar with monumental architecture and can judge of it are heartily agreed in believing the design atrocious. But it seems that the commission who have the matter in charge "are so well satisfied with the design that they have adopted it, and have determined to give" people in general "an opportunity of passing judgment on what they (the commission) deem the greatest achievement of modern art." It seems, moreover, that the commission are quite positive that the completion of this monument "will place our country in art, as she is in freedom, in arms, in commerce, in manufactures, in science, and in skill in all that makes a nation great, in the front ranks of the nations of the earth."

The graceful compliment paid to the older civilizations of Europe by this admission that some other nations are as yet in advance of the Americans "in art" ought not to pass without notice. If we have surpassed or overtaken all other nations in the trifles mentioned above, we still defer to their maturer experience in art, and shall continue to do so until this monument shall have been finished and "inaugurated." It is strange, though, that the commission should care so much to have their country—which already stands with the foremost in "skill in all that makes a nation great"—excel in this pursuit which, by implication, does *not* make a nation great. In the next paragraph the matter is yet more involved in obscurity, for there we read that this work especially commends itself to the women of America, and that "the honor will belong to them of placing this crown of glory, this triumph of art, upon the brow of their country, and her (the country's?) achievement will raise and elevate every woman in the land in giving them nobler and higher aspirations." It seems to us that any human labor that puts a crown of glory on a country's brow, and that raises *and* elevates all the women in that country, may be classed with those things skill in which makes a nation great. As regards the "woman question" alone, we can think of no surer way of making this nation (for instance) great than by proceeding forthwith to "elevate" all the women therein contained, assured that the men of the next generation, if not of this, will share in that elevation, and that the whole will prove an effective forcing process applied to the national growth. And as regards the art question, we think the commissioners are too modest, for, if they really have in hand what they believe to be "the greatest achievement of modern art," they ought to count upon it for an immediate active influence upon the whole people. Is it not what all the land cries out for, some great achievement of art? Worried by critics who denounce the things called "art" in circulars and advertisements, and who confidently declare that the national treasures at Washington and the popular pictures and buildings everywhere are rubbish and not art at all, the almost despairing community asks anxiously for a few works of real power and beauty which even the critics will respect, and from which all may learn what modern art may be. So, if Miss Hosmer's design offers to us any chance of our getting a noble monument, combining truthful and lovely sculpture with grave and serene architecture, let us all look forward to its completion with the lively hope not of temporary pleasure of the eyes merely, but of lasting refinement of national character.

But the design, as we have said, is very bad; very bad architecture, and affording a chance for more bad sculpture than has yet been brought together. Under the circumstances, this latter is one of the most mistaken parts of the whole. To make anything good of this monument the sculpture must be of surpassing excellence; there is so very much of it, and it is so prominent and so principal. But we are safe in concluding, from what we have seen of Miss Hosmer's sculpture, that to model truly even one of the statues, or to compose nobly even one of the many subjects in bas-relief, is very far beyond her power as an artist. The letter, signed by Miss Hosmer, and printed with this circular giving an account of the design, will prove to those who cannot see the model itself that a well-conceived monument, or one designed on rational principles, is out of her reach. The unfortunate fate that seems to wait upon the literary labors of this commission, and to make their sentences tolerably hard to understand rightly, attends Miss Hosmer, too, whose description of her own design is far from lucid. It is a curious instance of the unfitness for modern uses of the pseudo-classical personifications still too common, that the meaning of the sentence about "mourning victories" should be a subject of disagreement, as it is, among different readers of the letter. And it is a curious instance of want of grasp of the subject in hand that the artist should suppose that, because soldiers' arms are reversed at a funeral, and torches of life are reversed upon tombs, and flags are hoisted union-down as signals of distress, that on this account Victory should "reverse" her trumpet when the victor has fallen on the field.

The gentlemen whose names appear upon this circular are made members of this commission on account of their constant, self-sacrificing, and intelligent labors on behalf of the freedmen. But there is nothing in these labors, nor in the rightness of heart that prompted them, nor in the good sense that has directed them, to make competent judges of art. Our estimate of the ignorance of this particular commission in this respect is formed from their circular. But the case is common. In preparing to erect a building, or to buy a picture, or to commission a piece of sculpture, when is any thought given to the matter of critical judgment? The men are chosen who can influence the raising of money, and who are known as good citizens and heartily interested in the cause, whatever it may be. That is in the best instance; but even then the question never comes up whether any one of these gentlemen knows anything of the matter in hand. Experts—men with special knowledge—are supposed to be the only competent judges in cases of law and medicine; nor would a committee seek to adjudge a prize for a scientific essay if no one of them were informed upon the branch of science treated of. But in the case of art anybody is thought a good enough judge; he "knows what he likes," at all events, and what he likes the public will certainly endure. We shall have no good monuments until there are directors of the business who know what they ought to like as well as what they like—who know good art—who, at least, know bad art and dare reject it.

Correspondence.

THE TARIFF ON BOOKS.

To the Editors of The Nation:

Gentlemen: I have just had the pleasure of seeing The Nation for March 14, and from the number of wrathful replies called forth by my remarks on the proposed tariff on books, I find that I have unwittingly put my head into a hornet's nest. I wish that I could compliment your correspondents on their fairness as well as upon their earnestness.

In instituting a comparison between *ad valorem* and specific rates, one gentleman considers himself justified in taking Bohn's libraries as a standard for new books, and the works of Frederic the Great for old books. Now Bohn's libraries are known to all the reading world as purely exceptional. No English or American publisher has had the hardihood to imitate them, and even at the low prices at which books could be made here before the war, no one, I believe, ever ventured to reprint one of them. As for the "Œuvres du Roi de Prusse," it belongs to a class of books whose value is inversely as the square of the distance between their covers—the terror of all book collectors to whom space is any object. In fact, I gave away a very neat set of that identical book last year, simply because the very small proportion of valuable material in it was not worth the shelf-room that it would monopolize. The interests of literature and industry are not to be regulated by such standards as your correspondent has selected. Nor is this all—for he is careful to calculate his *ad valorem* on a basis of 25 cents to the shilling, then assumes that the present duty is equivalent to 35 per cent. in currency, and to crown all, turns his specific rate into a per-centage by adding on the gold premium. He seems to forget that the value of the shilling advances with the price of gold, or, if he remembers it, he probably thinks that the publishers are accountable for it—

> "Who fills the butchers' shop with large blue flies?"

Another gentleman takes as his standard of computation a mass of old cyclopædias, magazines, etc., which Elia would certainly have included in his category of "books that are not books." According to his own showing, he has had the opportunity of buying some of them at prices not very far removed from their value as waste paper, and less than an equal weight of clean printing paper would command. I suppose the collection of such material may be considered a harmless amusement, like that of autographs or postage-stamps; but I protest against the assumption that the importation of such matter into this country is to have any beneficial influence upon intellectual culture or the formation of a national literature. If I cannot congratulate the gentleman, however, on his taste, I can freely do so upon the extent of his library accumulations, when he can afford shelf-room for so many hundredweight of forgotten dulness.

I, too, have been a book collector for fifteen or twenty years, and my library, gathered together with infinite pains and reverent care, is probably, in its own special departments, second to none in the country. I know how jealously I measure the bulk of every volume that I buy, and how anxiously I watch the diminishing space whose disappearance will compel me once more to cull out from the shelves the older favorites and relegate them to the dusty recesses of the lumber-room. There are few bibliophiles who have not experienced this, and all will join me in envying the fortunate brother whose alcoves can find expanse for 184 pounds of "Rees's Encyclopædia" and 36½ pounds of "Christian Guardian."

I know, to my cost, that the days of cheap second-hand books in Europe are over. Bargains can no doubt still be picked up on the book-stalls of the Continent, but the antiquarian booksellers who issue catalogues are keenly alive to the fact that books which are worth anything will command full prices. Of course, in an age when there are almost as many authors as readers, multitudes of worthless books are printed which speedily gravitate to Lethe, and which can be had almost for the asking by any one reckless enough to collect them. You can, therefore, take up the second-hand catalogues and find books in plenty that nobody wants at prices apparently tempting enough; but, in the interests of that culture which you so earnestly seek to advance, it is to be hoped that as little of this sort of material as possible may be imported.

I think, however, that I can assure these gentlemen that the publishers at large have no sort of desire to be protected against this class of importations. It was thought, I presume, that the rate of ten cents per pound was as low as the financial exigencies of the country would permit Congress to go. For my part, I would be glad to see it five cents or less, and I would willingly co-operate in any endeavor to make it so.

As regards the per-centage to which the specific rate would be equivalent, it is easy to give examples. I will take, for instance, a book which you reviewed in your last number, the Rev. Orley Shipley's "Church and the World." This is a bulky octavo, published by Longman & Co., and, as the object of the author is polemic and not mercantile, it has been put at a price rather under than over the ordinary rates for such publications. Taking its cost, fifteen shillings, deducting 25 per cent. and converting it into currency at 24.2 cents to the shilling (the custom-house rate), its net price would be $2 72. Its weight is 2 lbs. 4 oz., which, at 25 cents per pound, would be 56¼ cents, or as nearly as possible 20¾ per cent.

Now, as to books in foreign languages. Hachette's publications are known to be remarkable for their cheapness. I take one which is lying before me—"Perren's Jerome Savonarole"—a bulky 18mo, at the low price of 3f. 50c. Deducting the trade discount, and converting this into currency at the custom-house rate of 18.6 cents to the franc, brings its cost to 49 cents net. Its weight is 12 oz., which at 10c. per per lb. makes a duty of 7½ cents, or about 15 per cent. Again, the "Bibliothèque Charpentier," at 3f. 50c. per vol., has long enjoyed a reputation among amateurs like that of Bohn's libraries, for the exceedingly low price at which the volumes are afforded. Of this I take "Capefigue's Hugues Capet," in two volumes, 7f., or in currency as before, 98 cents net; weight 1 lb. 6 oz., duty 13¾c., or about 14 per cent. Now these are rather extreme cases against me, but I will give yet another one. The Abbé Migne's publications are miracles of cheapness—small folios of 700 to 1,000 pages at 8f. *brochês* or 10f. full bound. I take two of them of average size, price 20f. bound, or, as before, $2 79 in currency, weight 3 lb. 7 oz., duty 34½ cents, or 12½ per cent. But the remarks in my previous communication were directed not to books exceptional in their cheapness, but for those of a high grade, for which you had put in your plea. I have, therefore, a right to take as a standard such a series as the publications of the "Société de l'Histoire de France," handsome octavos at 9f. per vol. Two of these weigh 2 lb. 6 oz., duty 23¾ cents, price 18f., or as before, $2 51 net in currency; per-centage of duty, 9½ per cent. As a collector of books, therefore, I should have been glad to see the proposed tariff become a law.

As for the gentleman who signs himself "Importer," I can only say that his unmannerly raising of the question of veracity renders it necessary for me simply to repeat my former assertion respecting the proposal of an *ad valorem* rate of 75 per cent.

Apologizing to you for taking up so much space, I remain, very truly, etc.,

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The Nation.

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The Week.

The President has, of course, vetoed the supplemental Reconstruction bill, and it has, of course, been passed over his veto without debate or comment. There was nothing new in the message, and the reiteration of what was in it has certainly not improved his position. He seems to have a notion that he owes it to himself, in some way, to give Congress a chance of snubbing him, and thinks that Congress, every time it does it, sinks deeper in the wrong. Some people have strange ideas both of dignity and duty, and he is one of them. One of the consequences of the exhibition he is every day making of his own weakness and insignificance, and of the facility with which the Government can be carried on without him, and even in spite of him, is that some people are beginning to ask what is the use of a President at all, and to suggest the entire abolition of the office. The Boston *Commonwealth* has taken this ground boldly within the past week; but, advanced as the position is, it is not in the extreme front. This is occupied by Mr. James Redpath, who, several weeks ago, proposed in *The Anti-Slavery Standard* the abolition both of the Presidency, the Supreme Court, and the Senate, "as the three remaining oligarchies."

◆

Now that the supplemental Reconstruction bill has passed, the question of adjournment comes up, and about this there appears to be the greatest variety of opinions in both Houses. As a rule, the advocates of impeachment are opposed to any adjournment for more than a month at a time, while the opponents of impeachment are unwilling to come together again before December. Putting the impeachment aside altogether, however, there are a good many reasons in the condition of the South why Congress should not put it out of its power now to meet again during the summer. A good reconstruction bill to be sure has been passed, but the work of reconstruction is not yet done, and there can be little question that the certainty of security from legislative interference during the next seven or eight months would exercise a most unfavorable influence on the Southern temper. It is not perhaps desirable that Congress should sit much longer, but it does seem highly desirable, considering how much of the weight of Government now rests on its shoulders, that it should be able to come together again before long, if necessary.

◆

The House has passed a resolution directing the Committee on Public Expenditures to investigate the charges against Mr. Smythe, the collector of this port, and if the testimony warrant it, to submit articles of impeachment against him. This course seems to give satisfaction to all parties, as it provides a means of punishing Mr. Smythe if really guilty, without recourse to Mr. Johnson, and at the same time gives him an opportunity of defending himself. But if he cannot do better before the committee than he did in his recent letter to the President, we think, and we are sure the public will agree with us, that it would not be a bad idea for him to resign without more ado. The plot seems to thicken the more the matter is discussed, and charges of falsehood on one side or other multiply every day. Senators Patterson and Doolittle say the committee lie; Mr. Bowen says Mr. Smythe lies; E. C. Johnson & Co. say Mr. Bowen lies; and finally a man named Hull has turned up who swears he heard, as he walked the Capitol grounds, Senator Patterson, whom he thought he recognized, tell another man whom he had never seen before, in a light, pleasant way, that "he had got his $5,000 and did not care a damn for the committee." This gentleman's testimony, which seems to have been intended to cover the case, amused the Senate a good deal, and when the reading of it was concluded, Senator Doolittle said Hull lied, too, and made the same remark with regard to Mr. Hulburd, of the House Committee. The point in dispute is—many of our readers may not be aware—whether Collector Smythe did or did not farm out the business of storing goods pending the payment of the duty on them, and corruptly divide the large amount thus received—some $40,000 or $50,000 a year—between himself and other persons, including Senators Patterson and Doolittle and "Mrs. Perry," a mysterious woman, whose home appears to be in the West, but who, as well as we can make out, seldom occupies it. The affair has a shocking look, and nothing but the high character Mr. Smythe has hitherto held prevents the public passing judgment on it at once. As every person, without exception, who has thus far opened his lips about it is accused by somebody else of having told "an abominable falsehood," it would be absurd for us to pretend that we can throw any light on the matter.

◆

There was a sparring match in the House on Thursday between General Butler and Mr. Bingham, which seems to have been got up for the amusement of the members. The occasion was the debate on the Southern Relief bill, and after it had been carried on for some time with "considerable asperity of feeling," General Butler having given unmistakable indications of a desire to get at Mr. Bingham, and Mr. Bingham being evidently anxious to accommodate him, a ring was formed by "unanimous consent," and the "mill" commenced. General Butler led off by a smart left-hander, informing Mr. Bingham that he had gone over to the Democratic side of the House "body and soul." Mr. Bingham replied that General Butler had voted fifty-seven times for Jefferson Davis at the Charleston Convention and that he had not taken Fort Fisher, which caused great excitement, and the "first blood" was claimed for Bingham. In the next round Butler "came up smiling," and said that Bingham had hanged Mrs. Surratt on insufficient evidence. This fairly knocked Bingham off his feet, and he had some difficulty in coming to time; but in the next round, after a little preliminary feinting, he got home on Butler's conk, with the remark that "he cared no more for what General Butler thought than he did about who killed Cock Robin;" and forcing the fighting, he quoted Lord Bacon on the subject of "leaving his name and memory to the charitable speeches of men and future ages." He then "defied the gentleman's calumny," and was making desperate clutches at the general's head, with the view of getting it in chancery, when the Speaker's hammer fell. It appears to be admitted that Mr. Bingham had the best of it; General Butler was evidently not in training, and hit very wildly; but we have no doubt that if Congress should sit during the summer he will be able to do very nicely before the fall. Both parties bore marks of severe punishment.

◆

THE concurrent resolution on "diplomatic apparel" came down to the House on Monday, and was the subject of a somewhat amusing debate. Mr. Covode cracked a rather vulgar joke on the President, of which, however, the President, considering his language last summer, would himself have no right to complain; and Mr. Noell, of Missouri, proposed as an official dress for foreign ministers a cocked hat, looped up with an American eagle, and a swallow-tailed coat with stars and stripes on the tail, and some other absurdities. In fact, the discussion became very farcical, but it was in every way worthy of the subject. All of a sudden, however, Mr. Banks made his appearance on the scene with some "lore," and informed the House that "Turgot had predicted in 1794 that the day would come when the United States would play the part which Carthage played in ancient times," and said that the United States would "soon establish a policy in the matter of dress" as in other things, etc. This seemed to settle the matter, for the resolution was carried, and now none of our foreign ministers can go to court any more in court dress. We have commented elsewhere on the philosophy of this great question.

◆

MR. SEWARD has had the grace to offer an explanation of his action in the McCracken matter. It appears, then, that whenever there is brought to the head of the State Department any charge whatever against any person over whom the Department has any control, the rules and traditions of said Department, inexorable, unchangeable, severe, point out one, and but one, path for the Secretary to follow. What this path is he illustrated by an example; and we are bound to believe that if word were brought to Mr. Seward that his son Mr. F. Seward, an Assistant Secretary of State, had been seen in the Capitol grounds choking small boys, and making off with their pennies, it would be Mr. Seward's only course, though Mr. F. Seward were at the moment sitting in the same room with his father and his judge, to address to the accused a formal communication, countersigned by himself as Secretary of State, demanding a full explanation. This, Mr. Seward says or is said to say, is about what he has done in the case of the consuls and ministers plenipotentiary whom Mr. McCracken felt it his duty to denounce. Mr. Seward, at least, has the credit of having made an attempt to account for his proceedings. It is matter for rather melancholy reflection on the part of American citizens that the answers to the letter are still less than the letter susceptible of even that amount of explanation and excuse which Mr. Seward has been able to discover. To be sure, one can hardly help laughing through his blushes as he reads the letter of that diplomatic representative of the United States who brings a dozen, more or less, highly respectable American ladies, now abroad, to certify that they have never seen him the worse for liquor, and believe him to be a man of good moral character. But as one goes on and wades through the correspondence, Mr. Motley's part of it always excepted, he leaves laughing, and is reduced to the plain blushing of mortification.

◆

MR. DONNELLY, of Minnesota, has more than atoned for his Fenian performance by the introduction of resolutions setting forth the dangers of the popular ignorance which prevails at the South, and recommending all Southern States to insert clauses in their constitutions binding their respective legislatures to provide free schools for all the children of the State. We should have been glad to have every State forced to insert this clause in its constitution, but this solemn and emphatic recognition by Congress of the political importance of popular education is honorable to Congress, and we trust will not be without influence on the South.

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◆

A GREAT calamity has overtaken both the stage and the country during the past week, in the burning of the Winter Garden Theatre in this city, and with it Mr. Booth's collection of costumes, enormously valuable and having few if any equals in the world for richness and accuracy. What makes the misfortune all the greater is that Messrs. Booth and Stuart, the lessees, lost in an hour the fruits of many years of labor. They have the deep sympathy of everybody, both of those who know them and those who do not, and ought to have something more substantial. The misfortunes of such men are public misfortunes.

◆

LAST year we had cholera in New York and New York harbor, and this year, the Board of Health informs the public, we are to have it again. This year, like last year, the unfortunates who cross the sea in an infected vessel will find on their arrival in our waters that, whether they are well or so sick as to be barely alive, the accommodations provided for them at the quarantine are no better than can be afforded by hulks tossing with the waves of the Lower Bay. By midsummer the Board of Health expects to have the hospital buildings on West Bank ready for use. We certainly are of those who believe that the despotic powers of the Board were so used as to save us last year from a very severe visitation of the cholera, and though we do not know what reason there is, we suppose there may be a good reason for the failure to provide at the quarantine ground decent lodging for the well and decent hospitals for yellow fever and cholera patients.

◆

HERE and there in the South a politician or a newspaper of influence puts faith in the Supreme Court, and stands out against reconstruction under the Military bill. Mr. Parsons, for instance, can see no reason why the people of Alabama "should make the monstrous act of Congressional usurpation *their* act," and wants them to wait. The Montgomery *Mail* explains to its readers that Mr. Seward said so and so in 1862, and Mr. Lincoln said this and that in his first inaugural, and that therefore true Americans oppose military reconstruction bills. The Charleston *Mercury* says that within a month a case can be made up for the Supreme Court, and the trial of it begun. Meantime, till the constitutionality of the law is passed upon, *The Mercury* counsels obedience to the military authority. But the tone of the press generally shows that action under the law will not long be delayed. The New Orleans *Crescent* thinks the do-nothing policy of the South in the past was a wise one, but that the moment has arrived when a change is desirable and necessary, and it urges all Southern men to vote at the elections unless they want "the era of Butler" to return on them. General Lee is of opinion that reconstruction under the new law is not dishonorable, and his word will more than balance Mr. A. H. Stephens's, who is said to advise quiescence. The Richmond *Times* thinks apathy is folly, though it probably agrees with the Charlottesville *Chronicle*, which sums up the provisions of the bill, and for editorial comment has the two words, "Pretty tight." The Richmond *Dispatch* is an advocate of action. General Longstreet, in the New Orleans *Times*, tells his fellow-citizens they must recollect that they are a conquered people. He thinks the will of the conqueror as expressed in the bill under consideration must be obeyed. The New Orleans *Picayune* wants immediate reconstruction. The Galveston *News* urges the Texans to bring all possible influence to bear upon the negro to make him friendly. This will not be hard to do, the Norfolk *Virginian* thinks, for "Buckskin and Cuffey are naturally allied, but Cuffey and Nutmeg are born antipodes." "We should find in him," *The Virginian* says, "our natural friend and ally"—the reason given being that the negro knows the true gentleman at a glance. *The Index*, of Petersburg, Virginia, urges the education of the freedmen, and Mr. Wade Hampton and other gentlemen of South Carolina give plain indications of an intention to utilize their colored brother in the political field. The results of the change in Southern tactics will certainly be of advantage to the colored men. As to the question whether or not the newly enfranchised freedmen will be of advantage to the Republican or to the other party, that is a question which cannot be answered beforehand with any certainty. We expect the colored vote to go very often with the Southern candidate in local and Congressional elections, and we do not doubt that it can, with very little difficulty, be had for the Republican Presidential candidate. It can in the next election, at any rate, and the reason why is too plain to need stating.

DR. EDWIN M. SNOW, State Superintendent of the Census in Rhode Island, in his annual report has a word to say in regard to the diminution of the native American part of the New England population. The native American population in that section of the country is not, he says, a normal population; that is, it does not contain, in the natural proportions, persons of youthful, mature, and old age. It has an overplus of aged persons; for the young emigrate and rear children in the West. In 1860 there were not less than 560,336 New Englanders living in other States, and the increase of these New Englanders from 1850 to 1860 was equal to an emigration of 10,645 annually. The emigrants, whose children are thus lost to New England censuses, are mainly young people, or people in the prime of life; it is the aged and the quite young who are left behind in the New England country towns. But the foreign population living in New England has an unnaturally large proportion of persons of that age to which we look for the increase of population, and an unnaturally small number of aged people. The foreign population of Providence, for example, contains but 3.61 per cent. of the age of 60; the American population contains 7.53 per cent. who had reached or passed the end of their sixtieth year. Providence is a manufacturing city, and Dr. Snow would have done well had he given us the statistics of some of the country towns where the young men and women are not gathered together in shops and factories. As he says, in these small towns, "the true home and origin of the native American population of New England, the proportion of aged persons is very much greater, and that of young persons is very much smaller, than in the cities." Thus in Exeter but 1.47 in 100 persons are of foreign parentage; in Providence, 43.76 in every 100 are born of foreign parents. Thus it is possible, without resorting to the hypothesis of the physical degeneration of New England women, we may account for the fact that the American population in that particular quarter of the country is increasing with less rapidity than the foreigners living there.

THE foreign news of the week as received by telegraph is meagre and unimportant. There are rumors of Cretan successes in Crete, and the Turkish question is evidently every day assuming proportions more and more formidable. The debate on the new Reform bill has begun in the House of Commons, but its defeat on the second reading seems certain.

THE FREEDMEN.

ANOTHER of those cases in which it is sought to retreat from a bad investment in slave property by means of the Emancipation Proclamation has come up in Georgia. In 1857, as we find the facts reported, Tumor bought of Tucker, in South Carolina, slaves to the amount of fifty thousand dollars, giving in security for the payment a mortgage on them and on lands in Georgia. Tumor remained in possession of the slaves until the emancipation, without having paid for them. After their freedom Tumor refused to make payment, on the ground that Tucker, having a mortgage on them, was still the owner, notwithstanding Tumor's possession up to the time of their emancipation. On this issue suit was instituted, and a verdict for the plaintiff was rendered by a special jury.

—The Maryland and Delaware Legislatures have both adjourned. The former failed to pass the bill admitting the testimony of blacks in the courts of the State on an equal footing with that of the whites. The latter equalized by law the punishment of offences, without regard to the color of the criminal.

—The Pennsylvania Legislature and Gov. Geary together have made it law that within the four corners of that State the public carriers must know no distinction of color in receiving passengers. The juster sense of the people has thus robbed Philadelphia of the honor of putting away the last custom which allied her with the South "as it was," and made her really a Southern city—a city of caste in a Republican State and nation. The new statute was not needed, inasmuch as the spirit and the precedents of the law were ample and in fact unanimous for the protection of colored people in their right of conveyance; but the bench has shown itself too timid and time-serving, desirous rather to avoid the issue than to court it and settle it on legal as well as Christian grounds, and the Legislature has therefore done good service to the present generation by a positive enactment which removes all doubt and every pretext for perpetuating a cruel abuse. There still remains, however, an opportunity for deciding what the law was before the passage of this bill. A case is now pending before the Supreme Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania, in which the Philadelphia and Westchester Railroad Company are plaintiffs in error *vs.* Mary E. Miles, defendant. The latter is "a well-bred, intelligent, and respectable colored woman, holding the responsible position under the Government of teacher of the National School for Orphans of Colored Soldiers—unobjectionable in person, dress, and demeanor," who, having declined to remove to a seat provided for colored people exclusively, was ejected from the cars without excessive force, but to her great discomfort and disappointment. Bringing a suit for trespass in the Court of Common Pleas of Philadelphia County, she obtained a verdict and an award of $5 damages—too little for her proper satisfaction or for the punishment of the company, but too much to allow them to acknowledge the defeat of prejudice and rescind their proscriptive regulations. The following extracts from the paper book of the plaintiff in error deserve to go upon record:

> "The result of supporting the views of the court below will be that negroes will be authorized by law to insist upon having rooms in hotels, seats at public tables, boxes at the theatres, pews in churches, and lots in cemeteries.
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> "The sanction of decision will be given not merely to equality, but to compulsory social amalgamation.
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> "For so many years that we cannot remember to the contrary, negroes have been excluded in this city from omnibuses and cars. There was a time when one of them would scarcely have thought of bringing his case before this court. A few years ago, however, one of them was induced to assert his right in the district court, and it was held that he might be excluded.
>
> "Is a company, desirous of carrying all, whose interest it is to be liberal, but which is permitted to consult its own interest as well as the comfort of the passengers, to have its discretion in judging when society is ripe for amalgamation, reconsidered and passed upon by courts of justice?"

One of the counsel for the defendant writes us:

> "An exhaustive research showed us no decision of any superior or supreme court of any State of the question involved in Miles *vs.* The Railroad. Neither could we find in the Common Law reports or elsewhere any decision of the exact principle here involved, either in the cases of Jews, serfs, or villains, under the Common Law, oppressed religious sects, or other hated and abused persons. Either these classes (or some of them) feared to sue, or if they sued, it was with the same result that would have attended the suit of a slave against his master for wages."

The illness of Judge Reed prevents a decision being made before January next. By that time Philadelphians will have forgotten the state of things which has given rise to such a suit.

Notes.

LITERARY.

It will soon be a distinction not to own Dickens's works. We are to have yet another very cheap edition. In a few days Messrs. Hurd & Houghton will issue the first volume of what is to be called the "Globe edition." It will consist of thirteen volumes, and the price of each volume will be a dollar and a half. The public already knows the Hurd & Houghton edition in fifty-three volumes, containing forty-one illustrations from designs by F. O. C. Darley, and twelve from designs by John Gilbert. All these illustrations are to be given in the Globe edition; fine paper is promised, and the type will be large, speaking comparatively, for the size of the volumes is to be 16mo, as in the costlier edition above mentioned. "Nicholas Nickleby" will be first to put on the new dress. The first volume of the "Riverside Dickens" will also soon be published. This is the edition that is to contain all the illustrations (except those from Mr. Eytinge's designs) that have ever appeared in England or America. That is, each novel, in addition to its English pictures, will have the pictures done by Messrs. Darley and Gilbert for the fifty-three volume American edition. In one respect, however, there will be a very great, and we suppose an expensive, improvement on the later English editions: the illustrations will not be printed from worn-out plates, but from plates expressly prepared for this edition. In the new "Oliver Twist," which we have seen, Cruikshank appears to far greater advantage than in the Chapman & Hall "Oliver Twist."

—It is not surprising that many charges of misrepresentation come from various quarters against Mr. Hepworth Dixon and his last book. There are numerous reasons for believing that the author of "New America" had made his theories of American life before making his first observations of it. The Oneida community has honored the author who, alone of authors, has honored it, by devoting its evenings to the reading of his book, and Mr. J. H. Noyes, who is the head and front of that "Bible family," republishes in *The Circular* the chapters that relate to him and his society, correcting, in foot-notes or long articles, the more important errors, but occasionally abandoning the attempt when Mr. Dixon blunders too hopelessly. The community appears, however, to be in the best of humors. But quite other is the mood of a respected correspondent of ours, who holds a high judicial office in Colorado, and writes us from Denver as follows:

> "In his effort to make a readable book, Mr. Dixon has armed with bowie-knives and pistols the people who reside in the State of Kansas and the Territory of Colorado; has clothed them in grotesque, outlandish costume, and given them semi-barbarous manners; of all which I complain. I trust that no one will be deterred from visiting Atchison, Kansas, through fear of meeting at the breakfast table 'a jolly set of dogs, each dog with a bowie-knife in his pocket, a six-shooter in his belt,' as narrated on p. 14. I am persuaded that those 'dogs' visit the breakfast table only when men of Mr. Dixon's imaginative faculties are present; for I have been at Atchison several times myself, and I have not seen them at the breakfast table or elsewhere."

Our correspondent agrees with Mr. Bowles—we presume it is Mr. Bowles who, in *The Springfield Republican*, showed up some of Mr. Dixon's mistakes—in casting much doubt on Mr. Dixon's narrative of the perils he encountered on the plains, and speaks still more disrespectfully of the tale of terror (p. 55) about a certain Jack Dunkier whom Mr. Dixon depicts riding into Denver with the leg of an Indian warrior slung to his saddle—a leg which he had cut from the trunk; having previously, by the way, stripped off the scalps of five Sioux braves—and on which he had been feeding for five days:

> "During a residence in Denver of more than six years," says our correspondent, "I have not heard of Mr. Dixon's valiant cannibal, and I venture the assertion that no credible citizen of Denver will affirm that any one ever appeared in the streets of that town with the leg of an Indian warrior slung to his saddle. The people of Denver would be quite as much astonished at such a spectacle as they are to learn from Mr. Dixon's book that they have seen and applauded the barbarism. Of the same kind is the story of the return of the Sand Creek volunteer with a woman's heart on the end of a pole—so shamelessly false that it is very surprising that Mr. Dixon could adopt it."

The citizens of Denver and of Colorado generally are traduced, this writer says, when they are spoken of as gamblers, drunkards, brothel keepers and brothel-haunters, bloodthirsty scoundrels, contemners of matrimonial obligations. Violence and bloodshed and lynch law are not the rule in Colorado; they are the exception, and the people of that Territory profess to be and are "a civilized people, with the habits and customs of civilized people." Finally, as to the supposed origin of these errors, our correspondent appears to entertain but a low opinion of the particular "Norse god" who made the deepest impression on Mr. Dixon. If, he says, that gentleman wanted a hero,

> "He ought to have selected some one of better reputation for truth and sobriety than Robert S. Wilson. Perhaps the presence of this hero will account for some of the Munchausen stories in this book. 'New America,' however, has reached its fourth edition, a fact which may, perhaps, console him (Mr. Dixon) for having made a good many misstatements."

—On the 18th of February the President approved an act amendatory of the copyright laws, by which it is provided that every proprietor of a publication, book, pamphlet, map, chart, musical composition, print, engraving, or photograph, shall deliver a copy of it to the librarian of Congress, and for each failure to do so shall forfeit the sum of twenty-five dollars, to be collected at the suit of the librarian. All such matter may be sent through the mails free if the words "copyright matter" be written or printed on the outside of the package, and all postmasters are required to receipt for such packages and see that they are forwarded without charge.

—"A Comprehensive Dictionary of the Bible" is announced by Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. It is based upon the very well known Bible Dictionary of Dr. Smith, a work which only a scholar can use to advantage, and which not every scholar can afford to buy. The new work will be this dictionary of Dr. Smith and his coadjutors popularized to a certain extent, improved, doubtless, in some particulars, diminished in size from three volumes of more than three thousand to one volume of about one thousand pages, and, finally, made very much cheaper. Its price, in semi-monthly numbers at thirty cents a number, will be not far from seven dollars. Prepared as Dr. Smith's dictionary was, by many different writers who held differing views on many points of doctrine and of biblical criticism and over whom editorial control was not exercised with any strictness, of course contradiction and discordance between articles are not infrequent. In "The Comprehensive Dictionary" all this is, so far as possible, changed. The editor, the Rev. S. W. Barnum, who was Prof. Goodrich's principal assistant in the revision of "Webster's Dictionary," says that he has "unhesitatingly omitted expressions and sentiments which are hostile to the views or needlessly offensive to the feelings of most evangelical Christians."

—No attempt will be made at giving Dr. Smith's famous work any particular theological color in the new edition of it which Messrs. Hurd & Houghton have in preparation. Prof. H. B. Hackett is the American editor and is assisted by Mr. Ezra Abbot, the assistant librarian at Harvard. The dictionary will be offered to the public not only unabbreviated but enlarged as well as corrected; and the list of writers whose services have been secured by the publishers embraces names of men of various views. Dr. A. P. Peabody, Prof. E. A. Park, of Madison, Prof. W. G. T. Shedd, Prof. Hovey, Dr. Schaff, Prof. Fisher, and President Woolsey are among the gentlemen who will contribute. The dictionary is to be issued in monthly numbers, of which there will be thirty, more or less, each containing one hundred and twelve pages, and each worth seventy-five cents.

—It is in America that spiritism or spiritualism has had its greatest success, and a "History of Spiritualism in America," as it must recount the rise of that faith, so it ought to lay before us the whole nature of it and enable us to estimate exactly its meaning and value. Whether or not it is likely that this can be done to acceptance by any of the devotees themselves, it is not doubtful that it will not be well done by the somewhat famous "medium" Emma Hardinge, whose literary performance when she is "under the influence" is prophetic of sad work from her when not inspired. She is said to be preparing a history of the Rochester religion in two volumes.

—Messrs. Charles Scribner & Co. have published a new and greatly revised edition of Prof. Perry's "Elements of Political Economy." The book has been carefully worked over in every part, and many alterations and additions have been made, and several new discussions have been introduced. The work is written with great clearness of style and of development of the subject. The chapter on value, which is modelled on Bastiat, those on money and on foreign trade are especially noticeable, while those on currency in the United States and American tariffs are new and interesting. We know of no book more suitable for schools and colleges, not even excepting Fawcett's manual.

—Mr. John Pennington, of Philadelphia, who died on the 18th inst., was the last, if not the only, American bookseller who represented the old traditional booksellers. A scholar of fine parts, thorough in his knowledge of bookselling, with judgment and skill, a bibliographer in its broadest and best sense, he was an honor to the craft, and he took pride in it. He was a man of fine taste, of large reading, and of exhaustless service to all who were curious in scholarship or earnest in the study of letters. Descended from one of the old, respected, and wealthy Quaker families of Philadelphia, it was accident that made him a bookseller. His father's large fortune was suddenly lost. During his youth Mr. John Pennington had gathered a valuable collection of books, and had frequently contributed to the literary proceedings of the various learned societies of his native town. Not caring for general mercantile pursuits, and suddenly thrown on his own resources, he quietly turned his library into his stock in trade, and with it opened one of the best bookstores of the country. Proud of his books, and contented with his shop and the fair profit which it brought him, he never allowed himself to be tempted from his chosen pursuit. His shop became the gathering place of scholars and men with a taste for letters, and one generation after another grew up almost under his eyes in the various branches of literature which he supplied. His business did not stop with supplying books to his customers; they were all his friends; they knew that to him they could turn for help in everything that related to books, and that his knowledge was only surpassed by his readiness to impart it; and his help was never refused to the earnest seeker after knowledge, no matter how small his requirements of Mr. Pennington's services as a bookseller. Book-selling with him was not so much a trade as an art; books with him were valuable for their real, substantial merit; the book-buyer was precious in his eyes who knew what he wanted and why he wanted it. He never got rid of his old love of books for their own sake, and that love was too well founded in a knowledge of books ever to be lost in a poor ambition to become a great bookseller—a mere trader in so many thousand volumes of which he knew nothing and thought less. One of the matters of his trade in which he took pride was the fact that his list of subscribers to the new edition of Brunet was the largest outside of Paris, and thus he brought together the oldest bibliographer of the Old World and the youngest student in the New. With Brunet and with Bossange, as with all the other leading booksellers in Europe, his relations were intimate, and ripened always into fast friendships, each man finding in the other much to like and to respect. The sound judgment which characterized him in his private business was not lost in other things; and in political and public matters his advice was always safe. He was frequently called upon to assist members of Congress in framing such parts of the successive tariffs as were within his special business knowledge, and his recommendations were never biassed by his own interests. The loss of such a man, capable in his business, proud of it, and making himself dear to his friends, is at all times a great one. Particularly is this the case now and here, when study and scholarship are taking their accustomed places, from which they had been seriously disturbed by five years of war. The trade of book-selling in his hands was elevated to the dignity that it really acquires in the hands of competent men. Such men are rare everywhere. Here, unfortunately, they are growing rarer every day. In growing great rapidly we are not always growing wise, and the men who mean to study and want a book-shop and a bookseller to furnish them with the tools they need, will look long and vainly for such help as they always got from John Pennington, of Philadelphia. It is beside our present purpose to speak of him except as a bookseller; but we should do wrong to forget that patriotic Philadelphia during the last five years contained no man more sincere, and few men more forward, in every good work that civil war imposed upon lovers of the country.

—The English Government has for some time been engaged in printing, under the direction of the Master of the Rolls, a series of historical works, old chronicles, state papers, and the like, which are throwing much light upon the early and mediæval history of the country. The originals are published in all cases, though the Latin spelling is often modernized and corrected to suit the notions of the Master of the Rolls, with a translation, but without notes. The last volume of the Rolls publications is one concerning the history of Ireland, the "Chronicum Scotorum," a chronicle of Irish affairs from the earliest times to A.D. 1135, and is edited, annotated—an exceptional case—and translated by William M. Hennessy. It is printed from the oldest existing manuscript of the work, evidently of the seventeenth century, now in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, which was written by Dubhaltach MacFirbisich, one of a long line of professional historians, who was assassinated in 1670. The work, though almost entirely written in Irish characters, is, singularly enough, composed partly in Latin and partly in Irish, sentences in each language lying side by side, and continually intermixed, which gives reason to suppose that it is a compilation. Its composition is, with some degree of probability, ascribed to Gillachrist Ua Masileoin, abbot of Clonmacnois, who died in 1127. The chronicle is filled with accounts of battles, murders, and deaths, the vicissitudes of the Church, and with descriptions of various prodigies and miracles. In the language there are some noticeable peculiarities in the use of Latin words. *Jugulatio* and *jugulatus est*, for instance, are apparently used by the annalist to signify death by violence of whatever nature, while *occisus* and *interfectus* mean death in battle only. The death of an ecclesiastic is always expressed by *quies*, *quievit*, *dormitatio*, *dormivit*; that of a layman by *moritur* and *mortuus*. The words *in clericatu* seem to be used in the sense of "in pilgrimage."

SCHOOLS FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB.[*]

"If you would live in peace," says the Russian proverb, "you must be deaf, dumb, and blind." It is exceedingly doubtful if even the small class referred to actually get through life without quarrels, and it is certain that merely to be deaf and dumb gives men no exemption. For proof of which we would refer to the controversy now going on in England and in New England respecting the proper mode of educating deaf-mute children. The pamphlet of which the title is given below is one of the most concise statements of one side of the question in England, but Mr. Copleston is by no means the only champion of the cause he advocates. Dr. Kitto, Dr. Townbee, Messrs. Payne, Arnold, Hawkins, Van Asch, etc., have within a few years maintained the advantage of the system of Articulation for the deaf and dumb; in former years Dr. Watson, Dr. Roget, and others did the same thing. But they all have had little to do compared with the labor undertaken by Dr. Howe and his friends in New England; for while in Great Britain the dumb have been taught to speak for more than two centuries, in this country scarcely anything has been attempted in that direction.

It is curious to notice what has led to so wide a difference between the methods of teaching deaf-mutes in England and in America. Why should we have adopted the French method rather than that praised by Dr. Johnson and practised for a century in the schools of Scotland and England? Apparently only because old Mrs. Braidwood, in 1816, would not allow a Yankee enthusiast from Connecticut to learn the art which had made her husband so famous, and because the Abbé Sicard happened then to be in London and to show Mr. Gallaudet the courtesy which his British rivals had not displayed. Thereupon the French Catholic led the Connecticut colonist back in triumph to Paris, taught him the *Théorie des Signes*, and lent him a young deaf-mute to begin his school with in Hartford.

From 1816 to 1843 Hartford and our whole country followed zealously in the steps of Sicard and Gallaudet, although Sicard had been superseded in his native land by Bébian Gabel and Ordinaire. Articulation, though favored by a few, was ignored and disowned by the directors of the American Asylum, in whose policy all the American schools substantially agreed. But the revelations made by Horace Mann concerning the German articulating schools excited a lively interest in New York and New England. Hartford, in 1844, sent a second delegate to Europe, and New York gave him a colleague who could speak French and German, thus enabling him to extend his enquiries beyond the British isles. By this mission of Messrs. Weld and Day a new impulse was given to the instruction of deaf-mutes in America, for both of them, while adhering, as in duty bound, to the system which they had learned and taught at home, still found so much to praise in the German schools that classes were at once formed at Hartford and elsewhere in imitation of the articulating classes at Paris, Bruges, and Berlin. In 1845, out of 182 pupils at Hartford, 30, or one in six, were practised in articulation; in the following year, 40 out of 192, or more than one in five. The same experiment was set on foot at our New York institution, and for a time its results were satisfactory in both schools. But habit is stronger than reason in most institutions, and the classes in articulation gradually fell into disuse at Hartford. The eye of Horace Mann ceased to rest upon these establishments; he was busy fighting the battles of liberty in Congress, or struggling in behalf of learning at the West. There was no one to take his place, and before his death teaching the dumb to speak became again a thing almost unheard of in New England. The special teacher at Hartford was dismissed, the semi-mutes were allowed to lose their power of speech, reading on the lips was wholly neglected, and, in this respect, all things went on as in the days of good old Dr. Gallaudet.

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[*] "How to Educate the Deaf and Dumb. A short exposition of the proposed plan for the establishment of Day-schools for Teaching the Deaf and Dumb to speak by means of Articulation and Lip-reading, on Mr. Mary's system. By J. Copleston." London: A. M. Pigott, 13 Paternoster Row.

Within the past five years the matter has been again agitated by a few gentlemen and ladies of Massachusetts and Rhode Island, some of them having semi-mute children to educate, and others from a philanthropic interest in the subject. Among the latter is Dr. S. G. Howe, of Boston, who, as chairman of the Massachusetts Board of Charities, has within the last year brought the question once more before the public for discussion. In the reports of that board for 1865 and 1866 a change in the Hartford system is strongly advocated, and Massachusetts is urged to undertake for herself the education of her own deaf-mutes. This suggestion, so reasonable in itself and so pleasing to the State pride of her fellow-citizens, has been brought before the Massachusetts Legislature by Governor Bullock, and a special committee of both branches has been for two months engaged in taking testimony and examining methods of instruction. On the side of home education appear all the deaf-mutes of the State, who have sent in petitions and passed resolutions in favor of the plan proposed by Dr. Howe. On the other side appear the managers of the Hartford Asylum, the whole weight of that powerful establishment being thrown against any change in existing arrangements. On the side of an extended use of the method of articulation appear, either personally or in writing, the Board of Charities, led by Dr. Howe, Mr. Thomas Talbot, Mr. Gardner Green Hubbard, Mr. George Walker, Mrs. Horace Mann, Mrs. Lamson, the teacher of Laura Bridgeman and Oliver Caswell, Professor Diman, of Providence, and several ladies whose children have been instructed in this method. On the other side, again, appear the managers of the Hartford Asylum.

A prominent figure in these discussions is a young lady, hitherto unknown to the world, Miss Rogers, of Chelmsford. This lady, whose sister was one of the teachers of Laura Bridgeman, has opened a small articulating school for young deaf-mutes, near the city of Lowell. We believe the present number of her pupils is seven—the same number with which the Hartford Asylum opened a half-century ago. Miss Rogers, without any previous knowledge of deaf-mute instruction, has been so successful in teaching her pupils, especially to read the lips—to "heare with the eie," as Sir Kenelm Digby said—that she has received great praise from persons qualified to pronounce upon the subject.

Some account of her school is given in the third annual report of the Board of Charities (pp. 173–5). A jocose and not very exact description has appeared in the Boston *Advertiser* ; but the fullest statement yet made public concerning it may be found in a paper lately read before the Social Science Association in Boston. It is an interesting topic, about which we may expect to hear more as Miss Rogers goes on in her work. At present hers is the only school in the United States, we believe, where articulation and lip-reading are taught to the so-called deaf and dumb.

We are not disposed to engage in the pending controversy, so far as there is one; but we conceive it to be for the good of the unfortunate class of deaf-mutes that another school for their instruction has been opened in Massachusetts. The well-known eminence of that State in all matters of education and philanthropy gives every reason to believe that such a school will be well sustained and of good result. If it can do anything to promote the early instruction of deaf children—a matter which the late Canon Corton, of Bruges, had deeply at heart, and which Professors Day and Bartlett have so warmly advocated in this country—a real benefit will be conferred upon the community. We regard this early instruction as of more consequence than any choice of method, however important that may be.

PRESIDENT REED.[*]

Mr. William B. Reed has taken up arms once more in defence of his grandfather. The ninth volume of Mr. Bancroft's history is the *casus belli*, and Mr. Reed, in repelling the attack made in it on his ancestor, takes occasion to reply to the earlier onslaughts made on President Reed by the Cadwallader pamphlets in their various reissues. Mr. Reed is a capital scholar; his English is pure and good, his knowledge of Revolutionary history thorough and exhaustive, and his mastery of all the weapons of political and literary warfare very complete. Yet, with all these qualities, we doubt if his last pamphlet will add much to his reputation or save that of the fond object of his earlier and later labors. His angry indignation at the vamping of old calumnies is hearty enough to commend itself to the honest sympathy of all who may read his book. Still it is far from satisfying u that the question of President Reed's patriotism is for ever settled. Undoubtedly Mr. Bancroft laid about him with a double-edged sword, and undertook to slaughter reputations which had become almost sacred. The descendant of General Greene has met these attacks successfully. Curiously enough, General Greene is Mr. Reed's best witness, and his endorsement of President Reed is full, frank, and to the purpose. Of the other witnesses, old and new, little can be gleaned that is satisfactory. Mr. Reed has reprinted the famous letter of General Washington—that last letter from General Washington to President Reed—the letter which closed finally the correspondence between the two men who had at one time stood in such close intimacy. It is a letter which does not satisfy any one who has not already made up his mind as to President Reed's guilt or innocence of the charge so hotly pressed against him. It is cold, formal, and reserved. It says emphatically that at the time when President Reed is reported to have been dealing with treason Washington did not suspect him of it. It does not say that when the letter was written (in 1780) General Washington was still of the same mind. No later letter is extant from Washington to Reed, and the conclusion is almost irresistible that, whatever may have been Reed's reason, whether it was his own proud sense of innocence or his feeling that he had for ever silenced the calumny, President Reed never again was able to produce any testimony from General Washington to exculpate him from the charges made against him. Of Mr. Reed's modern witnesses little can be said; they are of his school of the politics of the day; it is rather bold on Mr. Reed's part, in this discussion of a charge of treason in the times of the Revolution, to cite even in foot-notes such a man as James W. Wall, who has retired into the obscurity which covers the "Copperheads" even in New Jersey; another of his friends is Mr. George H. Moore, of the New York Historical Society, who, whatever his earlier merits, seems to have found a new vocation in abuse of New England and of New England men, because they are from New England.

Mr. Reed's violent diatribes against the "Donop Diary" and the use which Mr. Bancroft has made of it do not seem to be altogether natural; certain it is that the extracts which he prints and comments on do suggest this curious fact, that the enemy, with whose officers General Reed is charged with dealing, had a contemporaneous rumor of the fact, for the diary records the report as one that was brought to their hearing just at the time when it was alleged long afterwards that the transactions in question had taken place. The printing of the Cadwallader pamphlets and the quarrels out of which they grew did not take place until long after the date of the record in the "Donop Diary." This in itself is curious and significant, without, however, being decisive in any way, and while Mr. Bancroft has properly not commented on it, Mr. Reed, with all his protestations of anxiety to meet all the charges made against his ancestor, does not mention nor dispose of it. If he has a theory of his own on the subject, it would have been well for him to have added it to the other hypothetical statements with which he has met Mr. Bancroft's direct renewal of the charge. It is perhaps a matter of regret that Mr Reed's varied and thorough knowledge of historical literature had not taken some other direction than that of ancestral biography. His "Life of President Reed" is in many respects an admirable contribution to the biographical history of the Revolution, his "Letters of Esther de Berdt" a very graceful addition to the little that we possess on the domestic life of leading Revolutionary families. That he should feel deeply the renewal of the attacks on his ancestor is perhaps a sign of repentance and a retraction of the somewhat startling manner in which he claimed the martyr's crown for his own part in our late struggle. The insult which he did to literature both here and in England by his little memoir of Mr. Thackeray is not likely to be soon or easily forgotten by any one whose misfortune it was to see it. With graceful, honeyed accents he told the story of Mr. Thackeray's visit to this country, and ingeniously contrived to say or to make Mr. Thackeray say slighting things of every man and of many women who had shown hospitality to him, and who had taken a part in the rebellion other than Mr. Reed's. Then he endeavored to fasten on Mr. Thackeray, dead and sincerely mourned by all who had ever known him, a participation and a sympathy in the rebellion as marked and as wholesale as Mr. Reed's. If the man who could do that can now feel pain and bitterness at a charge nearly a century old made against his ancestor, it is, we trust, a sign that he intends, before he leaves the world, to put on record something that may palliate the part which he took in embittering the sectional strife that produced the war of the rebellion and has not ended with it.

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[*] "President Reed, of Pennsylvania: A Reply to Mr. George Bancroft and Others." Philadelphia: Howard Challen; John Campbell. 1867. Pp. 132.

ARNOLD'S LINCOLN AND SLAVERY.*

In some respects this biography would appear more worthy to be read and preserved than any on the same subject which has preceded it. Just as every historian of the rebellion has felt it necessary to go back to the formation of the Union to discover causes adequate to so grand an effect, so Mr. Arnold has wisely sketched the progress of the slaveholding interest, from the time when it first established itself in the very framework of our government, in order to set forth fairly the task of destroying it, and the character of the man who accepted and achieved this task. The author had a twenty years' acquaintance with Mr. Lincoln, and with his approval, and during his lifetime, began the volume which lies before us. His own part in the overthrow of slavery had been neither slight nor unconspicuous. In 1862 he procured the passage of an act "to render freedom national and slavery sectional," by prohibiting slavery in all the actual and contingent Territories of the United States.

Unavoidably much of the present work is to be found in those of Messrs. Raymond, Barrett, and Holland. The thrice-told events of the war must likewise be told again. But in the quotation of speeches and public documents Mr. Arnold has shown much discretion and a certain originality of selection that makes this book a positive addition to the biographies just alluded to. The Congressional debates are reported with considerable fulness and will not be found redundant even by those who have the good fortune to own Mr. Wilson's "Anti-Slavery Measures in Congress." Mr. Lincoln's professional and political career has been nowhere so well described as here. It is interesting to learn that in 1841 he wielded the Ordinance of 1787 in defence of a slave girl who had been sold in Illinois, and thus redeemed her from bondage and put an end for ever to the traffic in human beings upon the soil of his adopted State. His efforts in 1849 to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia are well remembered. But it is not so well known that in the State convention to choose delegates to the Philadelphia Convention in 1856 he furnished the simple and solid platform which was adopted—the Declaration of Independence, and hostility to the extension of slavery; and that at Philadelphia, on the informal ballot, he received 110 votes for Vice-President. Indeed, it was the ignorance or forgetfulness of these facts that made the nomination of Mr. Lincoln at Chicago a very general surprise and disappointment at the East; for though Mr. Arnold omits to record it, Mr. Seward was the candidate of New England, in spite of his gratuitous condemnation of the John Brown affair, and Mr. Greeley's judgment in politics was not then (nor has it since been) so trusted that his decisive opposition to Seward was pardoned in an instant.

We cannot forbear to quote some of Mr. Lincoln's detached sayings which we meet here for the first time, and which illustrate anew his humor and his wisdom. In 1843 he was appointed by the friends of the late Col. E. D. Baker to attend a convention at which he had hoped to be nominated for Congress, with instructions to vote for his rival. He said, "In trying to get the nomination for Baker I shall be 'fixed' a good deal like the fellow who is made groomsman to the man who has 'cut him out,' and is marrying his own gal!" In a speech delivered in July, 1848, replying to the charge that the Whigs were taking shelter under Gen. Taylor's coat-tail, and had turned Henry Clay out like an old horse to rot, he amusingly said:

> "Old horses and military coat-tails, or tails of any sort, are not figures of speech such as I would be the first to introduce here; but as the gentleman from Georgia has thought fit to introduce them, he and you are welcome to all you have made, or can make, by them. If you have any more old horses, trot them out; any more tails, just cock them, and come at us."

And, further on, of General Cass:

> "He was volunteer aid to General Harrison on the day of the battle of the Thames; and, as you said in 1840 Harrison was picking whortleberries two miles off while the battle was fought, I suppose it is a just conclusion, with you, to say Cass was aiding Harrison to pick whortleberries. This is about all, except the mooted question of the broken sword. Some authors say he broke it; some say he threw it away; and some others, who ought to know, say nothing about it. Perhaps it would be a fair historical compromise to say, if he did not break it, he did not do anything else with it."

Concerning the dissensions of the Democrats:

> "I have heard some things from New York, and if they are true, we might well say of your party there as a drunken fellow once said when he heard the reading of an indictment for hog-stealing. The clerk read on till he got to and through the words 'did steal, take, and carry away, ten boars, ten sows, ten shoats, and ten pigs,' at which he exclaimed: 'Well, by golly, that is the most equally divided gang of hogs I ever did hear of.'"

Was there ever a more perfect definition than this of "squatter sovereignty"? "If any *one* man choose to enslave *another*, no *third* man shall be allowed to object."

Finally, here is an interesting reminiscence:

> "I remind him [Douglas] of another piece of history on the question of respect for judicial decisions, and it is a piece of Illinois history, belonging to a time when the large party to which Judge Douglas belonged were displeased with a decision of the Supreme Court of Illinois, because they had decided that a governor could not remove a secretary of state. You will find the whole history in Ford's 'History of Illinois,' and I know that Judge Douglas will not deny that he was then in favor of overslaughing that decision by the mode of adding five new judges, so as to vote down the four old ones. Not only so, but it ended in the *judge's sitting down on that very bench as one of the five new judges to break down the four old ones.* It was in this way precisely that he got his title of judge."

Mr. Arnold, we may remark, is far more lenient to Mr. Douglas than another generation will be; his vulgarity and intemperance are all overlooked. And even polygamous, "miscegenate" Sam Houston is commended for his "deference and gentleness" to the fair sex. Mr. Lincoln himself he treats throughout as a lover and panegyrist, thereby manifestly doing him injustice, since the steady growth of the President in breadth of view and dignity of moral purpose is only to be concealed by those who judge of character by results and not by processes. It is not, for instance, difficult to prove, as Mr. Arnold does, in a valuable chapter, that Mr. Lincoln bequeathed an honorable and sagacious opinion of the true conditions of reconstruction; but this will appear much more creditable if we remember that he had previously made the fatal mistake (which Mr. Johnson eagerly adopted for the corner-stone of his bastard policy) of attempting to set up Louisiana and South Carolina on an exclusively white basis, and that narrowed still further by the local laws in force before the war and now revived by the President.

Mr. Arnold's last chapter is devoted to the constitutional history of the war. To make this review was a happy thought, but to make it thorough and authoritative required far more space than he could allow it. He has marked out the ground for some perhaps more competent publicist, who will acknowledge indebtedness to him for the suggestion.

GAYARRÉ'S PHILIP II.*

The "Introductory Letter by George Bancroft," which is prefixed to this volume, is rather singular in some respects. Mr. Bancroft says that "the development of the national mind would be imperfect if each part of the country did not contribute its stream to the great river of public opinion." And he thinks Rives's "Life of Madison" "the most valuable contribution of the last winter (1865-6) to the history of the American Constitution and Union." But Mr. Rives's analogies, Mr. Bancroft thinks, as "drawn from the Greek republics and applied to ours, are founded upon erroneous notions." One of Mr. Bancroft's friends, "on finishing the volume (Rives's 'Life of Madison'), said that it had to him all the interest of a novel." Mr. Bancroft thinks the "History of Louisiana under the French, Spanish, and American Domination," written by Mr. Gayarrê, "the fruit of thorough research," and that it "takes a very high rank among the best histories of the several States." But about the book under consideration, Gayarré's "Philip II.," for which the letter was prepared, he says very little, and that little he says very guardedly. It is written with care and vivacity, he says, and the mind of the author when he wrote it rose superior to the influences of superstition. And Mr. Gayarré, Mr. Bancroft says, has a quick eye for the picturesque and a rapid movement in his narrative, and discerns and portrays the social and political tendencies of the reign which he describes. All which would be high praise if justly accorded to some monkish chronicler of the dark ages; but seems to want something when one looks for the characteristics of a writer who follows Robertson, to say nothing of Prescott and Motley.

The book is a historico-biographical review article, in the manner of Macaulay's, expanded into a volume. It begins with Philip on his deathbed suffering with fortitude and in undisturbed peace of mind the pangs of a combination of diseases at once excruciating and loathsome. The king seemed to enjoy a conscience void of offence, to wait for death as a man might who had deserved well of his fellow-creatures; to all appearance died without a thought of remorse and in the confidence of salvation. This, Mr. Gayarré thinks, constitutes the man a psychological curiosity, and the work before us is his contribution towards an elucidation of the mystery. So we are told how fanatical a Roman Catholic Philip was, that he, no doubt, believed the cause of the Church was to be advanced by all means, and that deeds of blood or treachery committed in her interest were in no respect crimes, but were acts not only justifiable, but praiseworthy. We are told, also, that Philip was a firm believer in the doctrine of the divine right of kings to govern; that the monarch was God's temporal, as the Holy Father was God's spiritual, vicegerent on earth; that he who attempted to restrain the monarch's power committed sacrilege as well as treason. Which of these two ideas exerted the predominating influence on Philip's habitual way of thinking and acting, Mr. Gayarré thinks is questionable. He inclines to the supposition that, in Philip's conception of the relation between royalty and the Catholic faith, they were as twin sisters bound together by mysterious ligaments, which could not be severed without fatal results to both. To prove this view of Philip the true one, and to illustrate the traits of his remarkable character—his taciturnity, his immobility, his patience, his cruelty, his tortuous, intriguing caution, his habit of procrastination, his indefatigable industry, his way of puttering and meddling in the smallest concerns of the state and of individuals—Mr. Gayarré wanders discursively, backwards and forwards, without regard to chronology, over the whole period of Philip's reign. But he relates his corroborative evidence with a fulness that distracts the reader's attention from the point which the evidence was meant to prove, and the result is that the book produces a very confused impression. A history of Philip's reign it was not the author's plan to give, and he does not attempt to give it; so we have a history which the author's intention of making an essay has spoiled, and an essay which is spoiled by the intrusion of too much history. It is a history of Philip II. in which the rebellion in the Netherlands is barely mentioned, the war against England is barely mentioned, the death of Don Carlos, the life and death of Don John of Austria, are barely mentioned; it is an essay on Philip II., in which a thousand trifles are told and in which Philip cannot be plainly seen. So the book succeeds in being unsatisfactory both for what it tells and for what it does not tell.

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* "The History of Abraham Lincoln and the Overthrow of Slavery. By Isaac N. Arnold, late Member of Congress from Illinois." Clarke & Co., Chicago; Jos. Wilson, Jr., New York.

* "Philip II. of Spain. By Charles Gayarré. With an Introductory Letter by George Bancroft." New York: W. J. Widdleton. 8vo, pp. 366.

As for how it tells it, the reader may partly judge by a sentence or two which we quote. This is written of the trial of Antonio Perez:

> "Be it as it may, as soon as the king arrived in Aragon another change took place in this extraordinary trial, which seemed to be constantly assuming different hues like the dying dolphin."

With equal vivacity he describes the ill effects of the interference of the extraordinary councils with the ordinary administration of justice:

> "The Cortes complained that it produced confusion and many difficulties which greatly retarded and perplexed the transaction of public business. Their complaint was certainly well founded. The curriculum of the state was already but too notoriously known as a slow coach. It was intolerable to have poles thrust athwart its wheels further to impede their sluggish rotation."

This is Spain under Charles V.:

> "If Spain was not Pallas, springing from the disrupted brow of Jupiter, and received by Olympus and admiring nations as the acknowledged goddess of wisdom in the panoply of war, she certainly was the heroine of Christianity, wielding in her robust faith the lance of Ithuriel, sallying in the romantic spirit of true chivalry in quest of adventures for the honor of the mother of God, wearing her colors as those of the proclaimed lady of her love and allegiance, and believing, like the Hebrews, in the special and constant interposition of Heaven. Such was the appearance which she presented externally, and well might Europe be struck with admiration and fear. It was no mean champion who had entered the arena, and flung down his gauntlet in the contest of national ambition and supremacy."

The style, we are bound to say, is considerably inferior to that in which Mr. Gayarré's "History of Louisiana" is written, and that work is, as Mr. Bancroft says, a work of care and research. Whoever should estimate Mr. Gayarré's abilities and services by this quite worthless book would make a mistake.

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Paris; including Routes from the Sea Harbors of Northern France to Paris, the Rhine and Switzerland to Paris, the Rhine and Switzerland. Handbook for Travellers. By K. Baedeker. (L. W. Schmidt, New York.)—For all who do not care for elaborate description, doubtful criticism, and a profusion of historical reminiscences, such as Murray's books afford, there are no guide-books like Baedeker's. They are of convenient size, contain everything that the ordinary traveller wants to know, told accurately, sensibly, and succinctly. Their list of hotels and restaurants is generally trustworthy, and may be consulted with confidence by persons to whom expense is of some consequence. The hand-book of Paris before us is excellent in every way, and gives, besides a sufficiently minute description of the city, the two ordinary routes by which Americans usually enter and leave Paris. As there is no American hand-book which is worth carrying, travellers cannot do better than start with this one.

Wiley & Son publish a large map of Paris for the use of visitors to the great Exhibition which, as far as we have been able to test it, seems accurate enough; but, not being mounted on linen, is for a traveller almost worthless. Booksellers ought to remember that there is no use in offering a folded paper map of a city to a tourist.

Wisconsin in the War of the Rebellion. By Wm. De Loss Love. (Chicago: Church & Goodman. 1866. 1 vol. 8vo, pp. 1,144.)—The thick volume of Mr. Love not only presents a history of the honorable part which Wisconsin bore in the suppression of the rebellion, but also begins with a succinct sketch of the settlement and growth of that young and vigorous State from the time when it was first explored by the French missionary Nicolêt in 1639. This is followed by a brief account of the origin and spread of slavery, the enactment of the Fugitive Slave Law, which Wisconsin was one of the first States to pronounce unconstitutional, and the series of events which led to the bombardment of Fort Sumter and the great uprising of the North. In the war which ensued Wisconsin has a long and bright "roll of honor." With a population of 868,937, she sent to the field fifty-three regiments of infantry, four regiments of cavalry, and fourteen batteries of light or heavy artillery. Nearly 11,000 of her citizen soldiers were killed in action or died in service.

In this, as in every record of the war, there is one sickening chapter entitled "Rebel Prisons." But we need not recount the horrors which such names as Belle Isle, Salisbury, and Andersonville suggest to every mind. From these pens of misery, in which cruelty revealed its most revolting features, the reader will gladly turn to the labors of the Sanitary Commission, and follow the bright feet of Christian charity over battle-fields and through hospitals and soldiers' homes. Never before in the history of the world did the sweet and generous fruits of culture and civilization grow so close to the wastes and jungles of barbarism.

Mr. Love's volume contains twenty-six steel-plate portraits, most of which (especially those by Ritchie or Buttre) are well executed; in several instances, however, the Western Engraving Company, Chicago, has failed to give the life-like expression, although, in the case of persons deceased, this may have been the fault of the photograph.

The Rev. Mr. Sourball's European Tour; or, The Recreations of a City Parson. By Horace Cope. (Philadelphia: Duffield Ashmead. 1867.)—A score or more of small quarto sketches, that may claim at least the merit of originality, of the moving incidents of a city parson's visit to Europe. Not a few churches and not a few congregations will find a personal interest in seeing the clever, not ill-natured, not very powerful fun that is roughly pen-and-inked at the growing taste of city parsons to find their only relaxation from their parochial duties in a trip across the water. Of course some too weak brethren will find something personal in the allusions and illustrations. But there is really so much to be said on their side of the question that they will hardly take this little book as a text on which to say it. The practical exclusion of our clergymen here from all positive intercourse with men and women in matters outside the church has the result of making them in many respects a sort of close corporation. This is in itself a fault; and a mild protest, such as Mr. Sourball's Tour, may cure them of the fault of being, and allowing themselves to be, set aside for weekly exhibition in the pulpit. The sooner clergymen are brought into our daily life like other professional men, the better for them and the better for the world in which they work. As Goldwin Smith remarks, even "the salt of the earth is dug out of the earth," and it may as well frankly confess the connection. Though let us not be understood as charging that the fault is wholly or chiefly the salt's.

Trials of an Inventor. Life and Discoveries of Charles Goodyear. (New York: Carlton & Porter.)—The life of Charles Goodyear was eminently one of severe trial, patience, and indomitable perseverance in the work to which he gave himself. That he had a genius for it, and the greatest enthusiasm in it, is seen at every step of his progress. His entire life seems to have been free from all that was mercenary, and to have been governed by the pure motive of making a discovery which should prove a great blessing not only in his day, but for all time. A life so single in purpose in the common routine, and among the common orders of men, has in it a vein of romance; but the obstacles he overcame, his disappointments, impoverishment, and incredible vicissitudes, invested his work with the higher qualities of heroism and great achievement. The success of the discovery and its immense benefit to his fellow-men have sealed it as a great work.

This little volume recites the simple story of his labors. In his early manhood he conceived the idea that gum-elastic could be applied to various most useful purposes in the economy of life, and that he was commissioned to work out the problem. From the humblest beginnings, through crushing poverty and privation, through obloquy, amid the keenest sufferings of a devoted family, he never lost the inspiration of his thought. With him it was truly a religious mission. And when he had finally discovered the vulcanizing process after more than six years of experiment, and a fortune was apparently within his grasp, he still put aside all ease and luxury, using the profits of his manufacture as a means of perfecting it. The process of curing the sheet of rubber entirely through, so that it would resist alike heat, cold, and the strongest acids, was discovered in 1839. Yet it required several years of experiment to be able to stop the process at the exact point of heat and time where the gum would be divested of its native adhesiveness. The difficulty will be seen from the fact that it takes a year, even at this day, for a man to learn to conduct the process with certainty. The process of making rubber cloth by mixing it with the fibre of other fabrics he regarded next in importance. This required a long series of experiments. Having secured his patent in 1844, he soon after issued what may be styled a prophetic circular, in which he enumerated the great variety of purposes in the domestic and mechanic arts, and in alleviating human suffering, to which this discovery would be applied. Like most inventors he was devoid of financial skill, and while from his achievement others reaped vast pecuniary rewards, he died leaving no legacy to his children except a pure name and the associations of a life devoted to the good of his race.

The story of his labors and trials, his imprisonment for debt both at home and in France, where, in the Great Exposition, he fitted a "vulcanite court" which, with the exhibition of his wares, cost nearly $50,000; his long-continued litigation, in which he, with those holding his licenses, paid Mr. Webster $25,000 to defend his patent against piracy; his serenity and faith amid all reverses, his Christian benevolence and happy death—all unite to make this a record of unusual interest, and one which, better than Mr. Parton's (to which this is largely indebted), is adapted to convey to the young the most important lessons in industry, enthusiasm, and goodness.

Joubert. Some of the "Thoughts" of Joseph Joubert. Translated by George H. Calvert, author of "First Years in Europe," etc. Preceded by a notice of Joubert by the translator. (Boston: William V. Spencer. 1867.)—If Mr. Calvert would confine himself to translating other men's thoughts his countrymen would no doubt appreciate his services as they cannot when these services assume the form of his own reminiscences and lucubrations. Therefore let no one be deterred from opening this casket and examining the thoughts of Joubert because the author of "First Years in Europe" hands him the key. Those who have read Matthew Arnold's essay on Joubert can well afford to skip the introductory notice with which Mr. Calvert favors us. Those who are not so fortunate will find here a few facts in the life of Joubert that will be interesting in connection with his thought, but little more. Joubert's life was singularly uneventful. An estimate of his character and genius is what the reader wants, and that Mr. Calvert does not give him save in a very general and superficial way. An intelligent reader can form a more satisfactory opinion by a perusal of the "Thoughts" than by hearing anything that the translator has to say. Joubert was a tender plant rooted in the past, and shrinking from the present. "I need to be shone on with looks of favor," he says. He had high thoughts, but they were not vitally related to the life of men about him except on the side of art. In his literary judgments he reveals his highest power. Here he is strong as well as nice, vigorous as well as fine. His political judgments stand at the opposite extreme, and are less satisfactory than any of his others. Before the awful drama of the French Revolution he stood blind and helpless. "The Revolution drove my mind from the world of reality, by making it too horrible for me." And this failure to perceive on his part was rooted in his anti-social disposition. The social aspects of human nature did not interest him. His concern was with the inner life of men, and their relations to the infinite. In the domain of the affections, and most of all in the æsthetic world, he touches bottom and is always perfectly at home. Despite his own inclinations, it is a matter of regret that he did not write more freely. There was something very morbid in his passionate desire to get a volume into a page and a page into a word. Arnold is certainly right in thinking that his aphorisms are the least satisfactory portions of his thought. As the body would not enjoy being fed with a nutritive paste containing all the chemical properties that ensure vitality, so does not the mind enjoy being fed with proverbs. The exercise of discrimination and elimination is more enjoyable than mere reception, to which the method of Joubert would degrade his reader's task. But it must be remembered that Joubert's object was to improve himself. And his method was doubtless well adapted to his end.

Ripley's System of Map Drawing. By E. L. Ripley, Michigan State Normal School. (New York: Barnes & Co. 1866.)—Geography is best learned in its natural connection with history. The school-books of the future will present the three subjects of elementary or outline history, geography in the sense of boundaries, distances, and outlines, and that part of geography which deals with soil, climate, and productions in their proper relations to one another. The geography now taught in most school-rooms is generally forgotten after passing out of the school-room door. Nobody—no child—forgets the geographical character once shown him of the lands where historical events interesting to him have once happened. We all know school-boys of twelve who know ancient geography a great deal better than modern, because they are interested in Numantia and Carthage for the sake of old wars, Hannibal and Scipio, Hispani and Carthaginians, while they have not been taught to care for Saragossa and Palafox, or Algiers and "Commodore" Decatur.

To the common system of geography, good for occupying in a not unhealthy manner the time of children who would otherwise be idle, map-drawing is a good auxiliary. When taught in a skilful, complete manner, by a sort of simplified triangulation, as has been successfully done, it rises to more than this; but that cannot be the case with young children in common schools. For them, copying by eye and hand, with the help of a vertical line or two, or a circle, or any other easily drawn mathematical form, is quite sufficient. And so is tracing—transferring the tracings afterward. It amounts merely to a simple form of mnemonics, and the children may be left to show their own preferences.

This book is as good as another. The plan followed ought not to be designated by the name of a "system." It will do to guide an ignorant or over-occupied teacher and to keep a class all in the same path. The illustrations are good staring abstracts of maps, easy to see and understand.

Daily Hymns; or, Hymns for Every Day in Lent. (Boston: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1867.)—This small volume contains a hymn for Ash Wednesday, for Easter Day, and for every day between. The range of authors laid under contribution by the editor is a wide one, including Adelaide Anne Procter and Thomas of Celano. The most frequent contributor is a certain "A. G. R.," whom we do not know, but whose verses are graceful, show command of metres and of the poetico-religious diction, and suffer no more than those of many others of the better known contributors by their juxtaposition with the works of the renowned hymnists. We should say that all who endeavor to observe Lent might find this book convenient and helpful.

Recent Republications.—We will not say that our "land travel or seafaring" with Jonathan Romer among his tropical princesses and lions and palms takes us to any region whither it is important we should go; but, at all events, we are taken millions of miles from Wall Street and Woman's Rights and Reconstruction and Anthony Trollope's novels, and the business and dulness of life generally. Herein, we suppose, lies the reason why "Kaloolah" is read not without pleasure, and why it is republished after having been for some years out of print. It is one of Messrs. G. P. Putnam & Son's books.

> "Venice, Venice, none Thee unseen can prize,
> Who hath seen Thee too much will Thee despise."

So "J. H." wrote "to Robert Brown, Esquire, at the Middle Temple, from Venice," two hundred years ago and more. But he believed none of it; he was only quoting "a common saying that is used of this dainty City," and himself was deeply enamored of his "hospitable Maid." "What cannot she afford," he cries, "for humane pleasure and delight?"—"a place where there is nothing wanting that heart can wish; Renowned Venice, the admiredst City in the World;" "this Virgin City," "still gay, flourishing, and fresh, and flowing with all kind of bravery and delight;" "this ancient, wise republic;" "this rare City." Much better than the hard saying above quoted was he pleased, he said, with this of Sannazarius:

> "When Neptun saw in Adrian Surges stand
> Venice, and give the See Laws of command,
> Now Jove, said he, Object they Capitol
> And Mars proud walls: This were for to extol
> Tyber beyond the Main, both Towns behold,
> Rome men thoul't say Venice the Gods did mould."

The delightful old "Clerk of the Council" would be well content if he could know how much has been done by a man of his own name, not improbably of kin to him, to throw discredit on the harsh distich. One reads the "Venetian Life" and feels that Venice is not "unseen" by him since Mr. Howells has seen it for him, and the reader is one of a thousand if the book does not help him more than his eyes would to "prize" Venice justly. As for the second injurious verse, the man (of all who have described it) who has seen Venice most and knows it best says, "It has never lost to me its claim upon constant surprise and regard, nor the fascination of its excellent beauty, its peerless picturesqueness, its sole and wondrous grandeur." There can be little need of speaking to our readers in commendation of "Venetian Life." Those critics who have seen St. Mark's and the Rialto declare that Venice itself is in the book; their testimony is not needed when the question is of the author's charming humor and the grace of his style. This new edition, which Hurd & Houghton have just issued, contains a chapter, not before published, on Venetian commerce. The chapter on "Holidays" is enlarged by ten pages, and there is a brief index which is of some small value. It is a volume that every one of us who likes excellent reading, and would encourage excellent writing, owes to his book shelves. If they are too full already, eight out of ten American works may be pulled down to make room for it, and the library will be the richer.

Messrs. G. P. Putnam & Son have issued two volumes of a series which they designate as "Railway Classics," and, whatever that phrase may mean, these books are certainly more attractive in every way than the bulk of those which are forced upon us in the cars. The print is clear, the paper good, and the purple covers as substantial as may be without being cloth or boards. Irving's "Traveller" consists of a great variety of short tales in which Italians and Englishmen, tourists and banditti, play a very heavy part, while New England is made sponsor to "The Devil and Tom Walker," and New York to "Wolfert Webber." Irving's humor, always broadly disposed, is well enough suited to the easy habits of the rail, and the desperate straits of his voyagers are particularly enjoyable in the midst of perils no greater than a drunken switch-tender, a tardy express train, or an open draw. But one sentimentally inclined may prefer the second volume, called "Maga Stories," which have been selected with judgment from *Putnam's Magazine*, and in some sort, by reviving the best portions of that respectable periodical, do justice to its memory even while they bring its death to mind. The price of adventures in travel and in love is alike but seventy-five cents—a small toll to oblivion of the Camden and Amboy conspiracy against the rights and comforts of passengers.

In their singular list of the most entertaining and absorbing works published—"White Scalpers," "Ladies' Guides," "Lives of Highwaymen," "War Novels by Henry Morford," "Scenes in Arkansas," "G. W. M. Reynolds's Works," "Dow's Patent Sermons," "Green's Books on Gambling," and many more of which the natural home is the back-country circulating library—Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Brothers occasionally have a good book which is thus made as cheap to the reading public as the not good books that constitute the bulk of the publications of that house. Of the delightful "Initials" they have recently made a volume, rather good-looking outwardly, though the back of it is disfigured by the usual patches of gilding, the shield and pelican and open book; inside, the paper is poor, and with the four hundred and third page begin the Peterson advertisements. Bound in paper the novel can be had for a dollar and a half, in cloth for two dollars.

The same firm have just issued another volume of their cheap edition Dickens—"David Copperfield." The familiar figures of Mrs. Gummidge and Mr. Micawber and young Mr. Heep and Mr. Peggotty and Em'ly and the rest are recognizable, albeit sometimes not without difficulty, in these copies of the illustrations designed by Browne, and, on the whole, the reader may properly be glad that they are given with the text. Indeed, to those who used to read Dickens's works as he wrote them, these old illustrations are a necessary part of the books.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION *should be addressed to the Editor.*

CONGRESS AND THE CONSTITUTION.

NONE of our readers will ever suspect us of too great a reverence for Congressmen; and we think that we cannot justly be charged with want of respect for the Constitution of the United States. We have all along urged the adoption of a constitutional policy, both by the President and Congress; and while warning those who seek to make the Constitution a means of ruining the country that the nation would not and could not be expected to submit to strangulation by law, we have neither said nor believed that any such result would be produced by a fair interpretation of the Constitution.

Some journals—the New York *Times* for one—which, during the war, unhesitatingly justified the suspension of the *habeas corpus* without the authority of Congress, the establishment of military commissions in loyal States, and various other measures the unconstitutionality of which is no longer in doubt, if it ever was—are now amazed and afflicted at what they assume to be the unquestioned disregard of Congress for the Constitution. In this lamentation they are of course joined by that larger number of journals which denounced the unconstitutional acts of Mr. Lincoln, but applauded to the skies the more unconstitutional (because less necessary) acts of Mr. Johnson.

We do not propose to investigate in detail all the acts of Congress which are thus criticised, nor can we fully discuss the questions raised upon any one of these measures. But when it is taken for granted not only that the action of Congress is utterly violative of the Constitution, but that nobody imagines it to be otherwise, it may be well to indicate, however briefly, the grounds of a different conclusion. Some of our readers may be impatient with the subject, for ever since John C. Breckinridge uttered his jeremiads over the violation of the Constitution, while himself preparing to destroy it, the mass of loyal citizens have been too much disgusted with the whole plea of unconstitutionality to listen even to a refutation of it. But this feeling will and should pass away.

The first and most hackneyed objection to the action of Congress is in respect to its "exclusion of ten States." No one reading the articles written on this point would suspect that Congress justified this exclusion upon any other ground than that such was its will and pleasure. Yet the writers are perfectly aware that a large portion of Congress honestly believe that the "ten States" have entirely ceased to exist; while nearly three-fourths of Congress are fully satisfied that none of these States have valid and regular governments. The latter ground has been finally taken by the dominant party, and it is one which is incontrovertibly sustained by the facts. If those governments were regularly organized, it is scarcely possible to conceive of any usurpation which, being a *de facto* government, will not be regular. No argument can be needed to show that, if the State governments are invalid, the senators and representatives chosen under their direction are properly excluded.

The next objection is to the suspension of the *habeas corpus* by act of Congress, a measure for which we have no special affection, but as to which we must here consider only the question of legitimate *power*, and not the question of expediency. It is said that the rebellion is over, and therefore that the power to suspend this writ has expired. It is true that all organized war is over; but is it to be imagined that the suspension of the writ must cease upon the instant that the last rebel army lays down its arms? Do all the rights of war cease at that moment? If so, no prisoner of war could have been lawfully detained after that time, and all the precautions and machinery incident to a state of war must then have been instantly abandoned. We all know that there is no such rule. Mr. Johnson certainly never acted upon it. No government or military commander ever did. The state of war lasts until society is restored to its natural and normal condition. If the war is between distinct nations, it lasts until a treaty is signed, even though months elapse, during which the vanquished nation has not a man under arms. If the war is a civil one, it lasts until civil government is fully restored by legitimate authority. This has not been done in the Southern States. Mr. Johnson thinks it has, and utterly ignores all contrary opinions. His veto messages have been carefully framed not to controvert the arguments by which Congress justified its action, but to give the impression to the world at large that no such arguments were thought of by any one. There is something ingenious, but not ingenuous, in this mode of carrying on a public controversy; and the fact that ten men read the veto messages to one who reads the speeches or other arguments in confutation of them, gave Mr. Johnson an immense advantage. Such tricks of argument are common among unscrupulous lawyers, and it is by some such persons, we surmise, that the Presidential messages have been written.

Of the same class is the objection to the recent law regulating the elective franchise in the rebel States. Mr. Johnson suggests, with an air of mild surprise, that it has never before been deemed within the power of Congress to regulate that subject within any of the States. The fact that these States had become so utterly disorganized as to make the interference of the national Government necessary, in pursuance of an express provision of the Constitution, and the further fact that he had himself acted upon this theory, regulating the right of suffrage in these same States according to his own will, he entirely keeps out of sight.

This poor example of an unworthy Executive is religiously followed by all his supporters and apologists. They gladly quote every hasty expression of impatience with constitutional restraint which they can find in the speeches of Congressmen opposed to the President's doctrine; but they never allow their readers to suspect that the Congressional policy is believed by any one to be warranted by the Constitution. The establishment of martial law in the rebel States is probably the most doubtful of any of the measures of Congress; yet its validity, assuming the continuance of the war, has been expressly affirmed by four judges of the Supreme Court, one of them being a Georgia Democrat. Nor did the opinion of the majority of the court in the Milligan case at all affect this question, unless by inference it conceded the power to Congress. Mr. Johnson certainly claimed this power for himself, maintaining and administering martial law until civil government in *his* opinion was regularly organized. Congress simply proposes to do the same thing until in *its* opinion civil government is regularly organized. Its power to do so is far more clear than was Mr. Johnson's, while its jurisdiction to determine the validity of the governments set up at the South is indisputable.

In conclusion, we expect always to advocate a strict adherence to the Constitution, but not a strict construction of it. Such a construction has been vehemently advocated, but never maintained. Jefferson, who was its ablest advocate among our earliest statesmen, was compelled to violate it; and Calhoun himself would have done so had he been President in a time of emergency. No human wisdom could frame a detailed plan of government that would not at some period suffocate the nation if strictly construed. We do not believe that the framers of the Constitution ever contemplated the possibility of such a war as we have just witnessed, and we therefore do not believe that all its restrictions were designed to be severely applied to such a case. A very wide scope must be allowed to legislative action under such difficulties, and a liberal interpretation should be given to the general words of the Constitution. But we do not imagine that Congress is absolved by these difficulties from obedience to the fundamental law, nor have we seen any evidence that Congress supposes itself to be so. It has preferred some other dictionary to Johnson's, and this is the origin of all the trouble.

THE PROSPECT AT THE SOUTH.

THE addresses of Messrs. Wade Hampton, Arthur, Talley, and others to the colored men the other day in Charleston, S. C., prove pretty clearly that those were right who maintained that negro suffrage, if it did nothing else, would at least secure decent treatment for the negroes from their white neighbors. If we had not witnessed so many wonderful things during the last six years, we should find it exceedingly difficult to believe that the white orators who spoke on this occasion were really men of the same breed as those who supplied South Carolina with its law, morals, theology, and political philosophy before the war. If there was anything fixed in Southern notions of the arrangement of the universe, it was that the negro was utterly incapable of taking care of himself, that he would only work under the lash, that education would simply develop his powers of mischief, and that civilization could only be preserved in communities in which negroes abounded by the rigid domination of the whites. When, therefore, one hears Mr. Wade Hampton informing a crowd of colored men that they are fellow-citizens, and that the prosperity of the State will depend on their cordial co-operation with the whites in industry and politics; and Mr. Arthur informing them "that education would go far to make them mentally and morally the equals of the whites;" and Mr. Talley inviting them "to work shoulder to shoulder with the whites" for the regeneration of the South, and to trust to their "old friends," their white neighbors, rather than to Northerners, those who refused to believe that the franchise could do the negro any good may well rub their eyes. Luckily, too, the character of this meeting has been such as to make all arguments based on what occurred at it *à fortiori* arguments. It took place in the chief city of the State in which most of the extreme Southern theories of politics and religion were hatched and preached; in which the negroes bear the largest proportion to the white population, and in which, therefore, their admission to political equality may be expected, on the old Southern theory of their character and capacity, to work the greatest mischief; and, though last not least, the white speakers were drawn from the class which has always been foremost in its hostility not only to negro emancipation but to free society, or to any form of society in which the laborer is not owned. When Wade Hampton comes out and avows his submission to the new order of things and his hopefulness about it, the weaker brethren of his political church may well take courage and be of good cheer.

We have always feared that if the work of educating the Southern negroes were allowed to flag when the franchise was bestowed on them, if they were not, as fast as possible, brought into contact with Northern opinion by the diffusion amongst them of the arts of reading and writing, they might so use their political power as to do serious injury both to themselves and the country. That this is no chimera we know from what we see happening amongst the Irish wherever they are congregated in large masses, as they are now in some of our large cities and in the coal districts of Pennsylvania. And we have feared that if the provision of means of popular education were left optional with the States, the whites might be so opposed to it and the negroes so indifferent about it that schools might never be established in sufficient numbers to cope with the dense and almost heathen ignorance with which the South is overshadowed. We feared, too, that if the provision of security for life and property at the South were left, as a great many good people a year ago wanted it to be left, to "the laws of political economy," Northern philanthropy would, once the troops were withdrawn, be allowed but scant opportunities for its work. And we confess we have not got over these fears. It is true there is manifested amongst the negroes a very remarkable and, we believe, an increasing thirst for knowledge, and that the best class of whites do see clearly the extent to which Southern prosperity must depend on the intelligence of its inhabitants of all races. But, on the other hand, we have not yet seen the normal working of the new state of things. The whites are busily engaged at present in getting rid of the Yankees. They have tried one way and failed; they are now trying another, and how they will behave when the Yankees are gone we believe nobody knows. We say, therefore, that there is no certainty as to the course Southerners will take in the matter of education once the hand of the North has been taken off them, and the data we have for the formation of a judgment as to the extent to which the negroes will be able or ready to provide it for themselves are still too slight to warrant anybody in speaking confidently about it.

But one thing is clear, that the ballot will provide for the negro, what we have always predicted it would provide, the first essential of civilization, and that is security from violence. This comes before education and before everything else; without it civilization is not possible, and the Federal Government could not have effectually provided it. But with the ballot every negro has the means of punishing any officer of the Government for inattention to any claim for lawful redress. Every politician now knows that to succeed at the South he must address colored people in a civil and respectful manner, and the habit once formed amongst politicians, it will rapidly diffuse itself amongst all other classes. Whenever we have to co-operate with men in any field, we must be polite to them, must at least pretend to respect them; and, exaggerated as the assertion may seem, there is nothing which raises a degraded race more rapidly than respectful treatment at the hands of those whom they have been accustomed to look up to. No men or women of ordinary mould can long respect themselves it nobody else seems to respect them, and although self-respect is not the first of the virtues, it lies at the root of nearly all the others. In reforming people who have for any cause fallen very low, half the work is done when we have given them a proper sense of their own dignity and value. This, too, we fully believe the suffrage will give the freedmen, and from this we confidently expect all other things to flow.

Moreover, there is one other force at work which is likely to assist largely in reconciling the two races to each other, and that is cotton. The predictions of the sages who saw in emancipation the ruin of Southern industry have been signally falsified. Even the most sanguine people did not expect the crop of 1865 to be over 1,500,000 bales, or about half the crop of tolerably good years before the war, and this low estimate was certainly justified by all the apparent facts. It was the first crop after the close of the war, and it was picked in a country devastated by four years of hostilities, and in which the whole social system had been disorganized by emancipation. And yet it ran up to 2,700,000 bales; that is, to very nearly the same figure as some of the best crops of the slavery period. There have in like manner been very dismal forebodings as to the year 1866, owing to the ravages of the worm and the unsettled political and social condition of the country; but it now proves that the crop will reach at least 1,750,000 bales, and the prices have been drooping under this prospect for the last three months. In all business circles there is a wide-spread conviction that next year an unusually large crop may be expected—that a very large quantity of land is being put in cultivation this spring—and that there will be an abundance of steady labor to work the crop and pick it. So that, no matter what theories we may hold about negro capacity and white disposition, the fact remains that the South is gradually recovering itself, and that this recovery is in great part due to the steady industry of men, working voluntarily for moderate wages, to whom whole schools of philosophers and physiologists only four years ago denied any higher place in creation than that of beasts of burden.

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THE CONNECTICUT ELECTION.

THERE is always some good reason for taking special interest in the Connecticut election. The State is small and the election annual. But parties are very evenly balanced, the Republicans having a natural majority of but little over 1,000 on a poll of 90,000 votes. So slender a difference would seem not difficult to overcome, at least occasionally, and therefore vehement efforts are frequently made to do so. The election takes place at the season when the political issues of the year are just taking shape, and Connecticut is the first really doubtful State that is called upon to pronounce judgment. Her decision has naturally much influence upon the not insignificant class who like to vote with the majority. In 1860, 1863, and 1866 these considerations led to desperate efforts on both sides to carry the State, and the result in each case had a marked effect upon the later elections.

The Republicans have invariably carried the State ever since 1856, but on three occasions by majorities very small and wonderfully uniform; their majority in 1857 being 546, and both in 1860 and 1866 exactly 541. In 1855, 1859, and 1865 they carried all the four members of Congress to which the State is entitled; in 1863 they elected three, and in 1857 and 1861 only two. Last spring the majorities in the Congressional districts were as follows: First, 128 Republican; Second, 1,887 Democratic; Third, 2,425 Republican; Fourth, 125 Democratic.

These figures alone show that the State must be considered very doubtful. But it must also be remembered that the Lieutenant-Governor and Secretary of State elected last year by the Republicans have gone over with Mr. Johnson into the opposite camp. Collector Babcock and Postmaster Sperry, who last year worked actively for the election of Governor Hawley, are now actively opposed to him. Senator Dixon, who was sent to the United States Senate by the Republican party, and who was at the worst inactive last spring when Mr. Johnson had not made his path of duty plain, is now doing his best to defeat the Republican ticket. It will therefore be seen that the result of the contest is even more uncertain than it was last year.

Nevertheless, as the defection of more important men in other States has failed to influence the people, we hope that the Republicans of Connecticut will not be materially injured by the desertion of a few office-holders. Governor Hawley is a popular and worthy candidate, and although his opponent, Mr. English, is immensely rich, while Governor Hawley is unable to spend much for even the legitimate expenses of the canvass, we think the wealth of Mr. English will have little effect outside of New Haven and Hartford.

In the Thirty-ninth Congress, Connecticut had four Republican representatives elected on the day that Richmond was captured—news peculiarly depressing to the Democrats of Connecticut, a majority of whom were sincere advocates of secession. Of these the member from the New Haven district must certainly be lost, as the majority in the district for McClellan was 871, and for English, last year, 1,887. We especially regret this, because the Republican nominee, Prof. Northrop, of Yale College, is the ablest candidate in the State. We fear the hopelessness of the district accounts for so good a nomination being made. Col. Henry C. Deming has a hard fight in the Hartford district against Richard D. Hubbard, who, we believe, was a War Democrat—a species bitterly despised by most of the Connecticut Democracy during the war, but greatly in request just now. Mr. English himself was thrown over by his party in 1865 for voting to abolish slavery, but they were very glad to take him up again in 1866. Mr. Starkweather, the Norwich postmaster, who resigned his office rather than be hampered in his opposition to Mr. Johnson, will be elected from the New London district, as he deserves to be. Mr. P. T. Barnum runs against William H. Barnum in the Fairfield district, and has a majority of 125 against him to start with.

The election is important, as indicating the popular judgment upon the recent action of Congress. It is certainly very desirable that there should be no appearance of hesitation at the North while the provisions of the reconstruction law are being carried out. There is no *real* change of public sentiment adverse to the policy of Congress; and any circumstance which should lead Mr. Johnson or the Southern people to believe otherwise, would only lead them to new acts of folly, involving them in further difficulties. Whatever losses the Republicans may sustain in Connecticut (and we have shown that they must lose one, and probably two, representatives) will be owing to circumstances wholly unconnected with national issues. We trust, however, that by re-electing their worthy governor with an increased majority, they will make it impossible to doubt the fidelity of the North to the cause of equal rights, or the determination of the people to maintain the wise policy adopted by Congress.

BARNUM AGAIN.

We print elsewhere a defence of Mr. P. T. Barnum not because there is anything particularly new in it, or anything favorable to him which we did not acknowledge in the article we wrote about him a few weeks ago, but because it is an excellent illustration of the flabby condition into which the judgment of a large number of very good people has fallen on all matters relating to the character and qualifications of public men. All that “J. B.” says on Mr. Barnum's behalf—and we do not doubt its accuracy—simply shows that Mr. Barnum is, outside of his museum, a very good citizen. But then as it is by the museum he has made his money and his reputation, we decline, in the interest of public morality, to admit that the museum has nothing to do with his qualifications for a seat in the national legislature. The country swarms with gentlemen who would very gladly have the public overlook the way in which they make their money, and fix its attention only on the way in which they spend it; but we hope the public will never enter into any such arrangement. The one gives a very much better insight into a man's character than the other can possibly give, and the way in which Mr. Barnum has become rich has been scandalous and injurious to public morality; and even if it had not been, a person who makes “humbug,” or, in other words, the extraction of small sums from gullible people on false pretences, his profession, is not fit, for a dozen reasons not purely moral, but very strong nevertheless, for a seat in the national legislature. The jocose way in which Mr. Barnum treats his performances in this line, so far from extenuating them, renders them, in our estimation, infinitely more repulsive and more likely to do mischief. It may be that the rival candidate, the other Barnum, is a bad man also; but then his election will do comparatively very little harm, because his party does not make the pretensions to morality that the Republican party does, and therefore its doings have comparatively very little moral influence. If the Copperheads had put P. T. Barnum up we should not have thought the matter worth much comment. The election of Morrissey in New York was a great disgrace; but suppose he had been nominated by the Republicans of New York, it would have been a still greater disgrace. As to Mr. Barnum's “noble letter” on the use of money at elections, we feel bound to say that the noblest and most pathetic passage on that subject we remember to have met with occurred in one of the last messages of that “old public functionary,” Mr. Buchanan. If the time ever comes when “noble letters” will be accepted as substitutes for “noble lives,” “J. B.” may rely upon it that we shall see our epistolary literature enriched by a body of doctrine, compared to which, either in bulk or unctuousness, the teachings of all the writers on ethics from Zoroaster down to Dr. Alden would hardly be worth mention.

Finally, the circumstance that Copperheads thank us for our article, and are circulating it widely, does not affect us at all unpleasantly. On the contrary, it causes us great gratification, because it assures us that what we have thought it right to say on a most important subject is reaching the eyes of those who stand most in need of it. The argument that what you say cannot be sound because some bad man likes it and agrees with it, is very frequently used, but we have never heard of its affecting anybody who retained his reasoning faculty in tolerable condition. It is no part of our business or of our aim to harass or annoy Copperheads or any other class of men, or to avoid saying things in which they are likely to take pleasure. The object of political discussion, as we understand it, is not to make the other party miserable, but to get good men into the Government. We do not rate too highly, we trust, the amount of service we are able to render to the Republican party; all we say is that it will never get any service from us but honest service, nor any that an intelligent writer who respects his own mind and conscience ought not to render. For the task of ranting, bellowing, calling names, “making faces at the enemy,” humbugging the Fenians, humbugging the “working-men,” and humbugging every class which has votes to dispose of, the party can always find plenty of zealous laborers, and has plenty of them now—and we wish it joy of them.

THE SITUATION IN FRANCE.

Each day reveals more clearly the extent to which the position of the French Emperor has been shaken by the blunders of the last few years. The unfortunate coincidence of the total failure of his diplomacy in Germany with the total failure of the expedition to Mexico, and the necessity of making a heavy draft on the national energy in order to regain the ground thus lost, undoubtedly led to the late concessions to the Liberals touching the debates in the Corps Législatif and the position of the press. The mass of the people was opposed to the Mexican expedition from the outset. It does not take and never has taken any pleasure in distant conquests, and gave up a century ago all hope as well as all desire of founding a great colonial empire. The glory which is to satisfy a Frenchman's aspirations must be won in Europe, at his own door and under his own eyes, and won from an enemy of his own standing in civilization. The great names in his military annals are those of victories over Austrians, Prussians, Russians, and Englishmen; no victories over outlandish people beyond the seas can ever take their place. The exploits of the Orleans family in Algeria, brilliant as many of them were, and much as was made of them at the time, both by Horace Vernet and the press, really made very little impression on the popular imagination, and gave the princes of the house, in spite of their brilliant services in the field, very little hold on either the people or the army, as was clearly shown in 1848, and did little or nothing to redeem the king from the reproach, which finally damned him, of being a peaceable, grocer-like old body, whose policy and demeanor made France of small account in European councils. The Mexican expedition, therefore, even had it proved successful, would not have done enough for the reputation of its projectors to compensate for the expenditure of blood and money necessary to carry it on; nor would its late abandonment have, perhaps, worked very much mischief had it not occurred in the very year in which the Prussian campaign revealed the astounding fact that the fifteen years of the Napoleonic *régime* had done absolutely nothing for French influence and prestige, that the effects of the Crimean war and Italian war were neutralized by a single Prussian victory over Austria, and that France was consigned to a position unmistakably second-rate. The coincidence, in point of time, of two such defeats, of course raised the eyes of every thinking Frenchman from the events of the day to the whole field of Napoleonic policy, and the prospect has been found anything but cheering.

Unfortunately for the Emperor, there was for him but one way of repairing the disaster, and that was to double the army; to call 160,000 recruits under arms every year, instead of 80,000, so as to be able to bring as many men into the field as Prussia, or, rather, as the new North German Confederation. Not only, however, is this a cruel aggravation of the national misfortune, but it brings it home to all classes and conditions as nothing else could. It tells every peasant, in plain and unmistakable terms, that somebody has blundered, and that France has got to pay for the blunder in blood. Any government could, of course, raise large armies—the Restoration, or the Republic, or Louis Philippe. What was expected of the "saviour of society" was that, by wisdom and dexterity, he would either avoid the necessity of raising large armies or that, if they were raised, he would use them for the purpose of raising French influence to a higher point than ever, and not for the purpose of merely enabling France to lift up her head beside a power which, only one year ago, she would never have thought of treating as an equal.

The new army bill excited a great clamor; but there was absolutely no way of avoiding it. The other attempts made to repair the breach made in French influence, such as the almost puerile demand made for the left bank of the Rhine, only widened it, and increased the popular agitation. There was nothing left but to raise more men and provide a good breech-loader; but it does not take a great man to do this. As the best mode of silencing the more caustic critics and diverting popular attention, concessions, or what seemed to be concessions, were made to the legislature and to the press. The right of interpellation, or, in plain English, of questioning the ministers and getting answers from them, in reality creates a certain kind of ministerial responsibility which, though slight as yet, may be the basis of something real and substantial. So, also, the withdrawal of the press from the arbitrary rule of the Minister of the Interior and the transfer of its offences to the jurisdiction of the regular courts of law, although it may not at present, owing to the temper of the judges, effect any great improvement in the condition of the newspapers, recognizes at all events the great principle that nobody should be held answerable for anything he speaks or writes anywhere but before a judicial tribunal, and, this once recognized, the utmost freedom of speech may be looked forward to as at least attainable.

The misfortune of a despotic ruler is, however, that let him be ever so well inclined, he cannot substitute freedom for despotism without giving his own hold on power of any kind a terrible shaking. When he gives free play to the tongues of his subjects, the very first topic of discussion is sure to be the mistakes, follies, outrages, and shortcomings of the system from which they have just escaped. He cannot draw a curtain down on the past or sever its connection with the present. Accordingly, no sooner had it become certain that the press in France was entering on a new *régime*, and was no longer to be liable to suppression by the arbitrary fiat of the minister, than M. Emile Girardin, the veteran proprietor of *La Liberté*, the man of all others connected with the press in France who could inflict the deepest wounds, summed up the events of the last fifteen years in the columns of his paper, and showed in a criticism, of which nearly every word drew blood, that France is at this moment not only no better off, but very much worse off now than she was when the Emperor took charge of her in 1851; that the small additions made to her territory have been purchased by an enormous outlay of blood and treasure, and that in real influence in Europe she stands much lower than she did at the time of the *coup d'état;* and this being the case, of course the question arises, Where was the justification for that act? M. Girardin has been prosecuted, convicted, and fined, but the article has been read in every village in France.

To crown all, the great Exhibition of this year, which was intended to be an immense sop for the national vanity and a great gain for the Parisians, promises to prove a calamity for the Empire. The expense bids fair to surpass by far the original estimates, and a portion of the burden is accordingly about to be thrown on foreign nations, to their great disgust. The inside of the building has been fitted up in such very inflammable fashion that no company will ensure anything in it, and many exhibitors therefore refuse to send valuable articles. This, however, is but a small matter. But owing to the prospect of a great crowd, prices and house rents have risen so enormously as to excite serious discontent already among the working classes. The pay of the garrison has been raised, but the wages of the working classes cannot be raised, and the result is that the one great object of the whole undertaking seems likely to be missed. At the tail of a list of humiliations, already long, comes the attempt to form a confederation of Holland, Italy, Switzerland, and Belgium, against Prussia, which will probably fail. Both Switzerland and Belgium are well aware that to make such a confederation of any value they would have to place their military force at the disposal of France in case of war, and this, of course, would be virtually the first step towards the absorption of both of them into the French Empire.

SOLEMN TRIFLING.

THE important question of the clothes of our foreign ministers, or, as they are called in the lofty language of the Congressional reports, "diplomatic apparel," came up in the Senate on Wednesday of last week in the shape of a joint resolution, reported by Mr. Sumner from the Committee on Foreign Affairs, prohibiting American representatives abroad from wearing "court costume" on certain occasions. This important problem of what dress American ambassadors ought to wear when they go to see a king or emperor has been discussed several times within the last fifteen years, and the whole attention of some great minds has been directed to it, but, we believe, without reaching any satisfactory solution. One reason why the nation has ever been vexed by it is this: that diplomacy not being a regular profession with us, and appointments in the diplomatic service being made with reference solely to the candidate's political services at home, a great many persons from time to time make their way into foreign missions who, not having any taste or social judgment, cannot be trusted to dress themselves as representatives of the United States. There being no rule on the subject, some equip themselves for court ceremonials in costumes of their own invention which would suit a harlequin better than the ambassador of a republic; and others go into court circles in attire which might pass at a Southwestern barbecue, but which in the Old World simply procures for the wearers the reputation of being barbarians, and for the people who employ them the reputation of being fools.

Now, courts in Europe, as we not long ago had occasion to remark, are considered private houses. The king's palace is not, as the White House is, "an executive mansion," the property of the nation, in which a certain officer is allowed to reside temporarily and in which he is expected to receive all comers. Emperors and kings have as absolute and as well recognized a right to decide whom they shall invite to their palaces, or receive in them, as any man in America to decide whom he shall receive in his own house. Ambassadors do not go to court in their official capacity. They go as distinguished strangers, to whom the sovereign, as the first gentleman or lady in the country, feels bound to show attention. Usage—and in matters of dress there is no higher authority than usage—has in all European countries prescribed a certain costume for persons going to court, just as it has prescribed a certain costume for persons going to a private dinner party.

The dress in which a man goes to the Tuileries or to St. James's is, perhaps, somewhat more ridiculous than the dress in which a man goes to spend the evening with the Earl of Derby or M. Rouher; but there is no more moral or political significance in the one than in the other. Why do men wear black clothes and white cravats at dinner parties nowadays? To this there is no answer except that it gives pleasure to their hostess and her other guests to see them in that costume, and their wearing it is taken to be an indication of the respect in which they hold the entertainment. The very same thing may be said of court dress. Persons wear it at a particular house on festive occasions because other people do, because it looks nice; but no defence can be found for it either in principles of political philosophy or in political economy. If any great statesman or logician chooses to assail it, he is sure of an easy victory. But, then, if we had to justify, book in hand, all the little observances by which we seek either to gratify our own vanity or that of other people, or to adorn or beautify or smooth over intercourse with our fellows, we should soon find that the only thoroughly logical and "simple" costume was a bag with three holes in it, and the only permissible entertainment the distribution of broken victuals to paupers.

It seems to us that democracy has no "message," to use the cant phrase, to deliver with regard to dress. What democracy has been sent into the world to preach is liberty—liberty in clothes as well as in opinions, free play for individual taste as well as for individual faculties. When Congress, therefore, undertakes to prescribe what a minister shall *not* wear at a ball, it is guilty of just the same weakness as the monarch who prescribes what dress he *shall* wear. In both cases the idea which forms the base of the order is that a man's clothes are of great consequence and have a symbolic character—that knee-breeches and a bag-wig represent one principle and a plain suit of black another. But the truth is that if it be ridiculous to assert monarchical principles by wearing a court suit, it is also ridiculous to assert republican principles by wearing a frock coat and black satin vest.

With all this folly our Government ought to have nothing to do. Our business is to prove the insignificance and not the significance of clothes. If we have no better way of exemplifying our polity than displaying our minister in black broadcloth at court festivals, when everybody else wears gold lace, it is time we gave up exemplifying it altogether. What the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs and both Houses of Congress ought to do is to dismiss the subject of ministers' clothes from their thoughts at once and for ever, and devote themselves to the task of providing good ministers. If we only send abroad able, educated, and accomplished men, of high character and honorable antecedents, and trained for their work, we may safely let them wear what kind of suit they please, and feel sure that neither our fame nor our interests will suffer in their hands. "A man 's a man" whatever covers his back, and as long as our whole civil service is in its present condition resolutions directed against particular kinds of breeches look very like a grand washing of the outside of the cup while within all is uncleanness. The Washington correspondent of the New York *Times* unconsciously touched upon the root of all the trouble the other day when, in approving of the resolution of the Committee on Foreign Affairs in the usual stereotyped way, he said that when some of our ministers now got their court suits on, "the American citizen was entirely lost sight of." Anybody in whom the American citizen disappears under a court suit we may be sure never had much of it about him. The same correspondent lays down the rule that all our foreign ministers ought on all occasions to wear the dress of "a plain American gentleman." Why not have pictures of "the plain American gentleman" taken and sent to all our foreign legations, and despatch democratic tailors once a year on a tour of inspection to see if any diplomatic officer was departing from this great model?

ENGLAND.

London, March 8, 1867.

As I write we are still receiving reports of the second Fenian insurrection. The little sputter with which we were favored a short time back is not, it seems, to be the last; and the present is a rather more serious attempt at a rising. Shots have actually been fired and a few men killed. I shall, however, say nothing further about it in this letter, as the vast cloud of fiction under cover of which all Fenian operations commence has not yet had time to subside. We must wait a day or two before obtaining any trustworthy details.

The parliamentary campaign has meanwhile been so curious that it deserves some detailed description. The Conservative party, which began the session a month ago as a compact and united body in presence of an Opposition distracted, although numerically superior, has all at once gone to pieces. It is crushed, broken up, and demoralized, and that not from the assaults of an open enemy, but by an explosion from within. The essential virtue of a small body in presence of a larger hostile force is to be united; but even the steady pressure from without has been unable to restrain the spontaneous bursting tendencies of the Conservative party. I remarked to you some time ago that it was difficult to understand how a cabinet which included Mr. Disraeli and Lord Stanley on the one hand, and General Peel and Lord Cranbourne on the other, could be in harmony as to reform. It now turns out that such harmony was impossible. On Saturday last we were startled by hearing that General Peel and Lord Cranbourne, together with a more moderate minister, Lord Carnarvon, had left the cabinet. The explanations which followed have thrown a curious light upon the mysteries of parliamentary government. The profound secrecy in which Mr. Disraeli delights to wrap himself was calculated to give an impression that the cabinet had some deep-laid scheme of policy, which was suddenly to be sprung upon us like a mine. It now appears that the Government plans were concealed for the best of all reasons, namely, because they did not exist. Nobody could account for the rules by which Government was steering, for they were, in fact, drifting at random before the wind. They seem to have had two plans more or less in view: one was to offer a measure of enfranchisement sufficiently wide to take the wind out of the sails of agitation, but at the same time to endeavor to qualify the concession by a "plurality" of votes; that is, as they understand the word, by giving additional votes to persons with certain qualifications, such as paying income tax. Thus they meant to be ostentatiously liberal, and yet by a skilful sleight-of-hand to neutralize the effect of their concessions. The second plan was to offer a bill which should be a slightly modified edition of that which Mr. Gladstone introduced last session, just disfigured enough to satisfy their consciences and to enable them to vote for it with a certain show of consistency after rejecting Mr. Gladstone's bill. Thus the Liberal party would be compelled to accept their own offspring in a slightly new dress, and the Conservatives would get the credit of carrying it. However, the best-laid schemes may come to grief, and Mr. Disraeli's policy is only another example of the truth. The cabinet could not quite agree which plan to adopt, and they drifted on into the session with no distinct understanding. Then it was determined to proceed by resolutions—in other words, to lay a series of propositions before the House of Commons, and to shape a bill in accordance with the answers which the oracle should return. This plan of fishing for a policy egregiously failed. The House evidently would have nothing to do with the resolutions; they were vague and indecisive, and could only waste time uselessly; and the cabinet soon found that, willingly or unwillingly, they must produce some definite proposal at once. Then Mr. Disraeli came out with the second scheme I have mentioned. He spoke clearly and well in the speech which introduced it, but it was evident that he was acting a part and was speaking with the constraint of a man who has to father a scheme of which he inwardly disapproves. His own party sat in humiliated silence behind him, for to accept a reform bill at all is annoying to them; and the Liberals, of course, received the plan coldly. A very short discussion showed that it would satisfy nobody. A year ago it would have been accepted. Now the offer comes too late; it was merely ridiculous, and was laughed out of existence.

Hereupon the cabinet resolved to fall back upon the bolder plan; they would offer household suffrage and try to qualify it by some "plurality" device. But here, at last, this plan of doing anything and everything if only they might keep in office began to revolt some of the tougher Conservatives. Lord Cranbourne, Lord Carnarvon, and General Peel made a stand—it does not exactly appear upon what point; probably they thought that so plastic a government would give way even if the House of Commons should accept the concession offered and reject the cunning device for taking out the sting; or perhaps, even as presented, the Government scheme went too far for their consciences. Accordingly they resigned, and they and Mr. Disraeli and Lord Derby have been making personal explanations ever since, exposed to a lively fire of more or less refined taunts from their opponents. The consequences to the Conservative party have been something unprecedented. They are humiliated and dispirited to the last degree. "What are you going to do now?" said a reformer, the other day, to a minister. "Whatever you bid us do," was the answer. It is not only the Conservatives who are puzzled. The position of parties reminds one of the old Commonwealth battles, such as Edgehill or Marston Moor, where the two armies were irrecoverably intermingled, and a general found that his forces were pierced through the centre, that his right wing was in the enemy's camp, his left wing retreating in disorder, and the enemy in as great a mess as himself. Thus there are at least five perfectly distinct political sections, of which only the extremes know plainly what they would be at. There are the Conservatives who still follow the ministers in office, who find themselves in the strange position of offering a suffrage so wide that it would last year have shocked half the Liberals; then there are the Conservatives who follow the ministers out of office, who are at heart stubborn old Tories, but who are also pledged to some kind of reform; next comes the small band of "Adullamites" who fight under Mr. Lowe's guidance. Mr. Lowe is a true liberal in all matters except the vital question of reform. He and his little band really object to all extension of the franchise, though they qualify their dislike by general terms of vague approval of some indefinite reform, and thus, though Liberals, find themselves isolated beyond the furthest wing of the Tory party. They have been frightened by their exposed position, and are endeavoring, with various success, to sneak back to their natural standards. Besides these fragmentary parties, there are the two great sections of the Liberals: those who follow Mr. Bright unflinchingly, and who alone of all parties know what they want and mean to have it; and those more moderate and perplexed Liberals who follow Mr. Gladstone, half fearing that they may get a rather larger dose of reform than they would like to swallow. Mr. Gladstone, I should say, has during this part of the session won the respect of all candid observers by the somewhat unexpected degree of prudence and self-restraint which he has exhibited.

There are many morals to be drawn from the state of things I have described, but I leave them to the discretion of your readers, only remarking the curious process by which, with remarkably little sincerity as to reform on any side of the House, each fraction has managed to pledge itself in succession to something more than it wanted. The only men who really wish for a substantial measure are the small body of ninety or a hundred Radicals; the only men who are not pledged deeply to support a substantial measure are the little band who follow Mr. Lowe. This has somehow come about in the distracting and uncertain party warfare which has taken place during the last year or two, when each section has been ready to promise anything in the future, and each section has found itself, to its great disgust, bound to redeem its pledges. And what will be the end of it? Can Mr. Disraeli, in command of a remnant of his own party and supported by the mass of the Opposition, carry a bill against the various discontents from his own side and the other? Can a man, say some cynics, gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles, or get a genuine reform bill from the Tory party? Will not so treacherous and uncertain a combination be sure to collapse in action? There are many fights to be fought before the slow length of a reform bill can be dragged through the House of Commons; there are months of work to be done, and at every turn there is abundant opportunity for skirmishing and delay, if not defeat; and beyond the House of Commons lies the dangerous defile of the House of Lords. A strong ministry with a large majority might force a passage, but a weak ministry with a party made up chiefly of its political opponents has a perilous task before it. To this others reply that the Tories are more utterly dispirited than the Austrians after Königgrätz, and will give up any position to be once well rid of the question; that from one source or another Mr. Disraeli can command a good working majority; and lastly, but most to the purpose, that there is a unanimous feeling in the country that the question ought to be set at rest, and that this dawdling and dodging and backing and filling are rapidly becoming intolerable and disgraceful. How this may be I know not, but I think that any one may see that, whatever the fate of this particular agitation, we are entering upon an era of agitation such as has not been known for years in England. Parliamentary reform just now obscures everything else; but on all sides—the army and navy, the church, the law, the land, trades unions, pauperism, education, and many minor matters—there are questions waiting for decision which will inevitably come forward before long with more emphasis than they have perhaps ever done. We are at the break-up of a quiet period, and are beginning somehow to doubt Pope's great aphorism, which has till lately been our creed, Whatever is, is right. If the progress of the reform debate does not impose upon me the necessity of attending to it exclusively, as it forces the more unwilling newspapers to do at present, I will endeavor to call your attention to some of these topics in future letters.

Correspondence.

[We are compelled by press of matter to hold over several letters until next week, amongst others, one from Mr. Weir Roosevelt, complaining of our recent article on the New York Board of Education.]

A WORD FOR MR. BARNUM.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Dear Sir: Your recent leading article headed the "Two Hundred Thousand and First Curiosity," etc., and your advice in to-day's Nation to "every Connecticut voter to scratch Mr. P. T. Barnum's name as a religious duty," seems to me to emphasize a line of argument that, though pushed with your usual acuteness, I should say lacks your usual wisdom.

Will you permit a careful and enthusiastic reader of your paper, who lives near Mr. Barnum's competitor (Mr. W. H. Barnum) and who has had unusual facilities for knowing Mr. P. T. Barnum, to state the nature of the present Connecticut contest—especially in the Fourth District?

The Democratic party of Connecticut having nearly grasped a victory last spring by the aid of Andrew Johnson's well-managed apostasy in its favor, is now emboldened to make victory complete. The combined Democratic ticket—or a part of it only—represents millions of wealth; a considerable portion of this being wielded by the "Iron" Barnum, as he is called—though "copper" would be the fittest appellative. His friends boast that he will put $50,000 to the corruption fund in his district. And this is precisely the reason he is in nomination. He would be thought of for no political office whatever if he were not rich, or even if worth only the sum which his friends report he will spend. It would be easy to pick twenty men in his own town who would serve the Congressional district better at Washington; but not easy to find a more narrow and bigoted representative of the party.

On the other hand, Mr. P. T. Barnum is the representative of temperance and anti-corruption, having written the noblest letter against buying voters that has yet emanated from any public man—a firm, uncompromising Republican, the friend of justice and equal human rights everywhere. Notice his speech in the Connecticut Legislature on negro suffrage last year; notice his plea for safety of human life on railroads, and, indeed, every public utterance he has ever made. He was not only patriotic when and where it was brave to be so—under the shadow of the virulent *Bridgeport Farmer* in 1861—but he is generous, humane, and public-spirited. No public enterprise or charity, whether it be the improvements of his neighboring city, the contributions to suffering Portland, the support of religious bodies near him, the school interest, or whatever it may be, goes without his aid if sought, or even unsolicited. If it were in appropriate taste to relate a touching incident of his tenderness in sickness to a stranger, which would grace any man's biography, I should be glad to do it here; but I pass to another matter.

Let it be admitted, if you please, that Mr. Barnum has in his earlier history, from a desire to call attention to his business, as he says, but full as much from a certain exuberance of mirth and in boundless good nature, exhibited a few curiosities not altogether genuine, and in the same spirit reported them—must these old follies for ever overbalance all else in his character? From the same sportive impulse, he quite frequently in conversation represents his "gifts" as a "profitable philanthropy;" so that one who does not know his peculiar style of jocular self-disparagement might, if seriously inclined, underrate a benevolence and public spirit that, I fear, will require the lapse of many years to make sufficiently common.

I do not speak of Mr. B.'s idiosyncrasy here either to commend or uphold it; but knowing, as I think I do, just to what extent it goes, and that it is from this fraction of his character that most of the public are led to think they know the whole of it, I am induced to make only this brief allusion.

I fully agree with you in the necessity of character as well as ability in our public men; but when the only party that has ever insulted the public intelligence and morals, by such men as Rynders and Morrissey, is again in the field sowing corruption broadcast, and advocating principles for which I acknowledge they are suitable representatives, it seems hard to make Mr. P. T. Barnum the text for an assault on immoral candidacy, particularly so at a time when it makes every rebel sympathizer your grateful debtor.

J. B.

Amenia, March 21, 1867.

THE TARIFF ON BOOKS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Dear Sir: I am sure from the candor invariably displayed in your columns that you are a lover of fair play, and will, therefore, not deny me a little of your valuable space in defence of the book-importing interest, which some people in ignorance have been endeavoring seriously to injure.

The article in your issue of the 21st inst., signed "A Publisher," exhibits a disposition to take a one-sided view of the operation of a specific duty of 25 cents per lb. on English books. Your correspondent surely cannot be aware of the extent to which Bohn's Libraries and similar books are imported into this country, otherwise he would not be so unfair as to exclude them from consideration when instituting a comparison between the specific duty of 25 cents per lb and the present *ad valorem* rate. I venture the assertion that there is no series of books brought into this country in larger numbers than Bohn's Libraries, and if none other of a similar character were imported at all, they alone form an argument in favor of the *ad valorem* duty which in importance outweighs anything that can be said to refute it.

But the principal mistake your correspondent makes is in endeavoring to average a specific duty of 25 cents per lb. with the view of establishing his theory that it is equivalent to only a very moderate *ad valorem* rate. It is a very plausible way of presenting the subject, and if the importer's business could be conducted on this average, 25 cents per lb. would not be so objectionable. "A Publisher" ought either to be more familiar with the nature of the importer's business, or, if familiar with it, he should display more candor than is evinced by his effort to conceal all the objections to a specific duty on books under the delusive statement that it will average so little at an *ad valorem* rate. Whatever may be the average, the application of the law would not be conducted on it. We find houses importing entirely, or almost so, books the weight and price of which correspond with Bohn's Libraries, and the *ad valorem* duty such houses would pay under the 25 cents per lb. system would be prohibitory, or at least so enormous that the business would diminish, and there would be no inducement to continue it.

The following figures will prove this: The average weight of one of Bohn's Library books is 18 oz., and the book retails in England at 3s. 6d. The importer buys it at 2s., on which under the present duty he would pay 12 cents in gold, whereas under the duty of 25 cents per lb. he would have to pay 28 cents in gold, which is an advance of 133 per cent. on the present rate, and is 56 per cent. on the value of the book. After adding the exchange, the price of the book, with this enormous duty, would require to be such as would effectually stop its sale. This is no exceptional case, as your correspondent asserts, and I am in a position to know that more than one importing house whose business is mainly in such works would be compelled to relinquish the business they have been engaged in all their lives, and would have to turn their attention to other branches of industry, if a specific duty of 25 cents per lb. were to become law.

While this is the case as regards books on which there is no expensive copyright, and on which no great amount of artistic skill either in the illustrations or the binding has been expended, the operation of a duty of 25 cents per lb. would be exactly the reverse on books which possess high literary value, or whose price is enhanced by rich illustrations and expensive binding. The weight of such books is not affected by their increased value, and the importer of these would, if the duty were 25 cents per lb., pay on an average a much less rate of duty than even the present 25 per cent. Your correspondent and all the other publishers associated with him in the agitation for a specific duty appear to me to be "penny wise and pound foolish." A duty of 25 cents per lb. will open a door for finely illustrated and elegantly bound books they little dream of; and if, as is asserted, the publishing business is languishing for want of protection, I hope I shall receive credit for honesty, at least, when I inform the publishers that, as regards the finer issues of the trade, 25 cents per lb. will secure for them a less degree of protection than the present duty.

Your correspondent, I trust, will perceive from what I have written that, while it may answer to ascertain by average what 25 cents per lb. is equivalent to at an *ad valorem* rate, with the view of arriving at the results to be expected from it affecting the benefit or injury to the Treasury, it will never answer to make use of the average as an argument in favor of a specific duty of 25 cents per lb., because, as I have shown, it would destroy one branch of the importing business while it would greatly favor another, and the Treasury would suffer to the extent of five per cent. upon all the importations, as shown by your correspondent himself, without benefiting any one.

If "A Publisher" is really in earnest when he asserts that he needs to be protected, it is incomprehensible to me why he should be a supporter of a specific duty which, as he says, averages less than the present 25 per cent. If 25 per cent. does not yield protection enough, he is surely blind to his own interest in consenting to a duty which is less on an average. There is an inconsistency here which your correspondent does not attempt to explain, but which operates strongly against him and all who agree with him in urging the proposed change of the duty.

I have been familiar with every movement of the importers regarding the duty, and I am certain your correspondent must have been misinformed when he was told they would not object to an *ad valorem* duty of 75 per cent. It is quite possible some individual importer, who was likely to be a martyr to the specific duty of 25 cents per lb., may have expressed a preference for a duty of 75 per cent.; but I know that no such preference proceeded from the importers as a body, and I have it in my power to prove this. Respectfully yours, CANDOR.

A WORD WITH A GOTHIC MAN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

I have read the letters of "A Gothic Man" with a good deal of interest, as being a part of the protest which common sense is making against our antiquated course of college studies. None are more anxious than the true friends of the classics to have due weight given to arguments of this nature, and to have a judicious reform in university education. Indeed, so much has been already accomplished in this direction, that these allusions to the bed of Procrustes are already far from applying to some colleges. I think it will be found that, at the present day, we miss the best intellectual training rather by reason of the multitude of branches in which the student's mind is dissipated, than of any disproportionate amount of classics in the course.

The complaint is, however, that the classics are required at all; he would have all the studies optional, as proposed by Dr. Hedge in his alumni address at Harvard last summer. With all my heart; let us bring our universities up to that standard as soon as possible, remembering always that it will not be feasible until our students average older at entering than they now do—at least in the Eastern colleges. But, meanwhile, what shall we do with this degree of A.B. that he laughs at? It is understood by the community that these cabalistic letters mean Latin and Greek, if nothing else—if, in any given case, the Latin and Greek are not there, it is the fault of the institution which conferred the title. Now, I am not arguing that German or chemistry is not better than Latin or Greek in any given case; simply, as this one degree has an established definition implying such and such studies, we should not throw away the small element of certainty which we now possess by destroying the distinctive character of this degree, but introduce at need new courses and new degrees—bachelor of science, bachelor of literature, or what not—to meet the new demands of the age.

I do not propose to repeat what Mr. Mill has just said so well that we may consider it as said once for all, as to the value of the classics in a liberal education. I am, however, surprised that so fierce an attack should have been made upon the character of classical literature. Most certainly there are indecent books in Latin and Greek; but they are not the books we give our young people to read. There are indecent stories in Greek mythology; but the boy learns mythology from English books, not from the classic authors that he reads; for in these he finds, for the most part, only allusions. The books read in fitting for college contain very little that is objectionable; those read in the college course are, many of them, of the most ennobling character. I do not know where in modern literature the student will find more healthy, bracing books than the "Antigone," the "Apology" of Socrates, and the "Agricola" of Tacitus. And I will maintain boldly that I do not know of any college course of Latin and Greek which need cause anxiety to those who allow their children free access to Shakespeare and the Pentateuch.

MARCEL.

"FANNY FERN'S FIRST LITERARY SUCCESS."

"Fifteen or sixteen years ago, 'Artemus Ward,' 'Mrs. Partington,' and 'Miles O'Reilly' were laboring together in one office, each in his degree, working on *The Carpet Bag*, a not very comic comic paper, which was then trying hard to live, and was published in Boston. We may be mistaken, but we think 'Fanny Fern' was first successful in the columns of the same journal."—THE NATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Fanny Fern's *first* article was written for a one-horse religious magazine in Boston, called *The Mother's Assistant*, or some such name. The remuneration for that article was *fifty cents*, and the writer went up four pair of stairs five times to the office of the editor to get it, beside being put through this catechism:

Widow, eh? See you have on black! Children? How many? Girls or boys?

Yours respectfully,

FANNY FERN.

MR. LANMAN'S DICTIONARY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

DEAR SIR: Several of the suggestions contained in your review of my "Dictionary of Congress" are accepted with thankfulness. There is one point, however, in regard to which I ask the privilege of being heard, viz.: the propriety of designating the political status of the Congressmen. In very many cases this would be quite impossible; so far as the more distinguished statesmen are concerned it would hardly be necessary; and if attempted in regard to mere politicians, there would be no end to the confusion. By mentioning the politics of many men without explanation, they would charge me with injustice; and in a single volume, containing nearly five thousand biographical notices, it would be impossible to go into the necessary particulars. By way of sustaining my position, I would refer you to the political history of two living ex-presidents and statesmen of wide reputation, as follows: *James Buchanan*, Federalist, Democrat, Conservative, and Union man; *Millard Fillmore*, Whig, Know-Nothing, Democrat, and Conservative.

The point you make on my carelessness for omitting such a man as Arthur Lee is apparently just; and yet I can parry that blow by stating that a sketch of him was written by me, and must have been overlooked by the printer.

Once again. That the House of Representatives refused to print an extra supply of my work because of the errors it contained, is hardly sustained by the facts of the case. After the chairman of the Printing Committee had delivered his argument against the propriety of printing a copyright book, a vote was taken which resulted in my favor; but after two personal enemies had been permitted to denounce me in angry and bitter terms, some of my friends were frightened, and, in the hurry of the expiring Congress, I was defeated.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

CHARLES LANMAN.

GEORGETOWN, D. C., March 20, 1867.

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The Week.

Congress has just closed a session of only twenty-six days' duration, in which little actual business has been done, and which nevertheless has been one of peculiar interest, and of a character without precedent. This has been the first instance in the history of the country of an extra session of one Congress ordered by its predecessor, or indeed, so far as we now remember, of any extra session ordered by Congress at all. The motives for the measure are perfectly well understood, and have been fully justified by the events of the last six weeks. It is entirely to the fact of this extra session that we owe the now assured reconstruction of the country, as well as the success of minor but still important measures, such as the reform in the tenure of civil office, the disbandment of Southern militia, etc. All these bills must inevitably have failed, if the certain approach of the Fortieth Congress had not made "pocket vetoes" alike useless to the cause and dangerous to the personal interests of the Executive. So complete was the success of the warning implied in the call of this extra session that but little was left for it to do. Fortunately for the country, all efforts to induce Congress to take up at this session the questions of the tariff and the currency were entirely unsuccessful. Such matters could not have received sufficient consideration had they been taken up; and the commercial interests of the nation would almost certainly have suffered from any action of Congress. Bad as our present fixed system is, we fear that legislation is only likely to make it worse. The reputation of the Thirty-ninth and Fortieth Congresses must rest upon their settlement of the issues between the North and South, and not upon their disposition of financial questions.

◆

There is a good deal of apprehension in many quarters as to the effect of the Connecticut election on the temper of the South; but we doubt very much whether there is much ground for it. The majorities with which the State has been carried for some years back have been too small to make its defection look very serious. And, at all events, the election can, as every Southerner of ordinary intelligence must see, exercise absolutely no appreciable influence on the process of reconstruction now pending, inasmuch as it exercises no appreciable influence on the Congress which is to sit for the next two years.

◆

There is some talk of a movement to ask the Supreme Court to grant an injunction against Andrew Johnson, to prevent his carrying out the Reconstruction bill—which reads very much like the very poor story which went the rounds of the papers two or three years ago of a Greek lawyer, who had applied to the Supreme Court at Athens for a reversal of the judgment on Socrates. But it would do much good if the bill could in some way be got before the court, so that it might pass once for all on the extent of its own powers, and thus deliver some of the Southern politicians from the hopes of judicial interference by which they are now afflicted.

◆

Beyond a doubt, Mr. Butler succeeded in astonishing the public at large, and to all appearance he astonished Mr. Bingham too, when he got Booth's diary before the House. The diary in question is one of the ordinary morocco-covered note-books, pretty well filled with writing, and was found in Booth's bosom when he was captured. When it came into Judge-Advocate-General Holt's hands for use in the trial of the conspirators, some of the first pages were missing. It was "spoliated," Mr. Butler says, and he insinuated, after a fashion that a district attorney might envy, that Mr. Johnson was the "spoliator." Whether he was or not, nobody knows, and nobody is likely to know. Booth himself may have cut the pages out, or soldiers may have taken them for mementoes, or unlikelier things than these are more likely than that Mr. Johnson was in a plot to have Mr. Lincoln murdered. Mr. Bingham seemed to know nothing about the diary, and, whoever is to blame for the "spoliation," he probably is not. Mr. Butler's real end was answered, however. He has not got very much the better of Mr. Bingham in their squabble, but he has kept himself very prominently in the public eye, and shown his peculiar abilities in full exercise.

◆

The Maryland Republicans are calling on Congress to do for them what they would not do for themselves, though they were entreated, and though they had superabundant power. In resolutions passed in party convention, and in others passed by the Republican members of the General Assembly, they beg Congress to interfere and "protect the loyal majority of the people of Maryland, white and colored." Loyalty was as valid a reason for forgetting color two years ago as it is now, and the Maryland Republicans might then have done what Congress will not do and cannot do—what, at any rate, the Republican party will not undertake to do. Their case is bad, and much to be regretted; but so far as concerns the white loyalists of the State, it is hardly possible to resist saying that they are served right. Twenty years from now, and after much up-hill work, they may get what, a couple of years ago, a vote in the Legislature would have given them.

◆

The recent Republican Convention in North Carolina, composed of white and black delegates, seems to have been a body eminently respectable for numbers, for honesty of purpose, and for ability. Old General Dockery was made president; but probably that was because he is aged, respectable, of considerable local importance, and in 1861 was "good Union." We fear he thinks the colored voter ought to be moved to South America. It is not long since he would have made that disposition of the colored laborer. And Mr. W. W. Holden was put at the head of the executive state committee of the party; but he has been provisional governor, owns a paper—the Raleigh *Standard*—and deserves the credit of bitterly hating the present government of the State. Mr. Settle we take to be a clever and good-hearted young man, and a politician of a good deal of ability and some experience. John Pool is an able man, and sure to be heard of in the future political history of North Carolina; Lewis Thompson is a gentleman of influence and ability; Mr. Heaton is very well spoken of; and many of the other prominent white delegates are at least sensible men and men of character. In the list of colored delegates we see the name of J. H. Harris and that of Mr. J. W. Hood, both men of excellent abilities, and whose services will be valuable to their party. The platform, like all Republican platforms in Border States, contains some denunciation of treason and traitors, and of secession and all its works, and some glorification of the Union. For the rest, it asserts the right of free discussion and the right of all citizens of the United States to the ballot. We are very glad to see this movement begun; in North Carolina we suppose nearly half the vote of the State can be controlled by it; and we suppose that in whatever State the new party does not take definite form and become aggressive, many of the bad features of the old political reign of slavery will be perpetuated.

Schuylkill County, Pennsylvania, is the only place in the world in which the Fenians have thus far succeeded in establishing a territorial sovereignty, and it is in virtue of their possession of that district that they are, if at all, entitled to belligerent rights. It appears they have there inaugurated a reign of terror, having during the past month murdered fifty respectable and inoffensive persons with impunity. The remnant of the decent people have petitioned Governor Geary for protection, and he has laid their case before the Legislature.

General Rousseau is said to have done very good service during the war. We suppose there are plenty of men who could tell off-hand where it was he distinguished himself, and just how much glory belongs to him. In all probability there are official documents, too, that gauge his merits, and prove him to be a brave man and a good enough officer. As to our own knowledge of his record, we confess that it is somewhat vague. But we should not have been particularly surprised at his nomination for a brigadiership in the regular army, and should have maintained the silence becoming the civilian in regard to it, if last summer Mr. Rousseau had not—we will not say thrashed Mr. Grinnell for words spoken in debate, but gone out attended by two or three friends, while Mr. Grinnell was alone, armed while Mr. Grinnell was defenceless, and made an assault, the manner of which disgraced the assailant as the assault itself disgraced the House of which Rousseau and Grinnell were members. All this ought to be remembered against him, and any one of a dozen generals, good as he as military men, and not notorious for any piece of mixed absurdity and ruffianism, might a great deal better have the office.

An elaborate, and in parts amusing, appeal has been made to General Grant by the Rev. George Trask, of Fitchburg, praying him to stop smoking, and using every variety of argument—physiological, moral, historical, and religious—against the habit. Smoking may be a bad habit, but there is considerable difficulty in making out a good case against it as regards its effects on health, and its enemies are apt to damage their cause by trying to prove too much. One of the first authorities in America on diseases of the nerves approves of it, which shows that even doctors differ about it; and well they may, considering that the civilized world has smoked hard for two hundred years and the bills of mortality have gone on falling all the time. The example of Turkish lethargy, too, is fairly set off by the example of Prussian vigor. If there be tougher brains in the world than those of German scholars, we do not know where to find them; and some of the most enthusiastic of German scholars are amongst the most persistent smokers. We are not arguing now in defence of smoking. We are simply deprecating the air of mathematical certainty which too many social reformers seek to throw over their reasonings on subjects about which demonstration, or, in fact, anything more than guessing, is impossible.

An agitation has begun on a small scale by working-men in New York for legislative interference with rents, which are alleged, and truly, to be enormously high, so high as to produce great suffering and disease amongst the poor. But we believe they are not higher on the average than the enormous rate of taxation and high cost of building materials will justify. There is but one way of lowering rents in New York, and that is by reforming the city government. If this were done, not only would the taxes be lowered, but better paving and cleansing would quadruple or quintuple the space available for comfortable human habitation. It is melancholy to see how readily the working-men are cheated by newspaper twaddle about extortion into the belief that the Legislature can relieve them from the natural operation of the laws of trade. Of course, if capitalists were not allowed to charge for houses what would cover taxation and repairs and insurance and leave them a good profit, there would soon be an end to house-building, and houses will be dearer than ever. There are some signs that if some of the working-men could have their way, we should before long have, first, the hours of labor regulated by law; then, as production fell off, wages regulated by law; then, as prices began to rise under diminished production, prices regulated by law—till at last there would be nothing left unregulated except the hours of our meals.

Russian America is inhabited by fifty thousand fishing, trapping, fur-bearing Esquimaux, and nine or ten thousand Russians, Russian Americans, and people whom the gazetteers call Aleoots and Kodiaks. They import a good part of their provisions, and export a yearly diminishing quantity of furs. The country is a frozen wilderness, better known to arctic explorers and whalers than to most other men, and probably of no possible value to any men but them, the semi-civilized tribes that support existence there, and the Russian sutlers who trade with them. The territory is rather larger than eight States like New York would be, its area being 394,000 square miles. What we want of it, unless to take a solitude and call it Seward by erecting it into a Territory, we do not know, but we can buy the privilege of flying the stars and stripes over a colony, and a worthless colony, by paying seven millions of dollars for it. This we suppose Congress will not do. There is no good reason for doing it, and several good reasons for not doing it. We do not want far-distant, detached colonies, nor ice and snow territories, nor Esquimaux fellow-citizens, nor Mt. Saint Elias, and there is nothing else to be had from Alaska and Barrow's Point, so far as we are informed. The Czar's intentions, aside from his design of getting the seven millions in gold, are doubtful. It may be that he thinks New Archangel not worth the powder and shot he may have to expend in its defense in case of a new Eastern war. It may be that he wants to impress Europe with the idea of the closeness of friendship that must exist between Russia and a country for whose sake Russia cuts off a limb. European statesmen, however, will hardly sleep the worse on account of the phantom of an alliance between this country and Russia, and the Czar himself probably knows that, not to put too fine a point on it, the people of the United States know little and care less about Russia. But with all these considerations we have no concern. We are to consider our own interests, say yes or no to Mr. Seward's chimerical project of saddling us with a frozen desert of a colony—and we imagine there will be little difficulty in choosing the right answer.

The telegraph announced a few days ago that the English reform bill had "passed to a second reading," as if this was something very important. The fact is, however, that the first reading of a bill in the House of Commons is a mere matter of form. The fate of the bill is settled in the debate on the second reading, which in this case has yet to come. It appears, as we said last week, pretty certain that the bill will be lost, and if it is, Lord Derby announces his intention of dissolving Parliament and appealing to the country. The English papers are filled with discussions of what is the main feature of the measure; that limb. European statesmen, however, will hardly sleep the worse on account of the phantom of an alliance between this country and Russia, and the Czar himself probably knows that, not to put too fine a point on it, the people of the United States know little and care less about Russia. But with all these considerations we have no concern. We are to consider our own interests, say yes or no to Mr. Seward's chimerical project of saddling us with a frozen desert of a colony—and we imagine there will be little difficulty in choosing the right answer.

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THE two great events of the week in France have been the speeches of Thiers and of Persigny. That of Thiers was a very brilliant and sharp attack on the foreign policy of the Empire, bristling with points and happy hits—the stand-point from which the subject was viewed being that of a statesman of the Palmerston order, and of the time of Louis Philippe, and the central idea being that the loss of one state is the gain of another, and that it is the duty of each to do what he can to keep others down. For instance, he loudly proclaimed that had he been at the head of affairs, he never would have consented to the unification of Italy. The speech in many ways revealed the weak points of the Orleanist régime. Persigny's was a somewhat ridiculous attack on parliamentary government, in which he compared the relations in which the Executive in this country stands to the Legislature to those in which the Emperor stands to the Corps Législatif.

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THERE is nothing new about the Turkish question, unless it be news to say that trouble is still brewing. Russia has taken very strong ground in published despatches in behalf of the Turkish Christians, and the Sultan seems really frightened and to be trying in a feeble way to make reforms. The Servians are making desperate efforts to secure the withdrawal of the Turks from the fortress of Belgrade, but the Turks naturally hesitate, as the garrison is the only protection which the Mussulmans of Bosnia possess to prevent their being cut off from Constantinople by Servia and Montenegro in case of a Christian rising.

CONNECTICUT TEACHING.

IF it were not for the inveterate habit of exaggeration with which many of the "great dailies" are afflicted, there would not be anything very disheartening in the result of the Connecticut election. It is, perhaps, desirable, on grounds of expediency, to represent the fate of the nation as dependent on a particular election; but then, when all is over and the election has gone the wrong way, it is somewhat difficult to get people who have been thus worked up into frantic enthusiasm to believe that the matter is really of little or no consequence, and has no meaning whatever. There are in Connecticut 90,000 registered voters, of whom 25,000 are ignorant foreigners, who are on the same side in every struggle, and on whom arguments, facts, and events produce absolutely no impression. It is against this rising tide—for it is a rising tide—of political stupidity and immorality that the Republicans of the State have had to fight for the last six or seven years—and a hard fight they have had of it, escaping defeat even in the most glorious years of the war by only a few hundreds. But it must not be forgotten that in States like Connecticut, New York, and Pennsylvania, in which the two great parties are nearly equal in strength, the triumph of either side by a small majority does not in reality indicate any change whatever in the feelings or opinions of the main body of the voters. In Connecticut, for instance, the issue of each election depends in reality on about one thousand persons, who are not attached to either party by strong ties of conviction or feeling, but vote with either as they happen to be pleased or displeased by the conduct of the majority during the previous year, caring little or nothing about the great principles which underlie the struggle. They usually consist in about equal proportions of fastidious people, indifferent people, and corrupt people. The main body, of course, are persons who are too strongly impressed with the importance of the issues to be shaken by ordinary events, and only change their party at revolutionary periods like that in which the Republican party took its rise.

Now it is just because in closely contested States, like Connecticut, the decision at every election is in the hands of a small and uncertain body of persons who are easily disgusted and alienated, that we have, during the past year, so often taken the liberty of suggesting to the majority in Congress a careful use of its enormous power. It was because great majorities are so strongly tempted to abuse their power that we hinted the other day, *apropos* of Mr. P. T. Barnum's election, that that majority was perhaps too large for the good of the party, and that it would have acted more wisely if it had acted in the presence of a stronger opposition. The gagging of the minority on so many occasions by sheer force of numbers, in the guise of the "previous question," without the slightest necessity and without any better result than the production of irritation and a sense of wrong; the hasty and often reckless legislation which was pushed through by the same means; and the efforts made to bring impeachment into use as a weapon of party warfare, have all doubtless had their effect in driving off that small body of voters on which, in some States, the Republican party has to depend for its victories, but on which its hold at the best of times is very insecure. The party has a magnificent history, and may, with ordinary discretion, look forward to a magnificent future, because its basis is justice and right; but its tenure of power is saddled with the same conditions as that of all other parties. It was guilty in Connecticut of the folly of nominating Mr. P. T. Barnum for Congress. He ran considerably behind his ticket, a large number of voters having had the good sense and virtue to "scratch" him, which we trust will next time serve as a lesson to nominating conventions. The party can only gain in the long run by such examples, and can only be saved by respect for character as a political force. The big war drum which *The Tribune* is in the habit of beating at every election, makes a splendid noise, but it does not make wrong right. The main cause of the Republican defeat was, after all, the stand the party has taken on equal suffrage, and it is better to be defeated on this than triumph on many other things. The election even of English is a prodigious advance on the part of the Democrats since 1863 or 1864, and General Hawley has the consolation of knowing that the cause he has served so long and so well is still sure of final triumph.

Notes.

LITERARY.

Before the summer heats and the dulness of trade put a stop to publishing for some months, our New York publishers will give us a few books. "Italian Journeys through Ferrara, Genoa, Naples, Pompeii, Herculaneum, Capri, Grossetta, Pisa, and Florence, with Excursions to some memorable places in Northern Italy," is the title of a volume by Mr. W. D. Howells which Messrs. Hurd & Houghton will issue very soon. Readers of *The Atlantic Monthly* and of this journal have already once enjoyed these sketches, and will heartily welcome their reappearance; they well deserve a place beside the same author's excellent "Venetian Life." Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt will be ready, in the second week of April, to give the public the "Frithiof Saga" in an English dress. The translation is the Rev. W. A. Blackley's, and Mr. Bayard Taylor has furnished an introduction and notes. People who have read Mr. Hepworth Dixon's work on the abnormal relations between the two sexes in various parts of America, will be interested in a little essay, the joint work of Carlier, of Paris, and Dr. J. Jeffries, a well-known physician of Boston, which is entitled "Marriage in the United States." De Vries & Ibarra, of Boston, publish the volume, and Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt are the New York agents. Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. promise the immediate publication of "The History of the Navy during the Rebellion," an illustrated work in two octavo volumes, by the Rev. Charles B. Boynton, the well-known chaplain of the House of Representatives, who is also a professor at the U. S. Naval Academy. The engravings are to be numerous, some in chromotints, some on steel, some on wood, and among them will be many maps and charts from Government surveys and official plans. The same house publish a small edition—not more than three hundred copies—of the "Political Writings of Richard Cobden," with a brief preface by Wm. Cullen Bryant. It is in two volumes, and the price of the work is six dollars. Du Chaillu's late journey into equatorial Africa has resulted in a volume of five hundred pages, which Messrs. Appleton republish and will issue on the 6th inst. The expedition was brought by the savages to an untimely end, and "the great zoölogical traveller" has not this time added much to what we already knew of Western Africa in the torrid zone. Besides these works, Messrs. Appleton have in press another of the numerous Mühlbach historical novels, "Frederick the Great and his Family," and a novel, "Sybil's Second Love," by Julia Kavanagh. Messrs. Scribner & Co. announce for Saturday next the last two volumes of Froude's "History of England," and W. J. Paulding's life of his father, James K. Paulding, who flourished—if it can be said that he flourished at all—in the days of "Salmagundi," when American literature was very infantile indeed.

—It might puzzle Mr. Friedrich Kapp to mention a nation or tribe of men which has not given its great men indiscriminate and fulsome adulation. In an article on Washington's character, which he contributes to *The Historical Magazine* for March, he charges the fault upon Americans in the case of Washington, and somewhat severely animadverts upon it. Mr. Jared Sparks specifically he denounces for "falsifying the record of Washington's life and of American history." It is within his personal knowledge that Mr. Sparks suppressed some passages in certain autograph letters of Washington which Mr. Kapp has seen, and tampered with other passages, in order to make the hero appear more devoted as a Christian than he really was and more conversant with the requirements of modern propriety. In one of the future articles promised from his pen, Mr. Kapp may perhaps be more explicit both as regards Washington and as regards his New England biographer.

—Mr. Edward McPherson, Clerk of the U. S. House of Representatives, announces that he has in press a "Political Manual for 1867," which will take up our political history where his last manual ended, July 4, 1866, and carry it down to April 1 of the current year, or the end of the present session of Congress. He has compiled it from official sources, promises that it shall be accurate and fair, and believes that it will be useful to men of all parties. Mr. McPherson's performances have thus far never disappointed those who have trusted his prospectuses. His political history of the rebellion and his Manual for 1866 were and will remain the completest and most valuable collections of the kind ever made in this country. The Manual for 1866 records the Presidential attempt at reconstruction, and the beginning of Mr. Johnson's rupture with Congress as foreshadowed in his speech of the 22d of February. The forthcoming Manual will embrace the famous tour to Chicago, the assertion by Congress of its right to reorganize the Union in its own way and time, and the ineffectual opposition of Mr. Johnson. It will also present the doings of the two conventions at Philadelphia, the reports of the committee on the New Orleans massacre, the judicial opinions in the Milligan case, and, in short, all the most important documents that illustrate the interesting period just expiring, and by which the political events of the ensuing year are to be very largely shaped and determined.

—The U. S. Sanitary Commission is now publishing, through Messrs. Hurd & Houghton, "The Record of the Metropolitan Fair," an account of the great fair of 1864. The work would have appeared in the spring of 1865 instead of 1867 had it not been for the preoccupations of the secretaries of the fair and of the persons who were expected to write it. But it is now here, having been prepared with care and all possible promptness by Mr. John Safford Fiske, aided by Mr. Eugene Schuyler, who have produced a work very much more readable and entertaining than such chronicles are apt to be. It is a large-paper octavo volume of 250 pages, adorned with photographic views—some of them very good indeed—of the buildings and booths.

—The proposal that a royalty should be paid the author of a book on each copy sold by the publisher is Mr. James Spedding's contribution towards the settlement of the ancient quarrel between authors and publishers. To this *The Spectator* wants a rider added in the interest of the publishers, and, considering the vexations which the present system imposes on the *genus irritabile*, in the interest of the authors also. The royalty ought not to be paid, *The Spectator* thinks, unless the sale of the book exceeds a certain limit, which limit, of course, will be one thing in one case and another in another, and in all cases will be fixed by the publisher. "This is the 'half profits' system, with one all-important difference." In this country, in the case of authors not well known, there is the widest diversity in the terms offered. A form of *The Spectator's* plan is not seldom tried, the author getting a specified per-centage of the retail price after so many hundred copies are sold, he to pay all expenses on presentation of the bills. The translation now in the American market of a certain well-known foreign book is published under this agreement: the translator pays for stereotyping, for paper, and for everything, material or labor, necessary in the manufacture of the book; he agrees to furnish so many pages of copy each day and to correct so many; and he gets one-half of the price of each copy sold. He stipulates that no demand for money, except a certain small fraction of the whole expense, shall be made on him until so many months after the stereotyping is completed. The contracts are made in writing under seal, and though such as we have seen might well enough make an unknown author despondent, they set forth details so fully that quarrelling about their provisions would seem difficult.

—Mr. John Hill Burton, who is known to many American readers as the author of a very pleasant book called "The Book-Hunter," has now put forth four volumes of what will probably be for a long time *the* history of his native country. Its title is "The History of Scotland from Agricola's Invasion to the Revolution of 1688," and the fourth volume brings the work down to the abdication of Mary. It seems that there is more of the Scotch dryness than of the *ingenium perfervidum Scotorum* in the book. About the long line of Scottish monarchs whose portraits may be seen at Holyrood, Mr. Burton is perfectly incredulous. He wisely shirks the question whether the Pict was a Teuton or a Celt, and it is not easy to know with exactness whether he thinks the theory that brings the first Pict from an island in the Danube more or less valuable than that which assigns him his cradle in Hindostan. Of St. Serf he says that he "had a reputation for the neatness and appropriateness of his miracles." Not that this dry humor is in excess; the history is praised for clear and sometimes picturesque narration, for prevailing good sense, for being calm, unbiassed, even over-judicial, and purely historical—praise not to be given any other history of Scotland.

—Among the recent announcements of English books are, by Messrs. Longmans, "Short Studies on Great Subjects," by James Anthony Froude, the historian, including essays on Job, Spinoza, Homer, Wolsey; another volume of "Dissertations and Discussions, Political, Philosophical, and Historical," by John Stuart Mill, M.P. Messrs. Low & Son announce the speedy publication of "On the Heights," by Berthold Auerbach, being the first three volumes of Tauchnitz's new series of English translations from German authors. Chapman & Hall have on their list "Nights in the Harem," by Emmeline Lott, authoress of the very entertaining "Harem Life in Egypt and Turkey;" "Church Embroidery," by Anastasia Dolby; and "The English Constitution," by Walter Bagehot, a reprint of his very valuable and interesting articles in *The Fortnightly Review.* We hope this book will be reprinted in this country. Macmillan & Co. will soon publish two new books by the Rev. Charles Kingsley, "The Water of Life, and other Sermons," and "On the Ancient Régime as it existed on the Continent before the French Revolution," being three lectures delivered at the Royal Institution; "Essays on Reform," by Lord Houghton, Thomas Hughes, M.P., Frederick Harrison, Leslie Stephen, Goldwin Smith, and others; and a new volume of the Golden Treasury Series, "La Lyre Française," edited by Gustave Masson. Mr. J. Russell Smith has in press, to be published in ten parts, "A Bibliographical Hand-book to the Earlier Popular Poetical and Dramatic Literature of Great Britain to 1660," edited by W. Carew Hazlitt. The Queen is said to be revising for publication a book which has lately been privately circulated at court, "Leaves from my Journal in the Highlands," and has written a preface to an account of the late Prince Consort by General Grey, which has been printed but not circulated.

—In the department of history of old classical literature the most noticeable recent German work is Kleine's "Geschichte der Drama" (History of the Drama), of which four volumes have appeared; the first three treat of the subject to the eleventh century, and the fourth of the Italian drama to the *Renaissance* in the sixteenth century. Prof. Haupt says that this is the most fundamental, the most learned, and the cleverest work that has appeared in the century; that it contains a fulness of new ideas, and for the history of the later Greek comedies forms the capstone to all investigations. With all deference to such an authority, we can only conditionally subscribe to such a verdict, for Professor Westphal, in Breslau, having finished his elaborate work on the Greek Metric and Rhythmic systems, has sent out a number of others in the same field. First, a revision of the work on rhythm, in which he places Aristoxenes as the sole deciding standard, differing from Cæsar, of Marburg, who takes Aristides as his standard. In "Geschichte der alten Musik" (History of Ancient Music) Westphal has made a most ingenious attempt to show that the ancients were acquainted with harmony as well as with melody, and that the metric of the Greeks corresponds to the tact system of the moderns. The third section of his work contains Plutarch's "De Musica," accompanied by a new critique and a commentary worthy to be considered a model.

—Of new German works on Latin and Greek grammar, the first volume of Neue's "Formenlehre der lateinischen Sprache" (Grammar of Latin Forms) treats of declension, and contains a most complete repertory of the Latin forms in the old classics, and also a survey and history of the Latin forms from the inscriptions and monuments down to the time of the Antonines. A short treatise on the same subject is Bücheler's "Grundniss d. lat. Declination" (Sketch of the Latin Declination). It is founded entirely upon the forms in Plautus. The "Kritische Nachträge z. lat. Formenlehre" (Critical Supplement to the Grammar of Latin Forms), by W. Corssen, is the most extended history of Latin grammar since Schneider. Especial attention has been paid in it to the question how far the elder Latin forms of the inscriptions, of the comedies, and of Lucretius suffered a change through the influence of the Greek grammarians, and the result contradicts the teachings of former German philology. In Greek grammar the *Sprachvergleichende*, or comparative method, has effected a complete revolution. George Curtius, in Leipzig, was the first to introduce this method into the schools, and his Greek school grammars, in spite of the protest of K. W. G. Krüger that they were a compilation from his own, have almost crowded their rivals out. His "Erläuterungen z. griech. Schulgrammatik" (Elucidations of Greek Grammars for Schools) contains such an excellent plan of instruction and so much more than any one would surmise from the title that it well deserves an English translation. An earlier edition of his school grammar was the basis of the widely-known Greek grammar by Mr. Hadley, of New Haven.

EDUCATIONAL.

A MEETING of the educational section of the American Social Science Association was held in Boston on the 13th of March at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Prof. Wm. B. Rogers presiding. A large number of influential persons were present, though the number from a distance was less than could be desired if the association is to be, as its name imports, a national and not a local body. Papers were read on deaf-mute instruction, on the New England high school, on reformatory schools for girls, on the provision for military instruction in the Congressional enactment of 1866, and on other topics, each of the essays being followed by a brief discussion. We hail it as a sign of coming improvements that gentlemen not concerned in teaching nor in the administration of school affairs are disposed to come together and quietly examine the principles which underlie our educational establishments, with a view to their advancement and improvement. The American Association for the Advancement of Social Science will accomplish much if it maintains a series of meetings for educational discussion which shall neither be teachers' institutes for the benefit of inexperienced young ladies nor mass meetings for the awakening of the community, but conferences of thoughtful and scholarly men reflecting the intellectual and moral advancement of the country.

—The West shares with the East the discussion of the question touching classical and scientific courses of education. In Michigan we observe the lectures of Mr. D. Bethune Duffield, of Detroit, whose views are quite as iconoclastic as those of "A Gothic Man," to which we have given expression in our recent issues. "Out here in the West," writes a correspondent, "we have long since dismissed the idea of infallibility in our colleges"—an implication which our conservative Faculties would probably repel, but which is at least suggestive of the true state of the case.

—Each new census of France reveals a deplorable tendency on the part of its rural population to flock to the cities, to Paris especially. They are lured thither by the wealth and glitter and amusement, the opportunities for speculation, the educational advantages, the hope of ease in return for a small expenditure of wit or labor. Cease demolishing and reconstructing Paris—it has been urged as a remedy for this evil—put a stop to Haussmannism at the capital, and improve the country roads. Stimulate the love of cultivating the soil, and teach the best methods and introduce the best machines. Lift up the rustic civilization, so far as material prosperity can do it, to the level of that enjoyed by the cities. To these voices M. Duruy, the Minister of Public Instruction, has just added his. In the session of the 2d of March he told the Corps Législatif:

> "It is complained that the laborers are quitting the country for the cities; but we lavish on the cities all that can draw them there—the hospital, gratuitous instruction, the splendor of civilization. Something, then, must be done also for the tiller of the fields, who has nothing of all that, and who is nevertheless a social force."

It seems to us that similar doctrine would not be out of place in this country, where the growth of the cities at the expense of the rural districts is not yet alarming, but is perhaps demonstrable and at all events to be provided for. We do not urge the State to make every village so attractive that most men will be content to stay and work out their destiny in it; but we believe that in building noble school-houses, founding public libraries, and bestowing kindred endowments on their native towns, the men who have come to the city and made their wealth there will found their highest claims upon the gratitude of the nation. Let the chief attraction of the city be its opportunities for business, and let its superiority in culture and the means of amusement and self-improvement be so slight as to be of little weight.

SCHAFF'S HISTORY OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.*

The three centuries, from the conversion of Constantine to the accession of the first Gregory, present to the historian of the Church an immense wealth of materials. If, in the preceding period, his contemporary documents are comparatively few, so that he is often obliged to grope in the twilight, and substitute combination and conjecture in lieu of sure testimonies, the case is wholly altered on passing into the second era of the church's progress. Christianity from a persecuted sect becomes a dominating faith, and, in turn, employs coercion against heresy within its own pale and paganism without. Ecclesiastical history is henceforward inseparable from the history of the administration and fortunes of the great Roman Empire. Thus the field of view is widened. The second era is the fertile and productive period in the department of thought and discussion. The great writers of the first era, so far as their works are extant, may be counted on the fingers of one hand. The Latin Church produced no original theologian before Tertullian. But when we pass into the next stadium, we meet with the illustrious names of Augustine, Athanasius, Jerome, Chrysostom, Gregory Nazianzen, Gregory of Nyssa, Basil—and these are far from exhausting the catalogue. On the leading subjects of Christian theology, theology proper, or the Trinity and the person of Christ, and anthropology or the doctrine of sin, grace, and free-will as related to grace, the contributions to Christian thought are most rich and abundant. All that has been done since in these branches of the Christian system is little in comparison to what is furnished by this golden age of the Fathers. The mediæval period found work enough to do in the bare task of systematizing and reducing to a coherent whole the vast amount of theological matter which it received as a legacy from that fruitful age. It was the age of the great councils, beginning with Nicæa; the age when the hierarchical system developed itself, when the Roman bishop became established in his ecclesiastical supremacy, and when monasticism ascended the Papal chair in the person of Gregory.

The advantages and difficulties of the historian are obvious even from this brief sketch. His means of information are ample; but the labor of mastering his materials and of shaping his narrative with a just method is proportionately serious. Dr. Schaff has thoroughly and successfully accomplished his task. The volumes that lie before us are replete with evidences of a careful study of the original sources, and of an extraordinary and, we might say, unsurpassed acquaintance with the modern literature—German, French, and English—in the department of ecclesiastical history. They are equally marked by a fair-minded, conscientious spirit, as well as by a lucid, animated mode of presentation. These volumes illustrate the possibility of depth in a German, without either obscurity or dryness. As concerns the history of theological doctrine, to which, as is proper, nearly the whole of one volume is devoted, we know of no treatise which, on the whole, is more satisfactory. A specimen of the author's discriminating habit is found in his account of the Arian controversy and of the Nicene orthodoxy. It is frequently, and by English writers generally, assumed that the Nicene Creed is in full agreement with the so-called Athanasian symbol, and with the later developed theology of Augustine on the point of the relation of the Son to the Father. This is not the place for a discussion of such a topic; but we will just remark that the terms of the creed of Chalcedon, wherein is affirmed the *homoousianism* of Christ as to his human nature with us, are sufficient to show that the word *homoousian*, in the symbol of Nicæa, does not of necessity imply *numerical* consubstantiality. It is often, but erroneously, assumed that the metaphysics of Athanasius are explicitly embodied in the creed. Dr. Schaff keeps clear of this misconception; and, while clearly expounding the theory of the great champion of the creed, he explicitly says: "The Nicene doctrine refuses to swerve from the monotheistic basis, and stands between sabellianism and tritheism; though it must be admitted that the usage of *οὐσία* and *ὑπόστασις* still wavered for a time, and the relation of the consubstantiality to the numerical unity of the divine essence did not come clearly out till a later day" (Vol. III., p. 657). The Greek theology, in which the Father is the *fons et origo divinitatis*, and in which the subordination (though not in an Arian sense) of the Son to the Father is ever maintained, should never be confounded with the conception of the great Latin Father and with the doctrine of the Athanasian Creed, a later product of the Western Church. Dr. Schaff observes (Vol. III., p. 640, note) that John Milton cannot properly be termed Arian. But, in the celebrated posthumous treatise of Milton on "Christian Doctrine," he fully adopts the distinctively Arian statements respecting the person of Christ. After a careful examination of that treatise, we are entirely persuaded that Archbishop Sumner was right in regarding it as the product of Milton's mature age, instead of being a youthful essay, as some have contended; and we are equally certain that the doctrine of it is both Arian and Arminian. In truth, an attentive reader of "Paradise Regained" will find in that poem clear traces of the same opinions.

The first of the two volumes before us opens with an animated description of the character and career of Constantine. The various hypotheses which have been broached concerning the real tenets and religious position of the imperial patron of Christianity are subjected to a critical examination. If we were to express any difference of judgment from Dr. Schaff on the subject of Constantine's conversion, it would be in the form of an objection to the decided manner in which our author casts away the theory of an optical illusion in connection with that event. It appears to us not at all improbable that, in conjunction with the vision or dream, there may have occurred a parhelion bearing enough resemblance to the cross to impose upon the disturbed fancy of the Emperor. The somewhat ambiguous position of Constantine with reference to the two religions is quite explicable. The situation in which he found himself when an aspirant for the imperial throne led him—with the vein of superstition that belonged to his nature—to give great prominence to Divine Providence, to the aid of the higher powers, among whom he found more and more cause to depend chiefly on the Christian's God. In the current Christian theology, the pagan divinities had a real existence; they were counted to be demons or evil beings. It was for this reason easier to mingle with a truly Christian belief more or less of a superstitious deference to the gods of the old mythology. The delay of Constantine's baptism arose from a prevalent superstitious notion of the efficacy of that rite in cancelling all transgression previously committed. But we must refer our readers to Dr. Schaff's able discussion, where they will find the material for an intelligent judgment upon the curious questions suggested by the conversion and religious course of a man who, if not great, at least played a most conspicuous part in human affairs.

It is difficult to write a history of the church—especially of the ancient church—without making rather a commentary upon the history than a consecutive, flowing narrative. Dr. Schaff has probably avoided this tendency as far as it was practicable to do so. His volumes are enlivened by biographical pictures of eminent men, and by instructive as well as entertaining information relative to Christian art and Christian worship. We do not hesitate to say that should he complete his work according to the plan indicated by the present volumes, he will have furnished the public with a history of the church which, while it satisfies the demands of scholarship, is more readable and better adapted to the taste of the class of cultivated persons than is any rival production in the same department of literature.

We must not omit to state that the main portions of this work have been translated, with much skill and taste, by Dr. Yeomans from the author's German. It is very seldom that we have noticed an incorrect or inelegant expression. In one place (Vol. II., p. 41) we read, in reference to the enterprise of Julian, that "in the entire failure of this effort heathenism itself gave the strongest proof that it had outlived itself for ever." To *outlive* is to live longer than another; "to outlive itself for ever" is a not very intelligible phrase. But author and translator are entitled to congratulations for the generally felicitous manner in which their respective tasks have been executed.

THE CHARITIES OF FRANCE.*

We hope we are guilty of no impropriety in giving some account of this interesting volume, which the author must have taken great pains in compiling, but which his modesty restrains him from offering to the world. He is not a professed man of letters, and, therefore, his book is lacking in the merit of accurate generalization summing up the result of figures; but he is a man of clear intelligence; he has resided in Paris; he has directed particular attention to its charitable institutions; and he has used well all the opportunities there were for obtaining trustworthy information. The volume contains but one hundred and ninety-five pages of text, exclusive of an admirable index; but its thirty-four short chapters, composed of pure facts, with hardly a repetition, present a solid statement of the charitable administrations of France as they now are. It is already so condensed that further compression is impossible. Only the most general summary can be given. We will try to give that in such a way as to convey the general impressions left on the mind by the book, and supply in some sort the deductions which the author does not draw.

The French, as everybody knows, are a singular mixture of sentiment and sense. They are the most sentimental and, at the same time, the most practical of people. Their religion is Roman Catholic; their economies are scientific. Their religion teaches them to make the care of the poor a sacred duty, to be discharged from the love of God, in obedience to Christ and the church, and in the interest of salvation. Their economy teaches them to waste nothing, to do nothing aimlessly, to support nobody in idleness, to encourage industry and thrift, and to make every particle of vitality available for the purposes of society. It is interesting to see how these two somewhat inconsistent principles get on together in the administration of beneficence. From the number, size, completeness, and endowment of the establishments, it would seem as if the first principle had the matter wholly to itself. Indeed, that principle has been from time to time officially proclaimed. In 1790 the National Assembly, "penetrated with the eternal truth that the duty of providing for the subsistence of the poor in the construction of an empire is not less sacred than that of securing the prosperity of the rich," appointed a committee to take into consideration the whole subject of public charity. And this committee laid down the axiom that "society should aid without requiring labor from those who are incapacitated from age or infirmity;" that "every man has a right to his subsistence," that "the relief of indigence is a debt due by the state." This principle was afterwards repudiated, but the state is as diligent in discharging the charitable office as if the confession of the debt were still made. The whole administration of public aid is placed under the Prefect of the Seine and the Minister of the Interior. There is a general director who is appointed by the minister on the nomination of the prefect. In 1864 the director estimated the number of those who would require relief in 1865 at 259,199, of whom 100,000 were registered poor, 91,355 were in hospital, 30,000 were sick treated at their dwellings, and 23,416 were abandoned children placed in the country. There are eight general hospitals, containing altogether 3,911 beds, and eight special hospitals, containing 2,738 beds. These do not include the various benevolent foundations established by individuals, some of which are very munificent. The hospices are thirteen in number, for men and for women separately, two for the insane, two for the aged, and one, about five miles from Paris, for aged couples, widowers, and widows; one for foundlings, one for workmen over sixty years of age, etc. In all they contain 10,547 beds. Other hospitals there are, civil and military, not under the charge of the administration. Such are the new Military Hospital near Vincennes, with 600 beds; the Hospital of Val de Grace, with 1,500; the Jewish Hospital, founded by M. de Rothschild, with 100; two asiles, one with 300 beds, the other with 500. Some of these establishments are of immense proportions; the Salpêtrière had last year a population of not far from five thousand, including those employed there.

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* "History of the Christian Church. By Philip Schaff, D.D." Vols. II. and III. From Constantine the Great to Gregory the Great, A.D. 311-600. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1867.

* "Charities of France in 1866." Boston: Gould & Lincoln. Not published.

Besides the institutions mentioned, there are a multitude of others which give relief to every existing phase of want or distress. La Maternité takes care of women through the period of child-birth, from a week or so before till a week after, and also maintains a school of midwifery, to which young women from all parts of the empire resort. The Maisons de Retraite and Hospices des Ménages give comfortable shelter and pleasant lodgings, with every domestic convenience, to old people, single or married, who can pay a capital sum of from 1,000 to 3,000 francs, or a trifling rent of fifty or sixty dollars. Houses of Refuge take in able-bodied laborers who may be temporarily out of employment, and give them work at less than the ruling rate of wages, or discharged convicts who, on leaving prison, can get nothing to do, or servants looking about for situations, or girls of loose morals wishing to reform. The Sisters of Charity have charge of most of these institutions. The Crèches take care during the day of infants left by mothers on the way to their work. The Crêche is not popular. In 1849 but one in fourteen was filled; in 1853, but three in twenty-five. The mortality in them is greater than under the ordinary circumstances of children in the city. The General Administration, for several reasons obvious enough, has never adopted them. The Salles d'Asile welcome children between the ages of two and six, and have some of the features of a primary school. Foundlings, abandoned children, and destitute orphans have abundant provision made for them. The Bureaux des Nourrices procure nurses, under rule and direction of government, for mothers who are unable to nurse their own children. The Sociétés de Charité Maternelle give aid at the time of confinement to women who, having one child living, have been widowed during pregnancy; to women with at least one child and a husband who is disabled or chronically diseased; to disabled women having two living children; to women who, having two children already, give birth to twins; and to women who have three children already, the oldest under fourteen. The Société du Prince Imperial loans to working-men, or individuals of good moral character exercising any trade or profession, such tools, instruments, or materials as may be required, they pledging repayment of the loan within a certain time. The fund is obtained by a voluntary weekly contribution of two sous by the children of France. The sum at the disposal of the society in 1864 amounted to 1,698,489 francs. The Empress is interested in the institution; but it does not pay. Last year there was a deficiency of 209,213 francs. The Ateliers de Charité, or public workshops, at the charge of the state, the departments, or the towns, supply workmen with manual labor, chiefly on the highways, in seasons of public calamity, when stagnation in business occasions public distress. The system of out-door relief is substantially the same with that adopted by our own provident associations, but is much more comprehensive, detailed, and thorough. The central office or bureau is managed by a committee consisting of the mayor and assistants, twelve administrators, and as many visitors and Sisters of Charity as may be required, a treasurer and a secretary. Many voluntary associations work in conjunction with this bureau, ministering to every species of want. The physicians, of whom there were in 1864 two hundred and one, receive small salaries; so do midwives. The largest expenditure is for medicine and baths; the next largest is for provisions and supplies. Very little money is given. The funds are in part appropriated to each arrondissement by the general administration, and are in part received from individual generosity. Applicants for aid must have resided one year in Paris; foreigners must have resided ten years. No one can be aided who neglects to send his children to school or refuses to have them vaccinated. Experiments at colonizing children in Algiers have not been so successful as our experiment at colonizing them in the West. The "Monts de Piété," or pawner's banks, are popular institutions in France. They must be established by permission of government and of the town authorities, and must be managed exclusively for the benefit of the poorer classes. There were forty-four such banks in all France in 1853, conducted at an expense of 1,375,546 francs. The salaries consumed 940,670 francs and the balance went for general expenses, repairs, and rent. The rate of interest ranges all the way from four to twelve per cent. Some of these establishments barely meet their expenses.

From this summary view it will appear that the work of charity in France is undertaken by the state, and is carried on with rigid system and with exhaustive completeness. Such elaborate recognition of poverty is repulsive to our notions of personal independence and the importance of self-help. The very completeness of the administration makes an institution of poverty itself, and virtually declares that the state is bound to provide for the poor for its own defence, if not for their good. This is the objectionable feature in the whole system; at least it would be with us. Incidentally, however, there is much to be learned from the details of the French administration. The legal right to a support has never been established in France. Begging is sternly forbidden. The utmost precaution is taken to limit the aid extended to those for whom it is specifically designed, and whose claims are indisputable; imposition of every kind is watchfully guarded against. No end of pains are taken to spare the feelings, save the personal respect, stimulate the industry, and keep up the *morale* of the beneficiaries of every class. The period of dependence is in all cases reduced to the shortest possible time. The amount of dependence is diminished to the smallest point, and the sense of dependence is persistently discouraged. In the hospitals and hospices the medical and religious toleration is above all praise. All the inmates are, as far as possible, turned to use. The old women in the Salpêtrière make up the worn-out linen of the establishment into bandages for the surgeons' wards. The babies at the Crèches amuse themselves by tearing up old papers and letters, with which pillows for the sick are stuffed. Extraordinary attention is given to the treatment of young children, the foundlings, and the abandoned, the severest regulations being imposed on those who volunteer to bring them up either in town or in the country. They must give them separate beds, provide fine fenders for their protection, send them to public school and church. To expose a child in a solitary place is a crime to be punished by imprisonment from half a year to two years. If, by exposure, the child become mutilated or injured, the person exposing it shall be considered as causing the hurt; should death ensue, the crime is murder.

The economy of suffering both bodily and mental, as well as of life, is wonderful. The state does its best to be a father to the poor. We must use general expressions, for if we were to detail the exquisite carefulness practised in a single hospital—the Lariboisière, for example—we should have no space for anything else. All this costs money, but the French are ingenious in obtaining that too. They make pleasure support poverty. Under the present act, which has continued in force since 1817, the theatres pay one-tenth of the gross amount received from the sale of tickets; and managers of balls, concerts, fêtes, etc., who receive money at the door, pay one-fourth of their gross receipts. In 1860 the sum derived from these sources was as high as 1,644,263 francs. On the whole, the

French administration of charity is the most satisfactory in Christendom. If the government takes charge of it, it does so in the interest of health, order, and industry, and on scientific principles. If the provision made seems enormously large and provokingly minute, it must have the effect of discouraging fraud and pauperism. Democracy has organized no charity as yet. Would that it might never be compelled to. But, if compelled to, it may profit by the study of organized charity in the Empire, for while the Empire confesses poverty to be an institution, it deals with it as an institution that should be kept within limits and assailed in its causes. While it trims the branches it lays an axe at the roots. The principal, if not the sole, cause of distress among the lower orders of people is want of moral and intellectual culture; and this want the Empire does all in its power to supply not only outside of charity, but in and through it.

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THE MAGAZINES FOR APRIL.

THAT noble Roman, Trajano Bocalini, informs us that all the virtuosi of Parnassus, Aristotle, Averroes, Plato, and the rest, being assembled in full conclave, decided after argument "That Inn-keeping was not a sordid Occupation, but a most worthy Heroick vertue," and it missed but little, that authority goes on to say, "that this vocation was not added as an Eighth to the Seven Liberal Sciences." Reading in *Harper's* for April Mr. C. H. Webb's pleasant account of the famous "What Cheer House" of San Francisco, one forgets New York restaurants and can half believe the virtuosi right. There is a library connected with the "What Cheer," a laundry, a place where the miner may have his clothes patched if they need it, a room in which fifty miners at a time may black their boots, a museum full of Californian and foreign curiosities, and there is a restaurant where four thousand meals, at an average charge of fifteen cents, are served daily. Bells are dispensed with by having in each sleeping-room everything that a man can be imagined to require. The price of a night's lodging is fifty cents. The house is for men only, no women being allowed on the premises. Our daily papers every little while tell us that a fortune awaits whatever man will open in New York a restaurant or a hotel at once good and cheap. It is true too; the owner of the "What Cheer" derives from it an annual income of thirty or forty thousand dollars, and the need of New York is greater than that of San Francisco; but the man, at once a very good man and able to keep a hotel like that in California, is not forthcoming.

We do not know what are the contents of the comic almanacs of to-day. Conundrums, we believe. Twenty years ago, when we had an intimate knowledge of that branch of literature, we made our first acquaintance with Davy Crockett, whom the present generation of youth does not know. We recollect him as being "death on coons," and perhaps the most successful hand-to-hand fighter with "varmint"—a term inclusive of "Injuns," "painters," and "bars"—which this country has ever produced. While memory holds her seat we shall not forget many wood-cuts relating to that mythus, and one in particular depicting the last scene in a "personal difficulty" which the hero had with what he styles "a Puke." The conflict began, like all his conflicts with the class of persons thus designated, by Crockett's grinning for an hour at his antagonist, who grinned in return. Then the Puke walks round Crockett for an hour and "hollers." Crockett, after an hour spent in the same manner, closes in, and, after tearing up a great deal of the surrounding country, finishes the fight by biting his enemy through the knee and breaking his back. Just this moment is the one which the artist seized, and the effect which his pencil produced was vivid. Turning to "Davy Crockett's Electioneering Tour," the Crockett of legend shrinks into the Crockett of fact, and our old type of Western civilization reappears in the guise of a student of the Constitution. One of his constituents declines to vote for his re-election to Congress on the ground that Col. Crockett voted to disburse twenty thousand dollars of the public money for the relief of certain sufferers by a fire in Georgetown, and convinces his representative that the people do not tax themselves for any such purposes.

Perhaps the most noticeable article is that entitled "A Christian Neighborhood." It is addressed to Christian women who regulate their conduct "by faith in the awful realities of the future life—an eternal heaven, an endless hell." The writer argues that "the family state can be instituted by any woman who has the means of earning a livelihood, as every woman should have.’ The distinctive feature of this state, he says, "is not that there should be parents, for Abraham, the friend of God, was eighty-five before he had any child, and a hundred before Isaac was born." Nor are husbands and wives absolutely necessary: "The true aim of the family state is to place a small number of persons under the care and authority of one or two that they may be trained to virtue and happiness chiefly by the influence of self-sacrificing love." Therefore, the writer would have women who have the necessary means at their disposal build houses, for which he furnishes plans, where children may be trained to usefulness and goodness. Such houses might be built near each other, and mutual help be rendered by the various establishments in the Christian neighborhood thus formed. A vast number of people will give their assent to the writer's theory.

The other articles in this number of the magazine are of little interest. J. S. C. Abbott would have not quite so unsatisfactory a reputation as he has if he had never written worse than in his account of Lieut. B. H. Porter. But the adjective is still too much for him. We must not omit to mention a little sketch called "Bushy and Jack," in which the reader will find the very best reproduction of the true negro dialect that we have ever seen in print.

An article, by the Rev. Henry H. Jessup, in the April number of *Hours at Home* contains a statement very damaging to William Gifford Palgrave, the English traveller, whose book on Arabia was so successful last year. Mr. Palgrave, Mr. Jessup says, is the "Kos Michael" who in 1860 was a Jesuit missionary in Syria. In that year occurred the massacre by the Druses of the Christians of Lebanon, and many of these people, being houseless and starving, were fed and clothed and sheltered by an association composed of American missionaries, English merchants, Greeks, Jews, and Roman Catholics, which was known as the Anglo-American and German Relief Committee, and which was supplied with funds by the charitable in England and America. "The Kos Michael," Mr. Palgrave, wrote a letter to *The Times* denouncing the committee as a mere proselytizing agency, and asserting that before any man could get money to relieve his necessities he had to turn Protestant. An investigating committee, consisting of a Papist, a Jew, and a Greek, after examining the case reported back to London that the Kos Michael's story was "a fabrication and a lie from beginning to end." After this Mr. Palgrave again appeared in Syria, where, if we believe Mr. Jessup, whose language is perhaps a little strong, "at length the Kos Michael's name became synonymous with falsehood"—a fact which readers of the travels in Central Arabia would perhaps do well to bear in mind.

Prof. W. S. Tyler continues his "Representative Cities," and treats in this number of Tyre and the Phœnicians. Prof. E. P. Evans furnishes a readable review of "The Huguenot Galley-Slave." Edward Seymour reviews Figuier's "Vegetable World." The Rev. George Bacon writes another of his Siamese papers. It is all about the father of Prince George Washington and brother of Somdetch Phra Paramendr Maha Mongkut. That monarch thinks, or he thought, for he is dead now, that "'Webster's Dictionary' is better than any English"—an ambiguous compliment if we consider the words, and doubtful, too, if we consider the source; he subscribed for *The Illustrated London News;* his band played "Yankee Doodle;" he owned the Abbotsford edition of Scott's works; he had a portrait of Washington hanging on the wall; he poured tea for his guest, and made the enquiry, "Cream and sugar?" While he did so, his wife, the queen, crawled on the floor; so did his son, and knocked his head on it when his father spoke to him; his majesty had no trousers on, and, of course, that being the case shoes and stockings would have been an affectation; all his head was shaved clean except a narrow place between the crown and the forehead, and on that was a ridge of clipped hair, stiff like a blacking-brush; round his waist a shawl was twisted, and on his shoulders he wore a blue sack coat. This was the gentlemanly second King of Siam. The author promises another of these amusing papers. Donald G. Mitchell discourses of "Parks, Gardens, and Groves," and makes some remarks concerning "the town poor" and the cheap beginnings of parks which we hope the editors of papers in the rural districts may copy. Dr. Horace Bushnell writes about "The Moral Uses of Bad Government," and preserves a cheerfulness his readers will envy him; there is another "Short Sermon to Sunday-school Teachers;" in some remarkable verses, No. I. of "City Lyrics," Mr. Sherwood likens the newsboy to John the Baptist. On the whole, *Hours at Home* steadily grows better.

The Catholic World opens with an article which reminds one of the palmy days of *Brownson's Review,* when the editor of that magazine used to give us in each number some of the most vigorous writing that has ever been done in America. It is entitled "Church and State," and is ostensibly a review of the Marquis of Valdegamas' essay on "Catholicism, Liberalism, and Socialism," which has recently been translated from the Spanish by Mrs. Goddard, now the wife of Rear-Admiral Dahlgren. It is to be wished that the opinions expressed by the reviewer were those held by every Catholic in the country: "There is nothing, then, that the Church can receive from civil society that she has not in the United States;" and again: "The duty of the Catholic on this question is to do his best to preserve this union [the present 'union,' as distinguished from the 'unity,' of church and state] as it is, and to combat every influence or tendency hostile to it."

And it is to be wished, too, that the American Catholic would not be obliged, in following this advice, to go counter to the historical action of his Church and to what seems to be its present desire. There is also in this number of the magazine an able review of Lecky's "History of Rationalism," and the usual variety of articles, good and bad, original and selected. Each number of *The Catholic World* nowadays is apt to have a religious poem really good. "Olive Branches in Gethsemane" is an example.

In *The Atlantic*, Dr. Holmes's "Guardian Angel" is more interesting than it has been before. The heroine suffers from hysteria, and the author is on his best ground in describing her disease and the mesmeric treatment to which, to the danger of his own and her peace of mind, her young physician subjects his patient. Better done than anything else in these chapters are the scenes in which the old doctor talks with his son, and the little passage-at-arms between Byles Gridley and the hostler. Into the mouth of old Dr. Hurlbut Dr. Holmes puts the best "good thing" the novel has yet afforded: "Live folks are only dead folks warmed over." It is not as a novel that "The Guardian Angel" is going to be a success.

We cannot wholly rid ourselves of the impression that there is a good deal of stuff and nonsense in the recollections of Mr. Lincoln which Mr. Herndon and, after him, Mrs. Dall have been giving the public. How ill the feminine admiration for strength in the other sex consorts with "the critical spirit" is amusingly illustrated in Mrs. Dall's "Pioneering." After some writing of the intense order—in the vein of Miss Rossetti's "There came a strong man from the North"—about "the sturdy shoulders of Southern men looming far above those of their Eastern brothers," and about Dr. Gwin "offering an arm which seemed on a natural level with the crown of a woman's head," and about "the muscles strapped across the bones" of the descendants of such Southern poor whites as went West, and, finally, about the return of the hot Southern blood, in the persons of the Southern-blooded Western men, to the high places of power, she lets us down wofully in a foot-note by a confession, based on the statement of an Illinois senator, that "if you take the census of his State to-day," there may be found in ten thousand inhabitants one person of the first generation of pioneers of pure Southern blood! In the second generation of the pioneers you find one Southern man in every two thousand citizens of the State. Illinois, we suppose, is a more favorable example for Mrs. Dall's theory than the other States of the Northern Mississippi valley.

Quite a number of the contributions in the April *Atlantic* call for no particular comments. Bayard Taylor, in "Travel in the United States," is severe, in the usual way, upon the tyranny that railway corporations exercise over travellers. He has seen a man knocked down with a slung-shot, he says, by a conductor on a Western road, because he endeavored to enter what is called the "ladies' car," the rest of the train being loaded with drunken and riotous soldiers. Mr. T. W. Higginson's "Haunted Window" is a very prettily written story of that kind in which apparently supernatural incidents are at last explained on natural principles, and it has the fault, common in the case of such stories, of ceasing to be interesting at all when the supernatural element disappears. Mr. T. Buchanan Read's poem, "Timon's Soliloquy," gives us the mildest sort of a Timon; not him of Athens by much. "Adelaide Ristori," we think, we have read once or twice before. "Katharine Morne" goes on, we see. There is nothing to be said of "A Winter Adventure on the Prairie" nor of a brief sketch of "Chester Harding." "The Restless" tells in strenuous lines, and with here and there a very vivid expression, how an oak that a witch had been hanged on and that she had cursed was builded into a ship which, having sailed, could never, because of the malison, make port. Who "H. Rich" is we do not know; but it seems that he has some sombre fancies, and is not unable to give them adequate expression. Mr. E. E. Hale succeeds in making a very readable paper on the "Sanitary Commission," and by his article and Mr. Lowell's "Familiar Epistle to a Friend" and Mr. John Fiske's careful essay on "University Reform," this number of *The Atlantic* is saved from being a poor one.

Mr. Fiske's article does not directly bear on the controversy now going on between the friends and enemies of classical education. Keeping in his eye Harvard College as at present constituted, his object is "to educe from a few general principles the rudiments of a systematic scheme of reform," so that the university, without becoming a shop for making either sciolists or profound students in this or that science, or for making specialists of any kind, may yet avail herself of every branch of human knowledge in order to the making of cultivated men. We have seen nothing on this subject since it was first agitated among the alumni of our New England colleges so good as this very practical essay, and we are disposed to believe, and certainly we hope, that it will not be long before many if not all of the excellent suggestions offered by Mr. Fiske will be the law and practice of his own and all other American colleges.

Mr. Lowell's "Familiar Epistle" might indeed have been a letter, and to a friend, for its ease, careless ease it seems to be at times, and its frankness The whole is better than any of its parts—which perhaps is not true of all of Mr. Lowell's or all of hardly any other poet's poems—but we may be allowed to please ourselves by separating from the context this characteristic passage:

> "I have not spilt one drop of joy
> Poured in the senses of the boy,
> Nor Nature fails my walks to bless
> With all her golden inwardness;
> And as blind nestlings, unafraid,
> Stretch up wide-mouthed to every shade
> By which their downy dream is stirred,
> Taking it for the mother-bird,
> So, when God's shadow, which is light,
> Unheralded, by day or night,
> My wakening instincts falls across,
> Silent as sunbeams over moss,
> In my heart's nest half-conscious things
> Stir with a helpless sense of wings,
> Lift themselves up, and tremble long
> With premonitions sweet of song."

Mr. Howells is only to be found in the "Literary Notices." We will not suppose that it is he who gives the American critic those "eminently suggestive" lessons in criticism in the "Advertising Miscellany."

Of the juvenile magazines we see many, from the instructive *Paper for Young People*, which is not too young for people of sixteen years, down to Miss Seavern's "Nursery" for almost the smallest of the small. *Our Young Folks* and *The Riverside Magazine* continue to hold the first positions, and the latter is improving steadily, as a new magazine should. We were able to read with pleasure the whole of the number for April, and saying this seems to us to be saying a good deal for a juvenile magazine, the literature of these periodicals being too often sufficient to strike a man into despair. Let us remark of *The Riverside Magazine* that when we see Mr. H. L. Stephens's foxes, so human in their expression and action, we are the less inclined to pardon his wretched children, not human, in the frontispiece; and the queen is not a nice creature.

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Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott, Baronet. With a Biographical and Critical Memoir by Francis Turner Palgrave. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1866.)—This is the cheap edition, known as "The Globe Edition," recently put forth in England. Prettily bound, very well printed on good paper, furnished with a sufficient number of good historical notes, and with an essay by Mr. Palgrave, an accomplished critic, we do not know a single cheap edition, nor many dear editions, that can for a moment stand comparison with this. Mr. Lockhart, Mr. Palgrave says, describes Scott as the finished man of the world; Carlyle seems to think of him as in the main a manufacturer of hasty books for the purpose of making money and a landed estate to rival the neighboring country gentlemen. Both these views Mr. Palgrave believes incorrect; they fail, in his opinion, to explain how such imaginative prose and verse as Scott's had room to come into being. In Mr. Palgrave's view the true solution to the difficult problem of Scott's character is not that the nature of the poet was absent, but that it was more closely and curiously combined with the man of common life than in others. This idea the essayist supports by considerations drawn not only from Scott's history as a poet, but from his novels as well, and from his life in the world of affairs. This may be said to be Mr. Palgrave's summing up of Scott's character: "As a child of the critical eighteenth century and the son of a shrewd Scotch solicitor Scott was, on one side, a born sceptic in romance, the Middle Ages, and Jacobitism; as a cadet of the Scotts of Harden and a man of the strongest imaginative temperament, he was likewise a born believer. Now not only his writings, which in the strictest sense reproduce himself, but his life and character, present a continual half-conscious attempt at a real and practical compromise between these opposing elements. In the details, what struck his contemporaries was plain but genial common sense; in the whole, what strikes the later student is the predominance of the poetical impulse." The essay gives, we think, formal expression for the first time to what has been for some time the general opinion about Scott, and for this, to say nothing of some excellent incidental criticisms, it is very well worth having.

Manual of Legal Study. By Scott R. Sherwood. (New York: Baker, Voorhis & Co. 1867.)—This is a convenient little manual for the use of law students, in which they will find a course of legal study marked out for them which will materially aid them in determining what books they shall read—a question very perplexing to beginners, and one upon which they usually get very little light. Our own judgment does not entirely coincide with that of Mr. Sherwood in respect to the choice of books, as we think either Kent's "Commentaries" or Bouvier's "Institutes" better worthy of repeated study than Blackstone; and it seems to us that the number of books included in the list is somewhat too large. But a student beginning on the plan here laid down will soon be able to judge of this for himself, while he may, at all events, be assured that his time will be well spent if he concludes to adhere to the programme of this manual. It is the only thing of its kind which is at all adapted to the present day, and will be of service to students.

Catalogue of Law Books. (New York: Baker, Voorhis & Co. 1867.)—This is a full catalogue of the law books published in this country, and of such English law books as are commonly purchasable here. It will be found of considerable value to lawyers.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION *should be addressed to the Editor.*

THE POLITICAL FUTURE.

THE nature of the arrangement which Congress has made as to its adjournment renders it certain that, barring some gross act of folly on the part of Mr. Johnson or of the Southern leaders, there will be no session until December. As well as anybody can judge from his present attitude and language, he is not likely to do anything to impede the free working of the Reconstruction bill. The generals in command of the military districts are men in whom the country has every confidence, and what they have done so far warrants the conclusion that they will do hereafter all that the occasion calls for or the people expect, without either let or hindrance from the White House. There could, in fact, hardly be a better augury as to the future than the steps General Sheridan has just taken at New Orleans. We may therefore fairly anticipate that the constitutional conventions in the various States will be duly held, and that not only the Unionists, properly so called, but everybody not formally disfranchised by the act, will take part in the election of the delegates. It is impossible to read the speeches of the leading Southern men and the articles in the recent Southern papers without feeling satisfied that active submission has at last been determined on, that the South is going to reorganize under the act, and that the plan of flattering and managing the negroes has been fixed on as the best and only mode of taking out of the new law whatever sting or danger there may be in it. We shall probably see during the coming summer most of the leading Southern politicians, and a large number also of influential men who have never taken much part in politics, carrying on a brisk canvass amongst the freedmen, and competing, and we believe not unsuccessfully, with the Southern Radicals, properly so called, for the negro vote.

That the conventions will comply with the requisitions of Congress we have no sort of doubt. It would, of course, be a great mockery, as everybody at the South now knows, to hold them for any other purpose than compliance. That the establishment of free schools is not amongst those requisitions, as proposed the other day by Mr. Sumner, we consider a great misfortune; and we cannot help thinking that the whole North will see it in the same light before many years. Of what the Southern planters can do in the political management of ignorant voters we know something already, but we greatly fear we have something still to learn. If, therefore, Mr. Johnson confines himself during the summer to the routine duties of his office, and indulges in no worse outbursts of feeling than "conversations," there will be nothing for Congress to do until the regular time of meeting. The game of removals from office which the President played last summer is, of course, barred by the Tenure of Office bill, and our foreign ministers may hereafter meet the gaze of the McCrackens without wincing. Thus Mr. Johnson is really exposed to hardly any temptation.

What, under these circumstances, is likely to become of the impeachment? In the first place, it is quite evident that its great advocates have now very little influence in the House. General Butler went to Congress charged with the special duty of carrying it through, and may be said to have made absolutely no impression on anybody, and has been condemned to the somewhat inglorious rôle of sticking pins into his personal enemies for the amusement of his fellow-members. Mr. Stevens, too, has evidently lost his power, or else the House has grown thick-skinned, for his lash, though ever so mercilessly applied, does not produce the slightest movement. What is more significant than all is that the Judiciary Committee makes no secret of the fact that it is proceeding in strict accordance with legal forms, taking evidence only under legal rules, and is admitting rebutting testimony at every step. We have all along maintained that if this were done the impeachment had little chance. The only mode of impeachment which promised success was something in the nature of a bill of pains and penalties, or what might be called "impeachment by acclamation." We are still of opinion that no evidence has been brought before the committee which would bear examination in a court of law, because it could only reach the committee through the promoters of the movement, and thus far these gentlemen have not tantalized the public by their secrecy. They have been, of course, very anxious to secure support from the people, and consequently are not likely to have kept back anything of importance which came to their knowledge, and yet they have told us absolutely nothing that we have not all known for the last year, unless it be Mr. Boutwell's charge about the pardon of the West Virginia deserters. We have at the same time the assurance of the committee that they will prosecute their enquiry diligently during the summer, and if they find any high crime or misdemeanor will do their duty about it fearlessly. In any case, however, the probability is that we shall not get their report till December.

In calculating the effect of it, even if unfavorable to the President, it is desirable to remember that the convention for the nomination of the next President will be held in the summer of 1868, and that during the previous half-year the attention of the political world will be entirely absorbed in the manufacture of candidates, possible and impossible, likely and unlikely, and will continue to be so till the nomination is made. After the nomination of course comes the campaign, and we doubt if a more exciting one has ever occurred. It is safe therefore to predict that Mr. Johnson, insignificant already, will, after the first of January next, become more and more so, and will cease to be spoken of at all as the winter wears on, and that some of those who are now most eager to try him will then be least disposed to trouble themselves about him. Moreover, suppose an impeachment process were commenced in December, if conducted with legal form, as it ought to be and certainly would be, it would last till the following summer at least, and conviction might possibly be secured about the time of the next election; but we doubt if either the cause of th ecountry or the interests of virtue would be served by it.

THE NORTH GERMAN CONFEDERATION.

THE assembly convened to consider a draft of the constitution which is to unite twenty-two states of North Germany in a federal union has been sitting for some weeks past in Berlin, and the cable has just briefly informed us that the constitution submitted to it had been adopted, with some slight modifications. What these modifications are we can, pending the arrival of fuller intelligence, only guess; but we can learn enough from a careful reading of the reports of the debates, combined with what we know already of the feelings and tendencies of the great party leaders, to guess with a tolerably close approach to accuracy. The proposed Confederation—or, to speak more accurately now, the actual Confederation—will, in many important particulars, resemble the American Union. The legislature consists of a council, composed of representatives of the different states, and corresponding in character to our Senate, and of a lower house, or diet, composed of representatives of the people. The presidency of the Confederation, however, is lodged in perpetuity in the King of Prussia. He is to declare war, make peace, enter into treaties and receive ambassadors, and to command the army and navy and to appoint the president of the council; but the lower house will choose its own speaker. The confederate constitution and the acts of the confederate parliament are declared to be the supreme law of the land, to which all state legislation is to be subordinate; and as we hear nothing of any tribunal competent to pass upon the constitutionality of federal laws, the federal authority may really be said to be, for all practical purposes, unlimited. The constitution can only be amended by a two-thirds vote of the council, or upper house; but this provision really amounts to nothing, as Prussia is to possess an absolute veto on all changes. Perhaps the most striking provision of the new constitution, and that which constitutes the most effective preparation for a still closer political union, is that which confers community of citizenship on the inhabitants of all the confederated states. The subjects of each state are to stand in all other respects on absolutely the same footing in every respect as natives.

The federal courts are to have exclusive jurisdiction in all matters relating to commerce and navigation, banking and currency, railroasd and telegraph lines, and in all civil proceedings little except the administration of criminal justice and the management of the police, education and the church, being left to the local authorities. To crown all, the power of military execution against contumacious states is conferred on the general government in express terms. Had our Constitution contained a similar one we should have certainly escaped a most wearisome controversy, and probably a bloody war.

The constitution in the form in which it has reached us, and in which it has probably been passed, appears to be the work of several persons who have not succeeded in blending their work. Some portions of it are marked by great clearness and conciseness, and others by a tedious and unnecessary minuteness. Some of the articles are contradictory, and in others points of grave importance are left in great doubt. In fact, it is only with the greatest difficulty that one can extract from it a clear idea of the exact nature and limits of the functions assigned to the presidency, the council, and the diet respectively.

The assembly recently organized is composed of about 296 members, of whom 193 represent the old provinces of Prussia, 43 those recently annexed, and the remaining 21 the other states of the Confederation. Of those from Prussia proper a large majority—thanks, strange as it may appear, to universal suffrage—are Conservatives; from new Prussia about one-half are Conservatives, and very few who are not either Separatists or Ultramontanists. Schleswig-Holstein sends mostly Separatists, Hanover one-third Separatists, and Electoral Hesse and Nassau Liberals only. Most of the other states and one-third of Saxony return only Liberals and Union men. As a rule, the Conservatives were quite ready to accept the draft of the constitution as first presented to them, while the Liberals sought to make some alterations; but of course the position of Prussia in the matter makes deliberation over it little more than a form. The objections of the Liberals were three in number: (1) the exclusion of state officials of all ranks from seats in the Diet, (2) the absence of a responsible ministry, and (3) the absolute and final settlement at the outset of the per-centage of population liable to military service, and of the sum to be appropriated for the maintenance of the army, thus depriving the Diet of the principal, in fact only, check either on usurpation or abuse of power. The first of these objections has been pushed very strongly, and has probably led to one of the modifications which the telegraph announces; the second the King of Prussia has expressed his willingness to meet by concession, and it is proposed to make the Prussian ministry the ministry of the Confederation; the third is the most serious. If the Diet is allowed to vote the supplies for the army each year, it would of course render the control of the army, which is now lodged in the hands of Prussia, only nominal. But this Prussia is naturally unwilling to submit to, as she is determined that whatever the nature of the Confederation may be, she shall really rule in it, at least so far as to prevent its breaking up without her consent. She has been in the meantime strongly urging on the parliament the acceptance of the constitution as it stands, leaving the work of amendment to be done hereafter; but as amendments can only be made by the vote of two-thirds of the council, and as she commands at least seventeen of the forty-three, the acceptance of the constitution pure and simple, if it has taken place, of course means simply submission to her will.

The position of the South German states just now is rather singular. They do not seem by any means disposed to follow the course which everybody expected them to follow when the treaty was made at the close of the war, which stipulated that the North German Confederation should not extend further south than the line of the Main. Austria then expected an alliance of all the South German states, and the other states hoped to form a south-western league which would enable them to hold the balance in all disputes between Prussia and the North German Confederation on one side, and France and Austria on the other. Baden, Würtemberg, Bavaria, and ducal Hesse now begin to perceive very clearly, however, that a combination in antagonism to North Germany would not only give them no influence in German councils, but would place them in the position of a weak adversary, and deprive them of all claims to consideration on the score of their German nationality, and Austria is clearly too weak to be relied on in a pinch. Moreover, the Zollverein, or customs league, will now expire in a few months, and Bismark will doubtless refuse to renew it, in the hope of forcing these states to join the Northern Confederation, so that their manufacturing and commercial interests will suffer severely if they persist in trying to set up a confederation of their own. They are accordingly clamorous already for closer union, and the terms of such an union seem to have been already settled, and only waited the formation of a government at the north competent to treat to be embodied in a formal league or alliance. This government is now, it appears, in existence, and we shall see before long the consummation of Bismark's hopes and the verification of his saying—"Let Germany be put in the saddle, and there need be no fear of her inability to ride."

WHAT IS THE USE OF GOING TO COLLEGE?

The question of the comparative value of classical and scientific education, or rather of the value of classical education, has been undergoing very vigorous discussion in this country as well as elsewhere for the last year or two. The ferocious attack on classical education which appeared in these columns from the pen of "A Gothic Man" has called forth a number of letters which want of space prevents us from using, but none of which sheds any new light on the subject. Our periodicals East and West teem with articles on it from presidents and professors of colleges, and from what are called "practical men." The last number of *The Atlantic Monthly* contains a very sensible and able attempt to state what ought to be studied in universities, and to assign to each study its share in the work of a sound general education; and finally Mr. John Stuart Mill, in his recent address at St. Andrews, may be said to have closed the discussion. It is not at all likely that any better or more authoritative exposition than his of the nature of an university education is likely to be made by anybody.

The general result seems to be that the enemies of the classics have had the worst of it. The weight of authority, whether it be the authority of cultivated radicals or cultivated conservatives, is all against the exclusion of the ancient classics from any course of study the object of which is to furnish a man with a well disciplined, flexible, highly tempered, and robust intellect, and this is or ought to be, it is universally admitted, the chief object of all university training. This point we for our part consider settled, and even if we did not consider it settled, we doubt if anything that could be said about it in the space we have at our disposal would be of much value. It seems to be taken for granted by the best class of university reformers—we mean those who really seek to make universities instruments of general culture—that if they do succeed in making them so, they will satisfy the demand of the majority of those who are dissatisfied with the existing system. But we think this is a mistake. The literary taste and literary wants of the country are undoubtedly improving, and have improved greatly—how greatly any one can see who takes the trouble to compare the American books and periodicals of to-day with the American books and periodicals of forty years ago, or the Congressional speeches over which most people now laugh with the Congressional speeches reported in "Niles's Register," over which nobody laughed. In fact, the intellectual needs of the population change every year. Success in any field of literature or art or science is every year more difficult, and every author and orator and artist feels every year the edge of a sharper and more exacting criticism. But then there is no question that the popular craving for the highest culture, or the popular respect for it and appreciation of its value, does not increase in the ratio of the national growth in other directions. The class of men of the highest culture bears a smaller proportion to-day to the total population, we venture to say—although this is an assertion which there is no means of proving—than it has borne at any other period. In three things—population, material wealth, and mechanical skill—our progress for twenty or thirty years has been very rapid, so rapid that nothing else has been able to keep pace with it.

The result is that in the eyes of a large proportion of the people material progress has come to mean all progress, and anything that does not help it so rapidly and visibly that any business man can see and appreciate the help is looked upon as comparatively valueless. The signs of this are very numerous. When a measure is proposed in Congress, for instance, which is likely to affect the supply or distribution of knowledge—one of the most stupendous subjects which can occupy the attention of the legislature of a civilized country—whom does Congress call before it and consult? The philosophers, teachers, students, writers, philanthropists, or preachers of the country? Not at all. They are never so much as mentioned, and probably there are not ten men in both Houses who would go to hear their opinions or wishes about it. It is those who *trade* in books—the paper-makers, booksellers, printers, and bookbinders—who are sent for, whose desires are recorded, and whom ambitious members labor to please; and when the "book trade" is satisfied, who gives himself any concern about what the readers and writers of books feel or think? When rich men leave money to an institution of learning, or when legislatures endow them, is hardly ever nowadays for the promotion of general culture—for the general purposes of a university—but almost always for the encouragement of some particular branch of knowledge which is likely to be of immediate use in making the country richer, not wiser simply. We find no fault with this. The encouragement of any branch of knowledge is a noble use of wealth; we simply record it as one of the signs of the times. Even pictures have not yet in the eyes of the great body even of picture-buyers risen above the rank of furniture, and the artists themselves have of late helped to diffuse and confirm this unfortunate popular impression of the nature of their calling by placing their productions in the category of "native manufactures," and joining the upholsterers and cabinet-makers and paper-makers in a cry for protection from foreign competition, as if native and foreign artists were rival mechanics, instead of being what they are—joint contributors to the world's stock of graceful and beautiful and ennobling things.

So, also, when preparations are made nowadays for the establishment of a new university, or when a cry is raised by the general public for what is called "university reform," we find almost invariably that what is sought in a university is a collection of schools for the teaching of certain money-making arts, and what is meant by a "university education" is such an education as will qualify a man to earn somehow fifteen hundred dollars and upwards yearly. In fact, there seems to be a general tendency to look on the money spent in a young man's training as *simply* an investment, which must be managed on strictly business principles and made to yield ordinary interest at least, and, if possible, a good profit at the earliest possible moment. It is not with regard to the college course only that this tendency shows itself. The dislike of law students to studying law yearly increases. Most students chafe terribly under the laborious reading on which forensic fame was in old times built, and will none of it, and qualifications for admission to the bar having been in most States made nearly nominal, they rush into "business" as soon as they have got hold of the rules of practice. Doctors are forced into somewhat greater patience by the fear of prosecution for manslaughter. In the lower arts we witness similar phenomena. All master mechanics will tell you that impatience of training grows apace, that boys will not now submit to apprenticeship, and that the inefficiency of workmen consequently becomes yearly greater and more embarrassing. The shipbuilders of New York mentioned this a few months ago, in a printed statement, as one of the causes of the decline of their trade in this country.

We do not call attention to these facts for the mere purpose of making up what is called a "startling picture." We believe them to be the natural and inevitable consequences of the sudden opening by steam and electricity of the boundless resources of a vast continent to a population twenty times too small to work them properly. There is so much to be done, therefore, and so few to do it, and wealth is to be acquired so much more rapidly and by so much less exertion than ever before in any other age or country, that finish or accuracy or high proficiency are not asked for. Mr. Lincoln said of his law papers, that they would amuse lawyers in Boston, but out West they did well enough; so it is with many other things. Men will not, on the whole, do anything better than society requires them to do it, or, to put it in a coarser form, than they are paid for doing it; and society in most parts of the United States has just now so much to do and is in such a hurry to do it, that young men find they can get employment as lawyers, doctors, and mechanics with a very small amount of training, and therefore are unwilling to submit to more training than they will require to enable them to get as large wages as are to be had. Moreover, the ease with which wealth is acquired has raised the standard of living so very rapidly, and made the position of those who do not possess it in many ways so much more uncomfortable than it has ever been before, that few young men are willing to delay one minute in the race for it to pick up the finish or culture, particularly as they see that the heroes of the day are generally the "self-made men"—that is, the men who, starting without education and going on without ever acquiring any, grow very rich and influential.

We fear, therefore, that the question which is occupying the minds of the majority of American parents just now is not what kind of course their sons ought to pursue at college, but whether there is any "use" in sending them to college at all, and we wish sincerely that some of the ability which has been expended in settling what the college course ought to be may be diverted to convincing the public of the advantage of pursuing it. When one reads much of what is written on the subject of "university reform" at the West, and particularly the accounts one receives from that region of the collegiate novelties they are about to produce out there, one has little difficulty in concluding that Mr. Mill's idea of an university—"not a place of professional education," "not a place for the production of skilful lawyers and physicians and engineers, but capable and cultivated human beings;" not places "from which men should carry away professional knowledge, but that which should direct the use of their professional knowledge, and bring the light of general culture to illuminate the technicalities of special pursuits"—is not likely to meet with general favor.

But this renders it all the more necessary for those who have universities in charge, or who are interested in their working, to hold fast to this ideal, and whatever changes they make to keep this and this only in view. In our time the useful is sure to take care of itself. Schools intended to fit men to make money easily will always find plenty of founders, patrons, and pupils. The *malaise* from which the country suffers, and suffers without knowing what is the matter with it, is the want of a greater diffusion of that highest culture which makes "capable and cultivated human beings," the object of which is not to make better miners or surgeons or pleaders, but to widen the range of our intellectual vision, elevate and purify our tastes.

The great difficulty, in short, with which the universities have to contend in trying to become what they ought to be, is not the prejudices of professors or "classicists," as some reformers would have us believe, but the general rage for money, or, as it is sometimes called by an imposing euphemism, "the spirit of the age." As long as professional as well as other men can pick up all the knowledge that society requires of them and fill all posts of honor and profit without high cultivation, the universities will have a hard time in trying to spread it. Men will not at present fag their way into the heart of the sciences for the mere honor of being considered by the public "scholars and gentlemen"—that is, well-informed incapables, well enough in their way at literary tea-parties, but useless for war, or politics, or commerce, bearing about the same relation to the "practical" man that an Italian greyhound does to a watch-dog. We know of but one way for the universities to combat this evil at present. It must be made pecuniarily profitable for young men to cultivate themselves to the highest point. If this stimulus were once applied, we have no doubt the class of highly cultivated men would soon become large enough to diffuse through the whole community a higher standard of excellence in all departments of knowledge than now exists, and thus to render the public more exacting; and the more exacting the public becomes, the higher will be the average of attainments amongst men laying any claims to education. Large fortunes have now become very numerous all over the country, and our rich men are plainly acquiring a noble habit of endowing or making donations to colleges. Hitherto these gifts have usually been made for the foundation of specific courses of instruction, which is so far very good, but does not, after all, touch the root of the prevailing evil. We might have in every college in the country splendid "schools," rich museums, and well-stocked libraries and swarms of professors, and still be no better off than we are now. No means and appliances of learning can be of any use unless there be amongst the students thirst that will not be slaked, ambition that cannot be satisfied, energy that never tires. All your wells are worthless if your horses will not drink. If, therefore, donors to universities would for the next few years devote themselves to founding pecuniary prizes of sufficient magnitude to make them really tempting to young men beginning life, to be awarded only to the highest merit in a real university course, while leaving the winners free to engage in the business of life whenever they pleased, it would, we are satisfied, do more than anything else that can be devised for the creation of a higher standard of excellence, for the diffusion of a more exacting spirit amongst the public and of a stronger feeling of sympathy and fraternity amongst men of education, and for the banishment or suppression of the large bands of dealers in counterfeit wares who may now be found in every highway and byway of science and literature, and who raise such a prodigious outcry and call so many of their victims to their rescue when any attempt is made to bring them to justice that they may be said to enjoy complete impunity.

PARIS GOSSIP.

Paris, March 8, 1867.

If in the streets of Paris the carnival is all but extinct, its presence still lingers in the *salons* of the capital, where innumerable masked and fancy balls have been given during Shrovetide, while in half the houses dances and suppers on a more modest scale have been going on from garret to cellar. One of the most splendid of these Shrovetide balls was given on

Sunday night, in one of the grandest hotels of the Faubourg St. Honoré, all the guests being attired in costumes imitated from the reigns of the Valois kings. The supper, which was superb, was served in Faenza ware of the reign of Henri II.; the wine was in Venetian glass of the same epoch; the salt-cellars were the work of Benvenuto Cellini; and the table was lighted entirely with candelabra and candlesticks of Murano, the exquisite whiteness of the glasswares being relieved by the splendid hues of their flowers.

The fancy ball at the hotel of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs has been the most splendid of the official *fêtes* of the defunct carnival; the fair daughters of America, as usual, carrying off the palm of beauty, and rivalling the most splendid in the richness and elegance of their costumes. Mrs. Lambreth as a marquise of the time of Louis XV.; Mrs. Barclay as Folly, hung from head to foot with little mirrors in gilded frames; Mrs. Thompson as an Irish gipsy, and her sister, Miss Farnell, as a star, in blue and gold; Mrs. Spencer in a wonderful dress of gold gauze, and her lovely daughter in a fanciful Italian costume; and Miss Beckwith as a Greek slave in chains, were among the most admired of the brilliant assemblage. There were costumes representing "golden rain," the Huntress Diana, "shower of ice," Arabs, Algerian Jewesses; a group representing "Night," exquisitely got up, with dusky wings, whose under side was constellated with diamonds; another group, representing a "shower of ice," was equally effective. The costumes of the gentlemen were equally rich, and all were well adapted for dancing. The ornamentation and lighting of the rooms were unusually splendid even for Paris; and the Emperor and Empress were present, in masks and dominos, enjoying the scene. Prince Napoléon, who wore no mask, was the object of no end of witty attacks on the part of the masked merry-makers about him; but bore with great good humor the "chaffing" to which he was subjected, generally (for he is one of the wittiest of the witty) paying back the "chaffers" in their own coin. The last of the state balls at the Tuileries was the most brilliant of the four; the Empress, in a dress of white satin trimmed with roses, and a diamond sparkling in each leaf of this trimming, "taking the shine" out of all the other ladies by the splendor of her jewels. Her Majesty's private Monday evening parties, admittance to which is so eagerly sought for and so hard to obtain, are to be resumed next week. Several ladies of the American colony have succeeded, to the amazement and envy of less favored aspirants of the other colonies, in making good their footing at these charming *soirées*. It is said that one of these, immensely rich and particularly enterprising, having got herself presented at court, took an opportunity of setting forth to the Duc de Bassano, the grand chamberlain, her great desire to be invited to the Empress's "Mondays," and earnestly entreated the duke to intercede with the Empress in her favor.

"But, my dear lady," objected the duke, "on what possible ground, on what imaginable pretext, could I ask her Majesty to place your name on her list?"

"Oh, Monsieur le Duc," returned the lady, "if your excellency would but say to the Empress that I have the most magnificent diamonds, and that her Majesty cannot see them to any advantage in the great cram and crush of the state balls, whereas her Majesty would certainly see them with pleasure at the Monday evening parties, where they would produce a most splendid effect!"

So earnestly did the lady plead her own cause and that of her diamonds that the Duc de Bassano, moved by her entreaties and the oddity of the idea, at last consented to lay her request before the Empress; and the latter, greatly amused by the communication, actually sent the invitation so greatly desired. The lady, who delights in rigging herself out in diamonds from top to toe, and who covers her yellow hair with the same until her head looks like a thatched hay-rick on a frosty morning, came out for the occasion in all her splendor. And whether it be that the Empress really considers the diamonds in question as forming a desirable addition to the attractions of her drawing-room, or whatever else may be the motive of the preference, certain it is that the lady alluded to has so far made good the position so curiously gained that she has been, with her husband, ever since regularly invited to the Empress's Mondays, and is received by her Majesty with the utmost kindness and attention.

The American colony gave, on Washington's birthday, a magnificent *fête* at the Grand Hotel. The rooms were filled with flowers and flags and splendidly lighted. A fine portrait of the founder of the Great Republic occupied the place of honor; and the beaux and belles who had met to celebrate the day danced with great animation, and did full justice to an excellent supper.

An avalanche of parties, balls, concerts public and private, dinners, theatres, and operas is rolling over Paris; and people are beginning to ask, with some anxiety, If the tide of dissipation is already so overwhelming, what will it be during the six months of the Exhibition?

Rossini has just given a most charming and brilliant musical *soirée* in celebration of his seventy-fifth birthday. All the artistic and literary notabilities of the day were there, with the cream of the political, aristocratic, and financial worlds. The old maestro, who is far prouder of his skill as a pianist than of his genius as a composer, played, with M. de Saint-Saëus, a duet composed by the latter; Patti, Delle-Sedie, and all the leading "stars" taking part in the programme of the evening. Madame Alboni, withdrawn from the stage and living in her pretty hotel in the Cours-la-Reine, gave a similar party a few nights ago, and not being able to find among her guests a bass voice for a chorus which was to be sung during the evening, she took the part herself, and that with a roundness and richness of voice that perfectly astounded her hearers.

The Emperor has determined to help Lamartine out of his difficulties by getting the Legislative Assembly to vote him a "national recompense" of 400,000 francs, which sum, it is hoped, will enable the ex-president of the late republic to pay off his debts and keep his head above water for the rest of his lifetime.

Fine Arts.

THE PROPOSED GOVERNMENT BUILDING IN NEW YORK.

THE Government Commission which has charge of the matter of a proposed new building for post-office and United States courts issued an advertisement about a month ago stating some of the requirements of the building and the conditions under which architects may offer designs. At the same time a circular was sent to the architects of this city and vicinity containing the substance of the advertisement and a map of the site. The map was very insufficient and inaccurate, and a second and larger one has very recently been sent to the same architects, giving the needed facts and figures.

The lot ceded by the city to the General Government is a piece taken off the southern end of the City Hall Park. It is in shape something like a triangle with one rounded corner; or, if the little segmental piece at the lower end were dropped, the shape would be nearly a symmetrical trapezoid having the two parallel sides 320 and 120 feet respectively, and the two other sides each 300 feet. If the building occupies the whole of this piece of 70,000 square feet, and is only three stories high, it will be vast and costly enough for the "metropolis." It is to be fire-proof, faced with white marble, and, we may add, nobody expects it to cost much less than two million dollars.

As the criticism of existing buildings is an important part of our department of "Fine Arts," so it is of interest to enquire what chance there is that this great edifice will be of good architecture. The old routine is not to be followed. Congress has appointed a commission of New York business men, and this commission has advertised, inviting architects to compete. And inasmuch as nearly all the architects of standing in the land have rejected publicly the invitation of the War Department, and as a smaller number of the same have pooh-poohed the chance of sending designs to Albany for a new capitol, the present commission has offered terms and conditions which are at least more carefully considered than usual, and are, in many respects, fair and business-like. But it seems to be certain that many, to say the least, of our best architects will avoid altogether the proposed competition. All or nearly all of those whose names are favorably known by important work well done, and the great majority of the younger men who represent good possibilities and control the future, will, it is clear, refuse to offer designs for the building which they each and all would so much like to build. This is a most unfortunate state of things, and, as regards the conditions and prospects of architecture, to be regretted as much as any of the numerous errors in the building enterprises of the faultful past.

We think that the architects are not altogether right in their decision, so far as their decision is common and for reasons given, and we shall say a word concerning what seems to us their mistake. But there can be no doubt that they are right in the main in their common objections to the terms of the commissioners' invitation and in their dislike and dread of such competitions.

Without attempting further to speak for either the commission or the architects, let us consider some points that look unpromising. In the first place, the combination in one building of post-office and law courts is very unfortunate. To bring them together in one building at all will be to any architect who may undertake the task a very great difficulty and embarrassment. The ground floor must of necessity be a great single room surrounded by a broad corridor for the public; those are the conditions precedent for the main body of a post-office for New York, and to build above that a couple of stories of large and small and variously combined rooms, the whole to be fire-proof, heavy with brick and iron, is a trying and anxious labor.

Then, in the second place, the directions of the advertisement are very insufficient and vague, and sometimes, we cannot but think, are mistaken. Even if they are all right to the letter, they are so insufficient that every one must go make his own enquiries: Which offices are the most frequented, which the least? which rooms are to be large, and which small? Are the present rooms of the marshal, district attorney, circuit court clerk, sufficient in size and convenient in arrangement, and, if not, what changes are imperative, and what changes are desirable if easy to effect? As for the post-office, all is left in uncertainty. This most difficult part of the problem is left for each architect to work out without assistance. The whole plan will prove a hard one to perfect.

And then, thirdly, there is no time allowed to do the work in. Six weeks would hardly suffice if no one had anything else to do. Six weeks would hardly suffice if all requirements were clearly stated, and nothing were asked of the architects but an exterior. But to compose this building covering seventy thousand square feet—to make each department perfect in itself and to combine all harmoniously—to design a noble and complete exterior, and to represent the whole by sufficient drawings, is not six weeks' but three months' work even for tolerably unoccupied men.[*]

Here comes in another, the fourth difficulty. There are parts of the invitation which read as if a handsome building were not desired. "Unnecessary and inappropriate ornamentation to be avoided." Can any one conceive of ornamentation which the designer would confess inappropriate? Would it be ornament at all if inappropriate, or even if unnecessary? And can anything which is truly ornament be unnecessary—except, indeed, in the sense that the building would stand without it? "The material of the exterior to be of white marble, except as to first floor, which is to be estimated both for marble and iron." Taking together and in connection these two quotations, it seems that a study of Broadway store fronts would nearly suit the case. It is certainly to be hoped that neither iron nor cast-iron will appear anywhere upon the front except in sash-bars and railings, and that a proper proportion of the whole cost may go for necessary and appropriate ornamentation.

A fifth objection is purely a matter of business. The commission announces "that all plans for which premiums shall be awarded shall be retained as the property of the United States." There are fourteen premiums offered; five of these of five hundred dollars each, and five of only three hundred dollars each. And the wording of the invitation forbids an architect to refuse the three hundred dollars if awarded him and demand the return of his drawings. This stipulation is quite valueless, for any architect employed upon such a work must feel an insurmountable repugnance to using designs of others for which no adequate remuneration has been made, and they could only embarrass him. A public exhibition of the designs would be very desirable, and this would develop and bring to light every forgotten point, and explain every half-understood need. But the designs could only be of value to the Government as a part of the history of the times. The difficulties contained in this stipulation can best be clearly shown by the statement that all architects consider their drawings as their own, as a lawyer's papers are his, a clergyman's manuscript sermons his. An architect's business is to build houses; a lawyer's to win cases; a clergyman's, in part, to preach sermons. The tools by which they work, materials of their trade, remain theirs after house, verdict, and sermon are finished and delivered.

Another business point makes a sixth objection. The commission "reserves the right of rejecting all plans submitted to it." It is usual for quartermasters and commissaries advertising for Government stores to specify this reserved right, necessary to enable them to reject bids from irresponsible parties. It has crept into this specification, too, where it will do more harm than good. By all means let this reservation exist as regards the actual building, but let the prizes be duly awarded and paid. The bidders for beef and flour contracts will admit that the examiners can judge of their samples and of the accountability of their endorsers, but the architects will not admit that the commission can judge of their designs. This is precisely the central difficulty, that experts in any difficult business distrust the judgment of outsiders; that the architects are sure that if they work their hardest and succeed the best, the opinions formed of their work by the judges will be founded upon no adequate knowledge of the requirements of the building or the difficulties of the case, so that every one thinks that the possible merit of some of the designs will be no bar against the rejection of them all, and the loss of all the labor given to the competition.

A seventh objection is to the site, which no one approves. As public opinion is singularly unanimous upon that point, we pass it, merely saying that it is generally held that no building for the proposed uses will ever be built at the south end of the Park.

If we contrast with this circular of invitation and specification the corresponding documents in the cases of two important competitions now going on in England, we shall find the conditions so different as to make the undertakings themselves seem radically different. These are the competitions for the new National Gallery of Fine Arts and for the law courts or "Palace of Justice;" both buildings to be in London, one on Trafalgar Square, one on the Strand near Temple Bar. In London the leading architects are known as well as the leading painters; as well, let us say, as in New York the leading lawyers are known. And they have won their position by that combination of powers—power of design, of construction, of business management, of organization—which alone can make a man a fit architect to undertake a large work. In the case of the law courts twelve leading architects or firms are invited to compete. The circular of instruction is a pamphlet of perhaps fifty large octavo pages; it is explicit in its directions and full and suggestive in its hints. There is no chance to mistake and no necessity to lose time in making further enquiries. Nine months were allowed in this instance, and the architects were expected to send in, and they have sent in, plans, elevations, sections, views of general effect, drawings of detail, models, etc.—twenty-four, twenty-nine, thirty, thirty-five drawings respectively, besides models, being the offerings of different competitors. Rich and decorative buildings were expected and will be built. These drawings and models are to be the property of the Government, indeed, but the Government pays for them—eight hundred pounds sterling is to be paid to each competitor. The successful architect is to build the building and to receive five per cent. upon all outlay. The designs are exhibited to the public in an ample gallery, in which each architect had his own space allotted to him, where he has arranged his drawings and models to suit himself. The public have visited them; the London press discusses them—the literary weeklies giving pages of elaborate criticism to the designs, following up the subject week after week; and the dailies of the better class treating them with about ten times more attention than our newspaper treatment of our one annual exhibition of pictures. And now appears in *The Athenæum* an announcement that the public exhibition of designs will henceforth be only on Thursdays, and admission for members of Parliament and special visitors on Saturdays only, "the other days being needed for the labors of the commission." That last clause is, we think, of the best augury for the success of the London law courts. The reason why architects most dread the judgment of the inexpert is because it is so likely to be hasty and reckless. If the New York commission would undertake to give a full day of eight hours and close attention to each design sent in, beside the necessary concluding discussion, they would be pretty sure to reach an approximately right decision.

Correspondence.

THE TARIFF ON BOOKS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

I have no desire for the "last word," yet considering the space again occupied by "A Publisher," in pleading the cause of monopoly *vs.* cheap books, I pray you to let me state

1. That if "Bohn's libraries are known to all the reading world as purely exceptional," the exception consists in their large consumption by book-buyers, and proves the hardship of raising the tariff on them from 25 per cent. to more than 50, by the absurd duty of 25 cents per pound.

2. That the assumed "worthlessness" of certain heavy books, in the critical eyes of "A Publisher," is no reason for taxing them 50 to 100 per cent. on their commercial value, and thereby excluding men who are engaged in wide and comprehensive studies from all power of enlarging their libraries.

3. That the grievance sustained by the publishers through the accidental cheapness of a few English books (reprinted here) under the present duty, is like a drop in the bucket when compared with the oppression of the whole community of American scholars by duties almost prohibitory.

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[*] The time has been extended to the first of June, notice to that effect having been given about two weeks before the day first named for sending in designs. So far as this third difficulty has operated to keep architects from competing, it is too late to repair the mischief.

4. That all the instances cited by " A Publisher " to prove the proposed duties low ones are calculated (with a solitary exception) from books chargeable with 10 cents per pound. Now nothing is more certain than the fact that the books published since 1850, and therefore to be taxed 25 cents per pound, are far more largely imported than those issued before that date. Witness Bohn's libraries, and witness also the libraries of Charpentier and the Abbé Migne, the very instances cited by " A Publisher," who rates them at 10 cents per lb., carefully ignoring the fact that most of them were published since 1850, and, therefore, his figures are to be multiplied by 2½ to arrive at the correct cost.

5. All the objections urged against the new avoirdupois duty on the productions of the intellect remain unanswered. Its cumbersome machinery, its awkward division of parcels by an arbitrary date, its vexatious delays, its complicated problems of books reprinted and not reprinted, books printed with various dates and no dates at all, and, in short, its perfection of absurdity and unreason, fairly entitle it to the appellation of " the patent combined circumlocutory protective and prohibitive tariff."

6. Perhaps there is now little danger that a tariff which violates every principle of political economy and common sense will become a law ; but would it not become our prosperous and successful publishers to remember the story of the dog and the bone in Æsop, and hold fast to the protection they have, rather than to invite too close a scrutiny from a sorely-taxed people by eagerly grasping for more ?

VERITAS.

THE BOARD OF EDUCATION IN NEW YORK CITY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

The editorial in your paper of the 7th, under the taking title of "The Ring in the Board of Education," is founded, I assume, on what you deemed to be trustworthy information ; and, being unfortunately an editorial article and not a mere communication, it may not be altogether courteous to ask you to admit a reply. The press cannot more usefully employ its power than in keeping the public schools before the public ; but I need hardly remind The Nation that, to do this fairly and effectually, the press should be well informed. The article in question contains, on its face, inconsistencies which should not have escaped your editorial eye, and leaves the attentive reader disappointed with the promising title, and still anxiously enquiring, where, after all, *is* the ring in the Board of Education ? The misdeeds of the ward officers are mingled ingeniously with the shortcomings of the central board, so as to create a general suspicion in the minds of the public ; there is an imposing array of figures, seasoned with school gossip and personal references to members of the boards ; but there is nothing, not even assertion, to suggest the existence of a " Ring " in the ordinary sense of the word. It is stated that three of the members have sons employed as clerks in the Board of Education ; but it is not suggested that these clerkships are unnecessary, or that the employees do not faithfully perform the duties of the office. It is stated, at the same time, as a charge of equal weight, that former members of the board are also enjoying clerkships in its gift, and, though there may be a question not of morality, but of delicacy, in reference to the employment of the relatives of members, there can be no question that persons well acquainted with the system, whose characters are known by former association with the board, are precisely those of all others who should receive such appointments. It is asserted that the public money is improvidently lavished on the smaller grammar schools ; but there is no attempt to show that the members are engaged in intercepting this money on its way to the schools.

There is an implied accusation of this sort which can be disposed of by confronting your informant with himself, and contrasting two curiously inconsistent paragraphs which I quote from your article :

> " For a few years after the passage of the present school law some of the most respectable citizens filled the offices ; but the city officials soon found there was a *placer* to be worked at their very doors equal to any to be found on the Pacific coast. Since then we have found them from aldermen down, familiar as they are with all the jobbery and corruption found in other branches of the city government, devoting themselves to the cause of public education."

Now compare this alarming statement with the assertion almost immediately following, uttered, I may say, in the same breath :

> " That the vote cast for the school ticket should be rarely more than, and often under, one-half of the regular vote of the city, shows how slight is the interest the public take in the matter."

If this is true, we have for the first time in our city a number of lucrative offices put to vote *and no scramble for them.* Our people feel deeply and vote largely for a register of deeds, but our politicians with their keen scent for a " *placer,*" and the masses whom they control, are coldly indifferent to the nuggets lying loose around the Board of Education. The kind of evidence brought forward to convict the board of an unknown and undefined amount of corruption is equally singular. The board, you say, put an end to various local jobs " by taking from the ward trustees the power of spending more than twenty dollars a month," and one would think this looked like a good movement ; there was a glimpse of good intentions, a virtuous spasm. Thereupon " one of the oldest and most efficient school officers in the city," I quote from your article, " said to the clerk of the board in his office : ' It is very fine to talk of the boards of school officers ; the reform should begin here ; this place is a sink of corruption, the bottom is out of it.' "

This is hearsay testimony with a vengeance, and should be a warning to the bottomless Board of Education against attempting to provide a bottom for the expenditures of the local boards. Most of our New York pickpockets will assure you that the police system is " a sink of corruption " without any bottom. Your informant, commenting on the superintendent's account of 222,527 children taught last year in the public schools, with an average daily attendance of about 99,000, gravely announces that, according to the census of 1865, the number of children in the city is less by 16,723 than the number taught in the public schools—" a thing unparalleled in any part of the civilized world "! The explanation is simple. The 222,527 represent the number of children, taught for longer or shorter times, whose attendance is desultory, and who shift from school to school during the year, and may thus be counted more than once on the various registers. A few days ago that " bottomless " concern, the Five Points House of Industry, reported the whole number of children taught there as about 1,000, and the average daily attendance as about 300. In the same simple way I can explain the imposing column of figures which show the varying cost of children educated in the various public schools, ranging from $21 a child up to $56, " whereas," you say, " if properly managed, there should be a uniform cost throughout the city." Now, suppose that a principal, at a salary of $500, has an attendance of 100, and another principal, at the same salary, has 200, the first batch of scholars will obviously cost $5 apiece, and the second but $2 50. Unless you can provide that each school in the city shall be attended by exactly the same number of scholars, you cannot have uniformity of cost, although the Board of Education has endeavored to meet the difficulty by providing a sliding scale of salaries, based on attendance, but necessarily neglecting fractions.

It is true that some of the small grammar schools should be consolidated and more primaries established. Your article is so far fair enough, and your remarks cannot be too often repeated. The press should hold up the school system and its officers in the broadest daylight, and should never relax its grasp ; but the kind of attack into which you have been misled will only result in discouraging school officers honestly desirous of doing their duty, and repelling decent citizens from accepting an odious trust, to say nothing of its inconsistency with the character of The Nation.

P. S.—I have overlooked the most important witness, " a professor in the leading college in the city accidentally elected commissioner from one of the up-town wards," who " being asked in relation to the existence of a ' Ring ' in the board, ' Why, you knock your head against it when you enter the room,' was the reply." Was this experienced gentleman stunned and bewildered for life by the collision ? If not, why did he, after nine months' attendance, address the board, or rather the " Ring," which, to be of such dimensions, must have comprised a majority of his colleagues, in the following terms ? I quote from his letter of resignation to President McLean, dated Oct. 17, 1865 : " In taking leave of the board I beg you, sir, to tender my sincere regard to my colleagues, between whom and myself there have always subsisted the relations of kindness and respectful candor. Permit me to include in this tender of my regard the officers of our board, and accept for yourself the assurance of my high esteem. If at any future time it should appear that I can be of any service to the board and the cause of education, I beg that you will dispose of me." Unless this witness has been misunderstood, which is no doubt the case, I have complied with his farewell request, and " disposed of " him.

M. W.

[Our correspondent does not refute a single statement in our article ; even the inconsistencies which he fancies he discovers do not exist. The struggle for office is in the nominating conventions, not at the polls. Even the office of " register of deeds," which he cites as an example, has excited no interest since Gulick ran as the firemen's candidate. The fact remains that city officials are members of the board, and it is their misfortune that the public does not believe they are there from honest, to say nothing of disinterested, motives. Neither does it consider nepotism more respectable in the Board of Education than elsewhere.

He should also bear in mind that the words of the learned professor are not to be taken literally. The "Ring"—the existence of which our correspondent does not himself deny—though generally admitted, is not obvious. The public are in the condition of the country clown, who knew that the miller's hogs got fat, but did not know whose corn they ate.

The charge of one of "the oldest and most efficient school officers" against the board seems to be fairly balanced by putting all the local officers on the level of pickpockets. It is, therefore, hardly fair to charge us with "repelling decent citizens from accepting an odious trust." The explanation that the 222,527 children alleged to be taught in the schools—the 1,000 of the Five Points House of Industry is included in this number—are made up by counting the same children several times over, shows it to be, as we stated, a fraud on the law, which reads: "But the aggregate amount so reported shall not exceed the sum of eight dollars for *each* pupil who shall have actually attended and been taught in the schools entitled to participate in the apportionment."

Under this, the Board of Education were entitled last year to $693,392, whereas by their peculiar system of computation they got $1,628,120, defrauding the tax-payers of $934,728. The number of scholars contributed by the corporate schools towards raising the $1,628,120 was 13,440 (actual number 5,183), and the amount paid them by the Board of Education was $37,673 74, or a fraction over $2 80 per scholar.

A bill has just passed the Assembly giving the board two dollars additional per scholar and increasing the taxes some $420,000. Our legislators at Albany seem to ignore the fact that the one and one-quarter mill tax for schools throughout the State which has just become the law, will give the Board of Education some $350,000 more than last year, which ought to render this additional per capita unnecessary. Will not the Senate or the Governor see to this? The board will cost the city this year considerably over $3,000,000.

Our correspondent does not seem to be aware that the cost of this *unpaid* board is within a fraction of $1 12 on every scholar taught in the public schools.—Ed. Nation.]

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A CORRECTION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

I have *not* proposed the abolition of the "Presidency, the Supreme Court, and the U. S. Senate as the three remaining oligarchies." I advocated the impeachment of the President, not the destruction of his office; the reconstruction of the Supreme Court on democratic principles, and either the abolition of the Senate or its reorganization. If the President has exceeded his power and violated the Constitution—as, *individually*, the majority of Congress believe—then I hold that members have no right to view the question of impeachment as one of party expediency. They are bound by their oath of office to impeach him. It is the same lack of moral courage which Congress has shown that constantly defeats the best purposes of the people in political life. Here in Massachusetts, for example, we have the same farce, in an abridged version, on the legislative boards. The Legislature enacted a prohibitory law. The governor does *not* enforce it. The constabulary—created for the express purpose of carrying it out—coolly imitate Mr. Johnson's policy (before Congress met), and undertake to decide how much of the law *they* shall enforce! The party which defies the law petitions for a license act. The prohibitory party resist. That is all. But if they were in earnest, they would either impeach the governor for not executing the law or order him imperatively to appoint a constable who would do it. As it is, National Chief Constable A. Johnson goes unwhipped of justice; and State Chief Constable Bullock permits a thousand grog-shops within a few miles of his headquarters to violate the law with impunity—the law which he has solemnly sworn to enforce—while the friends of that statute look helplessly on, as if they were powerless to compel their servant to do his duty. It seems to me that America needs to teach her male domestics of public life what Cromwell, according to the elder Boswell, taught monarchs —"he gart kings to ken they had a *lith* in their necks"—that whoever fails to do his duty shall be removed at once, just as any other hired servant in private life would be.

As to the other points, I advocated the election of the judges of the Supreme Court for a stated term of years by the whole body of the people; and (as I see no reason why a man in Rhode Island or Florida should have greater power in any department of a democratic government than a man in New York or Pennsylvania) I urged that U. S. Senators should be chosen by popular suffrage from equal senatorial districts, or that the upper branch of Congress, as an unnecessary limb of legislation, be quietly lopped off What is the use of it?

The *third* oligarchy was the regular army as now organized. West Point needs reconstruction as much as the South.

Yours, James Redpath.

Boston, March 30, 1867.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

SCRIBNER, WELFORD & CO., New York.

Maunder's Popular Treasuries. Revised. 1 vol. fcap. 8vo. Adv. below.	$5 25
Maunder's Treasury of Knowledge and Library of Reference. Adv. below.	
Maunder's Historical Treasury. Adv. below.	5 00
Maunder's Treasury of Natural History. Adv. below.	5 00
Maunder's Treasury of Geography. Adv. below.	5 25
Maunder's Biographical Treasury. Adv. below.	5 25
Maunder's Scientific and Literary Treasury. Adv. below.	5 25
Ayres' Treasury of Bible Knowledge. Adv. below.	5 25
A Reference Book of English History. Alex. Charles Ewald. 16mo. Adv. below.	1 50
Half Hours with the Best Authors. 4 vols. large 12mo, each 550 pp. Adv. below.	12 00
Geology for General Readers. David Page, F.R.S.E., F.G.S. Second and enlarged edition. Crown 8vo. Adv. below.	3 00
The Oratorical Year Book for 1865. Aisager Hay Hill, LL.B. Crown 8vo, 550 pp. Adv. below.	3 75
The Heavens. J. Norman Lockyer. 8vo.	12 00

CHARLES SCRIBNER & CO., New York.

Froude's England, from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth. James A. Froude, M.A. Fourth London edition. 10 vols. crown 8vo. Adv. below. Per vol.	5
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The Week.

THE rumors of impending war in Europe which have been prevalent in this country for some days, and which have seriously affected the money market, are, it is safe to say, not baseless, but entirely untrustworthy. There are only two questions out of which war can come. One is the Eastern question and the other the German question; but there is not to be discovered in either of them one of the indications of an approaching conflict. No power has shown the slightest disposition to interfere with Turkey, separately and apart from the others. Russia is the only one at all likely to do so, and she has in her latest despatches confined herself to the repetition of the old call for combined intercession—not interference—with the Porte on behalf of the Christians. Moreover, the Greek insurrection is not gaining ground, and the Turkish difficulty with Servia about the fortress of Belgrade, out of which it was feared trouble might come, has been settled by the withdrawal of the Turkish garrison. We do not say that the Eastern question will not yet end in a final conflict; all we say is, that there is, if we know anything of the signs of trouble, no immediate prospect of it. As to the German difficulty, no sensible man doubts that it will not be settled without a trial of strength between France and the new Confederation. The Prussian success has wounded the Emperor too deeply in his pride, his prestige, his dynastic prospects and reputation for sagacity, not to make war almost a necessity of his position. We do not doubt that he will attempt to justify the new scheme of military organization by the use he will make of the army he organizes under it. But, then, neither France nor Prussia is now ready to fight, nor will they be ready for a year to come. Prussia has not yet organized the federal army; the federal constitution is not yet settled, and some of the recently annexed states are still under military government. Moreover, the French army is still on its old footing, and numbers little over half what Prussia can bring into the field, and is still armed only with muzzle-loaders. The new military bill is still under consideration, and the great Exposition, to which all the world has been invited, is only just opening. In fact, no careful political observer can discover in any quarter of Europe, at this moment, the smallest reason to apprehend the outbreak of a great war during the present year. The British quarrel with Spain is, of course, one of those small affairs which will probably be settled by an embargo or reprisals, and which cannot exercise any influence on the rest of Europe.

THE only striking political event of the week has been what seems a combined application of all the Southern States for an injunction to restrain the President from carrying out the Reconstruction bill. It is not likely that promoters of the movement have any expectation of immediate practical benefit from it. They are hardly foolish enough to suppose that a judgment of the court against the constitutionality of the law would tempt Mr. Johnson into open disregard of it; or that Congress would ever acknowledge that the court possesses an absolute veto on acts of the legislature. What the petitioners most probably seek and hope to get is not present, but future help; not an injunction which will prove effective just now, but a decision which can be used hereafter as a campaign document, and be embodied in a party platform. There are probably few warm radicals who understand how widely spread the opinion is in the ranks of their opponents that the whole radical policy of the last four years is but an outburst of revolutionary madness, and that the present *régime* will pass away before long, as did that of the Long Parliament in England and that of the Convention in France.

THE process of reconstruction under the military bill and its supplement is going on with all desirable rapidity. In the Carolinas white and black men hold meetings and are getting ready to work jointly in the harness of political parties, and the best understanding is said to prevail between General Sickles and Governors Orr and Worth. We should imagine that a few speeches like that of Mr. Orr at the dinner recently given by the Charleston Board of Trade might bring the good understanding to a sudden end. It must have delighted the governor's Charleston audience when, in the course of his speech, he turned to General Sickles and remarked, "You know, sir, that faith was pledged"—meaning the faith of the Democratic party, in which organization General Sickles used to be a "war-horse," and in the name of which, as Southern men are fond of saying, he and other leaders promised that if the Southern Democrats had to make war on the Federal Government, their Northern brethren would be found ready to aid them in the field. But the general could afford to listen to the governor's hospitable remarks if the governor could afford to make them. In Virginia General Schofield has designated certain of his officers to constitute a board for appointing in each county three registrars of legal voters. In Georgia Governor Brown is active. A. H. Stephens, it is reported, has never advised his fellow-citizens to sit apathetic, and if he were not "a prisoner of war" he would recommend them to get to work and take back their State into the Union as soon as possible. At Savannah there has been held a mass meeting a noticeable incident of which was that it was addressed by James Simms, a brother of the famous Thomas Simms, whom an ex-governor of Georgia introduced to the audience. In Arkansas Gen. Ord is working in unison with the Union State Convention. In Tennessee a white and black convention of a remarkable kind is said to have been held at Chattanooga on April 6. The Conservative Union County Convention was attended by 500 colored and 300 white delegates, and resolutions opposing Brownlow were passed. There is even a rumor that the Conservative candidate for governor will be a colored man. The United States troops are not removed, to be sure, but on the whole we seem to see indications that Southern polling-booths will not, after all, long need to be surrounded by bayonets in order that the negro may cast his vote, and there are plain signs that before many months are gone the prophecy will be fulfilled, and many Democratic politicians will have negro blood in their veins—while on the stump, at any rate. "Negroes from choice and not from necessity" will be numerous enough to drive Mr. Nasby to suicide.

THE Democratic victory in Connecticut is evidently not giving the South the comfort that many people feared it would. Most of the Southern papers seem to estimate it at its just value, and the orators and planters seem to be arranging their affairs before taking their final plunge into negro suffrage. There is one thing to be borne in mind in calculating the effect on national politics of such little local reactions, or what seem to be reactions, as that which has just taken place in Connecticut, and that is, that revolutions do not go backwards, and that no election can now make the result of the great crisis through which we are passing a whit less certain.

IT is proposed to make an organized effort for the diffusion through the State of Connecticut of political information, by means of papers and documents, not as now, during the two or three weeks preceding election, but through the entire year. There can be little doubt that it is only by these means that the State can be won over to Republicanism. The mass of ignorance and prejudice it contains is too dense to be affected by a hasty canvass, conducted every spring in the midst of intense excitement.

LATE gazetteers give little information about Russian America, but various gentlemen who spontaneously address letters to Secretary Seward in support of his scheme set forth the value of our possible new possession in such terms that why the fortunate Czar should think of parting with it is a wonder. Perry McDonough Collins writes to Mr. Seward that the waters of the country abound in fish; that gold-mining is already begun; that silver will doubtless be found; that copper is found on the banks of the Coppermine River, though, out of regard for the morals of the peasantry, the Russian Government has not encouraged mining; that wheat and barley can be cultivated as far north as 60° N. lat.; that the supply of ice in the fresh-water lakes is enormous; that the climate is not so very bad; and, finally, that we may expect, when once the territory becomes American, that its trade in ice, in fish, and in furs will soon make it valuable. Dr. Bushnell writes to the Hartford *Courant* the best letter on the subject which we have yet seen. The climate, he thinks, is hardly more severe than that of Scotland; but what river in Scotland remains frozen till the 23d of May, as Mr. Collins says is the case with the Knitchpeg River (in N. lat. 62°), Dr. Bushnell does not tell us. The whale fishery, he says, is important, and, he might have added, free to all nations. But what is of most importance, in his view, is the fact that, going north-westerly from Lake Superior, we can run a railroad along the valley of the Saskatchewan, in British America, with its mild climate and bituminous coal-beds, avoid all mountains, and reach the coast at a point north of Cape Alaska; or, if we like, strike the Knitchpeg and—after the 23d of May or 1st of June, we suppose, and before the 15th of September—float down that stream to the coast. When we are there, we have a line very nearly coincident with the great circle of the globe between Russian America and China and Japan, and have the shortest passage to those countries. Unfortunately, the coal in the Saskatchewan valley does not belong to us, but to the British, who also would like the shortest passage to China and Japan. However, these are the things which are said in favor of the proposed purchase, and the Senate has ratified the treaty.

EVERYBODY who has had occasion to use the telegraph for messages of a private nature must have often felt himself not a little doubtful as he trusted the operator—sometimes a young boy, sometimes a more foolish young woman, sometimes a man not by any means of the highest character—with secrets affecting not himself only, but perhaps a dozen other people. In fact, the known instances are too numerous where the operators have abused the advantage which their position gave them; and Mr. Cornell's bill, just introduced in the State Senate, will, perhaps, be of some service. It is proposed to punish by imprisonment for three months in the county jail, or by a fine of $500, any person connected with a telegraphic company who shall wilfully divulge the contents of any message entrusted to him, and to punish by a fine of $1,000 any one who connives with an operator to obtain knowledge of the contents of a despatch. That this bill will at all meet the real difficulty, no one can expect. You cannot frame a law adequate to prevent the revealing of a man's thoughts, and the telegrams an operator transmits become part of his mental furniture—that is, if he likes to retain them in his memory—and to convict the future offender, whatever may be true of the more careless offenders of days past, will hardly be possible. Only his own evidence or that of his accomplice will be available. Persons transmitting telegrams must hereafter, as now, guard their secrets against violation by using a cipher or by telegraphing hints and inuendoes.

THE New York *Tribune* is publishing a series of letters touching the moral condition of the New York Legislature, and the picture the writer draws of it, shocking as it is, is, by those who know most of the original, considered under rather than over drawn. It is now generally acknowledged that votes at Albany are as regularly bought and sold as meat in the market; that no bill can be passed without purchasing a considerable proportion of the members of both houses. A few years ago this was done on a smaller scale, and with at least an attempt at secrecy; now it is done openly; and a class of bribing agents has sprung up—that is, lobby agents who have laid aside all pretence—to whom the money is confided for distribution, and who do the work as effectually as any other brokers. Nor is the business confined to the corrupt passage of bills. The latest device for raising the wind is the introduction of bills of peculiarly outrageous character, which, if enacted, are sure to ruin a number of persons. It is not intended, however, that they should be enacted. They are merely decoy ducks. They bring the birds to the fowler's net. Numbers of frightened people rush up to Albany, see the legislators, are thoroughly plucked, and sent home somewhat lighter in pocket, but also relieved in mind. The beauty of the thing is that it is not the poor devils of grog-shop-keepers whom the Fenians send to the Legislature from this city who drive this trade. These are knaves, to be sure; but if they were amongst honest men they would have to live by sucking their own paws. The main body of the corrupt drove are lawyers, farmers, and what not from the interior of the State, Republicans in politics, and sound enough on all the great issues of the day to please Thaddeus Stevens himself; and there is probably not a man of them who would not write a "noble letter" on "the use of money at elections" that would draw tears from a gorgon. This sad and humiliating story—and, let us add, New York is not the only State of which it may be told—is related with becoming horror by men who, in the same breath, deride the notion that a candidate's private character is of any consequence as long as he has been regularly nominated.

IT is a sad thing to see how enforced association with an inferior race may by subtle influences lower the high-toned nature of superior beings. "The Yank" or the equally grovelling "nigger," one or the other, which we do not know, has corrupted "Pollard of Richmond." He advertises a prize for the best "Poem on the Confederate Dead." For, as his custom is, Pollard has started a new paper, and to eke out the expected brevity of his journalistic life he is going to utilize the bones of the killed in battle, to convert the friendless bodies of the now peaceful and happy dead first into Southern poetry, filling his columns for many months, and next into newspaper subscribers. One would rather not die than be treated so. It reminds one of the Otando practice which the Africans of that kingdom call *alumbi*. When a gentleman of Otando covets the brass pots or other goods of his neighbor he sends to him, with his compliments, a mess of some heathenish pottage into which he has put some scrapings of the human skull. Thus, at the expense of some disrespect to the deceased, he endeavors to soften the heart of him who owns the coveted property, and expects to effect by this means its transfer to his own pockets, or whatever part of his anatomy answers to the pockets of the civilized man. That this barbarous practice should crop out, as the geologists say, in Richmond and in Pollard of Richmond is melancholy. It is barbaric superstition, or it is the dreadful shrewdness which distinguishes Connecticut and Massachusetts as Connecticut and Massachusetts appear to the Southern mind, and in either case we offer our condolences to the friends of the afflicted.

The state of political affairs in England will be found fully discussed in our correspondent's letter. The fate of the Reform bill seems to be tolerably certain; and it is now doubtful whether, if the ministry were defeated, they would try a dissolution of Parliament. Their failure has been so lamentable that there is really nothing left for them to "go to the country" upon. A report has appeared from a commission appointed to enquire into the system of working children in gangs in the eastern counties showing that it is the custom for parents amongst the peasantry to hire their children of both sexes out, from the age of six, to gang-masters, who carry them about in droves from farm to farm, doing the lighter kinds of labor for the farmers on contract, forcing them to walk long distances every morning to their work, and herding them together literally like beasts of the field. They grow up in heathen ignorance, worse than heathen vice, and are described by some of the witnesses as indescribably brutal, debased, and licentious. *Apropos* of this, *The Spectator* tells a story of the farmers in one county being consulted as to the propriety of establishing schools for the children of their laborers. They all approved of it, but were opposed to giving any greater instruction than would qualify the pupils to read their Bibles and sign their names. Arithmetic they would not allow to be taught. But light is, nevertheless, breaking, for the farm laborers in one district have at last struck for higher wages—the first evidence this unfortunate class has ever given either of ambition or power of combination.

In France the Emperor's foreign policy continues to be the main subject of interest, in spite of the fact that he is irresponsible and irremovable, and that what he has done cannot be undone. The excitement which the subject creates is due mainly to the connection of this policy with the new project of army organization. "Had the foreign policy been different," say the Opposition, "this vast augmentation of the military force would not be necessary." "But," replies the Government, "it is not necessary for safety; Germany is no more formidable than she was; not so formidable as she was in 1815; what we want the large army for is to prevent anybody thinking that France is weak." To which the Opposition rejoins that this is a horrible price to pay for keeping up appearances. The truth is, however, that Germany has become fairly irresistible on any ordinary calculation of probabilities. The virtual merger of the South German in the North German Confederation, which we mentioned as likely last week, and the recently concluded treaty between Prussia and Bavaria, really put the whole military force of Germany proper in the hands of Prussia, and Germany, armed, marshalled, and trained by Prussia, will be a force compared to which the Germany of 1814, even in the height of the great rising, was but a dwarf. But tremendous as are the military preparations of the Great Powers in our day, there is no question that the enormous increase which we witness in the size of armies is in reality a fresh guarantee for the peace and prosperity of the world. It is a curious but instructive fact that the length and frequency and destructiveness of war have declined in the ratio of the increase and effectiveness of armaments, and that when the King of Prussia takes the field with half a million of men he is not half so formidable a foe to industry and civilization as Francis I. or Charles V. when he went warring with his 30,000 or 40,000. The Emperor having recovered his health, the rumor-mongers have gone to work on that of the Prince Imperial and represent him to be in a dangerous state.

AN INTERNATIONAL NUISANCE.

We have very little doubt that if either the newspapers or the telegraph company cannot make arrangements to have the European news collated, or condensed, or boiled down, or whatever it is that telegraph operators do to news, by more competent persons than those who now perform the duty, it will be generally agreed, a year or two hence, that the Cable not only does not fulfil its mission of bringing the two continents into closer relation, but acts as a positive breeder of misunderstanding. The habit of telegraphing his own vague impressions and guesses as positive facts, by which Reuter's operator on this side of the water did so much mischief during our war, is evidently growing on the gentleman who collects news for the Associated Press on the other. A despatch appeared a few days ago, after the announcement of the Russian treaty, announcing that "regret was generally expressed by the press and *in political circles* at the proposed sale of the Russian possessions in North America to the United States." An attempt was made by some of the papers here, by using such sensational headings as "Excitement in England over the Proposed Sale," etc., to use this utterly worthless announcement to give the treaty popularity here. But it will be seen, on a moment's consideration, that the report of a man of whose judgment or acumen or social position or education nobody knows anything, as to what is expressed in "the press" of a particular morning, or as to the feelings of people in "political circles" during the twenty-four hours last past in a place like London or Paris, is not only good for nothing, but, when factitious weight is given to it by telegraphing it along the bed of the ocean for three thousand miles, may prove positively mischievous. We know nothing of the facilities which the agent of the Associated Press has for forming correct impressions, but we infer from his despatches that these are exceedingly small. On Sunday last he telegraphed: "There is a general distrust in political and financial circles all over Europe;" a statement the entire value of which depends on the character and position of the man who makes it. It would take Rothschild himself or Count Bismark to say, with any approach to accuracy, what the feeling is in political and financial circles all over Europe. We may be quite sure the opinion of the gentleman who compounds these little despatches for the press here, on a subject of such vast range, is not worth more than that of the first man one might happen to see in a Cheapside chop-house. On Monday he went to work again, and telegraphed that

> "The feeling of distrust in financial and political circles has increased to a war panic. The uncertainty in regard to the future action of the Emperor Napoleon, and the fears that he will adopt a warlike policy, create widespread distrust among business men, and great depression in consequence exists in commercial and financial circles both in this city and in Paris."

The first effect of this bosh was, of course, to produce depression and alarm here, which is the more surprising as a refutation of it was to be found in the same batch of despatches. The true gauge of the feeling in financial circles in London is the price of the funds. We find on looking at this that for a week before last Monday consols stood at 91; under the influence of the "panic" described by the reporter they fell to 90½, which shows what his information is worth. If a "panic" pervaded Europe, in the present state of English politics and of the English army and navy, the stock exchange would have a very different story to tell. The Associated Press ought to do one of two things, either by a large salary tempt a first-class man in London, whose political and financial judgments are worth something, and who does *know* how people feel in political and financial circles, to make up their news for them, or else rigidly reject all that portion of the despatches of the present worthy incumbent which consists of his own guesses and predictions, and publish nothing but his facts. Otherwise the Cable will become a pest and a nuisance as far as the public is concerned—how great a pest and nuisance nobody can imagine who does not know how many people get all the foreign news they ever read from the telegraphic despatches.

Notes.

LITERARY.

A BOOK is announced which, as Mr. Wilkes once said about something, bids fair to "discount propulsion and confound the thought." It is a book which, according to its publishers, Messrs. G. W. Carleton & Co., "is not an argument, but a pulsation." "Prometheus in Atlantis" is the title of it, and it is "A Prophecy of the Extinction of the Christian Civilization." The literary, political, social, and religious condition of the age is treated of—we have a notion that our friends of Oneida and Utah are to revisit us—and the cheerful conclusion is drawn "that Western Christendom has reached a crisis which will not be passed without a dissolution." The publishers allow us, however, to indulge a hope that things are not really so bad as one might imagine from the lugubrious note that is sounded in the prospectus; "the trade" are requested to send in orders early, for the book is expected to have an immense sale. We are to have a little time, then, before we begin weltering in chaos; or are we to read Messrs. Carleton & Co.'s publications in the predicted state of disorganization and demoralization? We suppose not; he that runs may not read when his next neighbor is running after him with a stone mallet; we are not going to peruse prophecy when we are remanded to our natural rights and live in caves. When piracy is an honorable occupation will "the trade" give orders? Will "the trade" exist when murder is a safe employment? Perhaps, after all, as the book is a pulsation and not a good argument, it may be a pulsation and rather an indifferent prophecy. Among the other announcements of Messrs. Carleton & Co. are "How to Make Money and How to Keep It," a treatise on the way to grow rich, by Major-Gen. T. H. Davies, who treats of brokerage and commission and banking as if civilization were to last for generations longer, and we were far from simple robbery; and "Artemus Ward in London," to which is prefixed a sketch of the humorist's life. It is probable, too, that the same firm will be the publishers of a new novel entitled "Bleeding Hearts," by Mr. Mansfield T. Walworth.

—Two recent American books that have been very successful, as publishers estimate success, are Dr. Hayes's "Open Polar Sea" and Mr. Carpenter's "Six Months at the White House." Probably the interest which the public felt in Sir John Franklin and its admiration for Dr. Kane's work have made not only the latest book of polar travel but any book of polar travel a book likely to sell. "The Open Polar Sea" is now going into its seventh edition. Mr. Carpenter's book, of all the books written about Mr. Lincoln, is perhaps the most satisfactory, for, notwithstanding some obvious faults, it has the merit of being made up almost wholly of Mr. Lincoln's own sayings and of little characteristic incidents which fell under Mr. Carpenter's observation, so that, in a sense, it is an autobiography, a picture which the subject of it himself painted. Twenty thousand copies have already been sold.

—Ticknor & Fields are ready to give us the long expected "Translation of Dante's Divine Comedy" on which Mr. Longfellow has been for so many years engaged. The outward dress of the work is said to be as creditable to American typography as the work itself is creditable to American scholarship and literature. The volumes are of crown octavo size, or nearly as long and wide, though not so thick, as the bound volumes of *The Atlantic Monthly;* the paper is of the finest quality and the utmost pains have been taken with the printing. We suppose we hazard nothing in saying that this is the very best translation of Dante ever made, and these the handsomest volumes ever made for a translation of Dante. The "Inferno" appears in April, the "Purgatorio" in May, the "Paradiso" in July. And we believe it is to be not many months before Mr. Norton's translation of the "Vita Nuova" will make a fit companion for the three volumes of "The Divine Comedy." The same house announces as a companion for the very popular "Diamond Tennyson" the "Diamond Longfellow," which in a small quarto volume will give, without pictures, the complete works of the most popular American poet.—"Thomas Lackland," a writer who chooses to appear under a new name instead of under an old one which is favorably known to the public, is the author of a new volume of pleasant sketches entitled "Homespun, or Five-and-Twenty Years Ago," which will be issued in a week or so by Messrs. Hurd & Houghton. "Old England: its Scenery, Art, and People," another work announced by Hurd & Houghton, is a volume of essays by Professor Hoppin, of Yale College. The "art" of which the title-page makes mention is architectural art as displayed in English cathedrals. The same house have in press "The Diary of a Milliner," which we understand to be not a novel but a realistic representation of the daily life of a woman behind the counter in a milliner's shop.—C. Scribner & Co. have in press for immediate publication a book by Mr. J. S. Gibbons, which, if it fulfils the author's intention, ought to be in the hands of every tax-payer. Its title is "The Public Debt of the United States," and, beginning with an attempt to substitute clear and definite knowledge for the ignorance in which the public mind is now involved as regards the various kinds of securities, it goes on to a consideration of the rights and duties of the tax-payer, and a treatise on the nature of currency and the laws of trade. Whatever may be the value of the rest of the work, the first part of it, which may be called a hand-book of the public debt, will certainly be welcomed. Scribner & Co. announce, also, "Rural Studies, with Practical Studies for Country Places," by Donald G. Mitchell; R. C. Trench's "Studies on the Gospels;" and a work by Dr. W. G. T. Shedd, "A Treatise on Homiletics and Pastoral Theology," which, it is likely, will soon be a text-book in most theological seminaries.—"The Ornithology and Oölogy of New England" is an elaborate work describing the birds of New England, their food, song, times of arrival and departure, time of breeding, etc., etc., which has been prepared by Dr. E. A. Samuels, curator of zoölogy in the Massachusetts State Cabinet, and will be published, for subscribers only, by Messrs. Nichols & Noyes, of Boston. There are to be three editions of the work, one at $15, in which all the plates will be colored; one at $7, in which the plates of birds will be uncolored; and one at $5, in which all the plates will be uncolored.

—The quiet old library known as St. Patrick's, and better known as Marsh's, in the cathedral close at Dublin, was not only a favorite haunt of Swift's, but it was a workshop and a study for him as well as a secluded retreat; and there, after an undisturbed repose of more than a hundred and twenty years, have been found some highly interesting relics of the great dean's presence and labors. Pencilled marginal notes in Cyrano de Bergerac and Hall's "Mundus alter et idem" show that from them Swift gathered hints for "Gulliver's Travels." Other pencillings are scribblings merely, some of them being familiar words written out as if the writer wished to verify by the test of the eye the orthography he had settled on in his mind; and some of them being fantastical words, which probably the inventor wrote out to see if they were fit for service in the "Travels" along with his "houyhnhnms" and other verbal monsters, which alone are enough to prevent the latter books of his famous work from ever becoming popular, and the utter and exasperating unpronounceableness of which reflects discredit on Swift's judgment. The most important portion of the new treasure-trove is quite a long passage which seems to have been intended, says *The Pall Mall Gazette*, for the fourth chapter of the fourth book of "Gulliver." It relates a conversation which Captain Gulliver had with his patron, the houyhnhnm, on the subject of horse-racing as carried on in Britain, or rather on "the turf," as that British institution was in the beginning of the eighteenth century. It is in Swift's best vein of quiet bitterness, directed to the satirizing not of human nature, but of an evil not irremediable, and worthy of his severest lashing. The passage is far too long for quotation; this brief and not too savage stroke will as well recall Swift as half a volume would: "I told him that we encouraged a special breed of exceedingly light and small Yahoos for this purpose, whom we clothed in the brightest and gayest colors, whereby, I submitted to his honor, the disgrace of carrying so vile a creature was rendered somewhat more endurable." As for the suppression of this chapter or part of a chapter, the very probable supposition is that after Swift had written it he paid a visit to England (1726), and found that the racing mania which was then raging had attacked some of his personal friends, as, for instance, Bolingbroke and poor Gay, and from an unwillingness to hurt their feelings refrained from speaking his mind about the prevalent folly.

—Some months ago the distinguished chemist Justus von Liebig published a notable pamphlet ("Ueber Francis Bacon von Verulam und die Methode der Naturforschung"), which late newspaper criticisms on a French translation have brought again to notice. It is a work of great interest. Liebig says he was led to the study of Bacon's works by his investigations in natural history, and expected to find in them a vein of excellent substance, but he found only adjectives and pomposity, and came away from his readings disappointed, dissatisfied, and empty-handed. After citing certain passages that Bacon had taken bodily from Gilbert, Drebbel, and others, he says: "In these modern days of sensitiveness in regard to such things, Bacon's act would certainly have been called flat plagiarism." In concluding he says: "The false and erroneous views of a past age often prevail among the people long after their roots have been destroyed. Out of the old worn-out rags of science Bacon shaped a new garment to fit his countrymen; and, although it did not cover their nakedness, yet every one found that it was convenient and of good cut; and so, through his labors to confirm the old falsehoods in possession of the ground, the new truth which Newton, Harvey, and Boyle brought to light had the more difficulty in struggling for acceptance." Liebig's judgment would seem rather harsh if he were not so well supported by others. Any one who has read Humboldt's "Cosmos" will recollect that he says Bacon was quite behind his age in mathematics, astronomy, and physics, that he was unjust towards Copernicus and Gilbert, and that Leonardo da Vinci had long before him treated of the method of experimental induction. Laplace also said: "Bacon has indeed given the prescriptions but not the example of investigation." Lastly, Liebig's French translator says he was led to the work by finding Liebig's views so exactly coincident with his; that he had been much engaged with the works of investigators and travellers of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries in preparing his work on Asia Minor, and was surprised to find how arid and unsatisfactory Bacon's works are.

—A late review in *The Spectator* contains some ingenious guessing as to the authorship of a successful anonymous novel, "Nina Balatka: the Story of a Maiden of Prague"—a Christian maiden of that quaint, half oriental, half western city, who loved a Jewish merchant. The critic suspected that the book might be the work of Mr. Anthony Trollope, and as he read said to himself: If it be Mr. Trollope's, "I shall soon come upon the phrase 'made his way,' as applied to walking when there is no physical difficulty or embarrassment, but only a certain moral hesitation as to the end and aim of the walking in question." Within a page or two the phrase was found, and in the course of the novel a dozen or so of others which also the reviewer declares to be peculiar to Mr. Trollope's style. From *The Spectator's* account of it the story is a very good one and every way worthy of its putative father, though its strong point is not Mr. Trollope's strongest point in his acknowledged works—"manners described with a flavor of satirical humor." Praised as the book is, its authorship will probably not long remain unknown.

—Some conversations held by a friend of his with the late Leon Gozlan have been published at Paris, and the French correspondent of *The Publishers' Circular* gives some of Gozlan's characterizations or caricatures of French literary men. This is Guizot: "I met on a glacier in Switzerland an Englishman who spoke French." Michelet: "A woman's voice—a child's voice—moans, groans, cries of distress. Great God, 'tis heartrending! I am agitated. I run to give help. Lord bless you, neither a woman nor a child! A supple, strong man throws his arms round my neck, strangles and throws me down. Help! Murder! Murder! Thief! Thief! No, 'tis Michelet." The satirical element disappears in the sketch of Victor Hugo: "Victor Hugo, minute and grand. Michael Angelo—Meissonier." Chateaubriand is "a pagan tattooed with sacred hearts, a Narcissus of the Dead Sea or of Jordan.' Sainte-Beuve is poorly done: "Sticky and slippery, fleeting and glazed, real eel-pie.

—At the close of the next semester August Boeckh will resign the professorship at Berlin which he has held and honored for fifty-six years. Made a Doctor of Philosophy in Heidelberg in March, 1807, he had in 1810 acquired such a reputation that immediately after the establishment of the Berlin University, though scarce five-and-twenty, he was called to it as "Professor of Philology in Ordinary" and "Professor of Eloquence;" the latter chair he has not filled for many years, but his lectures on philology have been scarcely interrupted since his appointment. Notwithstanding the infirmities to which an octogenarian is ever heir, his mind is still vigorous and his enjoyment of society unweakened. The conversation at the tea-table of his accomplished daughter, Mrs. Professor Gneist, one evening turning upon the United States, he spoke very pleasantly of his American acquaintances and scholars, noticing the peculiarities of some of the latter, and calling to mind the industry which, in the last score of years, has gained for many of them eminence and esteem. It having been always supposed that a rare memory must be one of the gifts which have enabled him to accomplish so much, it sounded strange when, speaking of an examination for admission to the faculty of the university, he said that it was very fortunate for him that the custom of examining professors was of modern date, as he would surely have failed to pass, and that the faithlessness of his memory had made anything of the kind a terror to him from his boyish days.

SCHELE DE VERE'S STUDIES IN ENGLISH.[*]

Schools and colleges have long been waiting for a scientific treatise on the English language based on history. Several of the books in use are of the lowest order of merit, repetitions of repetitions and compilations of compilations, with only a slight attempt to verify or correct what had been said before, and, of course, little or no original research. One of the worst features of these books is a profound unconsciousness of ignorance. It would never be suspected from them that our knowledge of Saxon is nothing to boast of, and that we are all but utterly in the dark with regard to several centuries of English. It is true that all the materials necessary for the making of a thorough book have been at no man's command, but a want of materials has not been the chief cause of the deficiency. But though the deficiency exists, some good work has still been doing for now many years. If we have no science, we have many important facts; and if we have no history, we have many interesting anecdotes; and a man who should set out to find and tell what has so far been really ascertained, would do good service even if he made no new discovery.

We are unable to award to Prof. Schele De Vere the credit of having done this, or of having done anything but another labor of indiscriminate compilation. He seems to have read most of what has been written from Horne Tooke to Dr. Angus, and to have received the whole with that unquestioning confidence which a sound theologian reposes in the Hebrew canon. He has been an extensive gleaner, but so far from nice that he has ground up in his mill thistles and wheat, cockle and barley, fresh corn and very musty chaff, indifferently. As he has read more widely than other writers of his class, there happens to be more of good matter in his book than in some others; but he is no whit more critical than the rest, and his comely volume abounds in fallacious opinions and misstatements of fact.

Jefferson, when he founded the University of Virginia, we are told in the preface, "appreciating with rare foresight, nearly fifty years ago, the importance of a scientific study of the English language, inserted Anglo-Saxon among the subjects on which a course of lectures was to be delivered by the incumbent of the chair of modern languages," which place is filled by Prof. De Vere. We heartily commend the wisdom of Jefferson, and would praise him still more had he also foreseen the necessity of requiring that his professors should *study* Anglo-Saxon before giving the lectures. We wish that some authority existed which could compel all persons who write books about the English language to do the same, or at least to make themselves acquainted with the rudiments of Saxon grammar. This most obvious of all preparations is the very last thing that is thought of; that is to say, it is not thought of at all. The consequence is much tiresome blundering and absurd misrepresentation, of which a very few specimens shall now be given from this book.

On p. 309 we have what may be called the *pons asinorum* of the expositors of English, the great problem of *methinks*. "What an expression to come under the ferule of the strict grammarian!" exclaims Dean Alford, who by a method unintelligible and impossible seeks to derive the expression from the familiar English verb, instead of the Saxon *thincan*, to seem. Schele De Vere does the same, though here the parallel case of the German *denken* and *dünken* might have helped the professor of modern languages to a fair guess. On p. 308 there is a most extraordinary account of "the auxiliary I can," which is never an auxiliary in any rational sense of that word. It is "a regular verb," we are told, and has in Chaucer an imperfect *conde;* and *conde* being often used with *would* and *should* "took an inorganic *l,* which was never pronounced," and the letter *n,* "unpronounceable where it stood," was dropped, and so *conde* became *could!* We will now invite the author to find *conde* in Chaucer, or anywhere else, unless it be in Chatterton, and then to give his idea of a regular verb, *can* being on the whole the most irregular verb in Saxon. The account given of *must* and *will* (p. 306) will also make the judicious grieve. Again, under nouns (p. 182) we read the following: "Our *kitten* was originally the plural of *kit,* a diminutive made from *cat,* according to early Gothic usage. . . In like manner *cock* makes first *chick,* and then in the plural *chicken.*" The truth is that both *kitten* and *chicken* are simple diminutives with the change of vowel (*umlaut*) so familiar in German. This change *may* have been known to "early Gothic usage," but it is remarkable that in the only Gothic which has come down to us *umlaut* does not occur. It is to be feared that the author's ideas both of Gothic and of Norse are somewhat hazy, for on p. 24 he tells us that the Danes had no grammar (meaning, we must suppose, no Lindley Murray or Goold Brown), and abhorred difficult and subtle inflections, and so they "deprived Anglo-Saxon of much lumber of that kind." The Norse inflections were in reality somewhat more difficult than the Saxon. On the same page we are informed that *garden* is a plural of *gard,* which is as true of the English word as of the German *garten* and the French *jardin,* and there are other curiosities revealed in English plurals for which we have no space. Adjectives are treated with no less erudition. Thus we learn (pp. 232, 233) that "we have lost the once popular adjective *bet,* from which we derive our *better,*" and that our *less* is derived from a now obsolete *leas* or *less* which formed a comparative *lesser,* the substitution of *less* being quite recent. The fact is simply that *bet* and *less* (*laes*) were as much adjectives in the positive degree as the Latin adverbs *melius* and *minus,* of which they are the equivalents.

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[*] "Studies in English; or, Glimpses of the Inner Life of our Language. By M. Schele De Vere, LL.D., Professor of Modern Languages in the University of Virginia." New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1867.

To pass from the grammar to the dictionary, here is a specimen of painstaking scholarship, and it may also serve for one of perspicuous writing: "The Saxons were as poor mariners as the majority of Germans are to this day, thanks to their remoteness from the sea [the Saxons?], and hence a ship was to them a *mere-hûs* or *sea-house.* Gast-gedale [gâst-gedâl], the parting of the ghost with the body, was their nearest approach to our abstract 'death'" (p. 169). Would not any one suppose from this that our piratical ancestors were a race of land-lubbers? And would any one imagine that *mere-hûs* and gâst-gedâl were a couple of little used poetical words (the former being Cædmon's phrase for Noah's ark), and that *ship* and *death* occupied just the same place in Saxon that they have in English? Another example in both particulars we take from p. 167: "Maidenhead does not belong to this class [of words in *head, hood,* as *Godhead, manhood*], as it refers literally to a head of the Virgin Mary, an image which stood in that locality, as Bagford writes to Hearne." The inference is that we get our word maidenhood from the town in Berks, not the author's meaning probably, but he can escape from this interpretation of his language only by confessing to extreme negligence. On a par for accuracy with the foregoing are the statements that though *reader* and *writer* are old Saxon words, *maker, founder,* and *doer,* all of which occur in Wiclif or Chaucer, are comparatively modern (p. 147); that *sheer* (manifest) is derived from *shear,* to cut (p. 168); that summons (old French *semonse*) is a contraction of *submoneas* (p. 184); that a *marshal* was a schalk or servant that attended on a *mare* (p. 210), the *mar* really representing the Saxon *mearh,* horse, of which the feminine was *myre;* that *quail,* to faint in the presence of danger (Saxon, to die), is of the same stock as the bird of Latin name (p. 278), and so on.

It need not be supposed that any more care has been taken with the general principles and large rules than with individual facts adduced as proofs or illustrations. Much of the theory and history is probably true; a good deal decidedly not to be depended on. Here we have a good bold assertion which perhaps requires a little scanning before it is bolted: "The most careful researches, the most sifting investigations, have failed to bring to light a single new root that has been added to the first common inheritance (*sic*) of these dialects (those of the great Aryan family), or a single new element that has been created in the gradual formation of their grammar since their first separation!" (p. 9). And here a contradiction: Our English maintained its independence of Latin, "gained largely in words and in terms, but never troubled itself to translate, as the Germans do now with pedantic purism, by which, after all, but one-half of the sense is caught" (p. 26); but, nevertheless, suffered irreparable injury by its temporary subjugation to the Norman-French, from losing "that power of adapting itself to new ideas and forming new words which it originally possessed in common with all Teutonic languages, and which the German has successfully preserved to this time" (p. 40); and here and elsewhere something which we are constrained to call folly. In a paragraph on the use of abridged words, such as *cab* for *cabriolet,* we read: "This is all the more to be regretted, as the loss of a part of the form almost unavoidably involves the loss of a part of the meaning, and in language, as in society, half-words are the perdition of women, and not only of women, but of all who employ them" (p. 200). And again, under the head of words in *less,* like *fatherless, reckless:* "It is not much to the credit of the people, if we may judge them by their language, that the idea of *loss* should have produced such numbers of derivatives, whilst the opposite idea of *holding fast* is met with but rarely. We have but a few like *steadfast*" (p. 227).

We will conclude with a sentence which strikes us dumb with a sense of an utter unfitness to sit in judgment on this book: "What is true of words is equally true of the whole language; it ever bears on its surface the impress of the mind of the people by whom it is spoken, and he who studies it with history by his side and philosophy coming to his aid, will soon find that it leads him directly to the most retired and inmost parts of the soul of a nation, the secrets of which no other key can unlock" (p. 5).

MR. PARTON'S NEW VOLUME.*

THE service which Mr. Parton has rendered by supplying us with readable and interesting biographies of many of the most distinguished Americans has not been as yet fully recognized. The defects of his literary style and the unimaginative quality of his mind have offended our more fastidious critics, and have to a certain extent prevented his receiving the credit which belongs to him for the essential merits of his books. Happily, however, the uncritical public has overlooked his defects, and his writings have a popularity which they, on the whole, well deserve.

This new volume, made up mainly of the striking series of biographical papers which he has contributed, during the last two or three years, to the pages of *The North American Review,* is likely to be as popular as any of its predecessors, and forms a capital supplement to his lives of Franklin, Jackson, and Burr. These brief essays display Mr. Parton's peculiar powers as a biographer on a smaller scale, and afford, for this very reason, an easier field for the analysis of those qualities which have secured for him the distinguished place he now holds in American literature.

First among these qualities—the fundamental requisite of any biographer—is the disposition and the ability to tell the truth about the men of whom he writes. All his books show that Mr. Parton takes pains to acquaint himself with facts, and that no theory in regard to his subjects prevents him from stating the facts as he finds them. His interpretation of the meaning and bearing of facts as illustrative of character is, at times, undoubtedly open to serious question. He is not, in any sense, a philosopher; he has few intuitions of truth; there is no subtle, spiritual insight in his view; he is not a prophet before whose eyes the souls of men lie bare. But he has a shrewd, honest intelligence; and while he looks at men with the eyes of common sense, his strong sympathies with certain intellectual and moral characteristics enable him not unfrequently to enter into motives and to discover the intimate traits of personal character. It deserves to be remarked, however, that his sympathies, as they are shown in his books, appear to be not so much with the individual as with the race as represented in the America of the present day. He is at heart a moralist and a lover of mankind, to whom special persons are interesting mainly in their influence upon others and their relations to the general progress of man in intelligence and in virtue. His estimates of men are essentially humane. The good side of his Americanism shows itself in this spirit of humanity, and it is not a bad side which is displayed in his confidence, not self-confidence alone, but confidence in man generally, and in man particularly as developing in the liberty and equality of American society.

A ruling moral idea may, we think, be traced running through all his biographies—the superiority of goodness to talents, of principle to will, and the dependence of serviceableness of character and of right principles of action upon the enlightenment of the understanding. His aim is to make this plain not by direct enforcing or technical moralizing, but by a straightforward narrative of the lives of men conspicuous enough to serve as examples, and by the honest statement of the results of those lives, so far as they can be estimated, to the men themselves and to their generation. Mr. Parton's creed is essentially utilitarian, and "the greatest good of the greatest number" is the formula of his religion. Hence, all that limits the free and just action of the natural faculties of man is hateful to him. He is an enemy of tyranny, bigotry, and superstition, whatever guise they may assume or whatever claims they may assert.

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* "Famous Americans of Recent Times. By James Parton." Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1867. 12mo, pp. 473.

For instance, it becomes obvious, we think, to a discerning reader, in reading "Aaron Burr," that it not only affords Mr. Parton an opportunity to enter a strong protest against the narrowness and hurtfulness of many current notions in morals, but that the character and fate of Burr had a special attraction to him as exhibiting the reaction against the harsh despotism of the theology and morality of the religious school which had Jonathan Edwards for its chief master. Nature is fond of compensations, of balances, of equivalents of force; and having produced such a character as Jonathan Edwards, she set him off by producing in the same family such a character as Aaron Burr. Burr was the outcome of Edwards; an illustration of a general law. There is much in Mr. Parton's estimate of Burr from which we dissent; we think we can observe in the biography traces of Burr's well-known power of fascination; Mr. Parton is forced sometimes, in defending the unhappy old man from unjust charges, almost into the position of his partisan. But the general moral effect of the book is what it ought to be. No one, not already corrupt, could learn from it a bad lesson.

Another marked quality in Mr. Parton's books is their eminent readableness. As Mr. Fairchild says (in the "Surgeon's Daughter"), "The style is intelligible, Mr. Croftangry, and that I consider as the first point in everything that is intended to be understood." Mr. Parton, whatever be his faults of rhetoric, is never obscure and never dull. His manner, indeed, errs rather by over-alertness than by over-quietness. It is a great advantage that biographers possess, in common with travellers, that they have a true story to tell; the mass of the world is always so prosaic that it prefers to hear facts, or what it may in some way believe to be facts; any story about one man interests other men; but the art of telling a true story at all is possessed by very few writers. Mr. Parton is an excellent narrator, and has cultivated his talent for narrative in the widest sense. But, through defect of the fine historic imagination, he rarely presents a scene to his reader; his pages are seldom picturesque, and he never reproduces in actual presence before us the living, breathing, real man. His characters always belong to history. This is no fault of Mr. Parton; it is but a limitation of power which he shares with the mass of biographers and historians. There is no historian or biographer in our country superior in this respect to Mr. Parton; and at present Carlyle is the single imaginative and representative historian in England.

Mr. Parton's papers, in the volume before us, on Clay, Webster, Calhoun, and Randolph, form a capital supplement, as we have just now said, to his lives of Jackson and Burr. Nowhere else can the reader of our political history find so graphic or so lucid an account of the chief figures on our political stage during the last generation. Contrasted in character, in principles, and in the circumstances of their lives as these men were, they each stand for something more than themselves. They are types and expressions of the ideas by which the nation was impelled, and of principles by which its course has been greatly determined. They are representative men; representative equally of the strength and of the weakness of America; of the excellences and the defects of American politicians and statesmen. Each life serves to illustrate the other. Calhoun died in 1850, Clay and Webster in 1852; and yet, as Mr. Parton says, the period to which they belonged has already been so far removed from us "that we can judge its public men as though we were the posterity to whom they sometimes appealed." The passions which their names once roused are no longer burning. Deeper feelings have succeeded to them. And Mr. Parton has judged these men with as much impartiality as if they had lived in another century. The judgment is severe, but kind. One reads these lives with sadness; with regrets for noble powers wasted, noble opportunities misused. Each of these three lives was a failure. Mr. Parton says of Mr. Clay: "He originated nothing and established nothing;" of Mr. Webster, that "he was one of the largest and one of the weakest of men, of admirable genius and deplorable character;" of Mr. Calhoun, that "he failed in all the leading objects of his public life except one." It is a miserable record, and one which should be made familiar to the people who loved and trusted, admired and honored these men. The secret of their failure was, that neither of them cared more for his country than for himself; no one of them had virtue to resist the temptations of place and the deceits of flattery; no one of them can be called a good man, and no one of them was a happy man. All of them desired, sought, labored for reward; none of them was inspired with pure motives; all of them forsook their honor and their virtue for the sake of winning the Presidency. "American statesmen," says Mr. Parton in an excellent sentence, "are called to a higher vocation than those of other countries, and there is nothing in the politics of America which *can* reward a man of eminent ability for public service. If such a person feels that his country's happiness and greatness will not be a satisfying recompense for anything he can do for her, let him, as he values his peace and soul's health, cling to the safe obscurity of private life."

But although in writing these lives Mr. Parton has had the advantage of nearness in time to his characters together with that of what may be called historical remoteness, so that the memory of facts is still fresh while the passions connected with them have been in some degree quenched, he has yet been, as it were, "walking upon ashes under which the fire is not extinguished." His paper on Webster, which is perhaps the best of his minor biographies, and which, in our opinion, is distinguished not more for its vivid delineation than for its rigid impartiality and fairness of judgment, has been exposed to severe criticism, and has excited a tempest of rebuke from the self-constituted supporters of Mr. Webster's reputation. To such critics Mr. Parton might well reply in the words of Dr. Johnson:

> "There are many who think it an act of piety to hide the faults or failings of their friends, even when they can no longer suffer by their detection; we therefore see whole ranks of characters adorned with uniform panegyric and not to be known from one another but by extrinsic and casual circumstances. 'Let me remember,' says Hale, 'when I find myself inclined to pity a criminal that there is likewise a pity due to the country.' If we regard the memory of the dead, there is yet more respect to be paid to knowledge, to virtue, and to truth."

Two statements in the life of Webster have been the special occasion of complaint. The first is that "he had no religion—not the least tincture of it. . . . What he called his religion had no effect whatever upon the conduct of his life." It has been asserted that this charge is wholly false; but if religion mean anything more than a vague sentiment, if religion mean a principle rooted in the will, moulding the character and exercising supreme control over the conduct, then it is true that Mr. Webster had no religion. He was open to the influence of the religious sentiment; he was often known to shed tears in listening to an effective sermon; he was not unfrequently visited by emotions of contrition and regret; he was accustomed to use religious phraseology; he even on one occasion wrote some verses full of piety; but of that religion, that love of God and man, which is the source of all genuine and permanent political improvement, as it compels a man to the disinterested service of his fellows, Mr. Webster had none.

Worthy people have been shocked, also, that Mr. Parton should not have refrained from mentioning that Mr. Webster was not ashamed to indulge his appetite for strong drink, and even to appear before large audiences in a state of intoxication. The fact is notorious, and it is an illustration of Mr. Webster's character which Mr. Parton could not properly omit. The open faults of public men, of men whose talents render them conspicuous, are not to be overlooked or to be easily condoned. In a democracy the virtue of public men is of the first importance; their individual vices become political offences and public calamities.

We might say much more of Mr. Parton's books, but we close with a cordial recommendation of them to those who have not read them, and who would acquire easily a knowledge of the chief characters and events of our political history. We might point out passages in which we think his opinions erroneous, or his style reprehensible. "A large portion of ill-nature," says Dryden, "guided by a small quantity of judgment, will go far in finding the mistakes and inelegances of writers." We will not expose ourselves to this just rebuke.

The general worth of Mr. Parton's biographies may be estimated by comparing them with others of the same class—with Lord Brougham's "Lives of British Statesmen," for example. The comparison is greatly in favor of our American biographer. His best work is so good, and its defects are so obviously the result in large measure of haste of composition, that we cannot but regret to see him at present devoting himself to writing for the magazines. It is a pity that his talents should be employed in providing monthly entertainments.

DU CHAILLU IN ASHANGO-LAND.[*]

THE time has long gone by when it was sufficient preparation for writing a book of travels in Africa that one had been cast away on the shores of that continent. Nor is it by any means enough that the traveller can command an indefinite supply of glass beads, red woollen caps, and parti-colored raiment. These he still wants; but he wants very much more. So when M. Du Chaillu, after recreating himself for three years in the civilized communities of Europe and America, made up his mind to go once more to the realm of his friend King Quengueza, and forward thence as far eastward as he might—even, if possible, to the Nile itself—he at once resolved to enter on a preparatory course of study. He went, then, to England and put himself into the hands of Staff-Commander C. George for instruction in the use of instruments, that he might be able to project his route by astronomical observations, and to take the altitudes of places. Under M. Claudet he learned the art of photography. He conferred with geographers and zoölogists. And he provided himself with a formidable outfit—a load for a hundred porters. Not to mention the beads and powder and cloth and sardines and canned meats and musical boxes and liquors, he took out with him two aneroids, two prismatic compasses, a magnetic-electro machine, artificial horizons, four or five watches, skeleton maps, a hypsometrical apparatus, magnifying glasses, protractors, sextants, rain-gauges, photographic apparatus and materials for taking two thousand pictures, boxes and glass tubes for worms and insects, seven pounds of mercury, fifty pounds of arsenic, and other articles in numbers numberless.

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[*] "A Journey to Ashango-land, and Further Penetration into Equatorial Africa. By Paul B. Du Chaillu." American reprint. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Having got himself ready, M. Du Chaillu embarked at Gravesend on the 10th of August, 1863, in a schooner which he had chartered, to set out for the mouth of the Fernand Vaz. We may inform our readers, in case of their being ignorant of the whereabouts of this river's mouth, that it is to be found on the western coast of Africa, somewhere near the ninth meridian of east longitude, and not far from 1° 15′ of south latitude. Exactly where it is to be found at any given time only persons resident near it can tell, for it shifts and changes from year to year, so that M. Du Chaillu when he arrived in the vicinity on the 8th of October could not discover the entrance. He succeeded at last, however, and was at once welcomed by his old friends, among others by his friend Adjouatonga, who may have known his duty under the circumstances; he did it, at all events, after the orthodox fashion, embracing "Chaillie," who, as is usual, regretted the warmth of savage friendship, inasmuch as Adjouatonga was redolent of the familiar mixture, perspiration and palm-oil. As we go on a boat is upset in the surf, a grand palaver is held, there is something about fetishes, the King of the Rembois much delighted with a beadle's coat that is given him by the traveller, this head man is greedy, that head man is drunken, and other things are seen and suffered which are in nowise different from the regulation pattern. By-and-by, however, we come upon the famous gorilla. Thus much Du Chaillu modifies the statements about this monstrous ape which are made in his former volume: The gorilla is rather more gregarious than he formerly thought, for he has seen groups of ten gorillas together. The adult female gorilla can be captured alive, though Du Chaillu formerly thought not, for in this journey he had in his possession an adult female gorilla which some negro hunters had wounded and taken. These two modifications of his previously expressed opinions he has put on record in this volume. His readers will be apt, such of them as have been holding in their fulness M. Du Chaillu's former opinions, to make yet other modifications after weighing the later testimony here laid before them. For instance, as to the high courage and ungovernable ferocity of these animals—they seem to have always run away when Du Chaillu came upon them. As to the terror with which they inspired the negroes—several of them were brought in to him as soon as the negroes found that he wanted them. As to the gorilla's habit of beating its breast like a drum before it makes its onset—the captured gorillas did not do so; "Tom" did, indeed, strike his fore-paws against the ground and against his legs when he was angry, but he did not beat his breast. As to the gorilla's habitual or frequent upright posture when upon the ground, M. Du Chaillu in this book says nothing directly in regard to this, and doubtless what he might have said would have supported the theories and statements of his antagonists. One live gorilla, a young one, M. Du Chaillu shipped for England, but it died upon the way. It is thus described in a passage which seems to have got a little coloring from the imagination of the writer:

> "Besides these collections I embarked a live gorilla, our little friend Tom, and had full hopes that he would arrive safely and gratify the world of London with a sight of this rare and wonderful ape in the living state; unfortunately he died on the passage. He did very well for a few weeks, I am told, as long as the supply of bananas lasted which I placed on board for his sustenance. The repugnance of the gorilla to cooked food, or any sort of food except the fruits and juicy plants he obtains in his own wilds, will always be a difficulty in the way of bringing him to Europe alive. I had sent him consigned to Messrs. Baring, who, I am sure, never had any such consignment before. I promised the captain that he should receive one hundred pounds if he succeeded in taking the animal alive to London.
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> "During the few days Tom was in my possession he remained, like all the others of his species that I had seen, utterly untractable. The food that was offered to him he would come and snatch from the hand, and then bolt with it to the length of his tether. If I looked at him he would make a feint of darting at me, and in giving him water I had to push the bowl towards him with a stick for fear of his biting me. When he was angry I saw him often beat the ground and his legs with his fists, thus showing a similar habit to that of the adult gorillas which I described as beating their breasts with their fists when confronting an enemy. Before lying down to rest he used to pack his straw very carefully as a bed to lie on. Tom used to wake me in the night by screaming suddenly, and in the morning I more than once detected him in the attempt to strangle himself with his chain, no doubt through rage at being kept prisoner. He used to twist the chain round and round the post to which it was attached until it became quite short and then pressed with his feet the lower part of the post until he had nearly done the business.
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> "As I have before related, I took photographs of Tom, and succeeded very well. These photographs I was unwilling to send home, and kept them until I should have completed my whole series of photographs of African subjects. They are now, unfortunately, lost for ever, for they were left behind in the bush during my hurried retreat from Ashango-land, as will be related in the sequel."

In the same vessel with "Tom" M. Du Chaillu sent to England a stuffed specimen of a new species of ant-eater, the Ipi, and fifty-four skulls of negroes, in addition to ninety which he had sent before, and these, having been examined by Prof. Owen, form the subject of an essay, of interest only to the scientific reader, which is given in an appendix to this volume.

As we have spoken of the gorilla controversy, we may as well say a word about the chimpanzee's nest, for concerning this also there is a controversy between M. Du Chaillu and other observers. The Frenchman says that the chimpanzee makes himself an umbrella-like nest under which he sits to protect himself from inclement weather. Du Chaillu's antagonists deny the truth of this statement; Mr. Winwood Reade, for instance, in a late number of *The Galaxy*, asserts that the chimpanzee, like the other anthropoid apes, lives in trees, that he makes no such shelter for himself as Du Chaillu fables, but that he does build for the female chimpanzee a bed, which she occupies temporarily, but which is deserted as soon as the period of parturition is over. Du Chaillu in this volume sticks to his former statement:

> "I found here also several of the bowers made by the Nkengo Nschiego of branches of trees, and they were somewhat different in form from those I found in my former journey. I had two of them cut down and sent them to the British Museum. They are formed at a height of twenty or thirty feet in the trees by the animals bending over and intertwining a number of the weaker boughs, so as to form bowers under which they can sit, protected from the rains by the masses of foliage thus entangled together, some of the boughs being so bent that they form convenient seats; on them were found remains of nuts and berries."

These observations of the apes were carried on very near the coast while M. Du Chaillu was impatiently awaiting the arrival of new instruments from England, the instruments which he had brought out with him having, by mischance, been wetted with salt water and very much injured. At last, though at the end of fourteen months after leaving England, the traveller loaded his canoes, marshalled his hundred porters, armed his ten body-guards—Igala, Macondai, Mouitchi, Ngoma, Retonda, and five others—and, escorted by King Quengueza, set out up the river. Soon, however, he parted with Quengueza and struck off through the bush towards Olenda, at which point the unknown country began. He journeyed through Ashira-land, where the small-pox committed great ravages on the villagers and on his own men, and procured for him an evil reputation as the bringer of the plague; and through Otando-land, where he finds that he has lost much property by the knavishness of his porters, and where he makes a long stay studying the habits of ants; and through Apoño-land; and through Ishogo-land, where he met with the Obongos, a tribe of dwarf negroes, who are what we may call a tribe of African gipsies, and where he noticed the wonderful waterfalls, swarming with insect life, of Ishogo belles; and on into Ashango-land, where, at the fatal village of Mouaou Kombo, Igala accidentally kills a villager, an attack is at once made by the natives, who before were not too friendly, and on the 26th of July, 1865, the expedition is brought to a disastrous end by a retreat so precipitate that all the photographs and specimens, and many of the notes which M. Du Chaillu had collected with such expense, labor, and hazard, had to be flung away into the jungle.

In a general description, the country through which he travelled may be said to be an almost impenetrable jungle, with few and difficult paths leading from one village to the next, the villages being small and the country thinly peopled. The traveller is struck by the intense solitude and quiet of this tremendous forest, in which few men and but very few of the larger wild beasts are found. As for the people, they seem to be not bloodthirsty, but more densely ignorant perhaps than most other African tribes, for they have never been in any degree under the influence of the white man, and for the rest, they are, of course, grossly superstitious, drunken, inclined to thievery and filthiness, and regardless of the truth. Polygamy and slavery flourish among them. The form of government is patriarchal, but the power of the head men or kings is not despotic, as is that of the kings in Eastern Africa whom English travellers have described. Their religion is, of course, idolatry.

On the whole, M. Du Chaillu's attempted journey was a great attempt and gallantly prosecuted, but not brought to a successful end. It has added something but not much to what we knew before. These seem to be the results: The map of equatorial Africa, about midway between the first and second parallels of south latitude, from about 10° 30′ to 12° 40′ E. long., in what is commonly called Loango, is considerably improved by M. Du Chaillu's explorations; we suppose, scientific men must decide, that it is to him belongs the honor of having discovered the *Ipi*, a large scaly ant-eater, of a new species, and the *Ibola* or *Otolicnus*, a little nocturnal animal of the Lemur family; he has also verified his former discovery of the otter-like *Potamogale Velox*, which, when he first described it, some scientific men considered a mythical creature; he has given us additional testimony in regard to the gorilla, and as for the chimpanzee bowers, he has honestly sent to England two of them, so that the scientific world can form its own conclusions; and finally, he has done something towards dispelling what little of mystery still lingers over the tribes of Africa, and has set for the imitation of other explorers an example of such industry and endurance as, with better luck, will yet carry some traveller across that continent and make his journey of value to the world.

ECCE DEUS.*

THE title-page of this book is sufficient to explode the absurd statement that has been going the rounds of the newspapers, to the effect that it was written by the author of "Ecce Homo." A man would not be apt to offer to the public "controversial notes" upon a book of his own writing, nor, speaking of himself, to say: "The writer has rendered inexpressible service to the cause of free religious enquiry by his magnificently intellectual discussions of fundamental truth." By the whole tone of the volume, its basis and its superstructure, it differs from its predecessor very widely. But it is quite as difficult to fix the author's place in the religious world as if he were identical with the author of "Ecce Homo." Indeed, it is more difficult; for the importance attached to forms rather than to dogmas; the stroke of policy by which he made legitimate the sacraments of baptism and the supper, which the general tone of his book seemed not to require, indicated very plainly that it was to the Established Church of England that the author of "Ecce Homo" owed his allegiance. But in the case of "Ecce Deus" we have no such positive clue, and can only say with certainty that the writer is not a Calvinist. His strictures on the doctrine of election are of themselves sufficient proof of this.

"Ecce Homo" was an able book; "Ecce Deus" is a smart one. By those who differ widely from the opinions that distinguish "Ecce Homo" it is agreed that it evinces much ability. But ability is too large a word to characterize the present work. It is simply smart, volatile, alert. If possible it is more uncritical than "Ecce Homo." If "Ecce Homo" ignored criticism, "Ecce Deus" affects to despise it. It troubles itself with no questions of authenticity or credibility. It takes for granted that the Gospel narratives are uniformly correct in their statements. There were statements in "Ecce Homo" which presupposed a certain amount of critical research. From those statements "Ecce Deus" hastens to dissent, remanding the whole question of what actually took place in Judea in the reign of Tiberius to the realm of tradition and faith. The way in which this is done, if not altogether satisfactory, is infinitely amusing. If it makes our author less convincing, it almost always saves him from the curse of being dull. If "Ecce Deus" is not a true book, it is certainly a bright one, and if "Ecce Homo" had never been written it would be worth while to peruse it.

The method of "Ecce Deus" is the exact opposite of that pursued in "Ecce Homo." The author of "Ecce Homo" was original in many of his views of Christ's character and position, but conventional in his explanation of these views and in his estimate of their practical bearing. The author of "Ecce Deus" is always conventional in his leading views. In no respect is he heretical. He could, no doubt, recite the creeds and articles without a bit of hesitation. But having recited them, he would go about to explain them in his own way, which oftener than not is quite original. The author of "Ecce Homo" was like the man who said "I go not," and then went; the author of "Ecce Deus" like the man who said "I go," and went not. The author of "Ecce Homo" found the Gospels very ready to conform to all his predetermined views of Jesus; the author of the work we are considering is equally successful with the creeds. As that book had a pet horror, so also has this. But in that case the horror was dogmatism and in this case it is sectarianism. "Christ founded no sect," we are told; "he established a church." To belong to that church nothing is necessary but love to God and man. To this theme the author constantly recurs. Taken altogether, although the book adheres in form more closely to the current dogmas than its predecessor, in reality it departs from them quite as widely. On account of its title and its formal adhesion to the dogmas of the Church, it will doubtless be considered orthodox in many circles where "Ecce Homo" was felt to be heretical. But this opinion will have little warrant. There exists between the two books this marked similarity: they are both better in parts than in their total result. Almost every page of either contains something that is suggestive or inspiring, but neither of them contains a life of Jesus that will satisfy the cultivated intellect, be it ever so little given to be critical.

The Shenandoah; or, The Last Confederate Cruiser. By Cornelius E. Hunt. (New York: G. W. Carleton & Co.)—Our chivalry were very unlucky in their salt-water representatives. Semmes was first and the second was Waddell. We all know about Semmes; but Waddell is even a more striking proof of the general truth in regard to Southern cavaliers—that obscurity is their best fame. He is in more need of being made a professor of ethics than even the *Alabama* man. Waddell, it will be remembered, commanded the *Shenandoah*, and is the man who burned whaling vessels in the Arctic Ocean a long time—five or six weeks—after the rebellion had really ended. It will be remembered, also, that he would not take his ship into Sydney or Cape Town, but kept on round the Cape of Good Hope to Liverpool. One of the *Shenandoah's* officers—Cornelius E. Hunt—has written, and written quite well, a book called "The Shenandoah; or, The Last Confederate Cruiser," which displays this sea-king in a light that makes Semmes seem an object of envy and a respectable man. Says Mr. Hunt:

> "Among the many excellent and high-minded gentlemen who, first and last during the war, acted as Confederate agents in England, Mr. J. D. B—— stands pre-eminent. For the many and valuable services he rendered to his native country during the hour of her trial he steadfastly refused to receive any compensation. A short time prior to the final collapse, several thousand pounds of the public fund came into his hands, which he laid aside, not knowing how else to dispose of it, to provide for the immediate necessities of such naval officers of the Confederacy as the close of the war should leave homeless and proscribed in England. Two hundred pounds from this fund were appropriated to each of the officers of the *Shenandoah* as a just recompense for the long service they had rendered, and for which they could never hope to receive any other compensation. At two different times this fund, with directions for its disbursement, was privately conveyed to Captain Waddell after he landed in Liverpool, it being of course presumed that no more trusty custodian could be found for it. The event proved that this confidence was shamefully abused. Before any of his officers had learned of this provision that kindness and forethought had made for them, he summoned them to his quarters—George's Hotel, Dale Street, Liverpool. One at a time they were admitted to his presence, and, as the humor actuated him, he presented them from fifty to one hundred pounds a-piece out of the two hundred that was justly theirs. A few of his favorites, I believe, received their full bounty. The balance he coolly appropriated to himself, probably as a commission for transacting the business, nor was this the whole extent of his peculations."

Mr. Hunt's book is evidently the work of a man of "Confederate" principles, if men like him can be said to have any fixed political principles; but its tone is not grossly offensive to the Northern reader, and it is possible to read the book. There is an hour's reading in it.

Mosby and his Men. A Record of the Adventures of that renowned partisan ranger, John S. Mosby, Colonel C. S. A. By J. Marshall Crawford, of Company B. (New York: G. W. Carleton & Co.)—There is a sweet simplicity about J. Marshall Crawford that has given us great pleasure. Thus he describes the Southern situation before the Military Reconstruction bill was passed: "At the end of four years of almost superhuman exertions they find themselves a conquered people, with the loss of everything but their honor, *seeking restoration to their former position under the Federal flag.*" Crawford, it seems, is a man who went South for the purpose of fighting in the rebel army, is not a very clever man, and is apparently an unpractised writer. We have just the volume that might have been expected. It will make any old soldier who reads it wish that Mosby's men had less frequently been farmers, and had done more open field fighting. The pictures are worthy of the text.

The Papacy: Its Historic Origin and Primitive Relations with the Eastern Churches. By the Abbé Guettée, D.D. (New York: Carleton. London: S. Low & Co.)—The Abbé Guettée is a somewhat well-known French priest who, having become discontented with the Roman Catholic Church and its teachings, has recently entered the Greek communion. To him "the Papacy" means "the Papal sovereignty," and the object of the work is to show that the Papal prerogatives are not of divine origin. This is accomplished to the satisfaction of the Protestant reader, or, in submission to Bishop Coxe, who edits the book, of "the truly Catholic" reader. It is not a book for the ordinary reader.

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* "Ecce Deus. Essays on the Life and Doctrine of Jesus Christ, with Controversial Notes on Ecce Homo." Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1867. New York: O. S. Felt.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION *should be addressed to the Editor.*

THE CONNECTICUT CATASTROPHE.

THE papers have been for a week filled with disquisitions on the cause of the Republican defeat in Connecticut, but without throwing much light upon it. Much of the difficulty which we all experience in getting at the true significance of elections is due to the extremely nebulous condition of mind into which the contest throws those who have borne a leading part in conducting it, and especially the writers. Their thoughts do not cool down and get dense enough for ordinary apprehension for some weeks. During the first few days we get little from them but similes, metaphors, and war-whoops, and there is, perhaps, none of the metaphors which breeds as much misunderstanding as the comparison of parties to armies. When, for instance, the New York *Tribune* informed the public, by way of accounting for the Connecticut defeat, that "an army never fights a battle in bivouac," it uttered an unquestionable truth; but it is one of those truths that suggest error. A party is not like an army. The essential characteristic of an army is its unity, its obedience to one will, the certainty with which it may be counted on to do a certain thing at a certain time with all its might. A party has none of these characteristics. It is a voluntary association, which anybody may leave at any time he pleases; it obeys nobody; it cannot be counted on with certainty to perform any act whatever, as those know who bet on elections; its only bond is common attachment to ideas, which no two of its members hold in exactly the same shape or are attached to in the same degree, or estimate by the same standard. It may seem, at first sight, that all this is rather irrelevant; but we hope to show, before we close, that it is really a contribution towards the solution of the Connecticut mystery.

The habit of regarding a party as an army is not confined to newspaper writers; it has worked its way into the mind of most politicians, and although during the canvass before elections they recognize the individual freedom of will on which parties are based, they are apt to forget it when they are legislating, and to act, talk, and enact with as much confidence and independence as if they were generals in command, and to the great host behind them had only to say Go to make it go, and Come to make it come. A considerable portion of every party is in reality made up not of blind followers, but of critics, who are not affected as much by the stump speeches and documents furnished to them before elections as they are by what they see of the use the majority makes of its power, and who, if they do not like it, instead of taking their place in the ranks on the day of battle, as the leaders seem to expect them to do, coolly go over to the enemy—and sometimes in close contests, such as take place every year now in New York, Pennsylvania, and Connecticut, they are strong enough to turn the scale. When there is what is called a "reaction" in any of these States, such as there was in 1862, it is not due, as the newspapers try to believe, to any sudden increase of wickedness on the part of the Democrats, or of any accession to their powers of mischief, but to the defection of a number of persons who were the year before on the Republican side, but who have been disgusted or alienated in the interval, and, not being enlisted soldiers, consider desertion no crime. Until the majority in Congress get this view of the case thoroughly into their minds, the party will run constant risk of reverses. How much of its present strength it owes to the stupendous folly of Andrew Johnson and the South during the past year it is impossible to say, but it is safe to say that it owes a great deal.

In so far as the party has lost in Connecticut, it has lost not through "cowardice," but through courage; not through hanging back, but through going too far; not through having done so little for negro suffrage, but through having done so much. The plain, naked, ugly reason why little over one half the Republican vote of the State was cast for negro suffrage in 1865, and why it was defeated by a majority of 6,272, was, that a considerable body of the Connecticut Republicans do not want negro suffrage; and if the party had been more courageous at the last election and made negro suffrage a still more prominent plank in its platform and in its speeches and documents, the chances are that English, instead of a majority of 900, would have had one of three or four thousand. To say that the party lost the last election because it did not carry negro suffrage in 1865 is what logicians call "an identical proposition," and has about as much value as an explanation as a statement that a man died from want of breath would have as a theory of the cause of his death. It did not carry negro suffrage in that year for the same reason that it has not elected Hawley in this—because it was not strong enough, or, in other words, because the number of people who were willing to vote the Republican ticket on election day in 1865 was not large enough. It is, no doubt, safe to say that the Democracy owes most of its strength in Connecticut to ignorance, to prejudice, and to bigotry, and that the more diligent the Republicans are in preaching the doctrines on which the party is based, the more Democrats will they win over. But we fear the first effect of a decided advance on the part of the party of equal rights will be to diminish its own following, and that much still remains to be done before either its arguments or example will begin to make much impression on the enemy. It is as well to understand this beforehand. The first condition of a patient's recovery is the discovery of what is the matter with him.

One other unfortunate result of the "army" simile is its effect on Congressional action. The Republican majority at Washington has unfortunately, as we think, acted all through the session as if the party at its back could be counted on as surely as a colonel counts on his regiment. It has consequently not always made a discreet use of its power, and it has allowed a great many of its members to say very indiscreet things. It has treated the small Democratic minority in the House as if the latter only represented a small and insignificant fraction of the Northern people, when in reality it represented three-eighths of them, and has acted about the tariff, about the impeachment, about divers other matters as if nobody but friends were looking on, and as if such a thing as a party in power being defeated at the polls was never heard of. For ourselves, we have criticised the majority freely, because we hold that the criticism of the body which administers the government of a country, and particularly when, as in this instance, it is armed with almost unlimited power, is the main function of the press. But we have been well satisfied on the whole with its work, and in consideration of what there is that is valuable in that work we are very willing to overlook its errors. We only mention them now by way of warning. But there is in every party a large body of people who are not so enamored of the party principles as to care nothing for anything but fidelity to those principles. They are easily disgusted by even the minor errors and mistakes of statesmen, by faults of manner, by haste, by insolence, by recklessness, by extravagance, and the first thing you know they are in the enemy's camp. There are other people, too, who get tired of seeing the same men in power year after year, and if things do not go very well are apt to change sides through sheer weariness. These are facts which leaders cannot too constantly bear in mind, and if they were borne constantly in mind great parties would live longer than they usually do.

EQUAL SUFFRAGE UNIVERSAL.

GOVERNOR ORR has given frequent proofs, since the close of the rebellion, of a degree of good sense rarely to be found among Southern politicians. Naturally enough, he has desired to secure the best attainable terms for himself and his white neighbors; but he has had wisdom enough to comprehend the situation of his section of the country, and the folly of useless resistance to the will of the victorious North. His efforts to secure justice for the colored people in the courts of his State have been earnest, though fruitless before the passage of the "Sherman bill." He discerned very clearly that the constant denial of simple justice under the existing law was certain to lead to changes in the mode of government unpalatable to his people. But he could not make them see it; and now that their own folly and perverseness has brought upon them the evil (as they deem it) of universal suffrage, Governor Orr sensibly advises them to make the best of it. He accepts the law in good faith, declines to join in any attempt to overthrow it in the courts, and urges the whole people to act under it.

Further evidence of the governor's common sense is contained in his anticipations of the tendency of the colored vote. He puts no faith in the prediction that the new electors will be controlled by personal influences (in other words, by their masters), and expresses his belief that, like other men, they will be guided by what they believe to be their interest. Their real interests, he justly says, are identical with those of their white neighbors. How strange that one wise enough to see this now should not have seen at an earlier day that the converse of the proposition was always equally true!

On the very day that the provisional governor of South Carolina thus avowed his submission to universal suffrage, the news had reached him that Connecticut had voted against it. The impression produced upon him may be inferred from his sarcastic comments upon the refusal of New Jersey, Ohio, and Michigan to admit colored men to the right of suffrage. The Legislature of Ohio has reversed its action; but of this Governor Orr was not aware. The people of Michigan have just elected a convention which will undoubtedly correct the error of that State. But the main point of the criticism is unaffected by these circumstances, since the fact remains that in a majority of the Northern States negroes are still excluded from the polls. South Carolina, though sorely against the will of her white population, is henceforth under a more equal system of government than Connecticut.

The inconsistency of the North in excluding the negro from its own ballot-boxes while forcing his vote upon the South, is not quite so glaring as its critics assume, and, in any case, is imputable only to a small portion of its people. A large majority of the Republicans in every State favor equal suffrage everywhere, while the whole Democratic party is as much opposed to enacting it for the South as for the North. The only inconsistent persons are the one or two hundred thousand Republicans who have helped to impose universal suffrage upon the South while opposing it in their own States. This inconsistency is more apparent than real, since there are obvious reasons for deeming equal suffrage more essential to a republican government where the majority would without it be excluded from political influence, than in States where the exclusion does not affect one per cent. of the population. So it is easy to see that universal suffrage may be necessary to keep South Carolina in the Union, while scarcely any restriction of the suffrage would affect the loyalty of New York or Indiana.

We do not care, however, to dwell upon this argument, since we are fully convinced that it amounts to nothing more than an excuse for a policy essentially unwise. As an answer to the complaints of Southern men it is sufficient; but we should be ashamed to use it as an answer to the demands of the disfranchised race, or as a vindication of Northern justice towards them. It is far worse to deny justice to half the people of a State than to do so to one-tenth of them; but, after all, the exclusion of even one man in a thousand from his natural rights is inexcusable.

The logical and inevitable result of the change at the South is to extend the same rule of equality over the whole country, and the sooner it is done, the better it will be for all classes, sections, and races. Whenever the Southern States are reorganized upon the new basis, they will be perfectly willing to join in making equal suffrage universal throughout the Union. If they are controlled by those who approve of the principles upon which they have been reorganized, they would of course vote for an extension of the same rule to other States; and if they are controlled by the opposite class of politicians, they would vote in the same way from motives of revenge.

We look, therefore, with confidence for an early amendment of the national Constitution prohibiting discriminations against color in respect of political rights. The opinion of some senators that the last amendment includes such a prohibition is entitled to consideration; but in view of the unquestionable fact that it was not so understood by the people when it was submitted to them stands in the way of such a construction. The controversy should be settled beyond all doubt, and the existing legislatures of the North, with those to be elected at the South, will readily endorse any amendment on this subject that may be proposed by Congress.

The fatuity of the Democratic party is so intense that we cannot reasonably expect it to join in this the only possible final adjustment of our national troubles, although it would evidently open the way to new political issues, and thus give that party a better chance for success. If by any means of resistance left to them the Democrats could prevent the establishment of equal suffrage at the South, it might be worth their while to resist it at the North; but when they cannot save Mississippi from the votes of 50,000 negroes, it becomes ludicrous to see their strenuous opposition to the admission of 2,000 in Ohio. It certainly seems hopeless to expect any good from a party so wedded to obsolete theories of oppression.

By making equal suffrage the universal law we should remove all ground for complaint of invidious distinctions between the North and the South. We should be able to prove to the world that the conquerors in this great civil war had imposed no other terms upon the conquered than they submitted to themselves. We should demonstrate that the war had been one of liberation, and not in any sense one of subjugation. Such, we are confident, was the wish of the Northern people, and although we cannot expect the present generation of Southern whites to comprehend or believe it, we do not doubt that the fact will be recognized by their posterity as well as by our own.

Without waiting for the action of Congress, we will not permit ourselves to doubt that the people of New York, Ohio, Michigan, and Iowa, who will be required to pass upon this question in their respective States this fall, will decide to adopt the principle of equality. The struggle may be hard, especially in this State, but the prize of a clear record is worth all it may cost. We must at all hazards vindicate our good faith, and be able to look every Southern man in the face, with the assurance that we have required nothing of him which we were not ready to submit to ourselves.

"SCRATCHING."

We have been asked frequently why we did not postpone our comments on the impropriety of nominating Mr. P. T. Barnum for Congress until after the election, and thus avoid the risk of injuring the Republican party through our opposition to him. The answer to this question, which some good Republicans seem to consider a poser, is very simple. Remarks on the value of character in politics, *apropos* of Mr. P. T. Barnum's nomination, would, after the election, had he succeeded, have been so much empty declamation, and would have made about as much impression on those to whom they were addressed as a dissertation on astronomy. Everybody who took the trouble to read them—and only very few would have done so—would have answered with a melancholy smile or a pleasant chuckle, according to the nature of his moral constitution, that the nomination of such a man as Barnum was certainly pretty bad, that the politicians really ought not to do such things, that the people ought not to allow them; but that the fact was, his opponent was such a dreadful Copperhead and Barnum was such a good fellow, that there was nothing else for it; true, he had been guilty of a little humbug in his time, but then we were all guilty of more or less humbug; besides which there were men in Congress already fully as bad as he. Then, as the thing was done and could not be undone, those who moralized about it would be voted bores and sent about their business. By the time another election came round and a fresh opportunity was thus offered for choosing good men, all the previous admonitions called forth by Barnum's case would have been totally forgotten; and were any one to attempt to revive them, he would be silenced by the same argument that is now used—the necessity of waiting until the election was over; and so on, in infinite series. Before each election it would be too soon to say anything, and after each election it would be too late.

In the eyes of those who argue in this way, to recommend the "scratching" of a regularly nominated candidate is a mark either of dreadful folly or dreadful depravity—generally the latter. When anybody who is troubled with a conscience begins to declaim about the corruption of our politics and the necessity of sending men of high character to the legislature in order to save the Government from ruin, he will hardly ever find anybody to dispute his statements as to the magnitude of the evil and the necessity for a remedy, and nobody will join him in making a dismal uproar about them more readily than the party newspapers. But when he comes to enquire what the remedy is, he is always told with a triumphant air that he must attend the primary meetings; that there is the source of all our woes, the "everlasting bunghole" that has to be stopped; that the "good citizens," if they want to see the Government reformed, have simply to go and vote for the delegates to the nominating conventions, and then all will be well. Now, if there be anything well ascertained about the great body of good citizens, it is that primary meetings they will *not* attend, no matter what happens. In the first place, they feel no certainty that if they did attend, they would, owing to the juggling which is carried on there, be able to exert any influence; and, in the next place, they are too busy, or the elections occur too often, or the machinery of politics is too repulsive to them, or they are too lazy, to do more than vote for the candidates presented to them. This is not matter of opinion; it is a well-ascertained fact; and therefore to keep on crying out for them to attend primary meetings, as a great many of our "practical" moralists and politicians are doing, is really about as "practical" as it would be to keep repeating to them that virtue is its own reward, or that to be happy we must be good.

Nominating conventions are, we believe it will be acknowledged, not generally composed of saints. Perhaps one of the last places in the country to which an intelligent American would go in search of a respect for character as a qualification for public life would be one of the assemblages of gentlemen who meet every year to tell us what governors and legislators we ought to vote for. Moreover, it is not the best portion of the convention which does the real work of selection, but a small minority whose chief qualification for the task is skill in that species of jugglery called "management." There is no earthly means of knowing beforehand on whom they will fix as a candidate for any office, as they are governed by considerations of all kinds, most of them very low, of which the public outside can see or learn absolutely nothing. So that the voters never know what species of animals they are expected to swallow until a week or two before the election, and after the announcement of the ticket no qualms or hesitation are allowed. You are expected to open your mouth and shut your eyes. If any officious bystander steps in at this point in the performance, as THE NATION did when Mr. Barnum appeared on the scene, and says that any of the candidates is not a fit and proper person, that he is a drunkard or swindler, or a gambler, or a pugilist, or professed "humbug," or a charlatan, he is received by the party organs very much as Peter Funk would receive anybody who dropped into his mock-auction store and warned a simple countryman against bidding for "a splendid gold watch" jewelled in twenty holes which Peter is just about to knock down for the small sum of twenty dollars.

Now, we are not such visionaries as to expect that the government of a free country can be carried on without parties, or that parties can be kept together without discipline and without the constant sacrifice of individual tastes and preferences and even opinions. In politics, however high our thoughts or aspirations may soar, we must always keep our feet on the solid earth, and take note of the material facts in our path. Men have to be governed as men, and not as either angels or wild beasts. But then the end of party organizations, the reason of their existence, is to put good men in office. A party which does not do this, no matter what fine doctrines it may insert in its platforms, becomes a pest and a nuisance. Unfortunately, however, it seems to be the constant tendency of parties to fail in this the very first of their duties. We have only to look at the history of the Democratic party to see how the process of moral decay begins and ends. That party started with noble principles. Its mission was to root out whatever of feudalism there was left in American society and government, and to make the freedom and happiness of the individual man the first of considerations. The work was a great one, and it enlisted for many years the best men in the country. But to succeed the party had to become disciplined, and it made its discipline so perfect that it carried everything before it. All the ambitious knaves crowded into its ranks in order to share in its victories and spoils. Having accomplished the objects for which it was first organized, it then began to use its discipline and organization for the promotion of every species of wickedness and rascality that its unscrupulous leaders chose to take up. Of course this moral decline was slow, but one of its first symptoms was the adoption of the doctrine that the interests of the party ought to be the voter's first consideration, and that his highest duty was to vote "the regular ticket," until at last John Cochrane avowed frankly in New York that "if the devil incarnate were nominated he would vote for him." This creed killed the party at last, but it did not kill it until it had done infinite mischief and diffused a spirit of political profligacy through the whole community from which we are still suffering. No party can long survive in a Christian country in this century an open repudiation of the great laws of morality, an open denial of the dominion of conscience over every field of human activity. The Democratic party could not have lived as long as it did if it had not been recruited by ignorant foreigners and backed up by the tremendous material interest of slavery.

The Republican party, made up as it is of the best class of Americans, of men who try to carry moral ideas into the domain of politics, could not survive the deliberate adoption of the devil-may-care theory about character one year; and therefore it is the duty of all its friends, of those who wish, as we do, to see it live and reign, to combat from the first moment every symptom of a downward tendency. To decide that character is of no consequence in a candidate, as was decided in Barnum's case in Connecticut just as the Democrats decided in Fernando Wood's and Morrissey's cases in New York, is unquestionably a symptom of downward progress, particularly when it is endorsed and applauded by the great party organ, the New York *Tribune*. This journal praised Barnum to the skies, denounced loudly the idea that his election was not of vital importance to the party, and informed decent Republicans that if they "scratched" the great hero, as THE NATION recommended, they would be guilty of something very shocking. Nevertheless, three days afterwards, when he had been effectually "scratched" and the election lost, it coolly informed its dupes that the election was not of any consequence, that the Republican majority in Congress could not only very well do without Barnum, but without two other members from Connecticut. There is about all this the old Democratic flavor of unscrupulousness. The Republicans of Connecticut were here asked on Friday to send a "professed humbug" to Congress as a matter of vital importance, and on the following Tuesday informed that it was all gammon and that the party majority was large enough without him.

Now, what has occurred in Barnum's case may serve as an illustration of what may be done in other cases by even a small body of conscientious and patriotic voters. "Scratching" is really the practical remedy for the vices of the whole system of nomination for office. It takes no trouble, involves no inconvenience, takes no more time than voting only. It puts it in the power of every man who values political morality to keep the nominating conventions in order. "Availability" is their god, and if they once find that character is a strong element of availability, and that if a candidate's cheating, swindling, drunkenness, or quackery would risk the loss of even a few hundred votes, especially in evenly divided States, they will rule him out. Barnum ran hundreds behind his ticket—200, we believe, even in his own town—and undoubtedly was a dead-weight on the ticket throughout the State; and it is quite safe to say that the lesson will not be lost on conventions hereafter, and that gentlemen of similar callings and antecedents will, in Connecticut at least, be henceforth excluded from Congress. There are, of course, occasions—there have been such in the history of the Republican party—when the issues involved are so tremendous that it will not do to stop to look narrowly into the qualifications of any man who offers to fight under the party flag. Victory or death is sometimes the only alternative, and, when this is the case, even the highest morality is forced to concede that it is well to accept help from any quarter for a good cause. But these cases are rare. The darling device of politicians is to persuade voters that they occur at every election regularly. The truth is, that it is not over once in a century that it becomes either excusable or expedient to put a knave in a post of honor. The thousands of voters—farmers, mechanics, teachers, clergymen, and lawyers—whom the spoils of office never reach, and whose interest in politics is due solely to their desire to see their country well governed, should remember, when the big war-drum begins to summon them to the polls at every election, and the newspaper prophets tell them that the foundations of the round world will be broken up unless they swallow whatever dose the nominating conventions may prepare for them, that parties as well as nations live by righteousness, and that in politics as well as in trade honesty is sure in the long run to be the best policy—that Providence has not made any good cause or great interest dependent for either its safety or its triumph upon popular countenance of any form of vice or immorality.

THE JUDICIAL SYSTEM OF NEW YORK.

THAT some reform is needed in a system of administering justice under which a final decision cannot possibly be obtained in a cause within seven years from its commencement has never been denied since Lord Eldon retired from the bench. That such a system exists in the courts of this State is undeniable. The calendar of the Court of Appeals is constantly accumulating, and the prospect of reaching its end is every year diminishing. The causes preferred by statute are the only ones that are now heard in less than six years from the date of the appeal. Even in the general term of the Supreme Court, held in this city, an appeal from an ordinary judgment cannot be reached in less than eighteen months; and here, too, matters are growing worse rather than better.

In this city, moreover, there is a general want of confidence in the capacity of some of the judges, and even in the integrity of some, especially in the inferior courts. In the country we believe that the judges are generally regarded with respect and confidence, though we have heard vague expressions of suspicion concerning a few of them. Upon the whole, the elective system is thought to have worked tolerably well outside of New York and Brooklyn. But these two cities furnish an immense proportion of the business done in the courts, and it should be a fatal objection to any system that it does not work well there.

The questions thus arising are among the most important of those which the Constitutional Convention will have to consider. How to secure a judiciary that shall be so far independent of the people as not to fear to render an unpopular decision, without becoming so indifferent to public opinion as to feel free to neglect duty or to assume an arrogant demeanor, is a problem that needs much reflection to solve it successfully. The old system of executive appointment did not produce unexceptionable results. Much complaint was made of the delay and arrogance of judges thus appointed. But, with rare exceptions, universal confidence was placed in their integrity and ability.

The elective judiciary system failed in this State at the outset, through the introduction of strict party tests into the elections. The nomination of candidates for judicial offices by party conventions, on party grounds, inevitably tended to make such offices the reward of political services rather than of legal ability, while the prospect of a new election in a few years kept before the eyes of the judge the necessity of so shaping his course as not to injure his reputation for fidelity to his party. For no degree of honest independence would secure a renomination from the opposite party, while a very moderate degree of it would risk the judge's prospects for a renomination from his own friends. The clamor lately raised against Mr. Justice Davis, of the United States Supreme Court, for rendering a decision which no respectable judge in the land will impugn (whatever may be said of the *dicta* in his written opinion), is a strong proof of the incapacity of the best political party to deal fairly with an honest judicial officer. The almost unanimous refusal of the Republican convention held in this State in 1857 to nominate Chief-Justice Denio for re-election, immediately after he had rendered a decision extremely obnoxious to his own party, and extremely acceptable to his Republican opponents, was a discreditable fact; and it was all the more marked from the circumstance that the chief leaders of the party and of both its contending factions strove to secure its support for Judge Denio. The Democratic party had, of course, previously acted upon the same principle; but we lay less emphasis upon that fact, because less was to be expected from that party than from its more intelligent and progressive adversary.

Among the various plans which are talked of, the election of judges by the legislature is one that has been adopted with success in Vermont and Connecticut, and perhaps in other States. It has, however, owed its success to the early determination of the legislatures to give both political parties a representation on the bench; and where usage has guided the executive of a State in the same path, appointments by the governor and senate have been found equally satisfactory. Indeed, there are some grave objections to legislative elections. The responsibility of an appointment is very much divided when made by a large body; and the temptation to trade votes is very great. On the other hand, no man would have much chance before a legislature unless he was in some way widely known; while a governor is occasionally influenced by private motives to appoint an obscure man, whose incompetency soon becomes painfully evident.

Another plan suggested is to give the governor the selection from among a list of candidates recommended by some fixed number of lawyers. Thus it might be made a prerequisite to the appointment of a judge of the Supreme Court that he should be recommended by at least five hundred lawyers, all of them having practised at the bar for three or more years. Bad as is the state of the bar in this city, we do not believe that either Judge Russell or Judge McCunn could have secured such an endorsement when they first presented their claims for elevation.

The real reform that is needed, however, is a distribution of judicial offices among both political parties, extending in the same proportion throughout the State, yet without resorting to any coalition of hostile parties. Machinery of various kinds has been used for this purpose, but we are not sure that a direct recognition of the principle in the constitution would not be the best, as it is the simplest plan. It could, of course, be evaded quite easily; but we doubt if it would be. The constitutional requirement that the State engineer shall be a practical engineer could be easily evaded, but we believe it never has been.

If the judges were chosen from both parties there would not only be more general confidence in their decisions, but a higher grade of lawyers would be selected for these positions. A governor, in appointing one of his political opponents to a high judicial office, would be under the strongest inducements to prefer the most high-minded and impartial of them. Having done so, he would rarely venture to put a weak and incompetent man from his own party by the side of an able and widely respected opponent. Thus, as it seems to us, the character of the whole bench would be sensibly raised.

A large increase of the judges' salaries seems indispensable to secure the services of the best lawyers, and it is very clear that the best ought to be on the bench, although in this country they rarely or never are. In Europe a lawyer greatly improves his social position by becoming a judge, and receives everywhere marks of respect which are gratifying to human vanity. In America a judge is little better than any other man, and the honor of the position is felt to be small. Yet the salaries of our judges are far less than those of English judges, and even much less in proportion to the incomes of practising lawyers in the two countries respectively. We are quite aware that several judges in New York city are receiving much larger salaries than they would ever earn at the bar, but none of them have an income which a first-class lawyer could afford to accept; while the country judges receive much less. By a rare combination of circumstances, John K. Porter has been induced to accept a place in the Court of Appeals; but every man of his ability and learning ought to be made willing to do the same thing after he has turned fifty years of age.

The division of the State into eight judicial districts has tended to create as many different systems of law. This is, of course, very undesirable; yet it is better than the delay of the old system. It might be practicable to maintain the eight districts, yet to equalize their business by providing for the transfer of causes from an overburdened district, or by a constant interchange of judges, so that the business of each district should be conducted by fresh judges every quarter.

The only remedy for the present delays in appeals is to limit the number of appealable cases, or to provide two or more courts of last resort. The former measure could be carried out by the Legislature; the latter only by a constitutional convention. To any arbitrary limit to appeals we are opposed, but it would be proper to compel every appellant to satisfy a judge of the appellate court that he had a good *primâ facie* case before allowing him to appeal. A double court of last resort is an extreme measure, leading inevitably to confusion in the law, yet as a temporary relief it has become indispensable.

The whole of this subject merits the careful attention of legislators and lawyers. All possible light should be cast upon it before the convention assembles; and we earnestly hope that some measures may be devised by which the courts of New York shall be made an honor to the State, leading, as they ought, the whole American judiciary.

FIRE-PROOF BUILDINGS.

The American people adopt with great readiness any new method of accomplishing an object of practical utility, after its advantages have been so thoroughly developed as to be plain to an ordinary mind. The rapid extension of the street-railway system, the almost universal use of the sewing machine, and the liberal and at the same time comparatively inexpensive employment of the telegraph for newspaper purposes, are conspicuous among the developments of the past few years in which we excel other nations, which are behind us not in the imperfect character of the means which they employ, but in the relatively limited use which they make of them. To this general rule, however, there are some important exceptions, the existence of which is highly discreditable to our reputed good sense and prudence. And of these the neglect on the part of property owners in large cities to avail themselves of the means at their command for the protection of valuable buildings and their contents from destruction by fire is one of the least excusable. Not many years since the construction of a fire-proof building involved an enormous expenditure both of time and money, and the sacrifice of many valuable qualities in the building when completed. But such has for some time ceased to be the case, and a structure of this character can now be produced which shall be as commodious, as easily erected, and in every respect equal to the flimsy affairs whose existence yesterday is so frequently indicated by the blackened shell of to-day. It is idle to suppose that any system of insurance can fully compensate for losses of this character. The loss of the building and its contents is usually the most formidable item, but it is closely followed and sometimes surpassed by the cessation of rent which results from the delay of rebuilding. There are several structures in the lower part of this city which could be replaced for a smaller sum than their annual rent. In Nassau Street, near the Post-Office, is a marble building which has been occupied but little more than a year, whose reputed rent is half its first cost; while in Wall and Broad Streets there are single floors which cost their occupants enough each year to build a very substantial edifice. And the same is true to a greater or less extent of certain portions of Broadway. Another evil consists in the obstruction of the street for months by huge piles of brick and lime, crowding the already overwhelming traffic through a narrow gorge, and often involving a loss of time and temper which is incalculable. It is enough that such obstacles must exist where old buildings are being replaced by new ones, but when to this we add the rebuilding which necessarily follows a conflagration, the evil becomes excessive. And, finally, we must not overlook the loss, often very large and always annoying, which follows the entire disarrangement of business plans, which, however carefully matured, are often rendered worthless by a fire of short duration. For this loss no insurance company can provide a remedy, expectations of future success, however well based, not being considered rateable commodities. To guard against these evils it is only necessary that a building whose walls are of brick or stone shall be provided with floors of some incombustible material, that a fire may be confined to the locality in which it originates until it is extinguished. In many cases the fire is largely fed by the woodwork of the floors. Many of the finest fronts on Broadway cover a network of timber, some of it saturated with resin, and all of it ready to flash from floor to floor with a rapidity which must be witnessed to be fully appreciated. The method of constructing fire-proof floors which has been most fully developed and has given satisfactory results consists in spanning the interval between the walls with wrought-iron beams of sufficient strength, and filling the intervals between the beams with low brick arches.

As it is customary to finish the wall without the use of lath, it is easy, by observing whether the ceiling consists of a series of parallel arches, to ascertain whether a building is fire-proof or not. Of course no building can be safe which contains substances capable of furnishing their own oxygen, such as fireworks; while the presence of such combustibles as petroleum, which cannot be extinguished by water, but floats merrily along on its surface, is inadmissible; but as these materials usually occupy separate warehouses, and not the slightest necessity exists for their storage in the midst of valuable property, we need not consider them here.

Inasmuch as woodwork must be supplied with air from below to burn readily, a plank covering can safely be laid upon the more massive foundation which we have described. Such a floor could be laid at a large profit to the contractor for one dollar and a half per square foot. At this rate the loss sustained by the burning of a large warehouse on Broadway a few weeks since would have provided over fifteen acres of flooring, or enough for a five-story building one hundred feet deep and thirteen hundred feet long; and when we consider that this fire was preceded at intervals of a few months by others of approximate magnitude, and will doubtless be followed by the same, it will be apparent that in a few years the losses of this character will exceed in amount a sum which, if properly expended at the outset in brick and iron, would secure entire immunity from such conflagrations throughout the business portion of the city. A fire-proof floor can readily be made water-proof as well; and, by a proper arrangement of the staircases, any story could be flooded with water without affecting those below, just as a roof can be flooded without injuring the loft which it covers. The cotton mills of Lowell, which are ensured by a mutual arrangement among their proprietors, are provided with a simple but effective system which enables any story to be flooded in a moment. An elevated reservoir of sufficient capacity is kept constantly filled by suitable pumps, and from this a pipe is led which includes all the mills in its circuit. The various departments in each establishment are provided with perforated iron pipes extending along the ceiling. These pipes remain empty until a fire is discovered, when the water is turned on and it is speedily extinguished. This plan has endured the ordeal of several years' practical working, and this under circumstances peculiarly fitted to test its powers, owing to the presence of large masses of loose cotton in the various stages of its manufacture. There is no reason why the same means would not prove as effective elsewhere.

Although iron has been mentioned as the material best adapted to the construction of fire-proof buildings, wood can be so prepared that it will not burn, but at the most will only smolder and char when intensely heated from without by the flame of other substances. A process for effecting this result has been practically tested in England with good results, and nothing but the absence of a demand for inventions of this character prevents our chemists from investigating the subject thoroughly, and producing a simple but effective plan by which the desired result may be simply but effectively attained, should the means already proposed prove in any manner defective. The whole subject is one of the deepest interest to the American people, not simply to those in large cities but to the residents of the thousands of hastily-constructed towns and villages which cover the country, some of which are almost constantly reported in the telegraphic columns as having lost their entire business quarters by a fire of a few hours' duration. Nothing is required to secure the universal adoption of an effective remedy but a careful investigation of the subject by those who are most deeply interested.

MORDECAI.

Make friends with him! He is of royal line
Although he sits in rags. Not all of thine
Array of splendor, pomp of high estate,
Can buy him from his place within the gate,
The King's gate of thy happiness, where he,
Yes, even he, the Jew, remaineth free,
Never obeisance making, never scorn
Betraying of thy silver, and new born
Delight. Make friends with him, for unawares

The charmèd secret of thy joys he bears;
Be glad, so long as his black sackcloth, late,
And early, thwarts thy sun; for if in hate,
And haste, thou plottest for his blood, thy own death-cry,
Not his, comes from the gallows fifty cubits high!

H. H.

HOW NOT TO GO ABROAD.

MANY of those who are now setting their faces toward the Old World go this year because their friends are going, of whom they hope to see much. They will quarter themselves at Paris, in hotels or boarding-houses which are frequented by their countrymen, to whose society they will confine themselves. The head of the family will pass several hours every morning during his stay in the rooms of his American banker (whom he fully pays for the privilege), where he can peruse the latest New York or Boston newspapers, and can discuss home politics or home gossip with the heads of other families. His wife and daughters will wear away the period of his absence in paying or receiving calls from the wives and daughters of other Americans, or in endeavoring to communicate with a dressmaker whose knowledge of English is equal to their knowledge of French. In the afternoon they will all join parties of their American fellow-boarders for a visit to the Louvre or the Luxembourg, or will devote themselves to shopping, in company with friends who have been a week longer in the city than they, and who know where to find "English spoken." They will spend many agreeable evenings with their American acquaintances, reposing from the fatigues of the day, planning fatigues for the morrow, exchanging congratulations that this or that "sight" has been "done," inveighing against the ill qualities of the French character, as displayed in the tardiness of a dressmaker or in the extortions of a cab-driver, and talking over the last letters from home. When they go to the theatre it will be with a party of their countrymen, in order that they may keep up their English between the acts, if not also during them. If they dine at the Maison Doré or the Trois Frères—a luxury rarely permitted by the holder of the family purse—it will be in a private room. If they breakfast now and then at the Grand Café, it will be at an hour when they are sure of not being elbowed by foreigners. They will study the manners and customs of the nobility during their drives in the Bois de Boulogne, and will draw from their observations abundant evidence of the superiority of republican institutions and of the shocking immorality of the best classes in France. Many days will be consumed in endeavors to get a glimpse of the Empress, and many more in promenading the halls of the Exposition at hours when they are crowded with Americans. On Sunday they will religiously attend divine service at the American chapel. The son of the house may push his curiosity a little further, but will not talk of his discoveries; and the children may, if allowed, scrape acquaintance with French playmates in the gardens of the Tuileries or the Champs Elysées; but the rest of the family will always move in a body impregnable to the enemy, as did those English people, whose adventures at the last French Exhibition have been set forth with so little exaggeration by the author of "Dr. Antonio."

But a time will come when these agreeable winter quarters must be broken up and the column must move upon the grand *tower*, as we have heard it called. Several trunks filled with the toilettes of Paris have been added to the baggage brought from America, and all these *impedimenta* are put in charge of a courier, who pays the bills, which his presence doubles, who precludes the necessity of personal contact with the inhabitants, who knows just enough of the cities to be visited to be able to find a *valet de place* for a guide to their wonders, and who fixes the amount of the fees for hotel servants and of the bribes for custom-house officers. Whenever the courier, becoming an *avant courier*, goes forward to secure quarters for the night—the convenience of the telegraph being unknown on the Continent—the commander-in-chief undertakes in person to arrange the details of railroad transportation. His "combiang" is translated to the official's ear by the open pocket-book, and he is pleased to find on subsequently examining his "Bradshaw" that he has not been cheated, and that dishonesty is not always the handmaid of courtesy. In difficult cases the eldest daughter, who has been to a Franco-American boarding-school, takes part in the colloquy, but soon pronounces the French of the railroad station impure, and wishes that the courier, who understands the patois of this province, would return. In default of a good American guide-book, Murray is studied day and night. In default of American hotels, those frequented by the English are selected. The company is reinforced from time to time by American gentlemen and ladies, who congratulate each other that they were born in a free country; who echo each other's pity for the deplorable ignorance and superstition of the poor Old World; who remind each other that there is no word for *home* in the French language, and that the Italian face is invariably expressive of beggary, brigandage, or Borgiaism; who unite in declaring the scenery of the Hudson far finer than that of the Rhine, and might unite also in thinking the beauty of ancient works of art exaggerated did not their guide-books reassure them. Custom-house examinations serve to indicate the boundaries between different countries, which the interposition of the courier between the traveller and the changes in currency and dialect might otherwise obscure. Their baggage slowly but steadily increases in bulk, and their wrath at the imposition of an extra charge upon baggage increases in the same ratio. At length they return to Paris to make a few last purchases, which they stow away in a few more trunks, and then sail homewards with wardrobes full of clothes and garrets full of curiosities, that have cost (taking into account courier's per-centage, expense of transportation, custom-house duties, and premium upon gold) from one-third to one-half more than they could have been obtained for in America.

But they will have paid still more dearly for the very little that they bring home in their heads. Such travellers—and there will be more of them than usual this year—do not increase to an appreciable extent their stock of information. Groping blindfold through fields teeming with harvests, they glean more stubble than wheat. Their prejudices are apt to be hardened. The fallacies which they sucked in with mother's milk and lecture-room pap still form their mental diet. They return to business, the caucus, and the sewing society, thanking God that they are not as the other men and women are with whom their travels have acquainted them. It was something, doubtless, to have changed the *locus in quo* of their lives for a few months, something to have seen new faces, even if they were the faces of Americans, something to have broken up the daily routine. A new experience, though intrinsically less valuable than the old, may stimulate the mind far more, even the mind of a man who tries his utmost to derive the least possible good from it. A native of Buffalo may get more pleasure and profit from a first visit to the Staubbach than from a third or fourth view of Niagara. But having taken the pains to go to Switzerland, why not take the further pains to improve his opportunity by gaining some knowledge of the nature of the country, the habits of the people, and the peculiarities of the language which they speak?

ENGLAND.

LONDON, March 22, 1867.

WHEN I wrote to you last the chief excitement of the day was the renewed Fenian outbreak. The results were a little less ridiculous than on the last occasion, for there were actually two or three attacks upon scattered police barracks. But it is hard to know whether to laugh or to cry at their performances. Their plan of campaign is an organization of two expedients, at both of which they are tolerable proficients—running away and lying. A report is raised that the Fenians are coming; the troops or the police move after them; they generally find the report to be simply false; sometimes they catch sight of Fenians in the distance; once, a company of infantry had the luck to make a charge; but the alacrity with which they disperse generally baffles all pursuit. They have ransacked a few houses for arms, attacked one or two isolated stations, and suffered considerably from severe weather upon the mountains. But gradually the disturbances have become more mythical; the military operations are reduced to what are dignified by the name of "flying columns," that is, squads of a dozen men and an officer sent out upon cars with a hamper of sandwiches and a whiskey-flask. But the Fenian in arms is getting as rare as the proverbial dodo, and "suspicious strangers" are taking flight across the Atlantic. I wish you joy of their company. This is, in one sense, absurd enough; but it is also not a little melancholy. The Fenians can do little injury beyond the shock to confidence. The priests are against them; the peasantry remain generally passive; and the police have behaved admirably. But, feeble as the explosion is, it testifies to chronic social disorder which it will take generations to remove. I only hope that, when the Reform bill has been settled, our statesmen will take some decided steps towards dealing with the land and the church questions, which are the opprobrium of our present system.

"When the Reform question is settled," I have said. When will that be? At present we seem to be plunging deeper and deeper into quagmires and fathomless quicksands, across which no mortal man can see his way. To explain all the ins and outs of party squabbles—how the cabinet first went one way, then in ten minutes (as Sir J. Pakington confessed, to the infinite amusement of his constituents) turned in directly the opposite way; how they have gone backwards and forwards and abandoned every position directly it was attacked—would be probably wearisome to you to read. I will only say that after immense affectation of mystery, destined to cover an absence of all plan, they have at last been driven to reveal their last bid for office. They will consent, if only they may retain their seats on the Treasury bench, to give us household suffrage, but with conditions. Household suffrage was, a year ago, beyond the hopes of the most ardent reformers; it is now accepted by even lukewarm reformers, and has become so popular that the Tories try to conjure with its name; but they try to add conditions which will make the name empty. They confer a number of franchises upon ministers, university graduates, and others of the wealthier classes, hoping by this lateral extension to overbalance the effect of the vertical extension. Then they give two votes to every man who pays a certain sum in direct taxation; and, finally, they disfranchise what are called "compound householders," which means persons who live in the smaller houses and are allowed, for convenience of collection, not to be rated separately, the landlord of a number of separate houses paying the rates and collecting them from his tenants. Without troubling you with mere technicalities, these are all devices for withdrawing with one hand what is given with the other; for gaining the praise of liberality and keeping the convenience of stinginess; and, in short, in one way or other, for taking the wind out of reformers' sails under false pretences. The Liberal party have agreed to allow the bill to pass a second reading, and to attempt to throw out these modifying clauses in committee. They have strength enough for this; but the question is, What will follow? Will the ministry resign or dissolve? In either case, will reform be any nearer a settlement? Time will show; but I confess that I look forward to a long contest. Fond as the Tories are of their places, they can scarcely submit to the degradation of passing a household suffrage pure and simple.

Any of your readers who care to see the subject treated by some of the more thoughtful amongst our younger Liberals would find it worth while to look at a volume of "Essays on Reform" just published by Macmillan. Another volume will follow, treating of the questions in urgent need of treatment by a reformed Parliament. I will here only quote a few rather curious figures given in an essay by Mr. Cracroft, which show the hold preserved by the aristocracy upon the Government of the country. He analyzes the present composition of the House of Commons, and brings out the following facts: In the first place, the land-owners return directly as county members 256 out of the 658 members. But out of 396 borough members 246 are also connected directly with the lands either by actual ownership or close connection with owners. The remaining six members represent the universities. This leaves 150 members only from the purely mercantile and professional to 500 from the land-owning classes. Again, the peerage and the baronetage together return 226 members (meaning by the "peerage" the sons or grandsons of peers, or Scotch and Irish peers), and there are 100 more members at least closely connected with the peerage; 326 in all, or about half the House. Taking another mode of reckoning, there are 227 members from the great public schools, 292 graduates of Oxford and Cambridge, 584 members of the Church of England, and at least 222 naval and military officers. All these facts point in the same direction, and imply that the aristocratic classes and those immediately connected with them have a perfectly overwhelming power in the House of Commons. They showed it curiously last year, when every other business was postponed and the Government fairly bullied to pass through the House a measure for compensating the land-owners for their losses by the cattle plague. And, indeed, when any topic affecting the class is started, they are perfectly irresistible, not merely by the community of interest, but by the fact that they are bound together by so many family ties that a large number of them form what Mr. Cracroft calls one great "cousinhood." To break this compact, impenetrable phalanx will be a work of time; and to set against it the working classes have at present two representatives at most; meaning by that, two men who would really be authorized in some degree to speak in their name and express their views. These two are Mr. Thos. Hughes and Prof. Fawcett, the blind member for Brighton, young man of very remarkable power.

Turning from this, I will notice two incidents which have lately occurred, and which may throw some light on the present condition of the House of Commons. The first is that there has at last been a vote carried against flogging in the army. The question still waits for a final settlement, but flogging is undoubtedly doomed. The utter impolicy of the practice is as conspicuous as its brutality. We have the utmost difficulty in keeping up our army by voluntary recruiting. A conscription is impossible. Meanwhile, the feeling against flogging in the army is so strong that in the metropolitan constituencies no member would have a chance of election who did not immediately pronounce against it. It is no wonder that it is felt as a social stigma upon the private soldier, for no one would venture to flog an officer. But the ruling powers have hitherto hesitated to remove it, strongly as it has operated against recruiting. They have clung to the power, and sneered at all opponents as sentimentalists. The rapid change of opinion is curious, and shows the coming ground-swell of reform. Till this session there have been large majorities in favor of retaining it.

The second scene I have to mention was more dramatic. A certain Mr. Churchward has had a long notoriety for bribery. His last performance was to vote for a Government candidate in return for an advantageous contract from the Admiralty. The House of Commons investigated the affair, convicted Mr. Churchward, and repudiated the contract as obtained by corrupt means, after a number of debates. The Lord Chancellor has just appointed Mr. Churchward magistrate for Dover. When the ministry were called to account for this, they excused the Lord Chancellor by saying that he had never heard of Mr. Churchward. Lord Chancellors never lie; indeed, as "keepers of the royal conscience," it would be monstrous, and, therefore, this statement must be true; but if any one else had made it, it would have been almost as easy to believe that the Lord Chancellor had never heard of Mr. Bright, for Mr. Churchward had been for three sessions the great stumbling-block of his party. Hereupon, an address was moved in the House of Commons praying the Queen to remove Mr. Churchward from the magistracy. The Tories could not in decency meet this directly; but they found out that several persons were so far in the same case with Mr. Churchward that they had been convicted of bribery—though in far less notorious cases, and not by a vote of the House of Commons—and been subsequently made magistrates. Consequently, to divert the attack, they moved to amend the motion by extending it to the removal of all these gentlemen. It was decided after a fierce debate, by a majority of twenty, that the motion should be amended. Then Mr. Disraeli proposed, with his usual plausibility, that the discussion of so serious a measure should be postponed; by which means the whole affair might have been shelved. It never occurred to these experienced tacticians that they might be forced to swallow their own dose. Mr. Gladstone immediately sprang up and, with a force and fire which were quite startling, insisted that the general motion should be put, and the proposition which they had intended as a mere blind converted into a reality. They were fairly caught in their own trap, and the motion was passed amidst great excitement, the supporters of the amendment not daring to divide against it. It is seldom that an engineer is so neatly "hoist with his own petard," and the House of Commons entrapped into a vigorous motion against bribery.

Apropos of this, I may mention that Mr. Gladstone has gained wonderfully by his conduct in opposition, and is certainly becoming the most powerful man in the country. His manner has been a trifle too vehement at times; but it speaks rather of enthusiasm than ill-temper, and he is the most undisputed head that the Liberal party has seen for years.

Correspondence.

WHY DO THE TONKAWAS EAT THE COMANCHES?

To the Editor of The Nation:

But few persons are aware that we have cannibals among us. Yet we have them. The Tonkawa Indians of Texas are cannibals.[*]

Many years ago, ex-Governor Runnels, of Mississippi, informed me that the notorious Col. James Bowie, the inventor of the bowie-knife, assured him that once, when he was with the Tonkawas, they killed a Comanche warrior in a skirmish, who was duly cooked and eaten up by them. He added that the Tonkawas, out of compliment to him as their guest, offered him a piece of the arm of the broiled Comanche, which he from curiosity tasted, and found tender and palatable.

Some time afterwards, Dr. Powhatan B. Archer, of Brazoria, stated that after the Plum Creek fight, at which he was present, and in which the Texans, aided by the Tonkawas, routed the Comanches, he saw the Tonkawa warriors cook and eat some of the Comanches that had been slain and left on the field.

Still later, divers of the rangers who were in the raid against the Comanches in the Wichita Mountains in 1857, where the Texas troops were accompanied by a considerable band of Tonkawa warriors, who acted as their allies and guides, stated that they saw the Tonkawas cook and eat *Iron Jacket*, a noted chief of the Comanches, whose iron scale-armor, pierced by the rifle bullets that slew him, now hangs in the State Library of Texas.

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[*] The *Carancalmas*, a tribe of gigantic Indians that inhabited the coast of Texas, were also cannibals. The word *carancalma* is said to signify "man-devourer."

The Tonkawas pressed them to participate in the feast made upon their foe, holding up choice morsels to them, and saying, "Comanche meat good," and seeming hurt because they indignantly declined to partake.

Only last week an ex-lieutenant of the rangers assured me that, after a successful fight on the part of the Texans and Tonkawas jointly against the Comanches, the Tonkawas, as was usual with them, cut up and broiled and roasted a Comanche chief who was among the slain, and annoyed him by their importunities, insisting that he should eat a slice from the leg of the Comanche, which was done to a crisp and was displayed before him in order that he might be tempted to partake. The Tonkawas told him that, while they ate the Comanches and *vice versa*, neither of those tribes ate white people or other Indians. He added that there are now not less than twenty disbanded rangers living in or near Austin who could testify in court, of their own personal knowledge, that the Tonkawas are cannibals.

Testimony to the same effect has been given by officers of the regular army of the United States who served on the western frontier of Texas before the rebellion.

The proofs are cumulative and are unquestioned. The fact that we have *caribes* (cannibals) among us must be regarded as established beyond a doubt.

Not very long ago the Tonkawas, who have ever been the deadly enemies of the Comanches and the fast friends of the Texans, lived a roving sort of live along the frontier. The Comanches surprised them. *Placido*, their first chief, was killed, and with him a majority of the tribe, including the women and children. In consequence the Tonkawas, who had always been distinguished for their bravery, and who, within the memory of men not yet old, had been quite numerous, but had for years been continually losing in their unequal contest with the Comanches, who are the most numerous and powerful of the tribes of the South-west, were suddenly reduced to some 140 or 150 souls all told, and thus were compelled to leave the frontier and come to Austin, where they now are, to claim succor and protection from their white friends. They want rations and clothing for the present, and a reserve of land, farming implements, stock, seeds, and instruction as to how to use them, for the future. Their first chief, *Castillo*, and their second chief, *Chiahoke*,* have stated their condition and made their requests. The commander of the U. S. military post at Austin furnishes them with subsistence. The Legislature of Texas has made an appropriation sufficient to supply them with blankets and clothing.

The Tonkawas, in their intercourse with each other, speak their own language, though most of the warriors speak Spanish, and some of them English; but their acquaintance with the last-mentioned language is very imperfect.

Chiahoke, the second chief of the Tonkawas, and myself have become very good friends. He understands English quite well; better than one would suppose from his mode of speaking.

While going to dinner to-day, I saw *Chiahoke* walking briskly up Congress Avenue in the direction of the camp of the Sixth U. S. Cavalry, which lies beyond the capitol. Thinking it a good chance to satisfy my curiosity, and to get a truthful answer to a delicate question by putting it to him when he was off his guard, I joined my cannibal friend, who seemed to be in a good humor, being dressed better than usual, wearing for the occasion a cavalry hat, and being painted with care, and after exchanging salutations, walked along with him and enquired where he was going. He answered, speaking by jerks, Indian fashion, "I go—camp—draw rations." I requested him to stop a moment, which he politely did.

"My friend *Chiahoke*," said I, "I have always regarded you as a very clever sort of a native American, and hence ask you to do me the favor to answer a question: Why do you Tonkawas eat the Comanches? Is it because their flesh is good to the taste; because you think that by eating a great warrior you acquire his courage and sense; or is it from an insatiable feeling of revenge?"

My friend *Chiahoke* leered upon me, and with a cunning smile (such as you may have seen a little boy assume when questioned by a playmate as to the quality of preserves confidentially confessed to have been pilfered from his mamma's pantry) and an inward chuckle replied, "Yes—*good*."

The enquiries made had evidently at first brought vividly to his memory savory morsels of broiled Comanche wherewith he had been wont to regale himself, but immediately it seemed to flash across his mind that, in the estimation of white people, cannibalism was disreputable. He stopped short. Upon being pressed to give a further and more definite answer, he would only say, "Two bits—whiskey," meaning thereby that he would give the information sought if he was supplied with twenty-five cents worth of whiskey.

The noble savage had become deboshed! He craved the "fire-water" that no less than pestilence and war had wrought ruin upon his race. This disgusted me, so I took leave of my friend *Chiahoke*, who went his way. I had seen from the expression of his countenance that his suspicions were aroused, and that the adage, *in vino veritas*, would not hold good in his case. No fact had been elicited from him save that, in his judgment, the flesh of Comanches is emphatically good to eat.

My curiosity is unsatisfied. None but the chiefs and principal warriors of the Tonkawas can give authoritative answers to the enquiries stated. I shall watch each one of them when he comes from his camp to town, and when an opportunity offers for a private and confidential chat, will propound to him the question that disturbs my mental repose.

W. A.

Austin, Texas, November 30, 1866.

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* Pronounced giving the letters their usual English sound—*Chi-a-hoke*.

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The Week.

The Senate remains hard at work at the appointments till the last moment. It is apparently, in spite of Mr. Motley's resignation, impossible to oust him, as Mr. Johnson is unable to find any one fit, in the eyes of the Senate, to take his place. Considering the circumstances under which the vacancy was created, it is to be hoped, for the sake of the country, that his resignation may not take effect. Mr. Raymond, of *The Times*, would fill the post well; but the man whom Mr. Johnson is bound to nominate, in all decency, is George McCracken. If this gentleman is a fit and proper person to inspect the whole corps of American diplomatists, and make reports to Washington on their walk and conversation, he is certainly fit for a first-class mission, and the President is bound to give him one.

◆

We are all so much inclined, in view of the present hope of a speedy reconstruction, and a reconstruction from the foundations, to let bygones be bygones, and to forgive and forget whatever may have been wrong in the conduct of the Southern whites, that we shall be in danger of condemning too severely the negroes who, it is possible, have been perpetrating some high-handed crimes in Southern Georgia. But if it is true that negroes "in one county" (name not given) have broken open the jails and allowed negro prisoners to escape, and "in another county" (name not given) have hung men to trees by the roadside; and "in Southern Georgia" generally have revived "the wildest days of St. Domingo," let us recollect that there are numbers of white men "in Southern Georgia" who, since the negroes were emancipated, have, first and last, drunk and sober, killed without compunction from one to half a dozen negroes apiece. There are some young men in Central Georgia who, if even they are living now, cannot and ought not to expect to live more than a month or two longer. They are known to whites and blacks as wanton murderers. As for the jail deliveries, the negroes, as Dr. Nott says, are an imitative race. It used to be white mobs that took negro prisoners out of jail. Hanging the most notorious of the white ruffians to trees by the roadside is, we fear, even more certainly impolitic on the part of the negroes than it is wrong; but that we should have much reason to be surprised if the thing were done no one can pretend to say who considers the customs of the Southern country. As for "St. Domingo," it comes as naturally to the mouth of the Southern cavalier when his pen is in rest as "St. Iago" to the mouth of a Castilian bent on slaughter; it is a war-cry and no more, and a war-cry that is not believed in by the men who kill under it. Fortunately, Georgia is just now in pretty good hands, and much may be learned by both blacks and whites before the working of the new system is left entirely to them.

◆

There is no doubt that the House will vote the money to pay for Russian America, and that we may be said to own that region. Our title is without encumbrance, too, though it was supposed to be saddled with reservations in favor of certain English and Russian trading and trapping companies. From the best accessible information we gather that we have got some very large and more or less valuable forests of pine and spruce; probably we have got some coal mines, be the same great or small; possibly—to this question no one of his own knowledge can say yes, and no one can say no—we have got some mines of gold and silver and copper; the fisheries we have got as much as we had before, and no more, for the fisheries of that region are out at sea, and after we have caught our fish we must take them to California or Oregon to cure them, for on that rainy coast the weather is too moist for drying fish. Senators Ferry and Fessenden, it is said—the ratification was done in secret session, and no one is supposed to know how senators voted—voted against ratifying the treaty. Mr. Nye is reported to have said frankly that the people would not forgive the Republican party if, when so big a slice from another man's farm was offered, it was not snapped at. So, to get hold of more land, to cut away the ground from beneath Mr. Seward's feet, and for other such reasons, the Senate voted aye, and we are lords of a colony. We are lucky that as yet we have no colonists. But they may come in time; if not in this, then in other dependencies, which will be all the easier of acquisition now that we have set ourselves this example.

◆

We urged, at a very early period in the discussion on reconstruction, the vital importance of making some legislative provision for the education of the freedmen who were about to be invested with the electoral franchise, and expressed our strong sense of the danger of overlooking the political value and even political necessity of knowledge in a country like this. At that time, however, the mention of anything but the ballot being necessary for the regeneration of the Southern negroes was treated in many quarters as proof of unsoundness or lukewarmness. Now, however, at the eleventh hour, when the country is weary of the reconstruction question, and ready to dismiss it as settled, Mr. Sumner is asking to have the Southern States forced to provide popular education. Mr. Phillips is supporting him in *The Anti-Slavery Standard*, and Mr. Beecher is lecturing on the political necessity of education. We are glad of it, but we wish it had come in time. A year ago the ballot was talked of as if you had only to give a South Carolina freedman a ticket to enable you to get from him a clear *précis* of Aristotle's "Politics and Economics," and a lucid commentary on the American Constitution. We are satisfied that infinite harm has been done by the light and somewhat sneering way in which education as a qualification for citizenship has been spoken of during the past two years, by men who ought to know better.

◆

The nominations of both parties for delegates at large to the Constitutional Convention of this State have a sinister appearance. It is a significant fact that the candidates at the head of the two tickets are partners in business. It is not less significant that one of them is the confidential agent of Commodore Vanderbilt, that George Law is on one ticket, and that the railroad interests are largely represented on both tickets; while the nomination of Mr. Prosser by the Republicans, and the desperate efforts of the canal men to get a larger representation, indicate that special claims are to be made for canal enlargement. It looks very much as though a combination of railroad and canal men would attempt to break down the salutary restrictions of the existing constitution upon the creation of public debts, and defeat any proposition intended to prevent the Legislature from throwing away valuable franchises, as it is now doing. We regret that suspicion should thus be fastened upon the convention at the outset; though it is possible that the very jealousy with which its doings will be watched may make the result of its labors more acceptable, by deterring the schemers from carrying out their plans.

◆

The New York *Tribune*, in a friendly mention of Henry Ward Beecher's name as a candidate for the New York Constitutional Convention, characterizes him as "positive and fallible." We hope modesty and infallibility will not, however, be generally exacted of the Republican delegates.

◆

The mistake of the New York Legislature in refusing to authorize equal suffrage at the election of the constitutional convention is already producing material results. The loyalists of Maryland justly claim that all citizens have a right to vote at the election of a convention soon to be held there; but the example of New York is an immense obstacle in their way. The cause is much indebted to Senators Low, Gibson, White, and others, as well as to Messrs. Pitts, Hoyt, and others in the Assembly, for their able support of the right doctrine. But the dead-weight of members unable to comprehend the law of the case, combined with the discreditable indifference of the leading Republican journals, was too much for the logic of the minority.

◆

A grant of one side of Union Square, in this city, has been made by the Common Council to the Roman Catholics, for the erection of a building in which to hold a religious fancy fair. No other denomination would have asked for such a favor, and the Common Council confesses frankly that no other denomination would have received it. The building has raised the rate of insurance on the houses along the entire block, but the owners have applied in vain to the courts for an injunction. The experiment of Fenian government is, in fact, being tried in New York so thoroughly, that we cannot for the life of us imagine what causes the Brotherhood to risk their pence in trying to wrest Ireland from the British. When people can butcher policemen on Patrick's Day, and raise money for the church by blocking up the public streets, they must be great fools to go fighting for "liberty" elsewhere.

◆

Almost every good cause which needs material aid has sustained a severe loss in the death of Mr. George L. Stearns, of Boston, which occurred last week. He was an enthusiastic reformer, one of John Brown's earliest and best friends, and one of the most liberal givers the country has ever had to every movement which commended itself to him as a movement in advance. Although he was for years an active worker in the anti-slavery cause, he was probably best known out of Massachusetts through his energetic labors in raising negro troops in Tennessee, and through a conversation he had with Mr. Johnson in the earlier days of that gentleman's backsliding on the subject of reconstruction, which at the time attracted considerable attention.

◆

It is very much to the credit of an excellent public servant and very much to the credit of the people of the First Congressional District of Rhode Island that the Hon. Thomas A. Jenckes has been for the second time re-elected without organized opposition. Out of 5,413 votes cast he received all but 101. Not to mention his other services, he deserves the thanks of every honest man and good citizen for his labors in the matter of the bill for fixing the qualifications of office-holders, a bill which he was almost successful in getting made a law, and which, we trust, he is not done with yet. It is the country and not he that is to be congratulated on his return to the House.

◆

The severest battle yet fought between the friends and enemies of legislation to enforce total abstinence from intoxicating liquors, or, to put it briefly, between Maine-law men and anti-Maine-law men, has just come to an end in Massachusetts. If, as some think, it resulted in defeat for the prohibitionists, the fact does not as yet appear; it may have been a Gettysburg, but it was not a Waterloo, and the defeated party will continue campaigning. The Legislative Committee, it is said, will make a majority report in favor of a license system, and if they do, we suppose it will be the effect of a change brought about in the minds of the committee by the argument of Mr. Andrew and the testimony of many witnesses; for a majority of the committee must have been friends of the "Maine Law." But whatever the report is, the Legislature, it is expected, will give the law another year of trial. The next Legislature may do the same thing, and it may not. For the temperance question will be likely to have some effect on the elections in Congressional districts as well as in the State at large.

◆

The State of Mississippi has been refused permission by the Supreme Court to file its bill for an injunction against the President. But the State of Georgia, which did not aim so high, and only asked to have General Grant and other commanders restrained, has got permission to file, so that the whole question of the power of the court and of the constitutionality of the Reconstruction bill will now be argued, but it is not likely that the court will pass upon the latter point. A denial of its own jurisdiction will probably relieve it of this necessity.

◆

We learn by telegraph that the ministry have carried the Reform bill in England by a small majority, after ineffectual opposition from Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Disraeli has given up the dual vote, which was the worst feature of his bill, and exhibited a readiness to give up anything else the House chose, which seems to have conciliated the majority. The real reason of Mr. Gladstone's defeat seems to have been the dislike of him as a leader felt by one portion of his own followers, coupled with the dislike of all reform felt by everybody except the extreme Liberals. A large section of the Liberal party are consequently willing to vote for any bill which bids fair to get the question out of the way, without too seriously damaging the present order of things. The exclusion of the "compound householders"—that is, of all who do not pay their poor-rate directly, but pay it in their rent—is, perhaps, that feature of the bill which makes it most objectionable to Liberals. The artisans of the large towns are generally "compound householders;" those of the small towns are apt to pay their rates directly, and are almost always inferior to the former in intelligence and independence. But in any event the bill will make a sufficient change in the electoral body to hasten another and more sweeping measure of reform.

◆

The "special correspondents" are hard at work at the Paris Exhibition, and their compositions already begin to lighten up the western horizon. One of them last week "came out of the innumerable crowd—the Malthusian world—in which the journalist ever moves" to "put his pen across the fulcrum of his inkstand," and heave up the great Exhibition into view. He then goes on to call Charles X. "a licentious and bloody Bourbon," Louis Napoleon a "crowned Barnum;" and, taking his stand on a bridge, makes all the remarkable men and women in France defile before him, describing them all by their *cartes de visite* except the Turkish ambassador, who evidently has not been photographed, as the correspondent makes him wear a "turban, cashmere, and scimitar," a costume which no Turkish official has worn for forty-odd years.

The Franco-Prussian imbroglio remains much where it stood last week. Nothing has occurred to shake the opinion we expressed in our last number of the improbability of immediate war. The present excitement in France is due to the publication of the Prussian treaties with Bavaria, Baden, and Würtemberg. These treaties were all signed last August, very soon after the battle of Sadowa, and create an alliance, offensive and defensive, giving Prussia the complete control of the South German armies in case of war. The treaty was communicated to Austria at the time, but it seems not to have reached the ears of the French Government. If the latter really knew of it, M. Rouher's speech in the Corps Législatif, in reply to M. Thiers, was a most extraordinary and barefaced attempt to deceive the French public, as in that speech he tried to make out not only that France was not afraid of Germany, but had no cause to be, inasmuch as the latter was more divided than before the war, and treated South Germany as really a separate state. It is hardly possible that all this can have been said with a knowledge of the real facts of the case, but, under the circumstances, most Frenchmen will consider ignorance as bad as lying. Bismark retorted by publishing the treaties, and the result is that the knees of the French nation are shaking as they have not shaken for fifty years. There is, however, not the least probability, in our judgment, that France will attack Prussia now, for the reason we gave last week, that in the present condition of the French army and armament the result would be pretty sure to be disastrous to France. The chances of Prussia taking the initiative we have discussed elsewhere. The probability that Bismark has "ordered" Louis Napoleon to disarm, as *The Tribune* has been trying to persuade people, is hardly worth discussing. Bismark would address no "order" to the French Government about the organization of its own army without putting the Prussian army in motion close behind the courier. Louis Napoleon may have been out-manœuvred, but the day has not yet come when a French monarch dare receive an insult like this without taking the field within a week. It is only on the stage that statesmen indite despatches of this kind.

Things in Italy are in a bad way. The failure of Parliament to supply a working majority to the ministry, or to develop, in fact, any marked capacity for either leading or being led, has led to a great deal of intriguing on the part of different factions. There is a Piedmontese faction which labors for the dissolution of the kingdom, and the restoration of the old Piedmontese autonomy; and there is a reactionary faction which seeks to induce the King to perform a sort of constitutional *coup d'état*, by availing himself of the provision of the constitution which permits him, on a pinch, to dissolve Parliament and govern for six months by royal decrees. To cast such a slur on parliamentary government at this moment, in a country in which it has just been established, would in all probability be fatal to it, and it would be a great calamity for the whole of Europe, as well as for Italy, if the attempt were made to dispense with it.

NOW.

Now, the sun is supposed to be in "Aquarius," and the Water-bearer, in consequence, seems to have forgotten that we need rain, for it is no end of weeks since he has fetched us a drop. Now, whoever goes into the woods expecting to find flowers will find none at all, unless by good luck, such as we had to-day, he come in a sunny corner upon some pallid hang-head adder's-tongues, or conclude to make shift with a few pussies from the willows. Now, in the country towns, where there is only one man who makes gardens, everybody is after him, and those who think they have secured him find to their sorrow that 't is their neighbor instead, who has inveigled him away over the fence with indefinite hints of higher pay. Now, fields are being ploughed, and early potatoes planted, and windows are left open in the middle of the day, and people go out in slippers to watch the gardener's progress, and coughs abound, and the doctors are busy. Now, the cocks and hens that have been shut up all winter are let out to scratch in anybody's garden they can get into, and eggs are cheaper, and the tempers of people who do not like to see their fresh-sown lawns scratched up ten times or more a day are sorely tried, and even gentle women swear at the feathered trespassers. Now, Chaucer is read, and Milton's "L'Allegro," and more poetry than ever is sent to the magazines and newspapers. Now, the fat saucy robins, as big as pigeons, hop about over the newly-turned-up ground, and the bluebirds glance from tree to tree, and the steady little sparrows sing their chick-a-de-dee as of old, and the wild-ducks glide in a pretty procession on the river, and the crows squabble in the woods, and, walking among the cedars, you send the whirring crowds of yellow-wing-tipped cedar-birds flying before you at every step. Now, the voice of the peeper is heard in the land, one of the sweetest, mournfullest sounds in nature, and the turtles bask by the hour on the rocks at the edge of the pond, and flies crawl about feebly in the sun, and spiders throw their mysterious threads across the roads, and the water-spider has begun his never-ending monotonous jerking dance on the pools in the woods. Now, the bird-fanciers thrive, and enthusiastic boys buy pigeons—pouters and fan-tails—and the girls get canaries, and even mocking-birds find credulous purchasers who fondly believe they can sing. Now, the hardware shops take in their coal-scuttles, and door-mats, and skates, and sleds, and put out refrigerators, and bathing-tubs, and rakes, and hoes. Now, the seed-shops are in their glory, and their windows are enchanting with azaleas, and cinerarias, and hyacinths, and Chinese primroses. Now, everybody begins to ask the price of spinach and lettuce, and finding how dear they are concludes to hang on to mashed potatoes and maccaroni a week or two longer. Now, strawberries grown in hot-houses, with the flavor of cold potatoes, appear at the stylish restaurants, and are bought by over-rich people at twenty-five cents apiece; and young women of a credulous turn of mind buy rose-bushes in the city markets, full of buds, and believe they will open; and the first shad is sold for five dollars and goes to the gridiron as proud as St. Lawrence, and the shad-tree that waved him up stream with her white pocket-handkerchief sighs when he comes not. Now, the dear female sex comes out as one man in little round hats with pigeon wings, and their brothers' jackets, and chignons like orioles' nests, and the tidiest, prettiest short dresses, and the roses of June in their cheeks, and the violets of May in their eyes, and the gold of the sun himself in their hair. Now, Easter is coming, and the milliners are going to open, and new bonnets are to be bought, and organdies appear in the windows, and the sun will dance with joy at the beauty of the new fashions, and the inventiveness of the female mind will strike everybody for the thousandth time. Now, the parks are full of pretty children, and the little paddies in the country are beginning to go in swimming, and the school-girls are getting tired of their books, and the teachers are getting tired of the school-girls, and the boys forget to come in when the noon bell rings, and the teacher wishes that there were no bell to ring. Now, all the boys are flying kites, excepting those who are playing marbles, and Mr. Van Tine is asked a hundred times a day, "How much for them Japanese kites?" and the kites grin like demons when the poor little shavers with ten cents are told that the kites are forty. Now, all the boys are dying for fish-hooks, and cord, and sinkers, and dobbers, and the fish are uneasy in their minds, which they would n't be if they knew anything about boys. Now, the fares on the railroads are reduced, and butter is down, and milk is cheaper, and hope is diffused, and amiability is in the air, and plans are formed, and the winter is abused behind his back, and a good peach crop is anticipated, and the papers are full of stories of the profit people made last year off a half-acre of strawberries and grapes. Now, rents are raised, and house-hunters are aghast, and painters are busy or pretend to be, and carpenters have so much to do in getting jobs secured that they have no time for immediate calls, and servants in the city are looking out for places in the country, and hod-carriers develop a preternatural and unsuspected talent for gardening and the care of horses. Now, spring has come, and winter has gone, and the heart is renewed, and life is quickened, and under the blue sky nothing seems so fit for the day as love-making, and all young things, from babies to goslings, are in season, and the faces of the sick are sadder than yesterday, and the sight of a little lame child makes the tears rush to the eyes—and, that death should be here in the very bursting and fulness of life, is more than ever a dread and a mystery.

Notes.

LITERARY.

Contrary to general expectation, the trade sale which has just come to an end in this city was about as much of a success, as regards both the number of books sold and the prices obtained for them, as the sale of last autumn. Everybody seemed to think that no one else would be there, and that books were going to be very cheap; so everybody went, and books brought tolerable prices. But the opinion gains ground that the days of trade sales are passing away. Some of the great houses were not represented, we see—Appletons, for instance—and others, as Ticknor & Fields, make a very small show in the catalogue.

—Messrs. Mohun & Ebbs, 546 Broadway, have just issued a catalogue (unpriced) of a private library which they offer for sale. It contains something like eight hundred works, some of them rare, but many of them common and modern; most of them English, and nearly all of them fine editions. The collection seems to be richer in valuable illustrated works than in any other particular department. We notice a two-volume edition, on large paper, of "The Royal Gallery of Art; being the Private Collections by her Majesty and the Prince Consort, and the Art Heir-looms of the Crown at Windsor Castle, Buckingham Palace, and Osborne," which consists of 144 line engravings, with descriptions by S. C. Hall; "Selected Pictures from the Galleries and Private Collections of Great Britain;" "Galérie du Palais Pitti;" an illuminated quarto copy of the "De Imitatione," with an appendix, forming another quarto volume, which contains curious old portraits of the presumed authors of the work; "The Turner Gallery;" "Museo Borbonico;" "The London Art Journal," in 18 vols.; "Waring's Masterpieces of Industrial Art and Sculpture at the Great Exhibition," and other similar works. Each work, it is promised, will be sold separately, much below its value, and catalogues can be had upon application.

—From a statement made, as we suppose, on the authority of Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, it appears that Mr. Dickens has received of two American publishing houses, Harper's and Peterson's, not less than $60,000 in our paper currency. For the "Tale of Two Cities" he had £1,000 in gold; for "Great Expectations," £1,250; for "Our Mutual Friend," £1,000, and other sums for other works. Harper & Brothers paid the money to Mr. Dickens, and, having made such use of the works as they pleased, transferred their interest in them to Messrs. Peterson & Brothers, who shared with Harpers the expense of getting the engravings made (transferred from steel to wood), and of the payments to the author. This statement is put forth to prevent wrong inferences been drawn from the recently published extract from a letter written by Mr. Dickens to Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, who had sent him £200 as his share, so far, in the profits of the "Diamond Dickens." "I think you know," he says, "how high and far beyond the money's worth I esteem this act of manhood, delicacy, and honor. I have never derived greater pleasure from the receipt of money in all my life." We are compelled to suppose, in the present state of our knowledge in regard to this matter, that one would draw a wrong inference from this letter who should infer that Messrs. Harper and Messrs. Peterson had not treated Mr. Dickens fairly, with "manhood and honor." But, then, the sum sent him by the Boston house was not expected by him; that got from the other firms was got in pursuance of a bargain; and while Messrs. Peterson do well to explain that they are not open to the charge of pirating the works of Mr. Dickens, yet probably they have no just cause of complaint against him for this letter, of which, by the way, only a part has been seen by the public. We may remark here that the rival Philadelphia and Boston cheap editions of Dickens come out regularly. The third party in this triangular duel, Messrs. Hurd & Houghton, are very nearly ready with the first of the cheap "Globe" edition, or, to give it a name from their advertisements, the "Save-your-eyes" edition.

—Several American authors are noticed in late English journals. Mrs. Akers is praised by *The Spectator* for writing some lyrics that have the true ring of poetry. Of Mr. Whipple's "Character and Characteristic Men" it is said that the author "writes or lectures pleasantly, and has always an anecdote at hand to keep his audience in a good humor, but he shows a sad want of grapple and roams vaguely over the surface of character." Geo. P. Fisher's "Life of Silliman" *The Spectator* thinks rather a collection of letters "than a life." Washington Irving's "Spanish Miscellanies" the same paper pronounces dullish, and the other volume too fragmentary. Mr. Ward, in his "Life of Percival," is said to have "labored not wholly in vain." *The Pall Mall Gazette* takes the trouble of anatomizing the "amorous and operatic Muriel," Mrs. Edwin James's foolish novel.

—From the first number that we have seen of *The Galveston Medical Journal* we learn that, as might have been expected, in Texas literature contends with difficulties. The magazine is a year old, however, and, though not issued with regularity, has paid its expenses. The delays in its appearance were due, we fear, to a distrust of the publisher's ability to pay for his printing, for he remarks: "We have paid for all published, and can and will pay for what we order," and if the work cannot be done at one office he intends to have it done at another. "We have always had plenty of copy," the editor says, "but by delays some has been lost, others stolen out of our office, and our electrotypes, which we had been keeping to accompany articles, were also stolen." In this number before us "The Metric System of Weights and Measures" occupies twenty-five pages, and besides this there are articles on "Diptheria" [sic], "Hypodermic Medication," "Urticaria from the use of Quinine," and "A Case of Retained Placenta." Apparently the editor intends to rely mainly on his exchanges.

—We confess to having been hoaxed by the unprincipled young man who wrote for *The Pall Mall Gazette* what purported to be a suppressed passage of Swift's "Gulliver's Travels." We read with unsuspecting, credulous haste and were imposed upon by the cleverness of the forgery and the fact of its appearance in the *Gazette*. However, we freely forgive both editor and writer for the sake of the irresistible impudence with which the secret is made known—impudence beyond the efforts of one man, we suppose, for the explanation is the joint work of the pair of them. "M. F. T.," a correspondent and an accomplice, in *The Gazette* of March 25, begs the editor not to withhold from the public any of the new discoveries. The editor and the discoverer reply as follows:

> "We have done what in us lies to gratify 'M. F. T.' We have written to the young man in the Temple who supplied us with the suppressed passage from Gulliver last Wednesday, and his reply runs as follows: 'I am just starting from my dad's place at Ballynabraggan, so that I can't write anything immediately. If the public would like another suppressed passage or two from Gulliver, of course they can be done; but I am in doubt whether a man who is pronounced by so grave and acute a critic as *The London Review* to be as admirable a satirist and as good a writer as Swift ought not to set up on his own account and wear his own laurels. There is a fine opening for a satirist just now, and if the close and accurate critics of the *L. R.* can find no difference between my genius and that of the lamented dean, I suppose I may count with certainty upon success with the mere public.'"

—Goldsmith has arrived at the honor of a "centenary commemoration," but in what may be called a characteristic way. For it is Germany that thus honors our Irishman, and it is not the hundredth anniversary of his own birthday which was celebrated, but of the birthday of his "Vicar of Wakefield." The novel was first published in 1766, and in 1866 a commemorative edition was prepared in Berlin and is now issued. The translation was made by Ernst Susemihl, and a biographical and critical introduction furnished by Otto Roquette. The rendering of the "Vicar" itself is excellent, but some of the minor works, which also are given in the new edition, seem to have fallen into less skilful hands. For instance, in the translation of the "Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog," the lines,

"The naked every day he clad,
When he put on his clothes,"

are turned into German which declares that the charitable person extolled was in the habit of clothing the naked every morning before he dressed himself! If a surgical operation is necessary before a joke can be got into a Scotchman's head, one would say that a German to appreciate a joke must be born again—and of foreign parents.

—The paternal government of the Hapsburgs has always stood in rather stepfatherly relations to literature, at any rate to journalism. We have a recollection—not so perfect as we could wish—of a sample specimen of the sort of paragraphs in which the Viennese editor exercises the pen which is forbidden to expatiate freely over politics. It set forth the interesting fact that, as the editorial we was walking down a certain street, he was overtaken by a shower of rain, and, having no umbrella, took refuge in a certain doorway, without in the least thinking that it was the doorway of a house in which lived a friend of his. Nevertheless, a friend of his did live there! and came out and spoke to him! Accustomed to reading of this kind, which perhaps does not regularly keep it in a whirl of nervous excitement, all Vienna may be cheated into supposing that it is just now in possession of a veritable Count Gurowski. Aranyos Kakay, a member of the Hungarian Chamber of Deputies, has lately published a book ("Licht- und Schattenbilder zur Characteristik des ungarischen Landtags") which pleases the anti-liberal party in the Austrian capital very much, and is said to have kept them in roars of laughter for some weeks. He is hard on the Liberals. "Kemeny," he says, "always wears a dusty coat, because his servant is busy among the editors of the *Pesti Naplo* (a Radical journal), and so never has time to brush it." Thus he describes the working of politics in Hungary: "Our countrymen feast and drink and cudgel their brains three months, and then go to vote for deputies. Fighting all over the country. Then come the elections for county offices. Fighting in every county. Lastly, the election for village magistrates. Fighting in every village." Deputy Kakay apparently has something of Gurowski's way of speaking his mind; of his witticisms we shall have to say that witticisms lose almost everything in the process of translation.

—Lowell says that Lessing's "Nathan the Wise" is "an Essay on Toleration in the form of a dialogue." The German critic and novelist Spielhagen, in his lecture, "Faust and Nathan," asserts that those two poems are developments of the same fundamental thought, and, further, he asserts the essential likeness of the character of Lessing to that of Goethe. Spielhagen is, however, to be described as paradoxical and ingenious rather than ingenuous. A novel by him, "In Reih und Glied," is among the new books just now widely read in Germany. It is popular principally for the critical opinions incidentally delivered, though no doubt Spielhagen is one of the best of contemporary German novelists. Another new issue of the Berlin press is Dr. Wieland's "Collection of Klopstock's Letters," which contains a note written by the poet's sister Meta to Richardson, the novelist. We hear, too, of a new edition, by Hartenstein, of Kant's complete works, in eight volumes. It is now appearing, and will contain nothing not certainly Kant's, all the spurious and doubtful writings attributed to him being omitted.

—Among other works, perhaps of less general interest, recently issued at Berlin, we notice a second edition of Curtius's "Outlines of Greek Etymology" is published, and shows as the result of an entire revision many improvements on its predecessors, "Hephæstion and the Minor Versifiers" and "Poems of Catullus." In the latter he has endeavored to portray the life and adventures of Catullus from his poems. Though the biographical attempt, like similar ones based on Shakespeare's sonnets, seems unwarranted and far-fetched, one cannot avoid praising the beauty and elegance of the German translation. But its stilted style and its desert of learned observations make much of it wearisome. The latter part does not suffer so much in these respects, and the section devoted to Machiavelli's drama is most readable. Two volumes of Rudolph Nicolai's "History of Greek Literature" are published, and give promise that the work will be a good compendium. Adolph Nicolai's "Origin and Nature of Greek Romance" is a fluently written examination of the influence of the Sophists on the development of the later narrative poetry, and gives the substance of all the Greek romances. Edward Gerhard has issued a collection of his smaller treatises, which embraces his historical art essays previous to 1847. The second volume of Peters's "History of Rome," treating of the period between the Second Punic War and the fall of the Republic, and a new edition of Mommsen's "Roman History," are also prominent on the archæological list. Worthy of mention is A. W. Zumpt's "Criminal Law of the Roman Republic," a book of strict method, in which the philological side is most ably handled. The judicial side, which will ever leave scope for many conjectures, cannot be satisfactorily treated before the collection of the inscriptions.

PHILANTHROPY IN AMERICA AND IN EUROPE.[*]

ALTHOUGH the word "philanthropy" is of good Greek origin and has come down to us through the Latin of Ulpian, the great lawyer of the third century, we do not find it in use in England before Addison's time. A contemporary of Addison, the Abbé de St. Pierre, in 1725 introduced into French the corresponding term *bienfaisance,* "for the sake of exactly expressing the idea of doing good to others." So modern are terms which have become the commonplace of the two languages, and they are so because the thing which they express is itself modern. For, without subscribing to the reproaches which Dr. Bigelow heaps upon Homer and the Grecians in general, we must allow that charity and philanthropy in our sense of the words were unknown to them. Even the early and the middle ages of Christianity, though furnishing the highest motive and some of the best examples of these virtues, by no means saw them generally practised. It was reserved for an age when religious faith seemed to be weak, when scoffers and worldlings held sway, to witness a general revival and extension of philanthropy. It was a poet by no means devout who then said:

> "In faith and hope the world will disagree,
> But all mankind's concern is charity;"

and what Pope announced the next generation proceeded to verify. Franklin labored to prevent pauperism and to organize philanthropy in America; his countryman, Rumford, did the same work for Bavaria; De L'Epée generalized the instruction of the deaf, and Haüy that of the blind; Howard set forth on his voyage of discovery among the dungeons and lazar-houses of Europe—"a circumnavigation of charity," as Burke said; Pinel opened and ameliorated the horrors of the Bicêtre and the Salpêtrière; and the foundations of the whole modern structure of charities were laid amid the convulsions preceding and accompanying the French Revolution.

The work thus begun has been zealously carried forward in the present century on both sides of the Atlantic. In England, France, and the Low Countries the whole system of public relief to the poor has been revised, enlarged, and clearly defined. In the other countries of Europe the same thing has been partially done. In the United States the process is now going on. Together with this, and often antecedent in time, a great amelioration of prison discipline and of the criminal law has taken place. The barbarous codes of Great Britain and the Continent of Europe have given place to mild and even sentimental legislation. Over a large part of the civilized world the punishment of death is practically abolished, so rarely is it inflicted and so repugnant has it become to the humanity of the people. Numberless establishments of private charity of great variety and increasing usefulness have grown up. Whole departments have been added to the province of public charity, which has only grown more liberal as it has been more appealed to. In America, in France, and in Germany the deaf and the blind are educated at the expense of the state in whole or in part. In Great Britain and elsewhere a strong effort is making for the same wise legislation. Boards of health and bureaux of registration are busy with the thousand details of sanitary legislation. The evils of intemperance have introduced the most perplexing questions; the kindred mischief of licentiousness is claiming increased attention. The results attained in this great philanthropic movement have never yet been aggregated and formulated so as to exhibit precisely the state of charitable activity at any given time. Something has been done in this direction, however, by the three International Congresses of Philanthropy ("Congrès Internationals de Bienfaisance") which met at Brussels in 1856, at Frankfort in 1857, and at London in 1862. The volume under notice is a report of the discussions and a portion of the papers read at the last session in London. No more interesting collection of facts and opinions on these subjects has ever been made, coming as they do from the researches of philanthropists in all the principal nations of the civilized world. Great Britain, France, Spain, Belgium, Holland, Austria, Prussia, the smaller states of Germany, Norway, Switzerland, Italy, the United States, Russia, Denmark, and Portugal were all represented at the congress, and statements were made or papers read concerning charitable enterprises in most of these countries. Among the speakers were Lord Shaftesbury, Dr. Farr, and Florence Nightingale, of England; Augustin Cochin, of France; MM. Carton and Ducpétiaux, of Belgium; Alfaro and Nieto-Serrano, of Spain; Carvalho, of Portugal; and C. L. Brace, of New York.

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[*] "Congrès International de Bienfaisance de Londres. Session de 1862." Tomes I. et II., pp. 423, 227. Trübner et Cie., Paternoster Row, 60, London. 1863.

A fourth session of the congress is proposed in Paris during the coming summer, and no doubt will be numerously attended by our countrymen. Among them we trust there may be somebody competent to point out the contrasts and the resemblances between the charitable activity of Europe and of America.

It would be presumptuous in us to undertake such a task, but there seems to be an occasion furnished by such volumes as the one under notice and those on the charities of France, the charities of Europe, etc., which have been reviewed in these pages, for saying a few plain words about the matter.

First of all, we notice that the division of philanthropic labor, like that of labor in general, is carried much further in the older countries, and, consequently, that they have whole classes of charitable institutions which we lack. For example, there are no foundling hospitals in America, and but few of the hospitals for special diseases which are found in Europe. We have a less marked gradation of prisons than most of the European countries; a far less perfect comprehension of the labor question and the requisites for public health. Our collections of statistics are less exact and valuable; our social science associations less frequented and less worthy to be frequented. The supervision exercised by government over charitable establishments is more perfect in most European countries than with us, although the aid rendered by government to these establishments is greater in New York and New England than in any part of the Old World. The reason of this appears to be that the class of persons in Europe familiar enough with questions of charitable administration to advise or direct in such matters is much greater than among us, and that such persons find their way more easily into bureaux and departments and boards, and remain there more permanently than has hitherto been the case in the United States. Take Belgium for an example: the country of all the world where charitable efforts have been of late years conducted with the most system, and where their operation and results have been most usefully set forth in a statistical form. With an area only one-fourth as large and a population not much greater than the State of New York, Belgium began her national existence thirty-seven years ago with burdens of pauperism, crime, and ignorance among the mass of the people such as no American community has ever known. These burdens have by no means been all removed, but they have been greatly lightened, and the true way of removing them has been pointed out by men like Quetelet, Ducpétiaux, Visschers, Rogier, Carton, and Arrivabene, who for many years were, or still are, employed by the Government for the very purpose of investigating or administering the numerous departments of philanthropy. In the whole extent of the United States it is hardly possible to find so many enlightened, patient, and successful students of social evil and reform as this little kingdom of Belgium has produced, graduated, and promoted.

If we pass now from Belgium to France, with its thousand writers on the thousand questions of philanthropy; or to England, with its endless parliamentary reports and discussions on the same topics, we see a much greater contrast between them and us in respect to the matter of which we are speaking. An inconspicuous and by no means remarkable member of the Tory party in Parliament, Mr. Gathorne Hardy, a year ago succeeded the veteran Villiers as president of the Poor-Law Board, at the very moment when the latter was about introducing some radical reforms in the management of the London workhouses. Soon after the change of ministry, Parliament adjourned, and did not again assemble until February, when, behold, Mr. Hardy comes forward with a scheme of reform quite as radical as that of his predecessor, and which he is prepared to support with all the facts, all the arguments, and all the details necessary to carry it through a House of Commons abounding in members conversant with the question. And no wonder that Mr. Hardy is so well prepared, for within the past year there have been issued in London several cart-loads of publications discussing the subject in all its relations. Commissioners have consulted, inspectors reported, physicians prescribed, counsellors advised, clergymen preached, able editors fulminated, correspondents contradicted each other, novelists spun their webs of glaring fiction over and about and concerning every point in question. Now, there is nothing extraordinary in all this—it is the English way; but we mention it as a contrast to the way in which such questions would be dealt with here, where not one person in ten thousand would have any knowledge, however great his interest might be, in regard to the matter, so great is the neglect into which we have allowed topics of this kind to fall.

It was not always so in the United States. There was a time when the relief of the poor, the interests of labor, the discipline of prisons, the amelioration of the criminal law and kindred questions were better understood here than in Europe, and when the practical application of sound principles was far more common here than there, as is still the case to some extent. Our Franklins, Livingstons, Quincys, Rantouls, Manns, Liebers, Grays, Sumners have either died or ceased to write on these themes; but thirty years ago they were quoted in Europe as authorities, while we are now quoting authorities almost exclusively European on topics which they discussed. Our best example of prison discipline comes from Ireland, the co-operation of labor is best carried out in England and Germany, France and Russia teach us how to keep motherless infants alive, and we are yet to take lessons of Belgium in the care of the insane poor. From the Calvinists of France and the Lutherans of Germany we have much to learn concerning establishments of private charity, such as De Liefde describes, and which are best illustrated by Wichern's Reform School at Hamburg and Bost's university of charity at Laforce, in Southern France. The ease with which public endowments and State aid can be obtained for charitable enterprises in America is drawing us a little out of the divinely appointed course of philanthropy. That requires the personal inspiration of some large-hearted man or woman, such as gave birth to the noble charities of Zeller and Fliedner in Europe, of Joseph Curtis and Charles Brace in New York.

It would be more curious than profitable to trace the causes which have reduced our country to the second or third rank in philanthropic activity when we ought to hold the first. Some will dispute the fact, some will ascribe it to our long struggle with slavery, some to the debasement of our population by foreign alloys, some to an alleged decline of religious faith and an increasing worship of material things. If we were to offer any explanation, it would be that the vast scale on which the vital forces of our society are acting to transform all castes, from the highest Brahmin down to the lowest Pariah, into equal orders of accordant citizens, has made us less and less attentive to the more external forms of philanthropy. For several generations we have been converting the peasant of Europe into the freeman of America, the present and the next generation will apply the same process to the lately servile population of the South. In this reconstruction, as in chemical reaction, the secondary products are not always agreeable; but the disgusting and noxious fumes of the laboratory ought to bring contempt on the chemist quite as much as our present social condition ought to draw down censure upon our country and her institutions.

The remedy for the partial defects of which we have spoken will consist in a more earnest consideration of the questions involved, a greater willingness to be instructed from abroad, and the devotion of a larger number of our able men to the work of organized philanthropy. Evidence that we are advancing in all these ways may be found in the increasing interest felt here in such books as those we have mentioned, in the creation of important organizations like our Board of Health and the proposed Board of Charities, in the rapid formation of public associations for philanthropic work or discussion, and in the readiness of our people, who are none too modest, to admit the superiority in certain things of the European charities. The present year, which carries across the Atlantic an unusual number of our philanthropists and persons concerned in charitable establishments, will do much to extend our knowledge of what is doing abroad. May it also arouse us at home to the necessity of regaining and maintaining our just position as the foremost country of the world in all that relates to the relief of misery, the education of the people, and the general welfare of mankind.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW FOR APRIL.

One is apt to say so of each new critical essay by Lowell, still we shall say that the essay on Lessing in the last *North American* is the best piece of literary criticism yet written in America. Emerson's "Representative Men" are men not treated of from the literary point of view. Some of them, indeed, Swedenborg, Napoleon, are men hardly belonging to the world of letters. But the consideration first stated suffices to remove Emerson's work out of the region of comparison with this, and we are not called on to speak at large concerning the "Goethe" and "Shakespeare." Besides the "Representative Men," no other work will be offered for comparison. In the "Lessing" that quality of Lowell's which, probably, will be in the opinion of succeeding generations the characteristic by which to describe him, his wit, abounds. We have called this essay his best, and we have not now the space nor the means at command for a full exposition of reasons, but let us say that in this essay the wit does not, as sometimes it does, superabound—the reader delighting in it, the writer delighting in it, and the work in hand meantime standing still for awhile. The tone, in this case, is throughout critical, both as the old critics understood the word and in the new shade of meaning which it is sought just now to give it, that is, the writer examining, testing, and passing judgment seems duly to subordinate himself to the author with whom he is dealing, not taking him as a point of departure, whence starting to expatiate over this or that, no matter how foreign, field of thought; and on the other hand the mere reviewer may see, may at any rate partly see, how the true critic applies "the best thought extant" to the elucidation and weighing of an author's works and influence. Of the style, in the narrower sense, we need only say that it is and is to be classic. Discoursing of a writer of Lessing's weight, Mr. Lowell of course has need and opportunity for criticisms of many men, and we get his opinion of Heine, or one aspect of Heine's character; of Herrick, "the most Catullian of poets since Catullus;" of Goethe, whose "poetic sense was the Minotaur to which he sacrificed everything; all that saves his egoism from being hateful is that with its immense reaches it cheats the sense into a feeling of something like sublimity; a patch of sand is unpleasing; a desert has all the awe of ocean;" of Montaigne; of Milton, "a pedant in his prose and not seldom even in his great poem;" of Dr. Johnson, "manly old Dr. Johnson, who could be tender and true to a plain woman, knew very well what he meant when he wrote that single poetic sentence of his, 'The shepherd in Virgil grew at last acquainted with Love, and found him to be a native of the rocks.'" Both Damon and Dr. Johnson, we fancy, would have been a little surprised to see the turn here given to their complaining. We make room also for this remark in regard to Shakespeare's "small Latin and less Greek":

> "It should be considered by those sagacious persons who think that the most marvellous intellect of which we have any record could not master so much Latin and Greek as would serve a sophomore, that Shakespeare must through conversation have possessed himself of whatever principles of art Ben Jonson and the other university men had been able to deduce from their study of the classics. That they should not have discussed these matters over their sack at the Mermaid is incredible; that Shakespeare, who left not a drop in any orange he squeezed, could not also have got all the juice out of this one, even more so."

The other editor of *The Review*, Mr. Norton, besides several book notices —"Parton's Biographical Writings," "The Book of the Sonnet," and "Samson's Elements of Art Criticism" we take to be his—contributes also a thoughtful article on "Religious Liberty." Religion he defines in these terms:

> "If we use familiar phraseology, we may say that in an enlightened man this attitude of the will results from his recognition of what is called the spiritual nature of the soul, and finds expression in endeavors to meet the responsibility of leading a life conformed to the highest attainable conceptions of the duty of man as a spiritual being. But, in more exact terms, we may define religion as a man's devotion—that is, the complete assent and concentration of his will—to any object which he acknowledges to have a right to his entire service, and to supreme control over his life."

Mr. Medbury, in the paper on "The New Jersey Monopolies," lets in a flood of light on the practices of the dozen or so of men who for thirty years have contrived to govern a State of the Union and rob the country at large to fill their own pockets. Jokers have talked about the "State of Camden and Amboy" and gibed at the "foreign country of New Jersey" for a generation, and newspapers have all the time inveighed against the rascality of the corporations that tyrannize over the traveller; in short, the subject is wearisomely familiar and hackneyed; but we think the whole nefarious business has never before been so thoroughly made plain as in this excellent article, which is as easily readable as an article by Parton. It is shown how, in the beginnings of the monopoly, there was some excuse for New Jersey, and some sense of decency in the managers of the roads. A graphic description is given of the wars in which Livingston, Fulton, Vanderbilt, Ogden, and Gibbons were principals, and States were partisans, and Addis Emmet, Daniel Webster, and William Wirt were counsellors. Stockton's career and character are described, and we are made to follow intelligently the process which has among its incidents the making and unmaking of governors and senators, the buying and selling of legislative majorities, the corruption by wholesale of the press and the bar, the thievery of directors, the falsifying of the public records, and a thousand other disgraces, and which has for its results overgrown wealth for a few men, the comparative decay of New Jersey, and the oppression of every man who travels southward from New York, or comes from the southward to the commercial metropolis of the country. Mr. Medbury points out the remedy which has often enough been pointed out before, but never before in connection with an exposure of the evil so complete and so striking that it seems as if Congressmen would be compelled to notice it and act on it.

The paper by Mr. C. F. Adams, Jr., on "The Railroad System," likewise has something to say about the means of making the great corporations less the masters and more the servants of the power which gave them existence. Mr. Adams hardly believes it true that "the present rule of corporate railroad management is sustained by the community in its most essential lines at a cost in excess of possible necessity of some five hundred per cent." But that the cost is very much greater than is necessary he fully believes. He thinks the various States ought to establish bureaux for the collection of reliable statistics, and by-and-by proceed to intelligent legislation. As regards the power to legislate effectually, whether derived from the common-law power of eminent domain or elsewhere, there can be no doubt, and the present duty is to collect statistics and establish principles of action. The vast importance of this matter becomes obvious when we reflect how steam has changed the world within the last thirty years, and that as yet the system of locomotion by steam is, as you may say, in its early infancy. Both Mr. Adams's article and Mr. Medbury's relate to a question not only important, but which for various reasons presses for a solution, and this discussion of it is very timely.

Mr. Howells describes and criticises Manzoni, Silvio Pellico, Carrer Aleardi, and Carcano, giving us another paper, which it is well to have, of his "Modern Italian Poets." They are minor poets, and known to most of us by name only—and only some of them even by name—and in such of their verses as Mr. Howells here translates make no very strong impression. Mr. Howells also furnishes, *apropos* of the appearance of a complete edition of Longfellow's prose and verse, published by Ticknor & Fields, the brief essay entitled "Henry Wadsworth Longfellow," which is written in his most graceful style, and as if he were doing himself a pleasure to write it. It seems to us stronger where he speaks of Longfellow's service as an influence in American literature than in its judgments of the poet's works. It is not, we suppose, precisely what will be written of Longfellow twenty years from now. But, then, neither is it just what used to be written of him in America twenty years ago. It is "not so much question as acknowledgment" of the poet's excellence, Mr. Howells says. After all, one would as soon quarrel with a rose, or harshly criticise a heliotrope, as with the books that have pleased us all so much, and in making his own acknowledgment Mr. Howells spoke for us all.

Mr. Adams S. Hill, in an article which has a vein of brisk snappishness in it, undertakes the rather unnecessary labor of saving Charles Lamb from his friends, who have, it seems, been over-praising him, certain biographers of his whom we do not know "turning him into an uninteresting saint." In particular they have fulsomely lauded him for his self-sacrifice in devoting his life to the care and comforting of his unfortunate sister. The fact is that Lamb, when he was about twenty-one years old, was man enough deliberately to give up such plans, or fond dreams, or chimeras, or whatever one chooses to call them, as youths of that age cherish, and to resolve to make his sister's life as happy as he could. The generosity of the youth was equalled by the unvarying cheerfulness with which the man bore his self-imposed burden—a burden which, as burdens will that are borne with courage, grew lighter the longer it was borne. Just how much he gave up it is not possible to tell—not a little, we imagine, or he would have given us the means of knowing more about it. However this may be, looking at what we can see, and remembering other brothers, John Lamb for instance, Charles Lamb's life is an example honorable to mankind and, we dare say, not too easy of imitation. It is funny to see how Mr. Hill fails to take the joke when Lamb interrupts the "superfluously solemn Wordsworth" (who was denouncing a gentleman reputed to be a loose liver), by audaciously crying out, "Pretty fellows we are to abuse him on that score, when every one of us, on going out into the Strand, will make up to the first pretty girl he sees!" The article is long, however, and in it may be found a good deal of what one and another have said about Lamb, and some things well enough said by Mr. Hill himself.

"British Finance in 1816" is a paper of whose value we can hardly speak it is made quite interesting to the general reader. Mr. Sanborn is the author of "Deaf-Mute Education," an essay which recounts the history, since its invention three hundred years since in Spain, of the articulation system of instruction for deaf-mutes. We have already in these pages spoken of this system, and our readers will find Mr. Sanborn's article one of much interest.

We must not forget to speak of another of the short notices of books besides those above mentioned. Every one interested in the controversy between the friends of classical education and its enemies will be glad to read a too brief review of Dr. Jacob Bigelow's recent pamphlet entitled

"Remarks on Classical and Utilitarian Studies." The literary notices in this number are, as a whole, unusually good, though not very numerous. They are followed by two letters from aggrieved authors, Mr. Bancroft and Mr. Greeley, who review their reviewers. Mr. Bancroft is silly enough to show ill-temper, but he chooses a very amusing way of doing it; he calls Mr. Greene "the grandson" throughout. "You 're another," suggests itself as an appropriate retort to this bit of abuse. In fact, Mr. Bancroft is a great-grandson. He has laid himself open to a most damaging reply. But we trust the editors of *The North American* will decline to lend the review to the contestants. When Mr. Greene comes next quarter and wants his revenge, he can be pointed to the fact that the editors suffered Mr. Bancroft to print this epistle.

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NOTES ON THE NEW EDITION OF WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY.

NO. XIII.—STATISTICS OF THE VOCABULARY, CONTINUED.

BEFORE proceeding to state numerical results, we must fix rules to be followed in assigning words to their respective etymological sources, and I shall avail myself of this occasion to make an observation or two on the coinage and composition of a certain class of new words in the modern languages.

The English vocabulary is derived chiefly from Anglo-Saxon, and from Latin either directly or through French, and we have adopted some French words which cannot be traced to Latin. We have also Greek words, some of which have come to us in a Latinized form, others have been taken immediately from Greek. These latter are principally technical terms of science, and, in most cases, they are compounds unknown in ancient literature, but formed in modern times from Greek roots. A large proportion of these words are too special and restricted in their use to be justly considered as properly belonging to the common English tongue; but some of them have been adopted in general literature and speech, and may fairly be regarded as a part of our verbal patrimony. Our Greek scientific terms are often framed without regard to the rules of a sound etymology, and are very distasteful to the ear of a Hellenist; but there are considerations which entitle them, as a class, to much indulgence. The languages of the Gothic family are the only modern tongues of learned Christendom which afford facilities for the derivation and composition of new words from significant roots. But those languages are not generally widely enough known, even to scientific men, to be accepted as a universal storehouse of the raw material of philosophical terminology. New words, therefore, framed from German radicals, would not easily find currency in England, in France, or in the United States, and still less among the nations of Southern Europe. Besides, German words do not readily adapt themselves to the orthographical systems of any of those countries. On the other hand, Greek is more generally, if not better, known than German. It possesses unlimited facilities of composition, and every European language has its settled rules for the accommodation of Greek words to its own alphabet. Latin has also been freely used for the same purpose, especially by Linnæus and his followers, and it has supplied a great number of convenient descriptive epithets which are recommended at least by ready intelligibility. In composition, however, Latin fails, and naturalists are often driven to employ Latin radicals with Greek terminations or other barbarous forms of Greco-Latin hybridism.

Proper names, also, have contributed largely to the vocabulary of natural science, of industry, of commerce, and of fine and mechanical art. Organisms and minerals new to science are named after the discoverers, or after eminent naturalists. Many species of goods derive their names from the city or country from which they are imported, and various articles of familiar use have been christened after the first introducer. One of the oddest examples of this sort is that of *cudbear*, a powder prepared from certain species of lichen and used in dyeing, which is said to be so called because *Cuthbert* Gordon first brought it into notice.

The adoption of Greek, by general consent, as the philological basis of scientific nomenclature would have the advantage of making the philosophical dialect of modern times a universal language, an advantage very poorly compensated by the supposed convenience and fitness of a special coinage of domestic technical terms, in languages admitting the process, which the Germans, the Dutch, and the Danes have carried to so absurd a length.

I have discussed this subject in the eighth and ninth lectures of my course on the English language, and it will, perhaps, not be thought altogether irrelevant to the subject to introduce here some additional observations on the extravagance just referred to.

The practice of the Greeks has been appealed to in justification of the formation of modern scientific terms from native roots; but it must be remembered that the Greeks had no still more ancient repository of words common to the whole civilized world to draw from, and they, of necessity, employed the only material they possessed, namely, the familiar everyday words of the market and the fireside, as elements of a distinctive nomenclature. There is a still better reason for departing from their example. In the days of Aristotle physical science had not been organized, and the philosophical conceptions of genus, species, and their distinctions by fundamental characteristics can scarcely be said to have existed. Natural history was little better than appellative—a mere mode of cataloguing—and indeed it hardly advanced beyond that stage till after the time of Linnæus. Objects in all the kingdoms of nature were distinguished by external characteristics, just as in rude stages of society, and especially in a sparse population, men were named from their occupations, from some conspicuous incident in their lives, some deformity or other special feature of their physical structure, from their favorite weapon, or some habitual mode or article of dress. All nomenclature, in short, whether of persons or of things, was descriptive. But when society advanced in numbers, it was found that pictorial or representative epithets were susceptible of application to so many individuals that they ceased to be distinctive, and as society advanced in refinement it became distasteful to be reminded, by one's name, of his defects or other singularities of figure, of his personal habits, or his former humble occupation or that of his ancestors. When, in the village of Newbridge, the wants of an increased population required the services of ten smiths instead of one, *John Smith* became almost a common name instead of a professional appellation, and the first of that calling who rose to the proprietorship of a seignory assumed the style of John of Newbridge, or John Newbridge, instead. So when geology associated itself with mineralogy, and mineralogy again with chemistry; when zoölogy and botany enlisted the aid of animal and vegetable anatomy and physiology, and, consequently, species and characteristic distinctions of species were almost infinitely multiplied, a descriptive nomenclature became inapplicable from the very poverty of language; for all the tongues of many-voiced man could not furnish descriptive epithets to individualize the species of plants alone. Hence, as ordinary speech, originally imitative, or at least sensuously representative, has now everywhere become arbitrary, as family names have ceased to have any but a conventional application, so the vocabulary of science must conform to the same law, and content itself with a positive instead of a reasoned nomenclature. No word in the dialect of modern science has been more readily or more universally accepted, none has rendered better service, than *gas*. Etymologists, ignorant of the history of this word, and observing a certain resemblance between it and the German *geist*, Dutch *geest* (spirit), have fancied that it was cognate with these words; but there is not the least reason to suppose that Van Helmont, the inventor of it, had either *geist* or *geest* in his mind when he coined it. He makes no allusion to them in proposing the new term, but treats it as a pure suggestion of his own imagination.

Besides all this, the swift progress of knowledge is constantly rendering that which seemed an appropriate designation yesterday entirely inapplicable and even misleading to-day. The vocabulary of science must follow the course of personal nomenclature and become, at last, as arbitrary and conventional as the names of families or individuals. In spite, therefore, of the sound philosophy which in general predominates in the material science of the Gothic nations, their scientific nomenclature is eminently unphilosophical, and is suited only to the very infancy of knowledge. But even if we admit that a descriptive nomenclature is sound in principle, the practical application of the principle must always be exceedingly vague and uncertain from the want of any criterion of selection between the multitude of characteristics which every new object apparently presents. Some illustrations of this will be found in the lectures above referred to, and I will offer at this moment only a single additional exemplification, the new names proposed by Oersted, whose high claims as a physicist will be disputed by none, for *hydrogen* and *oxygen*. The Germans had adopted instead of these convenient names words of similar compositionfrom native roots, *Wasserstoff*, waterstuff, and *Sauerstoff*, sourstuff. These the Danes had translated into the etymological equivalents *vandstof* and *suurstof*, the former indicating a certain substance, supposed to be a simple body, as the principal constituent of *water*, the other another substance, also assumed to be simple or elementary, as the acidifying principle in *sour* fluids or solids. To Oersted these nicknames—for they are no better—did not seem sufficiently "descriptive," and he sought in these substances qualities more exclusively characteristic as the ground of new self-interpreting designations. *Hydrogen* is eminently inflammable. Accordingly, Oersted proposed to name it *brint*, a noun coined by himself from the Danish verb *at brænde*, to burn. *Oxygen* on the other hand, is eminently promotive of combustion or burning, and, in fact, the presence of oxygen is a necessary condition of the phenomena of burning as ordinarily manifested. To oxygen the philosopher gave the name of *ilt*, coined from the Danish noun *ild*, fire, and, accordingly, these two so unlike substances are known in his nomenclature by names derived indeed from different roots, but both expressing the *same* radical idea, namely, combustion, as the reason of the appellation. Can it possibly be supposed that the Danish pupil in chemistry arrives at a nearer approximation to the scientific conception of hydrogen and oxygen by the use of two words suggesting the same image and involving the same notion?

Fortunately, the modern form of our rigid English does not readily lend itself to this learned toying and trifling, and we shall retain hydrogen and oxygen until plain common sense brings Northern Europe back to them. At the same time, it must be admitted that where a term is meant to express obvious sensible forms or properties only, instead of some hidden and mysterious quality or essence, the use of words really descriptive and derived from familiar and humble roots is less objectionable. Thus, it may be argued that *horseshoe*, as an epithet indicative of the form of the Saracenic arch, and *watershed* in geography, expressing purely tangible and visible forms, are at once self-explaining, picturesque, and free from all danger of misleading those who use them into false theory or erroneous scientific notions. But these cases are at best but exceptions—exceptions, too, of the kind which proves the rule; and, after all, nothing would really be gained by employing these terms in place of Greek or even purely arbitrary names, if such had ever been adopted to designate the same objects.

It is obviously desirable, for a reason already suggested—universality, namely, of the scientific dialect—that some common source of terms for individualizing the objects of natural knowledge should be agreed upon by the general consent of the scientific world. Greek has, as has already been pointed out, advantages for this purpose which no other language possesses. Doubtless, as in the case of hydrogen, oxygen, and the like, technical terms forged from Greek material would, when first introduced, attempt description, but their etymology would never be familiar enough to have the vulgar suggestiveness of such words as *waterstuff*, *sourstuff*, *chokestuff*, and the other puerilities of a nomenclature which may be suited for the nurseries and infant asylums of science, but ought to be abandoned as soon as the pupil advances beyond the baby-jumper and the go-cart.

Although in the revolutions of science a Greek nomenclature apparently truly descriptive at the time of its introduction would soon be found to be based on partial knowledge or mistaken theory, it would not need, when once established, to be rejected for that reason, for its inapplicability would not continually force itself upon men of science, as in the case of terms coined from trivial radicals of their own household tongue. The first of the Browns, living in a smoky cabin, acquired an olive tint which gave him his name. When his children improved the draught of the chimney and indulged more freely in ablutions, it was discovered that the complexion of paterfamilias was only skin deep, and did not pass by inheritance; but the family name was retained, and nobody is now perplexed by hearing a blonde young lady addressed as Miss Brown, or a tall gentleman saluted as Mr. Short.

The Greek term would become no longer the designation of some single quality once erroneously supposed to be characteristic of the substance, but a conventional expression, a technical symbol representing the sum of all that science has yet taught respecting the object to which it was applied, and besides to those who know its etymology it would serve as a document in the history of philosophical opinion, a mile-stone in the path of knowledge.

To the employment of proper names of discoverers to designate genera or species in natural history there is no other objection than the awkwardness of the words which are usually framed from them, a difficulty which might be removed by the diffusion of a little more philological culture among naturalists.

There is still another source from which many scientific terms have been lately borrowed with advantage. I refer to the local terminology of miners, quarrymen, hunters, herdsmen, and other persons obliged by the nature of their daily occupations to distinguish between objects which science has but recently begun to discriminate. Thus geology has borrowed no inconsiderable part of its vocabulary from the native dialect of Cornwall and other districts rich in minerals. Pastoral Russia and Siberia have given us *steppe* and *tundra*, the seal-hunters of the Polar Sea have made us familiar with *polinje*, from Sweden we are introducing *fjäll* and *ăs* (or in our orthography *os*, pl. *osar*), Arabic *wadi* is very properly coming into use in geographical description, and the Hispano-American *cañon* is indispensable as the designation of a new species, if not genus, of ravine.

G. P. M.

Hand-books of Iowa and Minnesota, with Maps. Guide Map for Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, etc. By Rufus Blanchard. (Blanchard & Cram, Chicago.)—These hand-books contain, more than any gazetteer, what the emigrant to the North-west would desire to know. The author professes to have travelled extensively over the regions described, and, in Iowa at least, has done so, making careful observations. In matters of which he was not competent to speak he has introduced very respectable authorities and given every proof that he has written in good faith and for the public interest only. We confess to a weakness for books of this character, and having read these with some little attention and a good deal of instruction, we cannot forbear quoting Mr. Blanchard's account of a community which appears to have escaped the notice of Mr. Hepworth Dixon. In the Hand-book of "Iowa," page 45, may be read:

> "Iowa County is noted as being the location of a large and wealthy colony of Germans, settled on both sides of the Iowa river, in the north-west corner of the county. This settlement is in six different groups, each of which resembles a thrifty Western town, substantially built, mostly of brick. The colony is conducted on a community system peculiar to themselves, which, as far as I could learn, no one uninitiated can fully understand. Albeit, they give abundant evidence of pecuniary prosperity, cropping out in broad heaths of waving grain and substantial Dutch barns to store it in. Almost every necessary article of use is manufactured among themselves, leaving them little to buy, while they have much to sell. *Do you have a constitution and by-laws to govern your colony?* I asked. *By-laws—What are they?* was the simple reply. The most I conversed with *did not seem to see a necessity for any theory*, but were quite contented to labor and accumulate wealth, with the certainty that all their physical necessities until death would be attended to. They are a very religious people, mostly Lutheran, with some slight modifications adapted to their isolated condition. Should any marry outside of the colony, they would be excommunicated; but, as a consolation to any adventurous young man who might think one of their cherry-cheeked maidens indispensable to his happiness, I would inform him," etc., etc.

But, for the remainder of this extract, in which the Yankee spirit is pleasantly manifested (by the italics), we must refer the "adventurous young man" to the book itself, only adding that Mr. Blanchard's maps are the best we have seen of the North-west, clearly engraved and as accurate as maps may be of States that grow so rapidly as these.

The Artist's Married Life. Being that of Albert Dürer. Translated from the German of Leopold Scheffer, by Mrs. J. R. Stodart. Revised edition, with Memoir. (New York: James Miller. 1867.)—This book is a reprint of an English translation which has already been before the public several years. The present edition differs in no respect from the preceding, which was also "revised." A little more revision would not be amiss, beginning at the title-page, where the motto of the volume—

> "Here, where art was still religion, with a simple reverent heart,
> Lived and labored Albrecht Dürer, the evangelist of art"—

is ascribed to Fellow; Longfellow it should be. The introduction is superfluous, while the memoir and the translator's preface go over pretty much the same ground. The memoir, however, says that Dürer was born on May 20, 1471; the preface says that April 6 had this great honor. It is a little matter, but it shows carelessness on the part of somebody. The translation is, we doubt not, very fine, considering that it was a first attempt, as in the preface we have due confession. There are many passages which a more skilful hand would probably have rendered more intelligibly. The story is beautiful enough, but very sad. In the main, it is a faithful shadow of the leading facts in Dürer's life. But the child Agnes, whose part is quite important in the little household drama, is a pure fiction, and Dürer's wife is much idealized. Not but that she is represented as the peevish, mercenary, ill-tempered character that she was; but, at the same time, she is represented as loving Dürer with a deep-concealed affection. The power of the story is in the evolution of this twofold character, and in the creed asserted and implied, that for the true artist "a hard life is better than an easy one." But the skeleton facts peep out too visibly through the thin garments that the novelist has thrown loosely over them. The unreality of the book is shown by its continual substitution of monologues in place of conversation. These monologues contain much that is very tender, true, and beautiful. But one of them contains a theory of marriage that is getting to be out of date. According to this theory, the one thing for a wife to do is to obey. She must sink her individuality and become the echo of her husband's taste and will. This is sheer nonsense, and many merits scarcely atone for one such glaring fault.

The American Law Review. April, 1867. (Boston: Little, Brown & Co.)—This number of the review contains an article on the interesting and difficult question of what acceptance is necessary to take a sale of goods out of the Statute of Frauds; a sketch of the life of Chief-Justice Marshall (by Prof. Parsons); an article upon the new law of Massachusetts by which the testimony of accused persons is received on their own behalf; a review of the power of legislatures over railway charters; an entertaining *résumé* of the "leading cases" in which law has been made to do service in novels; and the usual compilation of digested cases, notices of law books, and summary of events pertaining to the bar.

The character of the review is well maintained. Its criticisms of men and books are fearless, without being harsh. The original matter is well written, and the digests of cases are carefully prepared. We trust that the enterprise of the publishers is rewarded by the liberal patronage of the profession.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION *should be addressed to the Editor.*

THE PROBABILITIES OF WAR IN EUROPE.

IT will make a good deal of difference to the commercial world, at least, in this country whether a great war breaks out in Europe during the coming summer or not. A struggle between France and Germany would raise the price of our produce, lower the price of our bonds, and raise the premium on gold, send home the great mass of our tourists, and produce divers other consequences, social, financial, and even political, too numerous to mention. The chances of the speedy outbreak of such a conflict are, therefore, a very interesting subject of discussion. But when it rests largely with either of two reticent men, both of dark and tortuous counsel, and each wielding the forces of a great empire with but very feeble control or supervision from public opinion, to say when the fight shall begin, or whether it shall begin at all, all efforts to calculate probabilities are, of course, attended with great difficulty, and, what is of more consequence, a boundless field of mischief is opened up to stock-jobbers and sensational reporters and correspondents. We indicated very briefly last week our reasons for thinking that there is, at present, no danger of an outbreak of hostilities between France and Prussia, and that the present tendency to panic on this subject is due to an unscrupulous or reckless use of the Cable by speculators and "enterprising" and imaginative news collectors. Nothing has since occurred to induce us to modify our opinions, and there can be no harm in stating the grounds of it fully, as we are satisfied they will be found sufficient to justify us, even if we should prove hereafter to be mistaken.

It is stated on very good authority that the idea of taking Luxembourg as a counterpoise to possible Prussian expansion in Germany was first suggested to Napoleon by Bismark himself at that early interview at Biarritz before the late war, when Bismark was to the Emperor little better than a troublesome visionary. The probabilities are that the hint made at the time very little impression on the Imperial mind, and that, judging from the calm manner in which the refusal of the Rhine provinces has since been received, we should not now witness the revival of the idea if Napoleon were not goaded into action of some kind by the late assaults of the Opposition in the Corps Législatif. There is feeling enough in France about Prussian aggrandizement to make it necessary that the Government should do something, or appear to be doing something; and the opposition to the new scheme of army organization is so strong that hardly anything but the prospect of a great war at no distant period will carry it through. For the left bank of the Rhine there is no use in asking. It has been refused decidedly and peremptorily; and there is no Frenchman who does not know that an attempt to seize it would be met by the whole of Germany in arms, and resisted to the last man and the last thaler. Of protracted negotiation about *that* there is no chance. Bismark would not talk about it, and dare not if he would. But about the cession of the Duchy of Luxembourg there is use in talking. That is a small bit of territory, valuable only for its fortress. It has belonged to the house of Nassau since 1815; and although it is thoroughly German, and has furnished more than one wearer of the old imperial crown, and was a member of the Germanic Confederation, the dissolution of the Confederation by the battle of Sadowa has left it more under the control of Holland, *stricti juris*, than ever it has been before. Moreover, Holland is just now in mortal terror of Prussia. Bismark is the bugbear of both the Dutch King and ministers, who, whatever the material advantages of absorption into the North German Confederation might be, naturally shrink from what would unquestionably be the virtual termination of the Dutch national existence, proud and illustrious as it is. Therefore it is not at all unreasonable for France to hope that Holland may be induced to purchase, by the cession of a patch of land which has for her no earthly value, the protection and alliance of Prussia's great enemy. True, the duchy is already occupied by Prussian troops; the population is almost exclusively German, and it is only amongst the upper classes that French leanings are found; and amongst the mass of German Liberals there would be strong opposition to its transfer to France. The speech of Herr Benningsen, an able and sensible man, in the North German Parliament, of which we received the report last week, reveals this clearly enough. On the other hand, the reply of Count Bismark showed plainly that the Prussian Government does not deny the sovereign rights of the King of Holland over the duchy, does not deny the unwillingness of the inhabitants to enter the German Confederation, and admits that if Prussia interferes at all with the discretion of the Dutch Government in the matter, it should only be after taking counsel of the four other great powers which concurred in the treaty of 1839, by which the duchy was, at the partition of Holland and Belgium, annexed to the former. In short, it is abundantly clear that, however much German sentiment may be opposed to the cession, Prussia does not claim the right of peremptory prohibition; and the whole question is, for the present at least, a debatable one. It affords plenty of ground for any quantity of negotiation; and this we make bold to say is the very thing which at the present moment France needs.

It must be remembered that France has no material advantage to hope for through war with Germany. Jena and Austerlitz cannot be repeated; no Frenchman dreams of it. What France would fight for would be the retention of the leadership in European politics which she has lost by the events of the past year. To fight for this, without having made the victory as sure as organization, arms, numbers, and leaders can make it, would be a piece of folly Frenchmen, with all their impetuosity, are not likely to commit. A defeat in the field now would fix France irretrievably in a second or third-rate position. Whenever, therefore, she challenges Prussia to a struggle for the ascendency, we believe it will be when she is able to put all her resources into the hands of her generals. That hot-headed counsels do not prevail at the Tuileries is, we think, clearly proved both by M. Rouher's reply to M. Thiers and by the recent article in the *Moniteur*. In fact, it would be very hard to discover the "wild thirst for instant war" anywhere but in the London telegraph offices.

Of course, the expectation of a speedy beginning of the contest is partly based on the supposition that Prussia, knowing it had to come sooner or later, would not wait French convenience, but would at once avail herself of her present superiority of strength to put France *hors de combat* before she got her army reorganized or rearmed. Those who hold this theory are generally possessed with the idea that Prussia is a military monarchy like Austria, and that Bismark has been so elated with his late success in the field that he now stands ready to engage all comers. The fact is, however, that there is no country in Europe to which war, and, above all, a war of even moderate length, such as a war with France would be sure to be, would prove so burdensome as to Prussia, because in none would so little of the fighting be done by professional soldiers, and so much by men drawn suddenly from all the trades and professions. Other nations hire men to fight; in Prussia the whole community may be said to lay down its tools and go to the field; and no statesman who has to arrest the social machine whenever he mobilizes the army would ever think of doing so with the recklessness or alacrity with which the Emperor Napoleon or the Austrian Kaiser pours his forces into foreign territory to fight for a province or an idea. Prussia, though one of the most warlike of the great European states, has had a more peaceful history than any of them. In fact, from the foundation of the monarchy to the present day, a period of one hundred and fifty years, including the reign of the great Frederick and the wars of the French Revolution, she has enjoyed one hundred and twenty-five years of peace. Of which other of the great powers could this story be told? The last great war, too, cannot in any sense of the phrase be called a war of ambition or of aggression. It was but the expression in action of the desire of the German people for unity; and yet, tempting as the prospect seemed which it opened up to them, the hardships and sacrifices which the struggle seemed likely to entail were such that the popular opposition to it up to the moment when the army took the field was exceedingly fierce and bitter. And as to the prospect of a war of aggression, a war of pride or suspicion or of ambition, or, in fact, a war of any kind except a defensive and a strictly defensive war, we cannot do better than quote the words of a distinguished Prussian Liberal, Professor Sybel, now a member of the German Parliament, addressed last September to M. Forçade, and to which subsequent events have lent every month fresh force:

> "With such an army [the Prussian] incredible things may at any given moment be accomplished; but what cannot be reached through it at any price is a state of prolonged war, such as a dynastic passion for conquest might create. With us the mobilization of the army is a calamity which strikes every farm, every counting-house, every fireside; there is not a single branch of the public service or of industry which the calling out of the landwehr does not touch. The country, you may be well assured, cannot impose such sacrifices upon itself except in supreme crises; our military organization is incomparable for strong defence or for energetic offence of short duration, but it is utterly incapable of serving the purposes of a policy of war and durable conquest. You recommend to the French Government the adoption of our military system. I can assure you that such a measure would be received by all Germany with the greatest joy as a pledge of peace and security."

LEGISLATIVE CORRUPTION.

The legislatures of New York have had for years past an unenviable reputation for corruption, but the present Legislature has attained a bad pre-eminence in this respect. The sessions of 1857, 1860, 1863, and 1865 were scandalous to a degree that could hardly be surpassed, yet all accounts agree in representing that bribery is more flagrant at this session than ever before. A few voices protest that the bribes are really consumed by the lobby, and do not reach the legislators themselves; but this is a poor excuse, amounting only to this: that the Legislature, though honest itself, blindly obeys the wishes of corrupt men. It requires more faith than we can command to believe that a body of men should allow themselves to be controlled by a lobbyist whom they know to be heavily bribed without asking any share of the bribe for themselves.

The evil has been longer and more deeply seated in New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania than in the other States, though it is spreading over the whole country. It is notorious that no measure can ever be carried through the New Jersey Legislature without the consent of the Camden and Amboy Railroad corporation, nor through the Pennsylvania Legislature without the consent of the Pennsylvania Central Railroad Company. Those great corporations own the legislatures of their respective States, and can pass or reject bills at their pleasure. The New York Central Railroad Company has long exercised a powerful, though not undisputed, control over the legislation of its State, and its power is constantly increasing. In some of the Western States the influence of great corporations is plainly visible, and the tendency of the legislatures to general corruption is proportionably apparent.

Corruption does not necessarily or exclusively take the form of pecuniary bribes, though these are becoming more and more common. A member of the Legislature has almost always from one to a dozen pet measures upon the success of which his political future may depend. He soon finds that he can do nothing with these, however just they may be, without pledging his support to other schemes which may not commend themselves to his judgment. Thus he is driven to take the first step in trading his vote, and soon finds himself ensnared into the support of bills which he knows to be opposed to the public good. Having gone so far, it is plausibly urged upon him that, since he *must* sacrifice the public interest, he might as well gain some little private advantage. And having once voted for a bill because of a "friend" in it, or in the expectation of a share in its profits, it is easy to take the next step and accept a direct bribe. In this way many respectable men who commence public life with a horror of bribery gradually sink into habits of corruption.

The rapid growth of this evil does not necessarily prove that we are inherently worse than our ancestors. Fifty years ago there were few men or corporations of great wealth in America. Bank charters were almost the only prizes for which it was worth while to bribe a legislature; and it is matter of familiar history that these were granted upon terms as corrupt as the franchises of horse railroads are at the present day. Wealth has rapidly increased among us. Legislatures have the power of granting privileges immensely valuable, and great corporations, or men who, like Vanderbilt or Law, are corporations in themselves, are eager to purchase such privileges. They can better afford to offer $50,000 for a grant than their fathers could afford $1,000. Their agents crowd about the legislature, sometimes co-operating, sometimes competing with each other. Meanwhile the State legislatures are composed of men who are in the main no wealthier, relatively to the present condition of society, than the legislators of fifty years ago. Indeed, the growing urgency of business has drawn the most prosperous classes out of politics; so that legislatures consist chiefly of small farmers, village lawyers, and city adventurers living by their wits. To all such, the offer of $100 for a vote is a sore temptation, and a profit of $1,000 a session is more than they hope to make during the rest of the year.

The existence, extent, and gravity of the evil are scarcely disputed by any one. None dilate upon it more than professional lobbyists; since the more thoroughly their clients are convinced of the avarice of legislators, the greater will be their readiness to advance fees, of which the lobbyists retain the lion's share. But there is more impartial evidence than that of these men, and all the testimony on the subject is substantially one way. Indeed, the reckless grants of valuable franchises without reserving any compensation to the State or any protection to the people, the obstinate resistance offered to measures of the clearest merit, the sway which men having nothing but money exercise over legislatures, are utterly inexplicable on any other theory than the existence of wholesale corruption.

The great question is, What remedy can be applied with reasonable hope of success? Many remedies have been tried and have failed. One or two new ones are now suggested, which at least deserve consideration. The first is a great increase in the number of every legislature thus infected. The Legislature of New York consists of 32 senators and 128 assemblymen, all chosen by single districts. It has been found easy to control a majority of these bodies, and even to obtain a two-third vote when necessary. But it would not be so easy to control a Senate of 64 or 100 members, and an assembly of 300. Massachusetts has all the elements of corruption which New York has, with the additional temptation of a party majority so strong as to be impregnable; yet we have never heard its Legislature charged with subjection to corrupt influences. Its lower branch has 240 members, and formerly had over 400.

A return to the old system of election by counties is also strongly urged, as likely to secure a higher grade of members, and not without reason, as the list of candidates for the New York convention shows. The delegates are elected in groups of four, and in almost every district one or two of the four are very strong men whose reputation is depended upon to elect their associates. But the system of election by counties on a general ticket would put into the Legislature none but Democrats from one end of the State of New York, and none but Republicans from the other end, unless some plan for giving a representation to the minority were adopted. If this were done, all our objections would be removed. Thus, if New York city elected thirty assemblymen, an elector voting for only ten members might be allowed to give each of them three votes by marking a desire to that effect on his ballot. One who voted for only five might give to each six votes, and so on. In this manner the advantages of an election by the whole county might be secured without depriving the minority of representation.

On the same principle the State might be divided into eight Senate districts, as it was before 1847, and eight or ten members be chosen from each. This would relieve senators from the dictation of local politicians, which is rarely exercised for good purposes, while it would bring into service men of high standing without depriving younger men of an opportunity to come in upon their merits.

An extension of the rule forbidding special legislation where general laws are possible would undoubtedly do some good. Bad as affairs are in New York, they would be far worse if the Constitution of 1846 had not laid restrictions upon special charters. A similar but more stringent rule should be applied to legislative grants of all kinds to the utmost practicable extent.

The suggestions here made mainly refer to the State of New York, in which a Constitutional Convention is soon to be held. But the same principles apply to all States. Pennsylvania is probably in a worse condition than New York, the Legislature there being smaller, more easily purchasable, and more habitually corrupt. The Western States will do well to take warning in time, and not run the risk, through a mistaken economy, of bringing the same evils upon themselves.

OUR LOVE OF LUXURY.

THE anecdote related of the King of Prussia in another column will probably astonish a great many republicans who think the free spending of money one of the essential attributes of royalty. The fact is, however, that in this age wild and reckless expenditure, without rhyme or reason in it, is now more frequently seen in republican circles than in royal or aristocratic ones. Until within the last forty years the wealthiest class in the greater portion of the civilized world has always been the landholding class, and one of the peculiarities of this class has always been the uniformity and even monotony of the lives of its members. Their income was generally fixed and varied very slightly from year to year. They were exposed to no striking or extraordinary vicissitudes; most of the calamities which afflicted other people, except wars and revolutions, did not affect them. The calm of their existence and the certainty and invariability of its revenues were, of course, very favorable to the formation of fixed habits, of fixed ways of dressing, eating, going about, and spending money, which naturally came down from generation to generation. The result was that they were not, on the whole, an extravagant class. They have in most countries become impoverished, but only in one or two, Ireland and Poland, through sheer waste of money. In others they have been borne down by political troubles, and by the difficulty of providing for the younger members of families, owing to their rigid exclusion from the privilege of earning their own bread by any kind of honest labor except military service. Everything considered, we believe that the landed aristocracy of every old country would be found to have been on the whole a careful, prudent, and thrifty body of persons, resisting the influences of idleness, of imperfect education, and the temptation to display as a means of impressing "the lower orders" with great persistence and, on the whole, great success.

It has, however, ceased to be the richest class of the community. The English lord or Russian prince is no longer the fat goose which the Continental hotel-keepers long for and love to pluck. The animal now generally presents himself in the shape of an American or English cotton-spinner or contractor or inventor or trader. But then the rich European of the commercial class is a good deal influenced in his mode of spending his money by the example of his aristocratic neighbors. Of late years the landed aristocracy, finding they were ceasing to be the richest portion of the community, and that in mere external display, whether of equipages or clothes or furniture or plate, large numbers of people who have made their money in trade find no difficulty in outshining them, have affected great sobriety in all these particulars. A duke's carriage and harness are now pretty sure to be amongst the plainest to be seen in any crowd of equipages; and the duke himself, instead of going about in pink or blue satin, belaced, beruffled, and bespangled as his great-grandfather did, is probably one of the most quietly dressed men to be seen in street or park.

Of course this influence is only an imperfect one; on the Continent particularly, where the line between the nobles and bourgeoisie is strongly drawn and cannot be rubbed out even by wealth, it is very imperfect; but still it exercises some influence. Moreover, it is so difficult in the Old World to make a large fortune that very few men do it without undergoing a good deal of discipline and chastening in the process, and without having their imaginations tamed, their desires cooled, and their nerves a little shaken, so that when they reach the summit of their ambition they are apt to be willing enough to sit down and live as they have always lived. In America, however, men reach great wealth every year in the full vigor of their powers, and without having any models before their eyes for imitation, and without having lost on the way a particle of their energy, and with an untamable desire to "enjoy their money." This is generally no easy matter, and the devices by which they seek to extract pleasure from "the pile" are amongst the most amusing and singular phenomena of our time, and it is the oddity of these devices, particularly as practised in this city, and the somewhat lavish expenditure of money by Americans travelling in Europe, which have created and spread abroad the notion so prevalent both here and abroad that Americans are a wildly extravagant people. This impression is strengthened, too, by the dismal outcry which one of our leading newspapers makes every year over the enormous amount we spend in "foreign luxuries," silks, wines, and so forth, and the sapient assertion which it makes year after year that we are running in debt to Europe for them.

Now the fact is that, judged by the only rational test of economy, the difference between income and expenditure, the Americans are the most economical people in the world. There is a popular fallacy that extravagance in living is good for trade, and that the poor are helped by rich men's spending a good deal in food and drink and clothes and plate. Every cent spent in any of these things is, however, on the contrary, subtracted from the national capital, as if not spent in this way it would, if left in bank or invested, be used in employing productive labor. But it is also a fallacy to suppose that the nation as a whole spends more in luxuries than it can afford to spend. When wiseacres run down to the Custom-House, examine the tables of imports, and come back wringing their hands over the general extravagance, they forget that, although silks and satins are imported or manufactured in bales and boxes, they are intended to be cut up into single dresses, and are bought by individual women who, as a general rule, know how much they can afford to lay out on such things, and lay out this and no more. At the bottom of two-thirds of the lamentations we hear about the luxury of the times there is the feeling that nearly everybody is living beyond his means. The truth is there is hardly anybody who does not live within his means. Political economists have called man "an exchanging animal;" they might with almost as much accuracy call him a saving animal. It needs very little reflection to see that if the majority of people, or any but a very small minority, spent more than, or even as much as, they earned, the growth of wealth in every country would cease altogether, and not only this, but positive decline would soon begin. Every house and church and bridge and road and aqueduct and work of art and ornament and book in the United States is due to the general habit of saving something out of the yearly income. The enormous increase in the total wealth of the country which is recorded in each census report is due to the same cause. In fact, there is nothing which people do more generally, more zealously, more eagerly, and more anxiously, than save; there is no instinct in human nature, except the parental instinct, stronger than the instinct of accumulation. Therefore, when we take up the Custom-House returns, and read that this year and last year we bought an enormous quantity of champagne and diamonds and lace and silks and pictures, it is very absurd to rush to the conclusion that we are ruining ourselves and getting these things on credit. These things are brought over for the use of separate families, and these families will not, as a general rule, spend one cent more on them than their income allows them to spend, after meeting all debts, dues, and demands and making a comfortable provision for the future. We should never think of walking into Stewart's store on Broadway and rebuking the ladies we saw there buying expensive dresses, on the ground that they were purchasing things they could not afford; and yet this would be the same folly, on a smaller scale, of which an editor is guilty when he berates the nation at large on this ground for purchasing "foreign luxuries." The process which is witnessed every day at Stewart's is going on in every other town and village. Men and women who find that they have money to spare, go and spend it in the nearest store on dress or jewellery or food, which they do not absolutely need, but which they do not choose to do without. However, let business become "dull," or, in other words, incomes diminish, and forthwith a great portion of the outlay ceases. The mass of people, not being "born naturals," on seeing their surplus dwindle, begin to save more zealously than ever, and cut off all superfluous outgo. Gentlemen who write moral articles on luxury in the newspapers flatter themselves that their warnings are necessary to bring about this result. This is a mistake. People save in hard times without hints from the newspapers, just as naturally as they put up their umbrellas when it begins to rain. When they begin to retrench, of course the sale of luxuries begins to fall off and importers cease to import. Some importers, of course, are pretty sure to be caught with a large stock on hand; but this is the result of their own imprudence or want of foresight.

Whether it is well for people, even for those who have money to spare, to spend money in luxuries, is another question which has been discussed for four or five thousand years. In the ancient world luxury was the horror of the philosophers, and in the earlier ages of Christianity it was the horror of the fathers of the Church, whose indignation never glowed with so fierce a flame as when they denounced it. It is becoming the fashion in our day to think that both were mistaken; but we confess we do not think they were. In the ancient world both moral and intellectual culture were in so low a stage that luxury almost always assumed the form of gross sensual and selfish indulgence, which was gratified at any cost of suffering to others, and there was hardly any wealth which was not the result either of plunder or unrequited toil. Whenever any community of that age grew in wealth, it was almost always as the result of conquest; and the pleasures of the great were apt to bear a very strong resemblance to the orgies of a bandit's cave. And we do not deny that luxury in our own day, in any community or set or circle which has not been prepared by moral and intellectual culture to place a just value on merely material comfort, and to make it what it should always be, the accompaniment or casing merely of more subtle, more refined, and more lasting enjoyment, is apt to be about as repulsive as luxury in the days of Sardanapalus or Lucullus. There are circles in Paris and in this city of New York whose pleasures, if they were not surrounded and held in check by a Christian public opinion, would become as animal, and would display as little evidence of sentiment or taste, as any which disgraced the Lower Empire. But then to the luxury to which the great mass of the people both here and in Europe treat themselves, and to the measure in which they enjoy it, no just objection can be made. The end of labor and the end of economy and the end of art and science is to promote human enjoyment. If we saved for the mere purpose of heaping up dollars, our industry and forethought, in their moral and social aspects, would be in no respect superior to those of the beaver or the squirrel. We save that we may enjoy—that we may have the means of gratifying all innocent tastes and desires, for the delight of our senses, within the limits prescribed by religion and morality. It is, in fact, to the love of luxury that we owe nearly all our progress in civilization. It is it which keeps art and invention alive and busy, and gives each generation nearly every material advance on its predecessor; for it must not be forgotten that the luxuries of one age are the necessaries of the next. If we destroyed it, we should destroy what is in our day and generation, and must have been in all times of progress, the great spring of human activity.

PARIS GOSSIP.

PARIS, March 22, 1867.

A MATRIMONIAL alliance worth a passing mention, as showing how "the ends of the earth" are being brought together by the increased facilities of inter-communication which form one of the most characteristic features of the day, is that of a young widow of this city, daughter of a defunct architect, a Frenchman, who began life as a teacher of French in London, where he had the honor of assisting the late Richard Cobden to the knowledge of the French tongue which he afterwards turned to such good account for both nations, with the grandson of no less a potentate than the Sultan Muley-Soliman, Emperor of Morocco, Prince Abdallah-El-Gueunaorï. The father of the new Princess Gueunaorï made a good income by his teaching, and, having married a thrifty English wife, invested his savings in the wild land outside the now vanished Barrière de l'Etoile, which was then the limit of Paris in the direction of the Arc de Triomphe. Having become the owner of a large part of the waste land which has now become the Avenue d'Eylau, the ex-teacher of French built a couple of handsome houses, from which, even at the comparatively low rate of rents then prevailing in a region but vaguely known to the Parisians, he got an income that covered the costs of his land. As the ground, on the extension of Paris by the pushing back of its "barriers," has since risen enormously in value, the family of Mr. Cobden's old professor are now many times millionaires; and it is one of these ladies—a young, charming, and unencumbered widow, whose first "wentur" was a baron, who died soon after his marriage—that has now become the granddaughter of the Emperor of Morocco!

The leading events of the Parisian world during the past fortnight have been M. Thiers's great speech in the legislative chamber—as usual, a fine "wind-bag;" the performance of Verdi's new work, "Don Carlos," at the Grand Opera; that of Ponsard's drama of "Galileo" at the Gymnase Theatre; and of that of Alexander Dumas, Jr., "Les Idées de Madame Aubray," at the same brilliant temple of scenic fiction.

The excitement created by the new plays of the two eminent dramatists has been about equal in both cases. The Emperor and Empress went early to both, were among the most energetic in their demonstrations of satisfaction, and remained in both cases to the very end. "All Paris" was at both in its most splendid toggery, and the enthusiasm of the crammed and brilliant auditory was equally roused by both. Critics object to the first that the *Galileo* of the popular author of "Les Vieux Garçons" is not the Galileo of history, but they admit that, assuming the illustrious astronomer to have been in private life the exalted hero of M. Ponsard's imagining, nothing could be more magnificent, in its way, than the drama in which he figures as the principal personage.

In regard to the last triumph of the author of "La Dame aux Camellias," the myriad-headed monster which makes and unmakes the artistic reputations of the day has but one voice as far as concerns the talent, the charm, the scenic skill, and brilliant imagination displayed in the development of the ideas of which the new play is the vehicle. In regard to the ideas themselves, though considered as "utopian," "socialistic," and quite out of reach of the practical acceptance of humanity in the present stage of the world's progress, they are admitted to be fine, generous, and noble. The new piece is thus a great success, and its appearance ranks as one of the leading events of the season. On the fall of the curtain the author was called for with the most enthusiastic demonstrations, and as Alexander Dumas, Jr., having no taste for ovations, had modestly hidden himself and refrained from appearing, the house turned to the box from which Alexander Dumas, Sr., with his daughter, had witnessed the new triumph of their relative, and gave vent to its enthusiasm by shouting "Vive Alexander Dumas, the son!" "Vive Alexander Dumas, the father!" "Vive all the Dumas, from generation to generation!" The elder Dumas, who adores his son and is extremely proud of him, and who also greatly delights in ovations, was radiant with satisfaction at this demonstration; and being surrounded, as he descended the steps of the theatre on his departure from the house, by a crowd of applauding friends and acquaintances, was near being beguiled, by the depth of his emotions, into a speech. In fact, he had just opened his mouth and apostrophized those about him as "My dear friends! my children!" when his son, shooting out of the house, in his desire to escape the congratulations of his friends, much as a bomb does from a cannon, encountered his father, and put a period to his incipient eloquence by clasping him round the neck and kissing him, and then leaping into the carriage that was waiting for him and driving away before the assembled crowd had had time to recognize him. Whereupon the elder Dumas, with an expressive wave of his hat, hastened to get into his *coupé*, with his daughter, and followed his son's example by driving off without further delay.

But if public opinion is unanimous in praising the two brilliant dramas now alternating on the *affiches* of the Gymnase, a word war has been raging here as to the merits of Verdi's new opera. The truth of the matter is that Verdi, infected by the Wagnerian virus, has tried hard in "Don Carlos" to turn a deaf ear to the melodic prompting of his genius, and to produce, instead of music properly so-called (that is to say, the result of musical science employed in giving a harmonious body to a divinely-inspired soul of melody), an imitation of the pompous cacophonic emptiness for whose glorification the bewitched young King of Bavaria is actually building in his little capital, at Wagner's suggestion and according to the plans drawn for the building by Wagner himself, a "Wagner-Theatre" that is to cost between six and seven millions of francs! Every now and then Verdi's genius has been too strong for the fetters by which he has tried to confine it, and has burst forth in lovely airs, delicious duos and trios, and glorious choruses, equal to anything that has ever issued from the teeming brain of the most fertile of operatic composers. The whole of the third act is magnificent, an admirable sequence of the most charming musical creations from beginning to end, equal if not superior to anything he has ever written. The rest of the work (in *five* acts, be it remembered!) is a dreary mass of mere noise, shapeless, colorless, soulless, worthy in all respects of the wind-bag of "science, falsely so-called," whose hollow inflation Verdi has unwisely been striving to ape. The admissions of friends, as well as the denunciations of foes, will probably not be without their effect on the brilliant genius which, if only true to itself, may justly claim the foremost rank among the operatic writers of the Italy of to-day. Before leaving Paris Verdi entrusted to one of his friends the work of cutting down the Wagnerian portions of "Don Carlos," and the opera, like the leaves of the Sibyl, becomes shorter with every successive representation. People go in crowds every night in time to hear the beautiful third act, unceremoniously leaving the fourth and fifth to be played, like the first and second acts, to empty benches.

The excitement of the opera-going world on the first night of the new work was unprecedented even in the annals of Parisian dilettanteism. For days beforehand every place was taken, and as the hour of opening drew on, two hundred francs and even larger sums were given for single places. Boxes innumerable changed hands to the tune of a thousand francs, and just before the time for beginning one hundred and fifty francs were joyfully paid for standing room. The Imperial pair, with a brilliant court, were in the house before the first note of the new work was struck; the Emperor in ordinary evening dress, the Empress in white muslin, but her head and neck ablaze with diamonds so magnificent that they seemed to light up everything about her. Every part of the house was crammed, with the exception of the box of the Marquis du Halley-Coëtquen, a man of high birth and fashion deceased a few hours previously, a noted duellist, who, as a matter of fashion, had rented the same box for many years, showing himself in it regularly every evening for a few moments, but who, it is believed, never heard the whole of any opera in the entire course of his life.

The speech of the historian of the First Empire, who is so hearty a hater of the Second Empire, created fully as great an excitement as the first representation of "Don Carlos." More than ten thousand demands for places in the Strangers' Gallery were sent to the President of the Chamber, Count Walewski; over five hundred similar prayers are said to have been addressed to a single member of the legislative body! Of the lucky applicants who obtained the tickets so eagerly sought after, many passed the night and the early hours of the morning at the doors of the building in order to make sure of obtaining eligible places, just as, by a curious coincidence, people were doing in London, at the same time, at the doors of the House of Commons, in their wild desire to be present at Disraeli's exposition of the intention of the present Government in regard to reform; and, as was done in London, larger prices were paid for tickets to persons willing to sell than were ever before known to be paid for a similar purpose. Of course neither the Emperor nor the Empress was present at a speech which it was known would be covertly aimed against the Imperial dynasty; but all the princes and princesses of the reigning house were there, with as many of the lions and lionesses of the day—diplomatic, official, literary, artistic, and financial—as could be squeezed into place within the four walls of the building. The speech, very splendid as a piece of oratory and occupying four hours in its delivery, was a mere iteration of the one idea of its distinguished author, to wit: that the glory and aggrandizement of France is and should be the one sole aim of French statesmen, and that the glory and greatness of France is lessened by the growth of her neighbors; and that, therefore, the first duty of all French governments is the prevention of such growth; the summing up and conclusion of the orator being that the Emperor Napoleon has weakened France and dimmed her glory by not preventing Italy and Germany from constituting themselves respectively into a powerful nation upon her borders. M. Thiers, of course, never stopped to explain by what means the Emperor could have prevented the events in question, nor to remind his hearers that France is herself a mere agglomeration of former jealous and hostile tribes, the result of just such a nationalizing process as is now converting into two homogeneous and powerful nations the peoples of the fair southern peninsula and the long divided Vaterland. After the blowing of this soap and water through the pipe-stem of his "fixed idea," amidst the tokens of admiration elicited by the skill with which he performed the feat and the iridescent eloquence with which he adorned his bubble, the ex-minister who did so much towards achieving the overthrow of his royal master hurried off to his home, where he dined in great haste, and then drove to the office of the *Moniteur*, where, rolled in warm flannel, and comforted with basins of hot soup, he passed the night in correcting the proofs of his oration, as he did after his great speech of last session, with the difference that last year he got back to his home by three o'clock in the morning, whereas this time he did not get home till seven. M. Thiers, who at seventy-four is the adored husband of a young and wealthy wife, and is equally adored and petted by his mother-in-law, lives "in clover" in his beautiful hotel of the Place St. Georges. His study is the most delightful place of its kind conceivable; an oblong room, whose many windows open upon a gallery looking out upon a garden so skilfully laid out and planted that it produces the effect of a park. Clumps of trees and shrubbery, fountains and statues, and in the centre a fine old tree, up which climb a mass of creeping plants, add to the illusion, and seem to transport you from the densely populated and noisy quarter which you quitted on entering the house into the very depths of the country. This study is a happy blending of the library, picture gallery, and curiosity shop. Masses of books, pamphlets, plans, and atlases; copies in water-colors of Michael Angelo, Raphael, Titian, and the other great lights of Italian art; marbles, bronzes, and artistic objects from every corner of the world, adorn the room in which M. Thiers has received so many distinguished visitors of every nationality.

M. Berryer's study, less sumptuous, but occupied by him for forty years, is threatened with demolition, to the intense grief of the aged barrister, who says that it would take him twelve months to get his pamphlets and books into order, and plaintively asks, "What amount of indemnification could compensate me, at my age [he is over eighty], for the loss of a year of my life?"

M. Victor Cousin, who was equally attached to his rooms at the Sorbonne, has left his magnificent library to that ancient seat of learning, with a handsome sum of money for keeping it up, on the express condition that his beloved books shall never be removed from the equally beloved rooms in which they have been gradually collected, studied, and enjoyed by their late owner.

CRETE.

Canea, March 10, 1867.

One month from to-day ends the first year of the *great* Cretan revolution, the most desperate, apparently unequal, and eventful of all the struggles for freedom which that pugnacious and much-enduring people has passed through since the fall of Constantinople. On the 11th of April, 1866, met the nucleus of the assembly which has earned immortality as far as human history can give it. In one sense among the most powerless, in another it has shown itself the most powerful of all legislative bodies, for the implicit and unfaltering obedience of the people to this assembly is truly marvellous. A band of fugitives flying from one mountain fastness to the other, unable to defend itself from direct attack, without money (until very recently), without any command of supplies, often obliged to abandon its enterprises for want of ammunition and provisions, unable to enforce its will in any district of the island, has yet maintained order, directed and controlled the whole population, counteracted all the intrigues of the government, and now compels the diplomatic consideration of the world.

And as conclusion to this glorious episode in the life of the Greek nation we shall be told by the governments that this people cannot be trusted to govern itself, that they have not yet developed the qualities necessary to constitute a stable government, and that they must be relegated awhile longer to a system of political swaddling-clothes and be bolstered and laced and weighted into a deformity according to the pattern set, and then after a few years more, finding that their régime has perverted the noble qualities, sapped the native vigor, and checked the healthy development of the political character of the people, they will find another apology for the continuance of that "protection" which to-day is the cause more potent than any other of the Greek national feebleness. Grant that the Greeks are not yet capable of self-government, how shall they become so? By a course of meddling and marring which shall effectually prevent the nation from following its own bent towards such institutions as they would naturally develop, or by a little judicious letting alone? I know that there are people, who ought to know, who do not see any political future for the Greek race, and while I respect the opinion they hold and express, I beg to differ *toto cœlo* and on two grounds: 1st, The general characteristics of the race are pre-eminently the coherent qualities, love of national glory, high courage, thirst for intelligence, money-getting, and administrative energy; and 2d, The obstacles against which the little Hellenic kingdom has so far struggled and the amount of meddling and intriguing it has survived satisfies me that there is more political vitality in it than in any race south of Prussia and between the Channel and the Danube, except the Swiss. I am sick and weary of the twaddle of the nameless and numberless who cannot cease to harp on Greek brigandage and demagoguism, as if all of Southern Italy and most of mountainous Spain was not in a state far worse; and as if a worse demagogue than there is in Greece had not a long time governed without serious opposition one of the principal countries of Europe and was not supported by the majority of his subjects unmurmuringly in what he chose to do. Will any man whose memory goes back to the days between Feb., '48, and Dec., '52, pretend that Greece is an anarchy? Will a Frenchman tell us that she is incapable of order? Or will even an Englishman, remembering the Chartist riots, twaddle about the mob of Athens? Can *we*, looking breathless into the abyss from which eternal wisdom rather than our own virtue saved us, say that there are only in Greece men so lost to all patriotic feeling that they would have sacrificed their country's glory and future to their personal and party ambition, or whose party spirit could endanger the common weal?

I entertain no delusion on the Greek race, or honor dead virtues in the living breed. I do not idealize it a bit. I know the common people to be in general disposed to lying and stealing in a small way, and some of them in a large way, but I know few races of Southern Europe who do not add to these vices others that dwarf them; and I know, too, that the Greeks have, for some three thousand years, had perverted notions of the utility of honesty and conventional notions of truth. But in what they accept as a solemn and binding engagement few people are more strictly responsible.

Captain Boutakoff, of the *Grand Admiral*, told me a curious case in illustration of this which occurred when he was embarking the families on the coast of Selinos. The old people who came down to meet the boats had been so often deceived by the Turkish ships that they would not believe that the Russians were Russians, and no ocular proof would convince them. They demanded a declaration in writing that they were Russians and not Turks; receiving this, they called to their companions in hiding to come out, when in a moment the whole coast thereabout swarmed with Cretans issuing from clefts in the rocks, caves, bushes, etc., until thousands came down. A Cretan does not feel hurt at your disbelieving his word; but if you won't accept his written declaration, the insult is of the gravest, and rarely merited. The Cretan reverence for an oath or any formal declaration surpasses that of any other nation I know. "I'll give it to you in writing" is the final declaration of the Cretan, and one may generally accept it.

I have been accused of confounding the modern Greeks with the ancient ones, and asking sympathy for them accordingly, and I unhesitatingly plead guilty, but because I do not overrate the latter. I believe they were worse *canaille* than the moderns, that in no civic virtue did the ancients ever surpass or, perhaps, equal their successors of to-day, and that no more signal proof of the progress of national character can be shown, out of America, than the contrast between the divided and belligerent states of Crete of B. C. 100 and the orderly and united action of the Cretans of to-day. Even in the last great revolution the Cretans would not fight under the "Hellenic" chiefs, while now not a sign of jealousy has so far appeared, though all the military chiefs are from Greece. Corakas follows Coroneos as his lieutenant, and Crearis and Hadji Michali Zimbrakakis; and the whole people, deaf to all allure, respond to every proposition or question, "Annexation to Greece." Is Saul also amongst the prophets? one is disposed to say, thinking of the hundred cities and their century-long wars. I am afraid my accusers got their idea of the ancient Greeks from the friezes of the Parthenon, and that of the modern from the pages of English travellers; about as intelligent judges of the Athenians as of the Illinoisans. I believe the Hellenes were never better in any respect than now, and once were in many respects worse.

The thirst for knowledge is something amazing. A physician of Canéa assured me the other day that he found in Karamia, a village on the borders of Sphakia, a class in French; and, oppressed with taxes as they are, the Cretans still keep up their schools by their voluntary contributions in almost all the villages of the island—a devotion to learning of which, I am sure, no country town out of New England, and few in it, are capable.

And here one strikes the dividing line between the native Mussulmans and Christians. The former rarely read and write, and seem indifferent to schools or any acquisition of information, while the latter are insatiable; the faces of the former wear a heavy, stolid expression, as if without hope and without future, souls being slowly embruted, retrograding. In my journeys in the island before the war I scarcely found a Mussulman village that was not dilapidated and decaying. The Christians are like another race, though only a few generations divide them from the Mussulmans. The latter are sinking into barbarism, the former emerging from it.

The war has given place to a virtual armistice in most parts of the island. The troops, thinned and demoralized, are inefficient, and we shall probably have little to record in future in the way of fighting. The suffering of the families is still great; for, though spring has come (the children are eating the green almonds from the trees at my door), there are few of the comforts of life left here, and many of the people in the island have not seen bread for six months; few have eaten any for three. We have not yet seen the ships of our navy which THE NATION reports as carrying off the families. At one time, one of our ships leading off would have carried the whole fleet in Luda after her—Russian, Italian, Austrian, English—no one durst be the first; none would willingly be the last. Many days we looked and hoped, and the Cretans came to me, like the Ancient Mariner to the wedding guest, button-holing me to know when our ship was coming. Meantime the affair is terminating in another way. Thus far the Porte has gained nothing; the Cretans have lost nothing but their lost ones.

Fine Arts.

NOTES OF PAINTERS AND PICTURES.

THE LATE WM. H. FURNESS.

THE recent death of Wm. H. Furness, once of Philadelphia and more lately of Boston, is a heavy and a sad loss to those who knew the man or his pictures. It is as an artist that we speak of him here and now; but the personal character of the man is hardly to be forgotten in thinking of the probable future of his art. He was still young, and although what he had done was much, there was promise of greater things in the future. He had given his attention almost entirely to portraiture. His pictures exhibited in the New York spring exhibitions since 1860 have all been worthy of study. The portrait of a lady in the exhibition of 1865 was perhaps the most noticed and most admired; but other portraits have shown as admirable qualities and as great technical skill. He was in many respects the best portrait painter we had. His work showed, what is rare, a respect for his pictures and for his branch of art as profound and as sincere as it could have been had he painted sacred subjects only. But his art was sacred to him as a worthy pursuit which he followed worthily. His strength and his heart were put into every portrait.

We know but little of other work of his besides that which has been publicly exhibited in this city. It would be of great use to the student's art and the community if a collection of his pictures could be made and exhibited at least in Boston, New York, and Philadelphia.

MR. HILL'S ETCHINGS.

Mr. John Henry Hill, a landscape painter, of whose work we have often spoken and always with the greatest respect, has published a set of twenty-five etchings of landscape subject. It is perhaps unnecessary to mention the peculiar advantages of etching over all other forms of multiplying a work of art. But the process is so unfamiliar here that it may be well to remind the reader that this alone of all processes for the reduplication of art is entirely in the hands of the artist himself. The etched plate is as much his own work as a single drawing on paper would be. Nothing is left that other and inferior hands can mar, except as the printing of impressions from the plate may be more or less carefully done. So that if one values the slighter work of an accomplished artist—whether it is the rendering of his minor thoughts, more simple inventions and wayside notes, or whether it is the translation into black and white of his more elaborate work done before—a collection of the painter's etchings is the desirable thing. And it often happens that a great thought finds its first expression on the small plate of copper and in the needle lines brushed with acid. One who buys the etchings of a master is buying his autograph sketches with all the chance of finding wonderful things here and there half hidden from less careful eyes, and the sketches in this form are imperishable.

Of the twenty-five etchings before us one is of a bird and one of a nest and eggs. The rest are all of landscape subject, though they range from an out-of-doors stone oven and a cluster of wild flowers to a distant view of Mount Washington and a twilight scene on the Androscoggin. Some of the pictures will be recognized by those who have looked at Mr. Hill's pictures in the exhibitions. But as he has never exhibited much, and of late years hardly anything, this set of sketches will be the first introduction to his work of many who will love it as it deserves.

Accompanying the plates there are a few pages of letter-press giving brief descriptions and briefer comments. In these few words is curiously and unconsciously shown much of the painter's feeling for nature, and much of his way of looking at nature. It will be useful to any student of drawing to read these two pages carefully and repeatedly.

No publisher's name appears on the pretty title-page etched by the author and bearing a vignette "Scene in the Androscoggin Valley." The words of the title are, "Sketches from Nature by J. Henry Hill, Nyack Turnpike, N. Y."

VERY "POPULAR" ART.

Mr. Charles A. Barry has drawn "five American ideal heads" which have been lithographed in Paris by Lafosse & Fuhre, "the most eminent lithographers in the world." The heads are of life-size. They "are typical of the faces of American women, and represent with infinite fidelity their charities, their devotion, their sympathies, their attachments, and their heroism, and, as pictures, they show most distinctly that artistic skill can no further go."

The circular from which we have gathered the facts and opinions given above mentions no name of publisher. The pictures are offered for sale by peripatetic "agents" at the price of twenty-five dollars for the set of five. We do not know that they have been advertised otherwise than by circular and by personal application, but presents of money are freely offered to writers for the press who will "notice favorably." The lithographs are really very well executed, though they are not at all "surprising" to those who are familiar with fine French work of the kind. They are as good as would need to be if the originals were very much better. The heads have very little expressional or artistic merit. Some are worse than others; the "Color Bearer" in particular is vulgar—what a New Yorker means when he says "Bowery"—and the "Before the Battle" is the weakest one of the lot; but all are weak and commonplace enough. The childish accessories, as the little cream-pitcher held by "The Angel of the Hospital" and the fire-cracker pistol in the grasp of "At the Front," help the pictures to be the toys they are. They belong to the weakest department of "popular" art, harmless except as they represent a waste of labor and money, but wholly powerless for good.

The circular contains short letters of ardent praise from O. W. Holmes, B. P. Shillaber, Harriet Prescott Spofford, H. B. Stowe, Charles D. Warner, and Benson J. Lossing. It is to be hoped that the too common recklessness in giving recommendations of the sort will disappear by-and-by. Among a people rather famous for their self-esteem it ought to right itself.

MR. ROTHERMEL'S "REPUBLICAN COURT."

Eighteen months ago Mr. Huntington's "Republican Court in the Time of Washington" was exhibited in New York, and was described and criticised in THE NATION (Oct. 12, 1865, Vol. I., page 472). Mr. Rothermel has painted a picture called "The Republican Court in the Time of Lincoln," and this second chapter of a sort of history of society at Washington is now on view. It is introduced with less flourish than its prototype, but it has a better claim to be considered a historical picture, for the costume and accessories are a little more authentic. It is also brighter in color than Mr. Huntington's picture, and less disfigured by unnaturalness of gesture and pose. On the other hand, it is less happy in pictorial treatment, and less fortunate in its subject, on account of the extraordinary ugliness of the upholstery and decoration which disfigures the room in which the reception is held.

The portraits are not very striking likenesses. In some instances there is strong evidence that the heads have been studied from photographs and not from nature; thus General Meade and the ex-general McClellan looked a year ago very unlike the portraits of them here, while the photographic portraits of them, on account of the great change made by the reduction of natural colors to chocolate brown, are also very unlike the men and very like Mr. Rothermel's abstractions. So it would have seemed easy to portray General Burnside, whose strongly marked face and head, once seen, can never be forgotten, but the picture seems to us to give a caricature and not a likeness of the beloved governor of Rhode Island. The flesh painting and face painting are very feeble. The picture would hardly bear the light of day and is properly doctored by the glare of gas-light.

WATER-COLOR PAINTING.

We learn from the papers that a Water-Color Society has been established, of which Mr. Samuel Colman is president. It is reported that they propose to have an exhibition next fall, from which we infer that the Artists' Fund Society will be prevented from adorning their galleries with such a collection of water-color drawings as that which they had the good sense and originality to get together last fall. The Artists' Fund Society will have the consolation of having done a world of good to the art of painting in water-colors, in the way of making it a more recognized and esteemed branch of art. It has been very strange to see how indifferent to water-color work, how ignorant of its importance in other countries and of its possible value, the herd of picture buyers, picture fanciers, and picture-sale frequenters has always been in New York. The oil paintings are sold with deliberation and respectful tenderness; the auctioneer and audience "stand 'round" when the more admired pictures are put up; the Churches and Bierstadts, the Schesingers and Frères elicit applause, the bidding is interested and interesting. But with the knocking down of the last canvas all is changed. The grave auctioneer forsakes his throne, two-thirds of the audience retire, there is a rush of the small remainder for the chairs and stools, and a closing up around the stand of exhibition; a sprightly young salesman jumps up on a chair with a "Now, gentlemen, let 's sell these drawings," the bidding is quick and in single dollars and half dollars, the drawings are handed over for what they will fetch in a minute's or two minutes' contest. Successful bidders call out "cash," collar their purchases, and walk off with them. The auction room is a fair test of the popular regard for the fine arts. It is indeed true that water-color drawings are little considered, and are not liked as well as velvet painting and decalcomanie, nor ranked much higher in the order of the fine arts.

It is to be hoped that the influences now at work may bring about a change, and that people may learn to look to painting in water color for those beauties and the rendering of those facts of nature which are so peculiarly its own to give, and which are not within the reach of painting in oil. To the art which is the most successful and generally influential in America, landscape painting, the one medium is as important as the other, each having its own peculiar power and grace.

Correspondence.

PRUSSIAN ECONOMY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

Yesterday my tailor sent me a waistcoat which had been lengthened. This is not historical, I own; but what it reminded me of appears to me to possess this character.

Prussia is rising in greatness. Prussia is distinguished by Sadowa no more than by her financial system and total absence of extravagance. Well, then, my boyhood fell in the period of Prussia's deepest humiliation and oppression. After the peace of Tilsit, in 1807, the whole country was impoverished to a degree of which our generation has no conception. One day, in the year 1811, when I was a pupil of one of the gymnasia (the royal classical schools) of Berlin, I visited a fellow-pupil of mine, to work with him at our Latin "exercise." He was the son of the King's tailor, and while we were engaged in our learned pursuit the royal tailor entered the room and said: "There, boys, this is your King's waistcoat; it was too short for him, and it has been sent to me to make it longer."

I was but eleven years old. I lived in the midst of scantiness; yet the impression made by Frederick William Third's sending to his tailor an article of dress to be patched seems to have been so strong that the occurrence came back to my mind when my tailor returned my vest in the new-born year of 1867.

It is true that progressive modern civilization and population stand in need of ever increasing wealth. Education, roads, religion, literature, national existence and grandeur, individual safety, the constant changing of rare comforts into common necessities, the wants of existence and of culture—all require increasing amounts of general wealth.

It is equally true that the greatest, the most heroic periods of nations have often proceeded from periods of great poverty and suffering, as the lives of most great men have been preceded by a youth of poverty and suffering, Martin Luther like.

It is equally true that there is nothing so enervating as national and individual extravagance. All nations once great have gone down, in antiquity and modern times, with elaborate cookery, superb furniture, costly pearls, gaudy dresses, and refined licentiousness. Assyria, Rome, France in the last century. Fearful revulsions alone can then resuscitate.

A FRIEND OF "THE NATION" AND THE NATION.

THE NEST-BUILDING APES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

The reviewer of M. Du Chaillu's "Journey to Ashango-land" states very clearly the opposite views entertained by that traveller and myself respecting the use of the chimpanzee's nest. He says it is an umbrella; I say it is a bed. But I am very anxious that naturalists should also understand that it is not only the chimpanzee which builds a nest, but also the gorilla. In the first place M. Du Chaillu has not, to my knowledge, yet allowed that even the common chimpanzee builds a nest. In 1861 he informed us, through his first work, that he had discovered a nest-building ape. It was the *nshiego mbouvé*, or bald-headed chimpanzee. He distinguished it from all the other apes (the common chimpanzee among the rest) as *the* nest-building ape. In his "Journey to Ashango-land" it is not the *nshiego mbouvê* only, but also the *nkenko nshiego*, or yellow-faced chimpanzee, which builds a nest. These nests, he says, "*were somewhat different in form from those I found in my former journey.*"

Now, one day (in 1862), when walking in the forest in the neighborhood of Goumbi, I saw a large nest, and the natives who were with me said that it was made by the chimpanzee (*nshiego*). They added that the gorilla (*ngina*) built one, too, and the next day they took me to see a nest which was built like the other one, only a little larger.

These nests were flat structures; the nest figured in M. Du Chaillu's book is umbrella-shaped. The nests sent to the British Museum I have not seen, but I will venture to assert that they are bed-like nests; that they resemble the nest of the English wood-pigeon on a much larger and wider scale, and that they will not suggest to any unbiassed zoölogical mind the idea of being built to answer the purposes of an umbrella.

The chimpanzee's nest which I first saw was within half an hour's walk, the gorilla's within two hours' walk, of a town in which M. Du Chaillu resided for several months. These are facts which speak for themselves. Professor Owen, also, who has announced this pretended discovery of a nest-building ape, and who defended it lately on the platform of Burlington House, does not come out of the matter with clean hands. No one is better acquainted than Professor Owen with the memoir on the gorilla, by Messrs. Wyman and Savage, which was read before the Boston Society of Natural History in 1847, and afterwards printed in *The Journal*. He could scarcely have forgotten this passage:

"Their dwellings, if they may be so called, are similar to the chimpanzee, consisting simply of a few sticks and leafy branches," etc. And again, "In the wild state their habits are in general like those of the *Troglodytes niger* (chimpanzee), building their nests loosely in trees," etc.

I have, therefore, simply confirmed by my own observation a fact of importance in zoölogy, which had been previously asserted by Dr. Savage, the discoverer of the gorilla. *The African ape is a nest-building animal.* M. Du Chaillu and Professor Owen have done their best to retard the recognition of this fact, and to confuse it with an element of fiction; but it is, happily, one of those facts which can be readily investigated, and when investigated it will be again confirmed.

W. WINWOOD READE.

CAMBRIDGE.

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The Week.

IF the process of reconstruction should be completed satisfactorily during the coming summer, the question of legislative corruption, and, in fact, corruption of all kinds, will probably engage a good deal of attention during the next two or three years. Much appears on this subject in print, but not half what one hears in private. The legislatures of several States—and the number is increasing—are plunging deeper in the mire every year, and the last Legislature in this State is said to have surpassed all its predecessors. In fact, men now go into politics as a rapid mode of making a fortune, and brag of their gains by the sale of their votes without shame or hesitation. The New York Legislature is lucky in having a wealthy city under its thumb, and the way in which it extracts money from the "solid men" here is sometimes very amusing. The Broadway Railroad scheme, for instance, now brings in as regular an income to the members as if they drew it from Government bonds. Every year there is a bill introduced regularly granting authority to make a railroad in Broadway; every year regularly the property-owners raise a fund to resist it; the bill is pressed on; the property-holders send up the money; the parties haggle and bargain, and finally come to terms, and the bill dies. If the same members sat in every legislature, much time and money might be saved by paying them a salary; but, as they change from year to year, special arrangements have to be made with them each session. Moreover, the sin is no longer confined to the legislature. The judges have fallen under suspicion at least, and there is now said to be wholesale corruption in the courts. The bar is afraid to speak of it, and so is the public; for nobody knows the day when he may be in court himself, and be paid off for his love of judicial purity. The great difficulty in the way ot reform is the difficulty of getting the public to believe the facts. The press, as well as orators, have indulged so much in exaggeration of language, that, now that the wolf is really here, nobody believes them. Every rascal has so constantly been the greatest of rascals; every fraud the most gigantic of frauds; so many politicians have been thieves of the deepest dye, and so many judges corrupt politicians, that there are no epithets left to describe the real villains and villanies which are now at last under our noses. And yet something must be done. There is no national enemy like widespread corruption. It is a subtle poison, against which the courage which shines in the field is powerless. To keep Jefferson Davis shut up, or disfranchise Toombs, while some of the politicians of this State are running about with erect and patriotic brow, is a sorry and disgraceful farce. No private individual can face the evil; but we are glad to see that the Union League Club has taken it up; and if it wants to make a clean sweep, it will begin with the law courts in this city, and get a few lawyers to tell what they know about the whole administration of justice, civil and criminal.

THE Senate adjourned on Saturday, leaving, all things considered, very few vacancies to be filled. Nothing has been done about the Austrian mission, but General Rosecrans is now talked of for it. It was hoped that Mr. Johnson would have left Mr. Motley undisturbed, if that gentleman chose to remain; but it appears that this is not to be, and nothing has yet been heard of Mr. McCracken, who has probably been appalled by the disturbance he has created.

THE ease and success with which Senator Wilson is making his tour in the South, besides suggesting some amusing reflections as to the fate which would have overtaken him had he attempted anything of the kind seven years ago, suggest very strongly the propriety of other Northern politicians following his example. There is, in our opinion, not much chance that the Republican party will long retain its hold over the colored voters unless, by some means or other, it keeps itself in constant communication with them either through the press or the platform; and this can only be done effectually through Northern speakers and papers. Moreover, there is no question that Southern whites of Republican tendencies would find their courage quickened and their views enlarged by visits from prominent Northern politicians.

MR. JOHNSON is preparing for another trip, but this time in the South, and will be accompanied, as before, by Mr. Seward. It is to be hoped that both have learned something from the experience of last summer, and that the speeches made on the road will be chiefly devoted to the history of foreign countries and questions of political economy. These subjects are not exciting, and Mr. Johnson can acquit himself very fairly upon them. In discussions of questions of home politics he is neither so clear nor so able. Mr. Seward must be aware that some of the oratorical efforts of the tour of last summer were wanting in perspicuity, although not in force, and perspicuity is the first requisite in a popular oration.

THE election of delegates to the Constitutional Convention of this State passed off quietly on Tuesday, apparently exciting little interest, and the vote was very light. None but Democrats go from this city and Brooklyn; few but Republicans from the rest of the State; but the Convention promises, on the whole, to be an able and honest body. Henry Ward Beecher, we are sorry to say, was defeated in Brooklyn. This is the same Beecher of whom *The Tribune* said yesterday morning: "We regret that Henry Ward Beecher will not be a member of the Convention, and that the voters of the Second District had so little regard for the claims of independence and ability, so much for those of party." We mention this for the benefit of the clergymen who, according to Mr. Greeley last summer, would sooner have been dead than have been Beecher. They now see the use of living on, even in this vale of tears.

There has been a somewhat amusing correspondence between the insurance companies of this city and the Jews; or, as it is the fashion to call them on solemn occasions—we never exactly knew why—"the Hebrews," touching the refusal of the companies to ensure "Hebrew" property. Mr. J. Lorimer Graham, for the companies, defended them on various high grounds; but the gist of his letter was that the companies have found that German Jews have more ensured property burnt in proportion to their numbers than any other class of the community. A simple statement of this fact is all that an insurance officer need make by way of answer. Neither ethnology nor moral philosophy nor religious toleration has anything to do with the matter. Insurance companies exist not to set examples of liberality or of any other virtue, but to make money; and if they find they cannot make money out of Hebrews, why they must refuse to deal with Hebrews—and there 's an end on 't. Nobody can appreciate the force of an argument of this sort more readily than a gentleman of the Hebrew persuasion.

Messrs. Weed and Greeley have resumed hostilities, and are now exchanging broadsides three or four times a week in the columns of their respective papers. Mr. Weed no longer labors under the disadvantage of having to borrow a medium for his retorts, and now has as much space at his command as Mr. Greeley's case seems to require, while Mr. Greeley, for some unexplained reason, treats "T. W." with unwonted courtesy. The war thus far has reached the year 1837, and the precise point under discussion is Mr. Weed's feelings towards the negro race, as illustrated by his comments in that year on the conduct of William C. Bloss in taking the communion in company with a number of colored persons in a church at Albany. We have no doubt that the period on which the combatants have now entered, 1837 to 1840, will prove unusually interesting, and will furnish many points in the career of these two gentlemen which we should all like to have cleared up. Where Mr. Weed boarded, for instance, in the winter of 1839, or whether he boarded or "kept house," is a question about which this generation knows very little, and on which Mr. Greeley can, no doubt, throw some light.

Dr. Sears, general agent for the Peabody Educational Fund, announces by circular the principles which will govern him in distributing money at the South. The fundamental condition is, that the people there must take the initiative, must show schools already established and needing aid, or an intention and effort to found them worthy of encouragement. Such we felt very sure would be the plan adopted, since it inspires no false hopes or disastrous dependence in those to be benefited, but accords plainly with the tenor of the political "situation" in urging the South to exchange its rebelliousness and *vis inertiæ* for the active service of liberty, if it would obtain first sympathy and afterwards restoration to political autonomy.

A correspondent of *The Times*, writing from the Sea Islands of South Carolina, talks very plainly and sensibly of the gross immorality which prevails among the colored people there resident, and says truly that it is an evil which calls loudly for a speedy remedy. One would make a mistake, however, who should suppose this to be an evil entirely or in any great part of recent growth; and this one might be led to suppose by the correspondent's mention of the two plantations which adjoin his, and on which there is scarcely one young woman of more than fifteen years old who is not the mother of an infant—of these natural children the large majority being half white, and born during the war. The fact is that these evil practices may be said to spring rankly from the African character, and to have been cultivated to a very high degree in generations of slavery. The army going to the Sea Islands found there a race the affectional and passional elements of whose nature are probably as well developed as those of any race in the world. And these people had in many cases been, as you may say, paid to gratify their naturally strong appetites by a system of rewards and immunities to the woman whose children were most numerous. Add to this, that the liking for one woman or one man which might in a certain number of cases have kept wives and husbands virtuous, was very often prevented from being operative for good by a decree which forbade any woman to have a "'broad husband," or any man a "'broad wife"—that is, a husband or wife who was not owned by the master and did not live on the plantation. Of course, as soon as the negroes were freed, there was wholesale divorcing going on in all such plantations as these, and before the divorcing there had been plenty of cause for divorcing. In short, slavery conspired with the temperament of the slaves to debauch very completely the manners and morals of the Sea Islanders, and the mischief was long done when Dupont took Port Royal. As to the cure, the correspondent seems to have an indistinct idea. He says he personally refuses to hire laborers whose conduct is notoriously bad. So far, so good; but, unfortunately, the conduct of nine in ten Sea Island negroes is privately bad, and the whole body of them must be reached or little is done. The elevation of the general mass of the population is the only sure and permanent cure. Meantime, till that can be done, the whole business of marriage and divorce ought to be taken out of the hands of the elders of churches, at any rate to the extent of giving them power only to reaffirm a marriage entered into before a magistrate. One law for whites and blacks in this respect, and the law enforced by every means possible, with appropriately heavy punishment, would do much to check the evil. Now everybody is indifferent, and there is practically no law and no penalty.

The Massachusetts Legislative Committee, whose duty it was to report on the expediency of passing a bill to equalize bounties, have reported unfavorably, and we fancy not very much more will be heard of the scheme at the State Capitol, at any rate, though demagogues may use its name to conjure with for a year or so longer. As a writer in the Boston *Advertiser* points out, those honest men who believe in the equalization bill are men who look on the bounty paid the soldier as a reward for his military services. But this is altogether a mistake. In fact, the bounty money, or a great part of it, was usually paid the enlisted man when he enlisted, and before his military duties were begun. All know that when the war broke out there came immediately stagnation in business, wages were low, there was little work for any one, and the prices of the necessaries of life for the family which the volunteer left behind him were also low. It is true, too, that very many of the early volunteers were not men with families. And it should also be remembered that with the business stagnation came an unnatural excitement, which it was not well should last, and which, in fact, soon went down. But as the war went on there was an immense increase in all industrial activity, workmen were in great demand, and the State, unwilling to draft, had to pay the later volunteers more than the earlier to compensate them for the sacrifices which they necessarily made in entering the State's service. Still later volunteers were paid still more, and the bounty rose with the rise in the price of labor and everything else bought and sold. Massachusetts, by the mouth of Mr. Banks, has said some exceedingly foolish things about soldiers' claims to any amount of their own and other people's money. But all that may have been because Mr. Banks was speaking, and not because he was speaking for Massachusetts, and it will be a very remarkable thing if the State burdens herself with a debt which neither in law nor equity is due from her.

The eight-hour men have, in Illinois and Wisconsin, succeeded in having eight hours declared to be a legal day's work, in the absence of any agreement between the parties; but so many classes of laborers are excepted from the operation of the law that it may be said practically to have no effect. Large numbers of employers, however, seem disposed to accept eight hours as a day, provided there is a corresponding reduction made in wages; but eight hours' work does not seem to have much attraction for the employed when saddled with this condition. Strikes still continue in all parts of the country, and their prevalence is a striking illustration of the difficulty men often have, when suffering from any cause, in finding out what is the matter with them. The trouble all over the country just now is to find profitable employment for capital—and to ask it, under these circumstances, to pay more for labor is, for the laborer, suicidal.

The Rhode Island Legislature has passed a bill prohibiting the publication of the atrocious quack advertisements—of which there is such an abundance in the New York papers—offering, in one guise or another, to procure abortion. There is no State in the Union in which such a law is as much needed as this, and there is no kind of villany easier to prevent. The publishers of newspapers can always be got at, whether the quack doctors can or not; and the nuisance might, under the stimulus of even a fine, be made to disappear in a day. In fact, this city is the headquarters of quack doctors and quack medicines. The great remedies for "the cure of consumption" and of "general debility" are mostly made here, and so are the bitters which give "tone to the system." There is, of course, no means of preventing the manufacture and sale of drugs to those who are dissatisfied with the condition of either their stomach or their nerves, but nothing can be easier than to diminish the amount of incentive to crime or suggestion of crime which is furnished by the class of advertisements against which the Rhode Island enactment is aimed.

The rush to Europe, which was expected to be so great during the coming summer, is apparently not to take place. None of the steamers which have sailed, so far, have been much crowded; the *Great Eastern* may be said, considering her accommodation, to have had hardly any passengers on board; and in the Cunard line large numbers of persons who had taken berths are trying to get rid of them. One reason—and no doubt the principal one—of this falling off is the condition of business in this country. In the winter, it was supposed the opening of navigation would lead to a revival; but no. The spring is here, and the dulness is deeper than ever, and is deepened still further by the horrible stories of legislative corruption and heavy taxation with which the air is filled. Then, also, the Exhibition in Paris has not thus far answered the public expectation. The opening was a failure; nothing is ready; and there is a widespread belief that it will not be worth seeing. On the top of these two causes of discouragement has come a slight war panic, and the travelling public have, of course, no fancy for a tour on the Continent with the Prussian and French armies in motion all around them.

Mr. Gladstone's defeat in the House of Commons has led, we learn by the telegraph, to his withdrawal from the leadership of the Liberal party. This has been impending for nearly a year. The half-hearted support which he received in the debate on his own bill last session made it evident that he had lost the confidence of a large portion of his followers, and his strength has ever since been rather with the people out of doors than in the ranks of the Liberals. His resignation is of no great political importance at present or as long as Lord Derby remains in office, while it commits him for the future more decidedly than ever to the popular cause.

All the news from Europe tends to confirm the opinion that Prussia will fight whenever she is attacked, and France will attack her as soon as she is ready. But France is not ready. Not over a third of the army is yet provided with the new breech-loading rifle, and the army is as yet in no condition to meet the force that Prussia can bring into the field. There is evidently a good deal of popular irritation over the Luxembourg check—for check it is now generally admitted to be—and it is stimulated by the opposition press and orators, who are goading the Emperor into fury by their taunts; but no amount of popular irritation will send French marshals into the field to fight for French supremacy in European councils one minute sooner than they think they are prepared. They would find themselves within a fortnight after taking the field with a million of men on their hands, led by confessedly the best strategist in Europe, General Moltke, not, too, as at the opening of the war with Austria, doubtful of their powers, and only half satisfied with the quarrel, but flushed with victory, confident of their superiority, and, instead of fighting against Germans, having the whole German race at their back. Under these circumstances, we shall probably have some months to wait for the war.

The North German Parliament completed its labors on the 17th, and the constitution which it finally adopted now goes to the several states of the federation. Their sensibilities and the fear of fatally offending one or other of them have contributed more than anything else to prevent modifications of the draft submitted to the Parliament by Prussia. It has, nevertheless, been extensively and materially amended, and, so far as we have been able to observe, always in a liberal sense. More than once Bismark needed all his personal and official influence to withstand the propositions of the extreme left, but also more than once he was outvoted; and there were many changes, as was to be expected, for which the Government can afford to be grateful. Whether Bismark exaggerated the chances of discord and disunion, it is not possible to predicate with confidence. For ourselves, the fact of the treaties effected with the South German States so soon after Sadowa, and the general complexion of Continental affairs, indicate as complete a mastery of the situation, on the part of Prussia, as that possessed by the North at the close of the rebellion, though on grounds only partly analogous. We anticipate, therefore, the unanimous acceptance of the new constitution, as we should if it had resembled the Prussian far more closely than it does.

THE LATEST NOVELTY IN MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT.

The public may have noticed during the last week condemnatory allusions in the New York *Evening Post*, as well as in the New York *Times*, to a certain bill which has just been passed by the Legislature, authorizing the governor to put most of the chamber business of the Supreme Court in this district into the hands of one judge, thus giving him the exclusive right to hear *ex parte* motions, appoint referees, grant injunctions, etc.; in other words, to lodge in the hands of one man an amount of power over the fortune, reputation, and comfort of the people of this city such as has never in any free country before, we venture to assert, been entrusted to one man; for it must be remembered that from most decisions on these motions there is no appeal. *The Post* opposed the scheme outright; *The Times* opposed it gently, and hoped that if it were to be carried out, the judge appointed would be some peerless person, a mixture of the great lawyer and saint. It was well known, however, by the bench and the bar and the politicians, that the person for whom this office was intended was Judge Barnard, of the Supreme Court, of whom it is safe and polite to say, that he is about the last judge on the bench whom any good lawyer or good citizen would wish to see in any such place. He has, it is true, quarrelled with "the ring;" but then a man may quarrel with "the ring" and be very ready to counteract their schemes without being fit to monopolize the chamber business of the Supreme Court. His appointment, however, receives the hearty support of *The Tribune*, and, if we are correctly informed, has had the private support of Mr. Greeley. This, we believe, is due, in part at least, to the belief on which *The Tribune* has long acted, that by pandering occasionally to Democratic prejudices or passions, and shutting its eyes occasionally to Democratic knaveries, the Republican party may be helped out of the slough of despond in which it lives in this city. There is no difficulty, however, in predicting how this will end. The great laws of morality have not been suspended, and cannot be suspended, for the benefit of any party or any cause. There might be a good deal more said about this Supreme Court job if the bar and the press had a little more courage. The story is a highly interesting one, and will well repay the investigation of the Union League Club, or of any other patriotic body of men rich enough and influential enough to do the duty which the press ought to do, but—such are the times we live in—dare not do. We commend it to the attention of that body, and we commend it, above all, to the attention of the Republican papers of other States that are interested in seeing the party survive the establishment of negro suffrage and assist in saving the nation from corruption, which is now invading all branches of the Government, and which has already succeeded in establishing in this city one of the foulest of despotisms. The sudden conversion of the New York *Times* to the support of the present scheme, as soon as Judge Barnard's name was mentioned in connection with it, is an interesting and instructive phenomenon, and so is the silence or applause of the rest of the press, when the press has only to speak unitedly to put the plan out of sight for ever,

Notes.

LITERARY.

ANNOUNCEMENTS by our American publishers are not numerous. Messrs. Scribner & Co. and Messrs. Roberts Brothers have both advertised an American edition of "Liber Librorum: its Structure, Limitations, and Purposes; a Friendly Communication to a Reluctant Sceptic;" but the work will be issued by Messrs. Scribner & Co., the Boston house having withdrawn on its being shown to them that the announcement by the New York house was made a little before their own.——Messrs. Hurd & Houghton are going to issue, but probably not till the fall, an "Encyclopædia Theologica et Ecclesiastica," a compendium of all theological knowledge, which will be prepared under the editorship of the Rev. Isidor Mombert, of Lancaster, Pa., and will contain contributions by "the most distinguished divines of Great Britain, the United States, and other countries." It is intended to make the work Christian as against rationalism, Protestant as against Romanism, Catholic as against sectarianism; every Christian communion will be allowed opportunity to speak, and, so far as possible, by the mouth of its own sons. English or American scholarship hardly undertakes such works; this is based on the cyclopædia of Hagenbach. Hurd & Houghton will also issue, almost immediately, a book called "The Champagne Country," written by Robert Tomes, Esq., for some time U. S. Consul at Rheims; and in the fall will publish "A Treatise on the Law of Insurance," by Willard Phillips.——W. J. Widdleton, a publisher whose imprint is on a good many very good books and but very few poor ones, is about to issue—if, indeed, it is not already out—"Poe's Tales," in two volumes, each of which is complete in itself, and can be sold apart from the other. The rest of Poe's prose—criticisms, lectures, and so on—is little worth buying, unless to amuse one's self with an idea of the fluttering which the writer must have caused among the American literary men of twenty-five or thirty years ago; but for his remarkable fictions—some of them true "Tales of Wonder," almost all of them truly wonderful tales—there will long be a steady sale. Another book to be published by Mr. Widdleton is "The Financial Economy of the United States Illustrated, and Some of the Causes which retard the Growth of California Demonstrated," by John Alexander Ferris, of California. The book is dedicated "To the friends of our constitutional currency—gold and silver coin."——Messrs. Roberts Brothers, of Boston, announce "The Waves of This Troublesome World," a tale by Miss Christina Rossetti. Miss Rossetti is, we believe, now writing the story, which is in course of publication in *The Churchman's Shilling Magazine*, an English monthly.——Messrs. Ticknor & Fields will, perhaps, hardly be ready with the "Inferno" till April is gone; but it will not be delayed longer than the first week in May. In the same month, Mr. Emerson's "Poems" will be issued. The new volume will go a long way back, we suppose; back far enough to take in the "Bramah" which sat portentous on the forehead of the first *Atlantic*.

—The following bit of literary history is of some interest just now, when there is so much talk about Dickens and his American publishers. Up to the publication of "Dombey and Son," Mr. Dickens had never received anything from this side of the water for any reprint of his books. It was understood that he was rather more angry with Messrs. Harper & Brothers than with any other American publishers. They had just begun publishing their *New Monthly Magazine*, and the publishers of *The International Magazine* were contesting with the Harpers the first place in our periodical literature. After a severe and indecisive struggle of a year, one of the conductors of *The International* conceived an idea which, if successfully carried out, would have given the victory to that magazine; one of its publishers was going abroad, and was authorized to secure from Mr. Dickens "advanced sheets" of his next novel for publication in *The International*. The steamer on which he sailed had hardly got out of sight before Dr. Griswold, of *The International*, had given to *The Evening Post* a sensational paragraph stating that Mr. Dickens had been engaged to write for *The International Magazine* a new novel, for which he was to be paid $2,000—a sum larger in 1850 than in 1867, and considered very large for the favor demanded. The watchful Harpers sent out on the next steamer a messenger who went directly to Mr. Dickens and found him ready for any reasonable offer. *The Post* with Dr. Griswold's paragraph being shown him, he at once decided to hold the Yankees to the terms therein set forth, and agreed for the two thousand dollars to furnish Harper & Brothers with advanced sheets of the next novel, which was "Bleak House." The messenger of *The International* had made the very great blunder of going to Mr. Dickens's publishers instead of to Mr. Dickens himself, was told that Mr. Dickens was busied about private theatricals which would probably absorb his attention for an indefinite period, and that no new novel was in contemplation. In fact, it is very probable that, on account of the bargain with Harpers, "Bleak House" was written before it otherwise would have been. However this may be, the gentleman who represented *The International* rested satisfied with what he had been told, and, without seeing Mr. Dickens, proceeded to the Continent in search of health, while Harpers' shrewder messenger secured the coveted prize, and the publishers of *The International* soon transferred their subscription list to their competitors. It appears then that Messrs. Stringer & Townsend took the first step, albeit an abortive one, in the business of paying English authors for advanced sheets, a good custom, and one which seems to have benefited Mr. Dickens alone to the extent of about $60,000. To this let us add, as connected with the subject, that one of the firm of Hurd & Houghton, being in England a few years since, offered to pay Mr. Dickens a certain share of the profits on the "Household Edition" which they publish. This Mr. Dickens would not receive, considering himself debarred by his agreement with Messrs. Harper & Brothers.

—If a majority with a conscience and an ideal respect for the rights of the minority were alone needed, Mr. Hare's scheme of representative government would not seem so impracticable as it does. The Puritans of Massachusetts Bay had, in regard to church government, almost a conviction "that the whole body must agree, else nothing proceeds;" but some stood up for "the major part" carrying it against the lesser part, and they brought this practice under the general rule in this wise:

> "If the lesser party dissenting neither can give satisfaction to the greater nor will receive satisfaction from them, but still persist in dissenting, then doe the major part (after due forbearance and calling in the counsel of some neighboring churches) judicially admonish them; who being thus *under censure*, their voyce is now extinct and made voide. And so the rest proceed to vote," etc.

The quotation is from W. Rathband's "Brief Narration of some Church Courses in New England." It may be coupled with the following, which we take from a pamphlet published nearly two centuries later, in 1825, containing articles of agreement drawn up and recommended by the London Co-operative Society "for the formation of a community on principles of mutual co-operation":

> "We engage to abide in all cases by the votes of the majority, but the majority engage never to require the concurrence of the minority in any measures but those in which the interests of the majority are incompatible with the gratification of the wishes of the minority."

From these examples it would appear that the minority is as little secure, in the last resort, from a majority that takes account of it in theory as from one by which it is utterly disregarded except as inferior and submissive.

—Mr. Howard Challen has bound the first six numbers of his "Uniform Trade List Circular" into one volume, containing the complete lists (priced) of no less than ninety-eight American publishing houses. It is Mr. Challen's intention, if "the trade" will support him in the undertaking, to put into the hands of each bookseller semi-annually every trade list in the country, with corrections to date of publication, bound in a substantial volume, which will be sold at a low price. It is not necessary to say that if he does this Mr. Challen will do a great service to all who have to buy and sell books, and to all whose business or a part of whose business it is to know exactly what books are published, who are their publishers, what are their prices, and other such information. Among the ninety-eight firms whose lists are to be found in the first volume are nearly all the large publishing houses in the country, D. Appleton & Co., G. W. Carleton & Co., and Little & Brown being the only prominent names that we miss from the collection.

—The fourth volume in the "Library of New England History" of Messrs. Wiggin & Lunt, of Boston, is Thomas Lechford's "Plaine Dealing; or, Newes from New-England," with an introduction and notes by Mr. J. Hammond Trumbull. Mr. Lechford was the first lawyer—we were going to say, that Boston ever boasted, but his profession was decidedly looked upon with suspicion by the magistrates of Massachusetts Bay, and his religious tenets (since he could not easily hold his peace) had nearly brought him into trouble. His "news," when first published abroad, was very recent news, being published so soon after the founding of the colony as 1642, upon his return to England. It related chiefly to the ecclesiastical polity of the Puritans, which gave him an opportunity for "plaine dealing." Cotton dubbed him a plain dealer in falsehood, but this must be understood in a theological sense, for Lechford seems to have been a man of integrity, and to have commanded the respect of those even who thought him a heretic and grudged him a living. His testimony as to matters of fact and observation is corroborated in a remarkable manner, and his temper is Christian and almost affectionate throughout. No one can omit to read him who wishes to penetrate the church history of Massachusetts, and incidentally will be found some curious information about early settlements and their pastors, about the Indians, and the general location of the colonies from Maine to Florida. Mr. Trumbull's notes are admirable in being apposite, instructive, and totally devoid of pedantry. We do not recall one that we thought superfluous. There are two pages of fac-simile, and the rest of the book is printed in last century type, on excellent paper with broad margins, with great clearness and beauty. The press-work is that of Messrs. Geo. C. Rand & Avery, who did some notable printing in the days of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," but none so good as this, we think. A partial view of New England forty years later, which has also considerable value, is contained in Vol. I. of the "Memoirs of the Long Island Historical Collection," just published by Joel Munsell, of Albany. This is a translation from the Dutch of the journal of Jaspar Dankers and Peter Sluyter, who visited New York and other of the colonies in 1679–80. The Apostle Eliot "deplored [to them] the decline of the church in New England, and especially in Boston, so that he did not know what would be the final result;" but he was able to speak hopefully of the conversion of the Indians, the lack of attention to which had seemed so scandalous to Lechford, although the controversial lawyer professed not to see how it could be undertaken except by the Established Church.

—The sub-masters of the grammar schools of Boston, convened recently in regular meeting, thought it expedient to pass a resolution expressing their "strong disapprobation of an editorial notice in the March number of *The Massachusetts Teacher* commending an article in the January number of *The North American Review* on the 'Life and Character of Daniel Webster.'" The sub-masters, doubtless, had a right to express their disapprobation of the course pursued by the editors of their own peculiar periodical, and for that matter there is nothing to prevent their regularly each week passing judgment on Mr. Parton's latest article or any other conceivable thing; but they seem to have gone a good way further than a simple expression of their disapprobation. "The article in *The Review*," they say, "and the notice in *The Teacher* we regard as alike expressions of rancorous political hatred which not even the grave has power to soften." Resolutions are generally so dreadfully highflying and so little to be believed that we suppose the sub-masters, when they imputed this savage and wicked motive to four or five respectable gentlemen, were not saying just what they really thought. Probably they were saying only what they believed it would be very well to pretend that they thought. Certainly, if in this preposterous statement they told the truth as to their opinion, their opinion is of the least possible account. It must be a miraculously stupid person who honestly believes that Mr. Parton in writing, and the editors of *The North American Review* in publishing the essay on Webster, were actuated by "rancorous political hatred." The editor of *The Teacher* remarks that he presumes "that if the sentiments of teachers were canvassed" there would be as many to take his view of Mr. Webster's character as to take the sub-masters' view, "nowadays, at least." We have thought so too, but it seems likely that among the elderly, respectable citizens of Boston, the school committee-men, merchants, and so forth, Mr. Webster is still considered not only a lawyer and orator of great ability, but a worthy exemplar whom youth may imitate and the instructors of youth praise.

—Among their new English books Messrs. Scribner & Co. have the last English edition of the "Essays of Elia," "the only complete edition," as Mr. Moxon says, for it contains a preface and dedication written by Lamb, and never before published. Both dedication and preface bear date December 7, 1822. The latter is a very brief note addressed to J. Taylor, the publisher, and reads as follows:

> "I should like the enclosed Dedication to be printed, unless you dislike it. I like it. It is in the olden style. But if you object to it publish the book as it is.
>
> "Only pray don't let the printer mistake the word 'curt' for 'curst.'
>
> "C. L."

Seemingly Mr. Taylor did object to the proposed dedication, which he probably thought not sufficiently respectful to the injudicious reader. In fact, it is not ceremoniously polite. And the reference to the fourth glass might alone frighten a publisher:

> "DEDICATION.
>
> "To the Friendly and Judicious Reader, who will take these Papers as they were meant; not understanding everything perversely in its absolute and literal sense, but giving fair construction as to an after-dinner's conversation, allowing for the rashness and necessary incompleteness of first thoughts, and not remembering for the purpose of an after taunt words spoken peradventure after the fourth glass, the author wishes (what also he would will for himself) plenty of good friends to stand by him, good books to solace him, prosperous event to all his honest undertakings, and a candid interpretation to his most hasty words and actions.
>
> "The other sort (and he hopes many of them will purchase his book, too) he greets with the curt invitation of Timon, 'Uncover, dogs, and lap,' or he dismisses them with the confident security of the philosopher, 'You beat but on the case of
>
> ELIA.'"

The book is a very neat little volume, and, considering the prices that English books now command in the American market, is surprisingly cheap.

EMANUEL SWEDENBORG.[*]

Two prevalent misconceptions straiten Swedenborg's just renown. One is, that he is a mystic. He is thus classified even by Mr. Emerson, who has otherwise dealt him so fair an appreciation in his "Representative Men." Now the mystic is, above all things, a specialist in his conception of the Divine action and providence; while Swedenborg was, above all things, a universalist. The mystic proper is a man who claims a private and exceptional access to the Divine heart—a regenerate access, so to say—and he is out of all sympathy accordingly with the common mind, with minds of a humbler conceit than his own. He has reached, in his own opinion, a vantage-ground with respect to Divine truth from which the mob of unregenerate persons are excluded, and which they are incompetent to estimate. Swedenborg was an utter stranger to this devout vanity. He was all his life, early and late, a devout aspirant to Divine knowledge; but he was also a disinterested one. He sought it for its own pure sake alone, and with no view to his own personal distinction. That is to say, he never pursued it by the occult and unwholesome methods of a private, assiduous court towards God, but only by the open, serene, impersonal ways of science and philosophy. Even the extraordinary claim he makes to have had his spiritual sight opened (in order that he might testify from experience how entirely and intensely human the world beyond the grave is) is remarkable for its utter freedom from personal pretension, and puts forth only a public or scientific significance. We cannot imagine, indeed, how any one familiar with his books can fail to perceive that the mystical pretension—the pretension to enjoy some private or personal consideration at the Divine hands—must have been infinitely revolting to his modest soul.

The other misconception in question is, that he was of an ecclesiastical turn of mind and was ambitious to add another and more rapacious sect to the number already existing. This notion is more obviously preposterous than the former, since the sectarian temper is what makes to him the precise difference of hell from heaven. If he succeeds in making any conviction clear, it is that the ecclesiastical life of the world had reached its term; that is to say, had so fatally lowered the religious mind of the race, at all events in Christendom, as to cut it off evermore from celestial succor, and imperatively to call, therefore, upon the Lord not for any new and more egotistic sect indeed, but for the establishment of an altogether new—because, for the first time in history, *living* and *spiritual*—church upon earth in which his benignant name should never fail to be glorified. Swedenborg was apparently inclined to speculate whether any marked political or ecclesiastical complications would result from the disclosures which he conceived himself commissioned to make of the spiritual contents of revelation. But the angels rebuked his solicitude, teaching him that what he calls the Last Judgment, and describes as having taken place under his own observation in "the world of spirits," would have no direct outward effect upon states or churches, but only an indirect inward one by releasing the human mind itself from the bondage of priestcraft and superstition. "To outward appearance divided churches would exist as before; their dogmas would be taught as before, and the same religions as now would exist among the Gentiles. But thenceforth *the man of the church* would be in *a more free state of thinking* on matters of faith, or on spiritual things which relate to heaven, because spiritual liberty had now been restored to him by the reduction of all things, whether in heaven or in hell, to order." The angels of whom he sought light upon these questions told him that "they knew nought of things to come, for that such knowledge belonged to the Lord alone; but this much they *did* know, namely, that the slavery in which the man of the church had been hitherto held was now abolished, and hence that he could, if he were so inclined, freely perceive interior truths, and thus be made more internal. They observed, however, that they had slender hope of such results in the men of the Christian Church" ("Last Judgment," 73, 74).

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[*] "Emanuel Swedenborg; his Life and Writings. By William White." 2 vols. 8vo. London. 1867.

"Life of Emanuel Swedenborg. By W. White. With an Introduction by Rev. B. F. Barrett." 1 vol. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott. 1867.

"The Divine Attributes. By Emanuel Swedenborg." Lippincott. 1867.

"Heaven and Hell; from Things Seen and Heard. By Emanuel Swedenborg." Lippincott. 1867.

If, then, Swedenborg was as far as possible from being either a mystic or an ecclesiastic, what in truth was he? Mr. White's book was written to answer this question. He has accomplished his task with great care and elaboration, and though we think he has perhaps bestowed too much attention upon certain persons who style themselves *receivers* of Swedenborg's doctrines, but whose unfounded ecclesiastical ambition does much, as he conceives, to imperil in the world's regard their master's beautiful *human* lustre, we are, nevertheless, free to say that his book is in all points a most readable one. Let enquirers betake themselves, then, by all means, to Mr. White's very handsome volumes just issued in London, or else to the smaller biography, by the same hand, issued by Messrs. Lippincott. And when they shall have thus got their outside curiosity appeased, they will find in the very beautiful edition of Swedenborg's own writings now passing through the press of the Lippincotts an ample quietus to any profounder intellectual question they may entertain in the premises. One can ask no better introduction to Swedenborg's personal acquaintance than Mr. White offers. He is free of any servile or superstitious reverence towards his author, and has no ecclesiastical biases to deflect his honest philosophic judgment. But as to what Swedenborg practically teaches, as to the great public scope and influence of his books upon the future of thought, Mr. White, while he assuredly does not balk enquiry in this direction, is not at sufficient pains, in our opinion, to disengage the elements which go to its solution. Let us briefly indicate our own view of the subject.

The startling news which Swedenborg professes to have learned in angelic converse is calculated to produce a revolution in the metaphysic sphere, the sphere of *thought*, no less signal and complete than that produced by Copernicus in the physical realm, the realm of *science*. His news amounts in substance to this: 1. Our conscious life, whether physical or moral, in place of being the absolute thing it *seems*, is most rigidly conditioned every moment upon spiritual laws which invariably determine its complexion. 2. Hence, of course, both our sensible and our rational judgments—our judgments alike of simple pleasure and pain, and of composite good and evil—are liable to the very gravest fallacy unless they are duly rectified by spiritual observation. This revolutionary logic is fundamental to Swedenborg's system of thought, and pervades every word he utters; but it attains to its full philosophic dimensions only in his doctrine of the "Lord; or, Divine Natural Manhood." For if it be true, as he alleges, that our life in nature is purely subjective or phenomenal, as having in itself no objective reality, then obviously Nature must either confess herself an unqualified illusion, which is abhorrent to thought, or else consent simply to *reveal* a love, a wisdom, and a power truly infinite and creative. Accordingly Swedenborg compels all nature into this divine vassalage; into a literal unswerving imagery and correspondence of the spiritual creation. Nature is no longer worth one jot in itself or on absolute grounds, but only as a *revelation*, adapted to a finite intelligence, of the otherwise inscrutable creative perfection. Thus the truth of God's *natural* humanity, *i. e.*, of his plenary abode and operation not merely in this, that, or the other spiritually rarefied intelligence, but also, and much more, in the common mind of the race—in our actual flesh-and-blood consciousness in short, or in all those appetites and passions of our nature which ally us organically with beast and plant and stone—becomes in Swedenborg's hands not only the consummate flower of a true theology and philosophy, but the underground root or fundamental *datum* of all true science as well. It is astonishing to note the childlike good faith and serenity with which, amidst universal unbelief and derision, the devout and solitary scholar pursued for long years his sublimely humane studies; but whatever opinion we may form of the conclusions to which he comes, no one familiar with his books can doubt that they furnish to future speculation—religious, scientific, or philosophic—a storehouse of facts and experiences inestimably precious.

It must not be inferred, however, from what we have said, that Swedenborg's books are anything like a mere reassertion of the ordinary orthodox dogma of the incarnation. On the contrary, and in spite of a superficial resemblance between the two doctrines, they exhibit a lively rational contrast; so that, in point of fact, Swedenborg's cosmologic scheme is far more germane to our modern scientific or "sceptical" tendencies than it is to the technical "religious" reaction those tendencies provoke. The orthodox theories of the incarnation allow it a purely accidental, never an incidental, relevancy to creation. They always represent it as a mere event in time and space, like the rise of Mohammedanism or any similar event, long foreseen, no doubt, and entailing endless consequences to the race, but still a mere historic event destined to obviate a purely historic catastrophe. The human race, instead of maintaining its original integrity as it might have done, had grossly degenerated, and would ere long have descended to pure unmixed diabolism, had not the Divine power violently interposed to avert the dire calamity. Swedenborg's view, whether it be true or false in point of fact, is incomparably superior in point of philosophy to this, as the most cursory statement of it will show. With him the incarnation is no petty historic accident, contingent upon our good or bad behavior, but is itself the spiritual truth or substance out of which all history is woven. It is, in fact, the inmost law or logic—the eternal *word*—of creation itself. The great creative truth found its due and adequate revelation—found at last its normal and perfect literal expression—in the life, death, and resurrection of Jesus Christ. But these events, however majestic in themselves, and however magisterial in their sway over all subsequent history, were yet at bottom a most strict derivation from that primitive root, that grander spiritual verity. No doubt Christ's bosom experience, for the first time in history, gave body to what was before mere nebulous or chaotic substance; gave individual or human form to what before was merely universal or naturally-diffused truth; and thus not only exalted every feeblest man of woman born into cosmical width and worth, by compelling all nature and history into the service of human society or brotherhood, but also gave him a consciousness of direct individual and unlimited fellowship with God. But for that very reason this bosom experience of the Christ claimed a far deeper spring than either nature or history, since it obediently reflected the creative law itself.

How so? Why is it necessary, in order to the spiritual or philosophic conception of creation, that the Creator should abase himself to the level of the created nature, or incarnate himself without stint and without repining in the lineaments of the creature? An intelligent answer to this enquiry will afford the reader a decisive test of Swedenborg's intellectual force and veracity, and after having briefly furnished the elements of such answer we shall conclude.

The incarnation, upon which Swedenborg makes the entire truth of creation to pivot, grows, as he represents, out of the necessity the creature is under to have *selfhood*, which is subjective identity, or conscious separation from the creator; for, unless the creature be *self*-limited, he would be undistinguishable from the creator. If God were a mere artist or maker like ourselves, and not an absolute creator, this necessity would not exist. If he were a mere maker and not a creator as well; if, in other words, his proper creature were a lifeless statue and not a flesh-and-blood man, there could be no difficulty in creating, since the needful material for that purpose would be at hand. No doubt God *is* a maker; that is, he gives objective individuality to his offspring, just as the artist does to his. But he is above and before all things else what the artist is not—namely, *an absolute creator;* and hence he confers upon his offspring what no artist is able or is expected to confer upon the work of his hands—namely, *natural or subjective identity*, no less than spiritual or objective individuality. That is to say, he is obliged to make himself over to the creature in the plenitude of his perfection, in order that the creature may phenomenally appear, or even seem to be, in himself. And certainly no artist ever communicates himself to his work in such a fashion as to make the work glow with all his proper life, while he himself actually lapses from sight. Thus the Divine power alone is truly creative, because it is the power to make things be absolutely—*i. e.*, in themselves or irrespectively of other things—while our power is at best only artistic or productive, being the power to make things exist not in themselves, but in relation to other things exclusively. He alone confers life or consciousness, because his offspring are really or inwardly created by him, and hence are inevitably instinct with his vital perfection. The work of our hands, on the contrary, not being inwardly created by us, but only outwardly formed or made out of pre-existent materials, does not manage to reflect even our own poor derivative life, but is all unconscious or dead.

Such is the philosophic ground of the incarnation ; the difference between a dead and a living creation. The creature's life or consciousness is rigidly contingent upon it, so that while we simply *idealize* ourselves in our work, and consequently leave the work itself lifeless, God actually *incarnates* himself in his work, and by so doing makes it breathe and glow with immortal subjective life and joy. We have no space to pursue the subject here, and must confine ourselves to one brief concluding word. Let no one dread any pantheistic issues to Swedenborg's cosmology. His scheme of creation is, indeed, at a world-wide remove from pantheism. For the incarnation, by his showing, only purports to give the creature that *quasi*-existence in himself, or phenomenal projection from God, which may fitly base his real or essential conjunction with him. It purports, at most, to confer upon the creature only that natural or subjective identity which binds him to mineral and vegetable and animal, in order that this bondage may stimulate within him an inevitable reaction towards that spiritual or objective individuality which alone truly allies him in eternal fellowship with God.

GOULD'S GOOD ENGLISH.[*]

A MAN once said to his friend, at the end of a discussion, "I *maintain* my opinion for all that." "Excuse me," was the rejoinder, "you *re*tain your opinion." Thereupon the man, let us hope, took the so-called friend by the ear, led him to the door, and put him on his road home, where only, as a wise Frenchman once remarked, men may be permitted to play the fool. This very small business of word-catching has been of late pushed to an absurd extreme ; to use a phrase which, we trust, will set Mr. G. W. Moon's teeth on edge, it has been run very far into the ground. Mr. Grant White makes some remarks, on the whole judicious and worth making, upon the much praised and too little imitated style of Addison, and publishes them in *The Galaxy*. At once somebody in *Beadle's Magazine* applies the microscope to Mr. White's style, and the verbal critic is verbally hypercriticised. In the next *Galaxy* the verbal critic of verbal criticism is in turn verbally criticised by Mr. White, who replies to his animadversions, which were, indeed, as Mr. White shows, very much more nice than wise, and quite uncalled for. Dean Alford, in papers well enough meant, but which, correcting some errors, afford examples of many others, does indeed fall into an *ex-cathedra* and rather impudent way of speaking. Thereupon Mr. Moon, who, we should say, requires no provocation to flippancy, with greater self-complacency tramples on the great self-complacency of Dean Alford, increasing the dean's sin by letting it be the cause of his own infliction upon the public patience. Encouraged by his success with the dean's English, Mr. Moon is moved to seek more glory, and breaks some of his teeth on the somewhat different English of Mr. Marsh ; but, in the midst of his onset, finds himself obliged to adopt the defensive. Soon, however, he puts in practice the Hungarian system of defence, and guards his own head by attacking his opponent's. It is easy to see that there need be no end, this side of insanity, to these criticisms, replications to criticisms, rejoinders to replications, surrejoinders to rejoinders, rebutters to surrejoinders, surrebutters to rebutters, and so on and so on, for ever and ever, in infinite series.

For our own part, we have been led by our experience of the past year or so to look upon the poor despised punster as a very respectable member of the human fellowship when compared with the inveterate purist. The man whose trifling with words is avowed trifling, and intended to promote laughter, from him there is sometimes even positive pleasure to be had. But the pedantic purism which would, for example, forbid us to use "maintain" to express a meaning which for centuries that word has been employed to express, what is that but folly of a sort at once ridiculous and very disagreeable ?—ridiculous, because a self-conceited attempt to do the impossible is a thing to be laughed at ; disagreeable, because, after all, we are not so wholly given over to a reprobate mind that self-conceit, at any rate another man's self-conceit, does not give us some pain, and also because another's self-conceit is generally gratified at some slight expense to our own. The punster's foible, like the vain man's, is at the worst a social failing ; the purist's partakes of the nature of pride, and almost always its victim becomes a sad nuisance, pert, a caviller, a seeming vaunter of his own parts, too knowing, busy about nothings, pedantic—in short, a word-catcher, a verbal critic.

At the best, verbal criticism is, so far as concerns its usefulness, a work of rather a low kind ; and, being a barren field that the best men will hardly work in, it is turned over to a crowd of people of small abilities and small attainments. Yet, for its proper performance, it requires great knowledge and ability of a peculiar kind. To be a good verbal critic of English, a critic who should not lead astray quite as often as he sets right, one ought to know well three or four modern and one or two ancient languages, be very well acquainted with the entire literature of a great many generations of English writers, and be possessed of much acuteness of mind. Unfortunately it is true of verbal criticism, what they say of the Italian language, that one may very easily learn it well enough to talk, and may only with very great difficulty learn it thoroughly. So we have Alfords by the hundred, and Moons to show us that we should be very foolish to take the Alfords as teachers, and Goulds and others to point out the stupidities of the Moons, and legions more to darken as much as they enlighten, and to tire us out with strictures, some of them just, some of them silly, most of them finical.

Mr. Gould's book, which is not slightly marked by some of the faults we have been speaking of, deals for the most part with very obvious errors in grammar, orthoepy, and orthography—such errors as have often been commented on. "Looked beautiful" is right, he tells us, and "looked beautifully" is wrong. He reminds us that an epithet is always an adjective and never a noun, and that an epithet may have a good meaning ; that to substitute the phrase "over his signature" for the phrase "under his signature" is apparently to correct and really to commit a blunder ; that the noun "alternative" means a choice between two things, and does not mean one of the things to be chosen ; that "firstly" is not to be used in place of "first ;" that the verb "plead" is a regular verb ; that "progress," as a verb, is neither an Americanism nor a modernism ; that "in our midst" is a common phrase, but one not to be tolerated ; that to say "a mutual friend" is to misuse the adjective ; that for "jeopardize," "leniency," "donate," "authoress," we should say "jeopard," "lenity," "give" or "present," and "author ;" that "wharf" in the plural is not "wharves" but "wharfs ;" that in the phrase "from hence" the "from" is superfluous ; that we all, Americans and Britons, are too fond of big words, and so forth.

Of course he ventures on some new ground. We shall follow him just a step. He very severely and unhesitatingly reprehends the use of the compound conjunction "but that," though its use is no doubt defensible. A low vulgarism he thinks it, and thus disposes of a sentence of Trench's :

> "Trench also says, in the same volume, 'I cannot think *but that* this is stated too strongly.' Which is not only, as *Polonius* says, 'a vile phrase,' but it fails to express the meaning of the writer. He means, 'I cannot *but think that*,' etc. In other words, he *says* he *cannot think*, and he *means* he *cannot help thinking*."

It is true that Trench meant "I cannot think otherwise than that," etc., or, "I cannot think anything BUT this, THAT," etc., or, elliptically, "I cannot think BUT THAT," etc. As he meant this, we are rather glad that he said it, and, for ourselves, shall feel free to use "but that" as he used it.

There is a large number of other similar cases in which Mr. Gould seems to us a good deal too peremptory and not right. But he will hardly vitiate our usage to any great extent, and at all events we do not propose—"purpose" we fear he would insist on our saying—to become what we have been condemning, a verbal critic. Certainly we shall not turn verbal critic of what is hardly worth other criticism, so Mr. Gould's own faults of style we leave untouched upon.

Besides the philological essays on common errors, on Dean Alford's and Mr. Moon's errors, and on Webster's vagaries in orthography, Mr. Gould prints in this volume a good essay with the title "Clerical Elocution." Much of the matter contained in the "Webster's Orthography" has already done service and good service in the war of the dictionaries.

CONINGTON'S TRANSLATION OF THE ÆNEID.[*]

PROF. CONINGTON's selection of Scott's ballad metre as the medium for his translation will hardly meet with general approval without a thorough questioning of the reasons for such a choice, in addition to the criticism of the way in which he has used it. His reasons he has merely glanced at in the preface. The metre which seems most eminently suited to express in English the flow of Virgil's hexameter is the Tennysonian blank-verse. That has all the dignity, the sweetness, the grace, and the flexibility possessed by the Latin verse. But then we should have no translation of Virgil. The time has passed when great original poets will content themselves with writing translations, except a fragment or two for illustration or amusement; and besides, there are not more than two or three poets in each age capable of writing a poem of even moderate length in readable blank-verse. No one in our generation can do it except Tennyson and Browning. We could wish that Mr. Tennyson would translate a book, at least, of the "Æneid" into that verse on which he has impressed a quality of his own as much as ever Shakespeare or Milton did. It would be a memorial to Surrey, whose fine translations of the second and fourth books are the first specimens of blank-verse in our language. The rhymed heroic verse is easier to employ. Mr. Conington says that a translator using this would fear too much a comparison with Dryden, who, free and paraphrastic as his translation is, has excelled in that verse. But in this metre the sense is too much broken up into couplets and the smoothness and equalness of the original destroyed. As if this were not evident enough in itself, the older editions of Dryden have an altered and unusual spelling of some words, so as to make the lines rhyme to the eye as well as the ear, and even then, distrusting the eye, always bracket a triplet and never divide a couplet at the bottom of a page, thus imparting a strange uneven aspect to the book. This metre has indeed been handled by Shelley and Keats, but by no one else, in a way to produce more continuous effect; "Lamia" and "Endymion" are examples. Here the sense runs beyond the couplets and ends at a cæsural pause, or in the middle of a couplet. The Spenserian stanza which Mr. Worsley used as his instrument in transfusing the "Odyssey," or indeed any form of stanza, would be still less suitable to the movement of Virgil than the couplets of Dryden. His complicated paragraphs could not be contained in stanzas. The only remaining metre, except the one actually used by Mr. Conington—for the unrhymed, irregular verse of Southey's "Thalaba" would assuredly in a translation degenerate into prose—is the hexameter, if, saving Mr. Matthew Arnold's pardon for the question, such a thing exists in English prosody. We are acquainted with the so-called hexameter of Longfellow and Clough and Kingsley, of Dr. Hawtrey, Sir John Herschel, and even of Mr. Arnold himself, but we find nothing similar to the classical measure. In that, as Mr. F. T. Palgrave has well pointed out in a review of this very book, there were two things, accent and quantity, which perpetually crossed or fell in with each other; and "it is this subtle play of the two systems which, like the different vital forces in the corporeal organization, or, better, like the interchange between melody and harmony in instrumental music, gives life to the metre." A strictly accentual hexameter, either in English or German, has nothing of this; it seems forced, unnatural, readily resolvable into a different system of metre. Quantitative verse may become naturalized with us as it did with the Latins, but it has not yet, and an experimental or unnaturalized metre is unsuitable for a translation, as not conveying the desired force to English ears. One experiment might be tried, totally destructive indeed of unity of effect, that of varying the metre to suit the exigencies of the case, but we apprehend a single trial would be more than enough.

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[*] "Good English ; or, Popular Errors in Language. By Edward S. Gould." New York : W. J. Widdleton. 12mo, pp. 228.

[*] "The Æneid of Virgil. Translated into English Verse by John Conington, M.A., Corpus Professor of Latin in the University of Oxford." Crown 8vo. W. J. Widdleton, New York. 1867.

The octosyllabic verse, the metre of Scott and Byron, in which this translation is written, has some advantages possessed by no others. It has a rapidity of movement which is eminently desirable in a long narrative poem. It makes the translation very readable as a whole. Slight changes in the movement enable it to express the sudden changes of feeling and subject of which the Æneid" is so full. It has much grace, is capable of pathos, and is not without dignity, though its chief fault lies here. It does not have the "majestic sweetness" which especially marks Virgil; the somewhat stilted style is absent; this modern metre is too free and easy. Yet the translator has managed to retain much more of the dignity of the original than would be thought possible by one who got his only ideas of the capabilities of the metre from the moss-trooper epics of Scott or the Oriental rhapsodies of Byron. It is seen far better in reading the work as a whole than in examining chance or select passages. This result is partly obtained by avoiding too much irregularity in the measure, especially any anapæstic movement. Once, in line 673 of Book IV., he indulges in a double rhyme, which might better have been avoided, as it also introduces ideas not in the original.

Mr. Conington has restrained himself from the temptation to diffuseness which this metre especially offers. He is oftentimes as concise as the original, and never so diffuse as Dryden. In style, Mr. Conington has carefully avoided the ballad-slang which Mr. Arnold so contemns. He has sometimes indulged himself in archaisms, such as "eym," "querne," "lorn," ‘prores;" but not so much as Virgil himself has done.

So far as the metre conduces to the general impression produced by the translation, we have already stated that we find it more nearly equal to the rapidity and vigor of the original than any other metre which has been used, though in dignity less suitable to the subject. In fidelity and closeness of rendering this version is unsurpassed. We have Virgil's own words, rarely one more, and seldom less, except in case of a repeated idea, when the conciseness gained by omitting one of the phrases conduces more to the Virgilian effect. In most cases the version is no less happy than faithful. Often it serves the purpose of a commentary on doubtful and disputed points. Indeed, the translation of so excellent a commentator could hardly do otherwise. An occasional expansion of a phrase serves the full purpose of an explanatory note.

"The covenant to which I came
Spoke but of guest and host"

fully expresses the idea of "aut hæc in fœdera veni," a phrase which Dryden leaves out entirely, and Pitt translates very blindly and loosely "a casual guest to own the bridal bands." A little further on we have

"Accipite hæc, meritumque malis advertite numen."

Dryden gives this

"Attend her curses and avenge her death."

Mr. Conington gives a beautiful example of what he elsewhere calls "embodied criticism" when he translates it by

"Stoop your great powers to ills that plead
To heaven, and my petition heed."

In the following passage the expansion of *clauso* into a full line cannot be complained of:

"His is that prison-house of stone,
A mansion, Enrus, all your own:
Then let him lord it to his mind,
The jailer monarch of the wind,
But keep its portal barred."

Not always, however, does Mr. Conington express himself with equal felicity. In the first thirteen lines of the first book he has done his worst, and one who gets his impression of a book from glancing over the opening pages can hardly get rid of the idea of frivolity which is then forced on him. The descriptions of nature are in general so well done that we would credit the translator with some poetic touches of his own did we not find on a careful examination that it was all in the original. See the description of Atlas in the fourth book; or still better, the "Est in secessu longo portus," etc., of the first book.

Of a lively narrative the account of the games in the fifth book is the best example, especially that of the boat-race, which is as good in its way as the celebrated one in "Tom Brown at Oxford." It is too long to quote here, but it shows the power of Mr. Conington's verse, as well as the tendency which he sometimes has to be too rapid and to overlook such expressions as "tum vero," which mark the calm spectator rather than the partisan.

In the same way a lyrical pathos is added where the original expressed a mere meditative and pensive sadness more suited to the epic poem. Thus, in

"O socii (neque enim ignari sumus ante malorum),
O passi graviora, dabit deus his quoque finem,"

where Æneas mildly reminds his companions of their already large experience of ills, Mr. Conington beautifully translates,

"Comrades and friends! for ours is strength
Has brooked the test of woes;
O worse-scarred hearts! these wounds at length
The Gods will heal, like those."

But we have not space to say all that we should like to say in regard to particular beauties and particular blemishes in this version. We have indicated its strength and its weakness, and, to sum up all, would say that Mr. Conington's translation is for us of to-day the best translation of the "Æneid" in existence, and that it is likely to remain the best. The book can be read without the slightest feeling of weariness, but with growing interest from beginning to end. Dryden's translation, on the other hand, is interesting and beautiful only in disconnected single passages.

A WORSE THAN WORTHLESS TEXT-BOOK.[*]

THE plan of this work is very extensive, being nothing less than a universal encyclopædia of the fine arts. It is a thick octavo containing 840 pages of fair size, divided into books, chapters, and sections, and, although without an index, partially unlocked by a very full analytical table of contents. The first book deals with the nature of man and with the influence of the fine arts upon him. It is nearly 200 pages long, and contains an elaborate discussion of the influence of external nature upon the different senses, a review of the authorities who have laid down the laws of perception and feeling, and an essay upon the development of the artistic emotions and power. The second book, of 70 pages, is devoted to drawing, defined as "the representing of forms on a plane." The third book considers sculpture, or "the executing of forms in all their dimensions," and is of 100 pages. Book four has to do with architecture; it is about 100 pages long, and within this space a complete history of the art in all times and countries is essayed. Painting, or "the adding of color to form," occupies 230 pages, Book fifth. The sixth and seventh books, of 75 and 50 pages respectively, are devoted one to landscape gardening, the other to "the decorative arts; artificial accessories and ornaments in nature and of works in art."

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[*] "Elements of Art Criticism, comprising a treatise on the Principles of Man's Nature as adduced by Art, together with a Historic Survey of the Methods of Art Execution in the Departments of Drawing, Sculpture, Architecture, Painting, Landscape Gardening, and the Decorative Arts. Designed as a Text-Book for Schools and Colleges, and as a Hand-Book for Amateurs and Artists. By G. W. Samson, D.D., Pres. of Columbian College, Washington, D. C." 8vo, pp. 848. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1867.

The great number of subjects of study and enquiry which surround to his distraction every educated man has made into a sort of proverb the need there is of small books on great subjects. The ideal small book on a great subject is the work of an expert, the crowning labor of a life of study of one branch with its cognate branches of learning. It must contain the essential facts infallibly seized and clearly stated; nothing superfluous or otherwise than necessary to a just comprehension of the whole subject; no comments which a clever reader could make for himself; absolutely no partisanship and no prejudices. This book on art criticism, then, which seems intended to cover the whole ground, ought to be a collection of such compact and complete essays as we have imagined, or else a single composition; an intelligent presentation by a person capable of shrewd discrimination, sound decision, and accurate statement of all the essential facts about the subject in hand. There exists a work on the manifold art of architecture which comes nearer to our ideal treatise than people have any right to expect in this century: Viollet-le-Duc's admirable and exhaustive "Entretiens sur l'Architecture." It is not a very small book, to be sure, but it may be ages before we get a smaller book on *that* great subject.

Dr. Samson's single "book" on architecture is necessarily briefer in its discussion of tendencies than the French architect's elaborately reasoned treatise. Each of his single "books" had need to be short and abrupt; but there was no reason that they should be marked by the absence of every excellence which goes to make up worthy treatises on such subjects. A text-book for colleges, as this declares itself to be, needs peculiarly to have not only the virtues of accuracy in fact, intelligence in judgment, and clearness of statement, but also the higher excellence of nearly complete presentment of the whole subject. We state beforehand the standard by which we judge this work, because it has received praise in some quarters to which one looks for good judgment; this praise being given, apparently, to the book merely as an American book on the fine arts, not to any actual praiseworthy qualities of the work itself. Judged by any standard, the work is very inadequate; but judged by the standard by which we have a right to try a new and somewhat pretentious setting forth of the elements of criticism, it is very much worse than useless, a very harmful book to any college student or general reader who might take it as an authority.

There is the less danger of this, however, because the most prominent characteristic of the book is a nearly unequalled confusion of thought and vagueness of expression. It is one of the most difficult books to read we ever opened. The mind slips off from its loose, unattractive sentences. After having read a section, the next thing to do is to go back and see what it has all been about. Even when the meaning is evident, the style is very loose and inelegant. "At sixteen he [Sir Edwin Landseer] executed the famous St. Bernard dogs rescuing a traveller from the snow, which his father engraved and made his very best work in that line of art." "From the first Landseer continued to be self-educated." "The rapidly succeeding volumes of Ruskin are at once an indication of the new and native field for criticism now open in England and America, as well as the popular demand for information in this department of liberal study." "Landscape gardening, broad in its sensual appeals, is restricted in its spiritual addresses." "As the masters and instructors of the races peopling Africa, quick and energetic in grasping rudimentary conceptions, docile as learners and untiring in application, Asiatic lords have advanced this art among rude tribes, as they did in ancient Egypt, just so far and so long as their rule has extended."

We have taken pains to note one class of mistakes, not throughout the work but in a section here and there, namely, mistakes of fact. The number of these is extraordinary. They are heaped together in some places; total mistakes of fact, inaccuracies, misconceptions of meaning, and misapplications of critical remarks. If we turn to a place where these mistakes are thickest, as on pages 444 and 445, it is difficult to point out all the wrongness of the text. We find Dr. Samson arguing that "while the Byzantine style was rising in the East to such magnificence, the Roman Basilica was declining in worth and in favor," and this because the Goths had come to Rome; and that, as for the Goths, "though they failed to introduce Gothic architecture into Italy, they arrested the spread of the Roman style northward." In the first place, the greatest Roman (and other) basilicas were built just at the time that Byzantine architecture was, etc.—that is, between A.D. 350 and 550; secondly, the barbarians who came to Rome built those same basilicas, with willing though ignorant energy, in Ravenna and Milan and wherever they wanted churches; thirdly, Gothic architecture was not of the Goths in any sense, the word "Gothic" as applied to the art in question being of the seventeenth century; fourthly, the "Gothic" architecture did spread all over Italy; fifthly, the Roman style had spread all over Europe before the Goths were heard of, and was as common in Britain as in the imperial city; sixthly, it was as rapidly abandoned in Rome as in France, and for the same reasons.

In the next paragraph we are told that "the style of roof in every cottage" in Piedmont and Switzerland is a "style of knife-blade roof as universal as the short petticoat skirts of the mountain women, and as unchanging as the everlasting hills themselves," and that the use of these roofs is to "cut and throw off the deluge of snow falling at the mountain's foot, or the *avalanche* slipping from its sides!" The fact is that there are no steep-roofed cottages in Switzerland or Tyrol or the mountain valleys of Piedmont. We are next offered the thousand times exploded theory that the vaulting of a Gothic church is derived from the "intertwining of the arching boughs of forest trees;" a theory born during the times when the history of architecture was as unknown as geology, and impossible to be held by any one who understands either the science or the history of vaulted construction. Going on a few lines we find it stated that "the Gothic architecture never penetrated further southward than Milan," leaving us wondering what to call the style of architecture of the cathedral and bell-tower and half the churches at Florence, of the cathedral and town-hall of Siena, and the numerous and lovely buildings of three centuries throughout the peninsula. But Mr. Sampson finds that Milan cathedral, "though truly Gothic in external tracery and pinnacles, is truly Grecian in its window caps and in the statues tipping its pinnacles, showing"—various things. But the mistake here is that the "Grecian" window caps were built in the latter half of the sixteenth century by a great architect of the Renaissance, and that the bastard Gothic of the west front and most of the insipid statues are more modern still, having been entirely built since 1800. All the sections which treat of architecture are as inaccurate as they can well be; but, as is not surprising, this art is the most hardly treated of any. What chance has an American, guided by such authorities as Mr. Samson quotes, and starting with the confounding of the arts of building and of architecture, to ap-proach the truth even accidentally? To Mr. Samson there is really no difference between a beaver's building and a man's, and both are architecture.

There is a little more matter and fewer fatal mistakes in the essay on painting than elsewhere. But this also is made useless to students by the faultiness of the criticisms which it contains—criticisms generally borrowed, it is true, from some one of the writers on the fine arts who from Schlegel to Waagen, from Fuseli to Mrs. Jameson, have done so much to confuse the subject.

We cannot do justice to this book, and may as well stop at one place as at another. It is a matter of great regret that any respectable journals should have carelessly praised it.

Walks and Homes of Jesus. Rev. Daniel March. (Philadelphia: Presbyterian Publication Society. 1867.)—Among Congregational clergymen there are some more learned than Mr. March, there are many whose names are far better known, but the denomination contains few preachers who better unite wide culture with the earnestness without which a preacher is nothing. So he writes a sermon which one cannot help listening to, and which one, after listening to it, willingly reads. This pleasant book, one of the pleasantest of its kind that we have ever read, may be said to be composed of such sermons. We are never suffered to forget the heavenly home and our walk thither while reading of the earthly walks and abiding-places of the Saviour. For the rest, one knows Palestine better after seeing the frequently vivid and always clear pictures which Mr. March draws for us, and a man who has not read the Gospels with the helps that such books as this aim to give, and this one succeeds in giving, has much to learn as well as a pleasure to come.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION *should be addressed to the Editor.*

THE WORK BEFORE THE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION.

THE three constitutions framed successively by the people of New York have had such an important influence upon the whole nation that we may reasonably expect the action of the convention which has just been elected, in case of its ratification by the people, to have a like influence. Its deliberations, therefore, will be of some interest to the whole country, which has a right to expect from New York an example of genuine reform. The New York constitution of 1777 furnished the basis of the Federal Constitution adopted in 1789; while the adoption here in 1846 of an elective judiciary, of elections by single districts, and of a system of decentralization, led many other States to follow in the same path.

The first duty of the convention will be to secure to its members the amplest freedom of discussion. Already some impatience is expressed in certain quarters at the prospect of much talk and a long session. Against such impatience, however natural it may be, we would most earnestly warn the convention. The subjects for its consideration are few, but each of them exceedingly complex in its nature and bearings, as well as momentous in importance. They have been scarcely discussed at all in public; and the members of the convention will find within two weeks from their assembling that not twenty of them are of one mind upon any one point, owing to the lack of that comparison of views in public which enables parties to harmonize and unite in support of definite policies.

Thus, for example, a majority of the delegates from the interior are likely to be satisfied with the workings of the elective judiciary system in their own neighborhood, while fully convinced of the evils produced by the same system in the city of New York. The few Republican members from the southern part of the State will feel more interest in the abolition of the elective judiciary than in any other question; while the Democrats have nominated some of their worst men for the purpose of securing the retention of that system at any cost. There will thus be four or five sections in the convention upon this point, one desirous of the entire abolition of the elective system, another desirous of its entire preservation, another wishing to abolish it in the cities, while retaining it in the country, another proposing to elect judges by the whole State instead of by districts, and still others of different views. Many days of earnest argument will be needed to develop out of such conflicting ideas a theory which will command the necessary assent of the people. Discussion, then, of the fullest and freest nature, is the first necessity of the convention.

In the next place, *courage* is imperatively required. The convention meets in the midst of gigantic evils. There is no doubt in the minds of well-informed men that our legislators are bought and sold like cattle, that our public prosecutors are habitually bought off or menaced off the line of duty, that our jails are hot-beds of crime, and that a large number of inferior judicial officers, with several judges of high rank, are more vile than the thieves whom they sentence. Yet no one dares to attack these plunderers openly, or to say in public a tithe of what he knows. The convention, in order to command popular support for the radical reforms which it will desire to effect, ought to search out these iniquities. It will have plenty of members who can expose them if they will, and a few who have both the ability and the disposition to do so, if encouraged by their associates. But the danger is that timid counsels will keep these men silent, or persuade them to speak in such euphuistic language as to leave no impression upon the public mind. If the legal members from the cities of New York and Brooklyn would only tell in plain words half that they know of the frightful corruptions that prevail there, we should have no doubt of the result, either in the convention or upon the popular vote.

There are abundant indications of a design on the part of the railroad and canal interests to break down all the barriers interposed by the present constitution to the creation of debt and to schemes for squandering public property. It is to be hoped that all such efforts will be resisted to the last. The restrictions of the constitution of 1846 upon the creation of public debt, upon the loan of the public credit, and upon all measures expending the funds of the State upon private or local objects, need tightening rather than relaxing. The provision making revocable all grants to corporations should be extended to grants of every kind, so as to prevent the repetition of the disgraceful trick by which valuable franchises have been given away by irrepealable acts to groups of individuals, who immediately afterward organized themselves into corporations. But these very men are strongly represented in the convention, and will, we fear, be able to defeat this just and necessary amendment.

The local nominations have, upon the whole, been of such a character as to give us more hope of a good result from the labors of the convention than we felt immediately after the nominations had been made for the State at large. There will be many able, experienced, and honest men in the convention; and if they will but bring courage, patience, and perseverance to their work, we believe that the new constitution may disappoint the enemies of reform and prove a triumphant success.

THE LABOR CRISIS.

WHAT with strikes, trades unions, and the eight-hour agitation, the labor market is unsettled to a degree never before known, and not in this country only, but in France and England. The English artisans have not only brought their own organizations to great perfection, but they have succeeded in effecting a union with those of France and Belgium, so as to prevent the masters resorting, as they have frequently done, to either of those countries for labor during strikes at home. The bronze-workers and tailors, who are now on a strike in Paris, are actually assisted in holding out by contributions from the English trades unions, and the control of these trades unions over their own members offers one of the best illustrations yet witnessed of the force of democratic government, of the completeness of the obedience which men will render to authority of their own creation, even when it has no physical force at its back. It is quite true that these organizations do exact on all questions affecting the relations between employer and employed a complete sacrifice of individual tastes, opinions, and interests, and do inflict on anybody who disobeys their orders that most terrible of punishments, the reprobation of his own class; and this apparent tyranny has called down on them the unsparing denunciation both of English and French economists. But then it must be remembered that nothing short of this kind of discipline will effect the object in view. Nothing but perfect union amongst the workmen can give them their way as against the capitalists, and no penalties less severe than those now enforced would ensure this union. To abuse the trades unions, therefore, for tyranny, is to abuse them for existing at all, and this, of course, leaves the main question untouched.

The extension of the English organization to the Continent is perhaps the most striking result of the wonderful power of combination developed of late years amongst the working classes. It is partly the result of a congress held a year ago at Geneva, which was mainly managed by Englishmen, but which contained delegates from most of the Continental countries. The congress, however, was but a meeting of an association founded three or four years before and called the "International Association of Working-men," which now numbers over 150,000 members in England, France, Belgium, Switzerland, and Italy. Capital, wages, hours of labor, the condition of women, and various other subjects interesting to working-men, were freely discussed at it; an enormous amount of nonsense being talked, as might have been expected, the French and Italian workmen contributing the greater portion of it. But although they came to some very well defined conclusions on a variety of topics, the only practical result of the meeting was the establishment of unity of action as well as of sentiment between the English and Continental working-men, so that the English can strike now with a tolerable certainty that they will not be broken down by importations from France and Belgium.

The great strikes in England hitherto have been amongst the iron workers, carpenters, and masons. Within the last month the engine-drivers have struck on some of the principal lines of railroad, causing such inconvenience to the public in the neighborhood of London as almost to throw the whole machinery of business out of gear. They struck for higher wages, for equal wages for all capacities, and for promotion by seniority and not by merit. The rise in wages they carried, and compromised on the other points—a man passed over by the traffic manager having the right of appeal to the board of directors in case he thinks he has been unjustly treated. But they revealed in the course of the strike an amount of ability, good sense, moderation in statement, and power of combination which has astonished all England and alarmed a considerable portion of it. They published a paper, too, called *The Train*, which presented their case with remarkable cogency and yet with great self-restraint. The result was that they were met and reasoned with, both by the daily and weekly press, with an amount of respect and consideration such as, we believe, no body of strikers has ever before received. In fact, the art of combination is being brought to such perfection in all the trades that there will very soon not be one left in England which will not be able to make its terms with employers as one man while backed up by the resources of hundreds of thousands.

In America the trades unions are almost as powerful and strikes are as general if not as effective as in England. But the American workmen wield one weapon which is not within the reach of their European brethren, and that is political power, and this they are now using very freely to secure what no strike would ever induce capitalists to agree to, and that is the withdrawal from employers and employed of the power of fixing their relations by contract. The eight-hour movement, when it was first started two or three years ago, was laughed at by most men of intelligence outside the class who have appropriated to their exclusive use the title of "working-men." For a while it was little more than mentioned in the press, and was pooh-poohed by employers as something utterly wild and chimerical, which was hardly worth serious opposition. But it has, nevertheless, grown steadily, and is in most States either producing legislation or in a fair way to produce it. By holding aloof from the two great political parties and using their votes solely with reference to the eight-hour scheme, the "working-men" have brought the political leaders to their feet, and now no convention ever draws up a platform without inserting in it a small parcel of twaddle on the "rights of labor," advocating legislative interference with contracts. In every canvass, too, desperate efforts are made to fasten on each candidate the charge of hostility to this delusion, and the candidate makes herculean efforts to repudiate what is in reality a tribute to his intelligence. The thing has, as might be expected, a wonderful fascination for some philanthropists and reformers who confound sympathy with the working classes with participation in their errors and fallacies, and people who insist that the working-man will be injured by the forcible curtailment of his hours of labor are denounced either as selfish "aristocrats" or cold-hearted monsters. At first we were informed that the object of the eight-hour restriction was to give the working-man more time for "self-culture," and that if this involved diminution of wages, why, he was ready to submit to it as the less of two evils. But we now hear from the West that this stage of the agitation has been passed, and that in Chicago, for instance, it is demanded that the same wages shall be paid for eight hours' work as for ten, or, in other words, that while production is diminished by one-fifth the laborer's share in the product shall be raised by one-fifth. What is more extraordinary is that there is a whole army of orators and writers all over the country who persist in believing or affecting to believe that if every laborer in the country works less than he ever did before, he can still have just as many comforts as he now enjoys. In reality, we might as well attempt by legislation to prevent people from being hurt when they fall as to make the amount of comfort they enjoy independent of the amount of work they do; but, from present appearances, there is no way of convincing working-men of this short of actual experiment.

We confess that, in spite of the demonstrations of the folly of strikes which political economists offer every day, and the homilies which the press so frequently delivers upon them, we believe they form as good a means as can at present be devised of fixing the rate of wages and the nature of all other relations between employers and employed. In most of the dissertations we listen to on the "identity of interest" which exists between labor and capital, it is assumed not only that the laborer's share of the product of labor will reach him through the natural working of economical laws, but that it will reach him at once. The fact is it does not. All the economical laws work surely no doubt, but they work slowly, which is tantamount to saying that for awhile they do not work at all. When labor is scarce and capital plenty and profits high, laborers ought immediately to receive higher wages, but they do not. Employers do not go to them and say, "We can afford to pay you so much; here it is." They go into the market and give as little as they can. The workmen are poor, often ignorant, know little of the state of the markets, and live from hand to mouth. They have not any of the means which the employer has of ascertaining what profits are likely to be, or what labor is worth. He gives them no access to his books, and they have no time to watch and listen and figure and calculate as he does. All they know of what profits are or wages ought to be is what he pleases to tell them. If they were to go to him singly and tell him they thought the state of the market entitled them to an advance, he could dismiss them, and dismissal to a man acting alone might mean ruin or great inconvenience. So that the only way they have of ascertaining what their wages ought to be is by "striking," that is, abstaining from work in concert, and ensuring this concert by the pressure of opinion on their fellows. If their wages are as high as is fair, employers will not give in; if they are not as high as profits will warrant, employers will give in; and the laborer gets his due. Such a mode of settling a dispute about an economical fact—for such it really is—is no doubt rough and even barbarous, but it is the only one we have at present. The interests of labor and capital, no doubt, are identical; but neither employer nor employed believes them to be so, and act as if they were sure they were not. Each mistrusts the other, not altogether through ignorance of political economy, but because both are human.

We therefore confess that we think strikes and trades unions are the best, and—until the co-operative system is generally adopted, and workmen are treated as partners, their wages made dependent on profits and not on the extent to which the employers can conceal the amount of their profits, and are allowed access to the books—will continue to be the only mode by which contracts between laborers and capitalists can be based on justice. The abuse of them at present is due to the ignorance and want of culture, moral as well as mental, of the people who strike. But a whole trade abstaining from work by concert, and aiding the members to hold out by savings previously accumulated for this express purpose, is, we think, not only a gratifying spectacle, but the only means by which the contract between the laborer and capitalist, as laborers and capitalists now are, can be made really free, and by which the laborer can be enabled to treat on equal terms. There is still in the relations of labor and capital a large amount of feudalism. The laborer is still in Europe, and to a certain extent here, in the position of a feudal servant, and has not yet reached the dignity which political economists assign him (on paper) of a party to a contract. The growth of manufactures, too, in all countries, has thus far tended to perpetuate, in a modified form, it is true, and on a different sphere, the relations of lord and serf. The mode in which all the great manufactures are carried on in England, France, Belgium, and here, by a few great capitalists employing small armies of operatives of all ages and both sexes, who live by fixed daily wages and are dependent for their bread on the employer's pleasure and on the ups and downs of the money market, and who cannot, by any forethought or vigilance or influence they can exert, give any certainty or stability to the business in which they are engaged, is one which, we do not hesitate to say, is hostile to free government, and which will, if nothing better can be substituted for it, prove disastrous in the end. No community is in a sound or healthy condition in which any large portion of the community is forced to commit its fortunes to the caprice or the ability of a few individuals, and in which the principal result of great production is the multiplication at the same time of very large fortunes and of day laborers. We shall never see again a society so sound as that which is passing away in New England, composed of educated and intelligent men who had nothing to fear from anybody's frown, to whom labor and its resources were always sure, and whose fortunes were always in their own keeping, until operatives and capitalists become partners in fact as well as in theory, and until wages are fixed not by a trial of the workman's ability to stand starvation, but by an inspection of the books.

It is because we see in the present disturbance in the labor market signs that this good time is coming, that workmen are really tired of being servants, and are determined to be ruled, as far as possible, by law and not by individual will, that we do not regret it. But better means of postponing this result indefinitely could hardly be resorted to than the invocation of legislative interference with contracts. This would simply be the substitution of one kind of slavery for another. The cause of the workman's condition now is that he is not fully master of his own destiny, that he is ignorant of most of the facts which affect his condition, that this condition depends largely on the foresight or skill or honesty of persons over whom he has no control, and that there is little or no field offered for the display of extraordinary industry or ability. If the law once steps in to fix the number of hours he shall labor, his complete independence will be further off than ever; it will next fix the amount of his wages and who knows what beside, and all business will every year be at the mercy of politicians, who will use their power of regulating labor, as they now use their power of granting franchises, for their own ends. From such a state of things capital would take to itself wings and fly away, and labor would soon be glad to follow, to escape the very "leisure" for which laborers are now clamoring so loudly. The great enemy to short hours is not capital but the laws of nature. As long as the soil bears only one crop a year, and cold and hunger kill, and everything we eat, drink, or wear has to be procured by so many hours of somebody's toil, the attempt to get more by working less will be as futile as an attempt to lengthen the days by altering the figures in the almanac.

THE STARS AGAIN.

We have received from an eminent mathematician the following criticism of our review of Mr. Ennis's book in The Nation of March 21. We have only space for one extract, but it contains all that is really criticism of our critique; the rest is a discussion of the nebular hypothesis:

> "The able writer in The Nation for March 21, who exposes the fundamental blunders of a book that nevertheless contains chapters of some real merit and value, will, doubtless, on reflection, admit that he himself has fallen into one hasty but rather important error, against which it is worth while to caution his own readers. Let us quote him:
>
> "'An insurmountable defect in the nebular hypothesis . . . [is that] gravity cannot account for the motions of revolution in a system of bodies.'
>
> "It certainly cannot, unless the system has been *influenced by others*, and perhaps without something like the nebular hypothesis we could not expect such influence; but admitting that hypothesis, the wonder would be if suns and systems did *not* revolve."

Our critic appears to have interpreted the words "insurmountable defect in the nebular hypothesis" as synonymous with a "fatal objection" to it; but it was far from the scope and purpose of our criticism to prove this hypothesis untenable. We only showed that it was not established, as it was claimed to be, by the book reviewed. We did not review the nebular hypothesis itself. The defect attributed to it by the best previous writers whom Mr. Ennis quotes may not be a serious one. The mutual actions of nebulous masses on one another may have originated the motions in a system which the mutual actions of the parts of the system itself were incompetent to produce, and this incompetency is not therefore fatal to the hypothesis. But the invalidity of the objection is not attributable to any deficiency in the mathematical insight of the writers quoted in Mr. Ennis's book, as his reasonings imply; and it was only in this sense that we ventured to pronounce it "insurmountable."

The solution proposed by our critic is a very important one, and is the same as that suggested in a more general discussion of the subject by the critic of Mr. Ennis's book in the current number of *The North American Review*.

"ADVERTISEMENTS FROM PARNASSUS."

Several of the learned historians and philosophic observers of society who are employed to write the ablest foreign letters in our American journals receive in payment of their services a pittance so miserable that, being quite unable to visit the countries of which they write, they are compelled to pursue their researches in this city. The expenses of a journey to Western Pennsylvania are not great, yet we have been made privy to the fact that a very clever statistician and prose poet, employed "to do" the oil regions for the journal to which he belonged, found it advisable to collect what meagre information he could from hand-books and the relations of travellers, and to construct from the materials thus more cheaply gathered such an account of Pithole and the adjacent country as might satisfy his penurious taskmasters. People have endeavored to discredit the proverb, but there is too much reason to fear that history does repeat itself. Perhaps the state of literature reached its lowest depression some century ago, when the unfortunate Smart, who once translated Horace—indeed, he does it yet in those places where youths recite Latin lessons—actually executed in favor of a publisher a regularly signed and sealed ninety nine years' lease of himself, the lessor receiving by way of rent what would suffice to keep his soul and body, or rather the lessee's soul and body, together and in reasonable repair. After his time the profession of literature began to look up, and by gradual improvement not only became to some extent reputable, but even has been a source of emolument to some authors, and probably to some publishers a source of honest gains. In our own day we have even seen a historian received as a valued friend, with the respect due to his genius, at a most genteel *soirée* in an Emperor's palace, where Imperial condescension was so displayed as to bring tears to the eyes of its happy object. But this case must be allowed exceptional. An Emperor who has written books "to prove that the sheep was created for the wolf" may well honor the "simple republican" and brother author, whose books seem to show one and his letters a second and more convincing proof of this unpopular truth. But, as we have said, there are what appear to be plain indications that our men of letters are going back to the position which the fraternity held in the days of Smart. Already we have mentioned some instances which show how far on this retrograde track some of the men of letters living among us have been forced to go. We suppose that in every department of literary activity examples equally depressing could easily be found. But the writer has neither spirits nor opportunity, nor is there space in an essay necessarily brief, to pursue the subject through all its manifold ramifications. But we may be able to present properly some considerations growing out of facts to be observed in one particular walk of literature to which we have had occasion to pay a good deal of attention.

We are not of those who hold Mr. Dallas's theory that the end of the fine arts, poetry and prose among the rest, is pleasure. We do not, therefore, claim for advertisements the highest, nor even a high place, in literature, though they do delight one entire half of the human race, and though even among men the number who derive unalloyed satisfaction from the perusal of ship news, prices current, and other forms of prose closely allied to the advertisement, is probably indefinitely greater than the number of those who seek their pleasure in less useful prose literature. But, we say again, pleasure is *not* the end of the fine arts. And if, turning from the object of art, we look to the intellect which is implied in each performance of the artist, we think it cannot be denied that both in the matter of imaginative power, and as regards labor of the understanding, the writer of advertisements is surpassed—in our opinion he is very far surpassed—by many of his fellows. Indeed, the advertisement has, as a matter of fact, been a field of literature always rather despised and disregarded by the ablest hands, and hitherto—though, of course, almost all writers have at one time and another employed their abilities in the production of advertisements—no able writer, either in prose or in verse, has made his reputation by them, or devoted himself to them, as Milton, for instance, devoted himself to epic poetry, Gibbon to history, Boswell to biography, Blackstone to law, Jeffrey to critique-writing, and other men each to some special literary pursuit. On the whole, we are persuaded that on any true æsthetic theory, as well as historically, the advertisement must be pronounced a form of literature of little merit and of but little consideration among writers.

Thus it has been. Thus it is not now; thus, at the least, it is now ceasing to be. It is evident to the student of our contemporary literature that some of our most learned, some of our most fanciful and sprightliest, some of our wisest and most religious, and, finally, some of our most influential, writers have been compelled to give themselves up to the drudgery of inventing and polishing advertisements. Philosophy, which in a happier era, within the recollection of men not old, procured for its expounders on the platform of the lecture-room and in the printed page not only honor but a competency, no longer is seen in "Letters to Young Men," in "Counsels and Comforts for Mothers," in all those works which have made famous the names of A. K. H. B., Mr. Tupper, and certain Americans whom we will not here vaingloriously name. Historical insight, erudition, imagination, eloquence, piety, which once depicted for us the man of destiny scaling the Alps, with his profile of classic harmony, or shuddering and raising his orbs to heaven when the ambitious Pitt resolved to break the Peace of Amiens and plunge France and Europe into the tremendous waves of a sanguinary conflict; which led us to the city of the great king; which showed us the sacred mountains and the Adirondacks, and the shapely limbs and imperturbable calmness of Washington and his generals; which have revealed to us every land and people of the Old World—these have all betaken themselves, or begun to betake themselves, to the cultivation of the once despised advertisement, the literature of publishers.

Why should some certain social philosophers live in ceiled houses, with couches of curiously carved ivory, be honored wherever the schoolmaster or the principal of the seminary is abroad in the land, while the author of the passage following, as like the workmanship of the masters above alluded to as one Springfield musket is like another, is the obscure "hired help" of a bookseller—Samson toiling for the Philistines? It is only because of the lapse of years. Since the Abbotts and Headleys and Country Parsons made their entrance on the American and English stage literature has steadily declined. The former days were better than these. But here is the passage. It is about "a perfect little romance," "How I Managed my Children from Infancy to Marriage":

> "A noble Christian mother here tells us how she successfully reared up eight children, directing and developing their physical, mental, and religious natures, and prepared them for useful and creditable positions in life. The joys, sorrows, and trials which are the common lot of every loving household are feelingly told, and the benediction, 'Well done, good and faithful' mother, springs up in every reader's heart as the book is closed."

And again, in an advertisement of "Comfort for Small Incomes," we are reminded of the same breed of philosophers, and perhaps even more strongly than by what we may respectfully call the dry-nurse vein in the sentences just quoted. Evidently the mind behind the pen of the advertiser is the full mind of the born preacher and teacher and the acute mind of the social philosopher. We admire his tact, we submit to his government.

> "Profit by it," he says—he means the work which it is his fate to puff—"profit by it, and many a perplexity will vanish, many an anxious heart grow calm, and many a home bright with peace and plenty. Of all traits of character, none goes further or wins more than *tact*. This the advice of these books, if followed, will develop. Of all attractive spheres, none is more so than that of government; and of the order, system, and managing faculty requisite for government *Mrs. Warren* gives a thorough exposition."

Once such writing would have gained for its author an assured place in letters, and book agents would be selling his biography of Grant or his "Battles of the Republic" in every county of the West.

We take space for another excerpt from the works of the same or a fellow-workman, who is employed to advertise novels. To throw a charm, a human interest, round the trivial objects of the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms (our critic will agree with us) is to exercise the God-given faculty, man's highest endowment, of imagination. The object of his eulogy is the creature, to most men contemptible, which has been designated "The Cockney Chatterer." To the genial eye of the artist whose hand is visible in the advertisement he is fine and worthy, and is thus exalted. The critic gracefully goes back to the days of Swift, Smollett, Sterne, and Fielding, whom he contrasts with the author of "Broken to Harness;—'" "*their* barbed satire," he says, "fell upon peasant as well as upon prince, upon the duchess no more than upon the maid; while now the ink-marked messenger of sneers seems levelled entirely at the higher and presumed to be more criminal orders of society, while the lower ranks, though drawn with a rough pencil, are endowed with rough virtues;" and the author of "Running the Gauntlet" is declared a social satirist, whose "subtle exposition of great facilities to crime in the higher ranks of life passes from the small amusement of novel-reading into the conscious heart of the struggling people."

We have given specimens enough, but we dislike to withhold this one, which is far superior to the others. It opens with a philosophic stroke: "The supremacy of taste is the genius of social, as patriotism is that of political, communities." The next sentence is of woman, the whole, by the way, being an advertisement of "Madame Demorest's Mirror of Fashion" and some similar works. But no milliner wrote it; more likely some decayed art critic or metaphysic philosopher who ought to have lived before the evil days:

> "It requires a high order of the inventive faculty to originate judicious ornament, and none but our Supreme Master could create so much perfection, adaptable as woman is to be illustrated into more expressive social and intellectual influence, by those suggestions of the student of ornamentation."

Everywhere we see similar proofs of decadence in the estate of literary men. To think that it is literature itself which is rising in the demands it makes upon its followers; that even the humblest of her servants must be an accomplished scholar and an able thinker; that she requires the advertisement writer to be a philosopher or a poet—to think this, which would indeed be as encouraging as the view we have taken is discouraging, is as impossible as it is to dream because one wishes pleasant visions. None would more gladly than we welcome the day when literature should be so exalted that the maker of an advertising miscellany should be required to be an Admirable Crichton. That day is not yet. We see, rather, in the signs to which we have hastily referred, proofs that we are advancing backward to the days when Mrs. Warren, wife of Warren's Blacking, said, "We keeps a poet." Our Mrs. Warren keeps, as we have seen, a philosopher. And there is an ominous story told of Mr. Longfellow and a persevering manufacturer who invaded him at Nahant.

HOW SHALL WE SPELL?

How our English words shall be spelt is a matter concerning which the great mass of those to whom the language is native appear to have pretty fully made up their minds. They intend to tolerate no change in the present orthography. Those who put forth proposals for its alteration, whether in certain words and classes of words only, or upon a wider scale, are set down and laughed at without mercy. The public sentiment is perhaps stronger and more unanimous upon the subject than ever before. There was a time when the movement toward a consistent spelling, of which the *Fonetik Nuz* was a conspicuous exponent, wore in the eyes of many persons a threatening aspect; but it now seems dangerous to nobody. Reaction, even, is the order of the day. The orthographical "improvements" made by that unscrupulous radical, Noah Webster, have been one by one abandoned and ignored by his editors. The writing of *honor* for *honour*, and the like, was once pretty well established throughout America, and making progress in England itself; at present it is quite crushed out in the latter country, and many American scholars and publishers are giving it up, in shame and confusion of face. And yet there are, from time to time, voices raised also upon the other side of the question; even efforts seriously made—doubtless with some hope of a successful issue—to bring about that sweeping revolution which we, the English-speakers at large, are determined neither to encourage nor to allow. To mention only one or two of those which have last come under our notice: a company has been formed at Mendota, in Illinois, "with a capital of $35,000," for carrying through the great national reform in spelling and introducing a new and strictly phonetic alphabet; the American Philological Society (in and of New York) has put forth, as a feeler of the public pulse, if not as the direct suggestion of reform, a phonetic allegory on the late war and its causes, the "History of Magnus Maharba" (Abraham); and a senator of the United States has moved to devote a part of the superfluous public funds to paying a mixed commission, who shall devise and report a plan for a consistent orthography. The subject, then, is still in some degree an open one before the public mind. Or, if we are to regard the influence of these few unquiet spirits as too insignificant to be made much account of, we may at any rate take a satisfaction in reviewing the position we hold against them, and realizing anew its strength and security.

No one, we presume, will be found to question that one very important reason why we cleave to our present modes of spelling is the simple fact that they are ours. We have learned them by dint of diligent study, if not of painful effort; we are used to them; our spoken words in any other garb would look to us strange and quaint, or even ridiculous. To give them up would imply a revolution, such an overthrow of a grand institution, firmly rooted in the usages and predilections of a wide community, as no race or generation has ever yet been willing to permit, save under the pressure of some great and profoundly felt necessity. But we acknowledge no such necessity; far from this, we think we see a variety of reasons why our favorite institution is preferable to any that could be put in its place. Precisely here, however, we ought to feel most distrustful of the ground we stand upon. It is so easy to overvalue, or even wholly to misinterpret, reasons apparently favoring conclusions which we are already determined to reach! Let us, then, enter into a summary examination of the alleged advantages of our present English orthography, for the purpose of determining both what is their actual worth, and how far we rely upon them in our defence of the institution.

First to be noticed among the advantages referred to is the convenient discrimination to the eye of homonyms, or words which are pronounced alike, but have a different origin and meaning. A familiar example is afforded us in the written distinction of *meet, meat,* and *mete,* another in that of *to, too,* and *two*; such triplets, as every one knows, are not very rare in our language, and couples of the same sort are to be counted by scores. Now, we have to observe that any credit which is given to our written language in this particular must be taken away from our spoken language. We gain nothing by writing the uttered syllables *meet* and *too* in a variety of ways, unless, when uttered, they are of ambiguous meaning. If our minds are for even the briefest moment puzzled by such expressions as "he goes *to* Boston," "he goes *two* miles," "he goes *too* far," not knowing which *too* is meant in either case, then it is worth while to avoid a like difficulty in our reading by spelling the word differently. But who will consent to make so damaging an admission? There is a language in the world, the Chinese, where the words are so few, and their meanings so many, that orthographic differences are brought in as an important aid to comprehension, and the writing follows, upon a grand scale, not the utterance alone, but the signification also. Thus, there are more than eleven hundred ways of writing the word *ĕ*, and other words count their representatives by hundreds, by scores, or by tens. A host of devices have to be resorted to there in spoken speech to get rid of the ambiguities which are wholly avoided in written. Our English, however, is not afflicted with such poverty of expression as to be brought to this strait. We have also three different *founds*—*found* from *find, found* meaning "establish," and *found* meaning "cast, mould"—between which, we venture to say, no soul ever thought of making a confusion, though they are all spelt with the same letters. Is there any one who cannot tell, by the ear or by the eye, when *cleave* means "stick together," and when it means "part asunder?" Who ever finds any more difficulty in separating *bear,* "bruin," from *bear,* "carry," than in separating either of these from *bare,* "naked?" Of how infinitesimal value, then, is the Chinese principle, as introduced into English usage! We may blot out every vestige of it from our vocabulary to-morrow, and it will never be missed; the written language will still continue to be as good as the spoken: and if any one is not content with that, let him migrate and learn another tongue. If the principle is to be kept and made much of, let us agree to give it a more consistent application: let us not spell alike words so different in history and use as the three *founds;* when the same vocable diverges into meanings widely dissimilar, let us vary its spelling a little to match, not writing in the same way "she *became* ill" and "her dress *became* her," nor letting the lawyer and the lover go to *court* in the same orthographic fashion; yet more, when there has been a divergence of pronunciation as well, as when a *minúte* portion of time has become a *mínute*; let us separate he *rĕad* from he *rēads,* as we have separated he *lĕd* from he *lēads;* above all, let us not confound together in spelling words distinct in every other respect—derivation, sense, and utterance—like the verb *lēad* and the metal *lĕad.*

Consistency, however, of any kind in English spelling we have taught ourselves to regard as of little or no consequence; its value is quite overborne and thrown into the shade for us by that of the "historic" principle. If there is any one thing more than another that makes us content with, even proud of, our orthography, it is the fact that it is "historic." But wherein, again, lies the worth of the historic principle? Why, in its interesting suggestiveness, of course; in its exceeding importance to etymology. Very extreme claims have been made in its behalf in this latter respect by the enemies of the *Fonetik Nuz* party. Thus, an English Quarterly reviewer, taking Max Müller to task for the few words in favor of the inherent desirableness of a phonetic mode of spelling boldly spoken by him in the last series of his lectures on language, asks "who would have either time or energy enough to master the history of this single language" if we strike out the traces of the origin of its words still preserved in their spelling? and he adds that the introduction of a phonetic system "in the second generation would break the backs of philological students, and in the third render their existence impossible" (the latter catastrophe, as we may remark, being a very natural consequence of the former). And the latest American writer on the English language (Professor Schele De Vere) echoes these sentiments, maintaining that "if the form were to follow the sound, there would soon not a single trace be left of the language used by our forefathers;" and that, "if the *Fonetik Nuz* had been started a thousand years ago, it is safe to assert that nobody would have had either the courage or the time to attempt mastering the history of our language." Now, we doubt not that these gentlemen conceived themselves to be making a stout fight in defence of the guild of etymologists, threatened with the cutting off of one of its chief sources of gain, and to be winning a title to its collective and profound gratitude. But, save us from such champions! they may be allowed to speak for themselves, since they know best their own infirmity of back and need of braces; the rest of the guild, however, will thank them for nothing. If the English were like the Tibetan, for example, a dialect of unknown history and of exceedingly obscure character and relations, the philologists who first came upon it would naturally be delighted to find its words, like the Tibetan, crowded full of silent consonants and built about mispronounced vowels—all relics, or at least presumed ones, of former modes of utterance. But the two cases are not, in fact, altogether parallel. Of the English we have abundant monuments coming from nearly every century since before the time of Alfred, or say for eleven or twelve hundred years; and the chief fault which we have to find with them as illustrations of the history of the language is that they are so little regardful of the phonetic principle. The confused orthography of the Anglo-Saxon itself is an obstacle in the way of our fully understanding its orthoepic aspect, and the difficulty grows constantly worse from that time to the present. Painful researches into the history of the changes in English pronunciation are now in progress which would be rendered unnecessary if the written literature of each period had represented in an orderly and consistent manner its own modes of utterance. There is in existence a manuscript poem, the "Ormulum," of the Semi-Saxon period of our literature (A.D. 1150–1250), apparently in the author's own hand, no one else having ever thought well enough of it to copy it; and a tedious work it is, indeed; but for us it has a high and peculiar value, just for the reason that its author was a phonetic fanatic, and wrote it out in a consistent mode of spelling of his own devising, one that throws a deal of light upon the condition of the spoken language of his time. While we have the sources of our English fully within our reach in the Anglo-Saxon and old French literatures, it is the height of unreason to assert that our reading of English etymologies is in any manner dependent upon the current historic orthography.

But, further, were this dependence as great as is claimed, we are still puzzled to see how it should have any bearing upon the present practical question of a reform in spelling. Should even the Tibetan people desire to carry through such a reform—to write, for example, *dag* instead of *bsgrags, mre* instead of *smras*—the philologist would rather admire their good sense than quarrel with its results; having once obtained a record of the old written form, he is indifferent as to whether it be or be not longer kept up in popular usage. Do the writers whom we have quoted above imagine that the moment we adopt a new mode of spelling all the literature written in the old is to pass in a twinkling out of existence and out of memory? Certainly there are agencies which might be made use of to avert so bewildering a catastrophe. A society for the preservation of English etymologies might perhaps be organized, which should make a provident selection of old-style dictionaries and grammars, and store them away in a triply fire-proof library, for the young philologists of future times to be nursed upon until they could bear stronger food. It might even be found practicable, by ingenious and careful management, to procure the construction of a dictionary of the new-fangled idiom in which the former spelling of every word should be set alongside its modern substitute, in order to render possible the historic comprehension of the latter. Thus, to take an extreme case or two, the new word *sam* (*a* as in *far*), by having the explanation "anciently, *psalm,*" added to it, would be sufficiently ensured against any such shocking suppositions on the part of the future student of English as that it pointed to Samuel instead of David as author of the sacred lyrics, or that it was a development out of the mystical letters "S. M." placed in the singing-books at the head of so many of their number; *him* (*hymn*) would be, by like means, saved from confusion with the personal pronoun—and so on. We do not wish to show an unbecoming levity or disrespect, but it is very hard to answer with anything approaching to seriousness such arguments as those we are combating; "absurd" and "preposterous," and such impolite epithets, fit them better than any others we can find in the English vocabulary. They are extreme examples of the fallacies to which learned men will sometimes resort in support of a favorite prejudice.

More of this, however, in a future article.

ENGLAND.

London, April 5, 1867.

There is just now a lull in the wearisome Reform debates; wearisome because they have this session turned upon such small and technical points that special knowledge is required to follow them. A good deal of such interest as they have possessed has been due to the personal contrast between Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Disraeli—a contrast between genius and talent; between florid and elaborate, and yet impetuous, eloquence and clever, close parliamentary fencing. Mr. Gladstone is frequently run away with by his too fervid imagination, and Mr. Disraeli is sometimes duped by his excessive cleverness. The lovers of ingenious tactics are attracted by Mr. Disraeli and repelled by the too fiery temperament of Mr. Gladstone; whilst Mr. Gladstone is the idol of the popular enthusiasm everywhere outside Parliament and "society." Last night the contrast was curiously brought out. When Mr. Gladstone brought in his annual budget his aim, apparently, was to make arithmetic as amusing as fiction; his discursive eloquence carried him into all kinds of allied topics, and he delighted in showing his skill in manipulating complicated figures, sometimes for four or five hours together, as a juggler delights in keeping any number of balls in the air simultaneously. Mr. Disraeli last night apparently desired to give a specimen of the most opposite style. He was short, simple, and compact; the whole statement was given in an hour; and the greater part of the hour was devoted to explaining a device inherited from Mr. Gladstone. This I need not attempt to explain, further than to say that it was a plan for reducing our national debt; for at last our system of taxation seems to be tolerably fixed, and, as the revenue yearly rises, we have a fair surplus to dispose of. Although our military and naval expenditure has risen in sympathy with the increased continental armaments, there is this year about £2,000,000 surplus, owing to increased returns from the regular taxation. I cannot say that the reduction of the national debt promises to be anything surprising; but we are promised that by the year 1885 we shall get rid of £24,000,000; that is, I presume, if no wars intervene to raise it by a more than corresponding amount. What the chance may be of such a catastrophe passes not only my powers of prediction, but those of any chancellor of the exchequer. In truth, we cannot hope to imitate your example of a speedy reduction, much as it was praised last night by Mr. Gladstone, until we are able to retrench our warlike expenditure in peace, and our neighbors across the Channel seem little likely to help us in that direction.

Whilst the political debates of the hour excite—or are conventionally supposed to excite—the greatest interest, and, of course, occupy the greatest space in newspapers, there are signs of approaching social developments which are perhaps of greater real importance. The agricultural laborers, for example, have suddenly given signs of waking from their lethargy of years. We have become accustomed to strikes in most other classes. A week ago the engine-drivers and stokers of the Brighton Railway struck, to the immense inconvenience of travellers. The trains had to be driven at a slow pace by such inexperienced substitutes as the managers of the line could hastily provide; and it was rather unpleasant to feel that your life depended upon the skill of a man who, perhaps, knew nothing of the line, nor, for all you could tell, of engine-driving. However, after a day, a compromise was fortunately accepted; and the only result to the public has been the knowledge that another large class of working-men are gradually beginning to learn the power of combination. This, however, was comparatively to be expected. But it struck every one with all the force of novelty when it was announced that certain agricultural laborers in Buckinghamshire—one of the most backward districts of England—had actually ventured to strike. The astonishment could scarcely have been greater when Oliver Twist scandalized Mr. Bumble (if I recollect rightly) by "asking for more," nor, indeed, would it have been much greater had the cows or horses of the farmers stopped work. However, the laborers of Gawcott have actually struck; they have demanded 12s. a week; they have formed a committee and written to the papers, and they have even to a considerable extent succeeded; for money enough has been sent in answer to their appeal to enable them to emigrate to better paid districts. A similar movement has taken place in Devonshire, where it occurred to a clergyman that it might be as well to try to give his laborers bread as well as doctrine. They were habitually in the receipt of from 7s. to 8s. a week—a sum upon which it is hard to understand how the laborer's life can be supported, to say nothing of the laborer's wife and children. This clergyman (a Mr. Girdlestone) advertised that he was ready to supply laborers to employers, and speedily drafted off a large number of his parishioners to Yorkshire, Lancashire, and other counties where the presence of manufactures causes wages to be considerably higher.

The importance of this movement, if it spreads as it is likely to spread, it is difficult to overrate, and for a simple reason. The agricultural laborers, especially in the South and West of England, have hitherto been in a singularly backward condition; as a rule it may be said that they have only received enough wages to keep body and soul together, that anything like saving has been out of the question, and that their only hope for their old age has been in the workhouse. I need not ask what were the primary causes of this evil; but the remarkable thing has hitherto been that they have never adopted the obvious remedy. The Irishman, as you have good reason to know, has found a land of promise in America; but, without going so far, there have been plenty of English districts within easy reach where a great improvement of wages was to be obtained. By merely going as far as Manchester or London, the laborer might certainly have risen a step in the social scale. Yet his most striking peculiarity has been his sedentary disposition. He stays where he was born, takes the wages he can get, and looks up to the squire, the parson, and the farmer as parts of the eternal system of things in which it would be presumptuous to expect any alteration. He has never looked beyond the little corner of the earth which has bound all his hopes (and they were few enough!) and fears. Now, if the laborer once begins to realize the fact that he can strike, or that he can move easily to a place where he will be decently paid and perhaps even get meat for dinner, the transformation will be astonishing. From a stationary vegetable he will become a moving human being, and then what will become of the landlords and the farmers? They must certainly do something to retain him, or it is within the bounds of possibility that an English exodus may set in, rivalling that from the sister island.

In the small indications hitherto given of the growth of this spirit every one has sympathized with the laborer. We are glad that he is plucking up courage and showing himself a man, and there has been a strong approval of the agricultural strike in curious contrast with the general condemnation of all others. If the movement should take larger proportions the feeling may change, but it will be long before our agricultural laborers can in any way rise to the level of the surrounding populations. A parliamentary report has just been published which strikingly illustrates some of the difficulties to be surmounted. There has grown up in certain districts what is called the "agricultural gang" system. It is chiefly a device for making use of the labor of women and young children. The "gangmaster" collects his gang of thirty or forty hands in one of the small towns and marches them out to do such work as weed-picking and other simple labor for the neighboring farmers. It was proved that children of eight or nine often walked as much as six miles to their work and six miles back, besides laboring all day, for perhaps 4d. or 6d. It is evident that, besides the severity of the work, this was totally destructive to the children's chance of education; even if they have been to school they rapidly forget all they have learnt. Still worse than this evil was the temptation to gross immorality. The elder part of the gang consists chiefly of big boys and young women whose bad character prevented their getting other work, who are associated promiscuously without supervision of any kind. The consequence has been that the children have generally grown up totally ignorant, coarse, brutal, and morally corrupt.

How this evil should be dealt with is being discussed in Parliament, and I hope that some efficient remedy may be found. Meanwhile, it is important to remark what is at the root of the whole system. Landlords have generally objected to building cottages on their estates on account of the arrangements of the old poor law. When a laborer became old or infirm he was thrown upon the parish; that is, the landlord had to pay for his keep. Hence, in parishes which perhaps belonged almost entirely to one landlord, or where the landlords chose to combine for the purpose, no cottages were built, and the laborers were entirely driven off into some neighboring town. Of all the hardships that they had to suffer this was one of the severest: they were crowded into miserable villages, perhaps some miles from their work. The gang system has grown up in some of the eastern counties where this disgraceful plan had been most fully carried out. Its evils, physical, intellectual, and moral, are merely an exaggerated shape of evils which exist more or less in all our agricultural districts. It is, consequently, only too common for the poor to be miserably ill fed and ill paid, to be either untaught or compelled to forget their teaching by early work, and to be subjected to all the demoralizing influences of overcrowding.

When one part of the system is touched, others must follow. Parliament will probably try to meet some of the evils produced by gangs by legislation, possibly by compulsory education; but the radical remedy will be, that the laborers should begin to feel themselves independent and in a position to insist upon better treatment, instead of begging for it. The first step towards this is that they should acquire powers of locomotion and become free agents, instead of being practically *ascripti glebæ,* not indeed by legislation but by habit, ignorance, and poverty.

Correspondence.

SCHOOLS FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB.

To the Editor of The Nation:

An article in your paper of March 28 brings into very conspicuous notice the labors of Dr. S. G. Howe, and a few ladies and gentlemen who are specially named, in behalf of *articulation* as a method of instructing the deaf and dumb. A few thoughts on the subject from a teacher of this unfortunate class may not be unwelcome to the readers of THE NATION.

The deaf child, prompted only by the mind which his Creator has given him, contrives by certain descriptive gestures to express his wants and his feelings. The outlines of objects are given by picturing them in the air, the characteristic forms and motions of men and animals are noted and reproduced. By the countenance or other bodily expression the inward movements of the mind and heart are betokened and represented. The language of signs is not taught. It comes spontaneously from associations and contact.

Down to the time of the Abbe De L'Épèe the notion was firmly rooted in the minds of thinkers and scholars that there could be no ideas except in connection with vocal sounds. Accordingly the deaf, if taught at all, must be made to speak. If they could not speak they could not think. To De L'Épèe, however, there came the bright conception that a written word, or a gesture, or an expression of the countenance could be the vehicle of a thought or feeling as easily as an uttered word. He proceeded to put his idea in practice, and its immense advantages over the old method were soon apparent. For though with herculean labor a child born deaf had been taught to utter words, unless signs were employed there could be no certainty that he knew what the words meant. Children who hear are constantly receiving wrong ideas respecting the meaning of words. In time these mistakes may be corrected or they may not. A little girl within the writer's knowledge who lost her hearing just after she had learned to talk always called a carriage, funeral. The servant, or the mother, perhaps, as the long train of carriages filed by, said in condensed speech, "It 's a funeral." The child saw only the carriages.

By signs the meaning of written language cannot only be explained, but circumstances and events themselves can be created and brought into the school-room and presented to the eye of the mute child. By signs the religious instruction of the mute can be attempted with certainty and effect while as yet he knows scarcely anything of written language. All the wonderful facts of the Scripture history can be made known to him long before he is able to receive or communicate his ideas in words. In fine, by means of signs, the deaf-mute's own natural language, *we can educate better a greater number, with less expense of time and labor*, than by any other method. If the instructors in the twenty-six institutions for the deaf and dumb in this country were asked why they adhere to this method of instruction, their answer would be: "Because it is the best in theory, and has proved itself also unspeakably the best in practice." It is not denied that deaf children, who, when their education is commenced, have not lost their speech, should be placed under instructors who will endeavor to retain and improve it, and this is the uniform practice at the American asylum. It is not denied that such pupils may, with sufficient labor, be taught to read, more or less well, from the lips.

But let us notice some of the objections to articulation, considered as a general method of instruction for the deaf and dumb: 1. It appears, by the free admissions and positive statements of the best schools in Europe, where this method has been practised from the first, that only about one-fourth of the deaf and dumb are capable of receiving benefit from it. The remaining three-fourths must be left in ignorance, and are so in those countries where articulation is the established method. 2. The voices of the deaf, even of those who have once heard, much more of those who were born deaf, having no ear to attune and regulate them, are usually harsh and disagreeable. 3. Even when, after long toil, communication is established between teacher and pupil, the ability to converse in general society is not attained except in a few rare instances.

As to the propriety of commencing the education of the mute child at an earlier period than that now fixed (eight or ten years), it is to be remarked that the deaf and dumb, as a class, have less vigor of constitution than those who can hear and speak. The attacks of disease which they have experienced, or the scrofulous habit which may be natural, make it imperative that while children they should have the freest run in the open air, and that their education, or that part of it which demands earnest and continued study, should not be commenced too early. That a mother of wealth and leisure can do much for her deaf child without unnecessary constraint is unquestionable. But is it the duty of the state to attempt everything *conceivable*, or only that which a wise economy and a generous liberality both require? Nor should we deem the time absolutely lost to the child who remains at home without special instruction till he is eight or ten years old. His habits of observation are being constantly cultivated, and his mind stored with images of the things which he sees, all of which can be made available when the work of giving him language is begun.

In taking leave of this subject, we would respectfully suggest to Dr. Howe and his associates that, while we fully appreciate the difficulty of the work they have undertaken, we cannot think it will be promoted by stigmatizing Mr. Gallaudet as a "Yankee enthusiast;" by covert sneers at Mr. Weld and Prof. Day as the victims of unconquerable prejudice, or by making a demi-god of Horace Mann, by exalting him to a position of extraordinary intelligence on a subject concerning which he was, in fact, very poorly informed. DIDASKALOS.

THE SUPREME COURT AND ITS FUNCTIONS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

Please assist a wanderer back into the Republican fold by removing what (I conceive) is quite a common difficulty. When the rebellion was subdued which branch of the Government was the proper one to decide the legal effects of that rebellion?

Was not this within the jurisdiction of the Supreme Court, or at least to decide where the jurisdiction lay? Was it not for the court to enlighten Congress as to its powers and consequently its duties, and to inform the people lately in rebellion of the legal effects of their acts? Mr. Stevens believes the States to be conquered territories. Mr. Sumner thinks they have committed State suicide. Is it not for the decision of such questions as these that the Supreme Court was instituted? Is Congress right in legislating without that decision? Yours, CONSERVATIVE.

PHILADELPHIA, April 8, 1867.

[We shall answer the above questions in their order:

1. Congress, as the legislative branch of the Government, and the only one which has any power of initiative.

2. No. Neither the Supreme Court nor any other court known to common law or the Constitution has any right to offer an opinion or decision on any subject whatever till asked for in a *boná-fide* suit between real parties and brought in proper form.

3. No. Congress is the sole judge of its own powers, and all its acts are presumed to be constitutional until decided to be unconstitutional in the manner described in the last answer. But the Supreme Court has already decided in a well-known case that it cannot determine which of two or more contending state governments is the legal one, but is bound in all such matters by the decision of Congress.

4. The Supreme Court is not bound to pass upon the correctness either of Mr. Stevens's opinions or Mr. Sumner's, unless these gentlemen should bring them before it in a regular suit.

5. If Congress were to admit that it must wait for the Supreme Court to decide beforehand on what questions it might legislate, it would virtually transfer to the court most of its own power, convert the court into a branch of the legislature, and bring it so thoroughly into the arena of party politics that we might look forward to seeing it abolished as a nuisance before ten years were over. The *obiter dicta* of the court in the Dred Scott and Milligan cases were simply attempts on the part of the majority of the judges to do what "Conservative" appears to think a part of their regular duty—enlighten Congress beforehand as to the subjects on which it may and may not legislate, and he knows what the result has been as well as we do.—ED. NATION.]

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The Nation.

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The Week.

THE only event of the week in domestic politics of much importance has been the argument in the Georgia injunction case before the Supreme Court. Mr. Stansberry, the Attorney-General, acquitted himself very well, although prefacing his argument with a confession that personally he was opposed to the Reconstruction bill. This has called forth some discussion as to the propriety of an avowal of this sort, and a writer in the New York *Times*, while acquitting him of all blame in this particular, cites, as apposite, certain English precedents which refer solely to the avowals of counsel touching matters of fact in criminal cases before juries, and therefore possessing no bearing whatever on Mr. Stansberry's case. He simply confessed to judges sitting *in banco* that his real feeling would not appear in his argument on a point of law—a circumstance about as likely to affect the mind of the court as the color of his hair. Every judge knows that in half the cases in which a lawyer argues points of law he argues against his personal convictions or doubts. But when a lawyer tells a jury he believes in a prisoner's innocence, he drops the character of an advocate and assumes that of a witness to character, and this no judge who knows his duty will for one moment permit.

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THE leading points in Mr. Stansberry's arguments were the insufficiency of the parties; the absence of cause of action, owing to the absence of controversy; and the purely political character of the case. Mr. O'Connor was more discursive, more French, and relied more on the "eternal fitness of things." The exceedingly small amount of interest which the public takes in the discussion shows clearly that nobody expects it to result in anything, or believes it to be anything but a trial of wit.

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MR. THADDEUS STEVENS has written a letter rebuking Mr. Wilson for the conciliatory speeches he is making in the South, and particularly for saying that if they elected Union senators and representatives, under the Reconstruction bill, they would be admitted to their seats, and that there would be no confiscation. Mr. Stevens asks by what authority Mr. Wilson made these statements, and wants to know who is authorized to travel and "peddle out amnesty." Mr. Wilson might reply by asking who is authorized to "peddle out" confiscation, as Mr. Stevens says he would do. There is nothing to our minds better settled than that there is to be no confiscation, and why Mr. Stevens keeps talking about it, unless it be by way of playing bugaboo for recalcitrant Southern politicians, we cannot imagine.

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SCHUYLER COLFAX is to deliver his lecture, "Across the Continent," in this city on Monday evening next, for the benefit of the Southern Relief Commission, which, though it has done reasonably well, needs to do better. We consider the relief of Southern distress, and not confiscation, to be the Christian close to the process of reconstruction, and we therefore hope the attendance may be good.

◆

POOR debtors make a majority of the total white population of the Carolinas, and General Sickles did a very politic as well as a very good thing in marking the beginning of his military rule by the promulgation of a stay law. There may as well be a stay law as general burning of writs, summonses, and judgments. The general ought to be just now the most popular of all the military governors. In North Carolina the "conservative" negroes seem to be very few indeed—the North Carolina negro slaves, by the way, used to be called the most enlightened slaves in the South. Governor Worth makes no headway at all in getting the colored vote for himself and friends. Governor Orr is more successful, and succeeded in getting "conservative" resolutions passed by a mixed meeting of blacks and whites. In the other State of Gen. Sickles's District, Florida, the negroes are Radical. At Tallahassee they listened civilly enough while Gov. Walker pointed out to them that the white men had exterminated the Indians, that the black men might be exterminated too, and that they ought to cultivate friendship with the true friend of the negro, the Southern gentleman, and at the end of the oration passed resolutions expressive of gratitude to the North for emancipation and of their intention to look to the Republican party for friendship and help. In Georgia General Pope signalized his first days of authority in a way quite different, but equally characteristic. Governor Jenkins, who for months and years has been commenting on the Constitution with perfect impunity, General Pope, to the joy of Georgia, we presume, brought up with a very round turn. Though, as nobody minds Mr. Jenkins much, it might have been as well to let him go on. In Virginia almost everything moves smoothly. General Schofield has, however, been compelled to warn Mr. Wynne, publisher of the Richmond *Times*, that it is not permitted to speak of the loyal people of the United States as "the blood-stained authors of our ruin." The negro vote in the coming elections in Virginia is morally certain to be given for the Radical candidates wherever there are Radical candidates to give it to. As for Alabama, it is said that in the northern part of the State the white Radicals are numerous and very well organized, and that in the southern counties, where blacks are numerous and white Radicals few, one-half the candidates will be selected from among the negro voters in order to secure a Republican triumph. Meantime, in the southern part of the State, prejudice against the negroes is reported as still strong, and it is said that Judge Richard Busteed has not as yet appointed a single commissioner under the Civil Rights act. In Louisiana and Texas, Sheridan, it would seem, is held back from doing all he would like to do; for Throckmorton is still governor of Texas, and it is said that the Attorney-General will so expound the Military bill as to prevent Sheridan's removing either Throckmorton or other officials already in office who have committed no act of disobedience to the law since it was actually passed. On the whole, the Military bill works unexpectedly well, and it seems, from present appearances, as if Congress had done just the thing that the South needed.

Judge Comstock, of this State, has written a very melancholy letter to *The World* about the approaching end of the American Union. He says that if Georgia and Mississippi have no remedy against the Reconstruction bill in an appeal to the Supreme Court, "the law of force must hereafter govern the relations of the Union to the States," and "it requires no prophetic eye," etc. The fact is that "the law of force" not only governs the relations of the States to the Union, but of men to the State, and has always governed them. There is a pleasant legal fiction that all these things are regulated by "compact," but it is only a fiction. Every time a policeman takes a man to jail, he offers evidence that society does rest on "the law of force," and the day on which the Union armies first marched to put down the rebellion the fact that the Union rests on the law of force was as completely recognized as it would be by the refusal of the Supreme Court to interfere for the protection of Georgia and Mississippi from military government. If I stay in a house quietly because I know I shall not be allowed to leave it, I am as much detained by force as if I were all the time making frantic efforts to break the door open. The attempts of Democratic lawyers to make "horrible revelations" about the consequences of the Congressional measures of reconstruction are almost painful specimens of perverted ingenuity, and generally end in the discovery of mares' nests. The whole war was in fact waged to settle the question whether there was or could be such a thing as a Union of *mere* inclination.

The discreditable attempt to give Judge Barnard a monopoly of the chamber business of the Supreme Court, to which we referred last week, we think we may say has failed, owing to the revelation to the governor of its real motive. It would, had it succeeded, have placed the business, liberty, and reputation of everybody in this city, and some 20,000,000 of dollars of money held in trust and in the hands of receivers, in the control of this one man. Nevertheless he was supported heartily by many editors of the city press—a part of which he owns—and by numbers of wealthy men, including members of the Citizens' Association. The one thing they said for him was that he was "smart," and could despatch business rapidly, and had quarrelled with the "ring"—the very plea which persons of the same class put forward in excuse for their published recommendation of Fernando Wood in 1855 to the suffrages of the people for the mayoralty of the city. Nothing can be more alarming or more discreditable than the seeming concurrence of men of property and standing in the theory that, provided a candidate for a judicial office is likely to wage war on knaves, testimony as to his own character is superfluous If the whole fact of this last intrigue could be told, it would be found to be highly interesting and highly instructive.

We deeply regret to say that the controversy between "T. W." and "H. G." has come to a close, so that the expectation we raised last week of interesting developments as to the leading incidents in the lives of these two gentlemen during the period beginning with 1837 and ending in 1860 will not be realized. Whether "T. W." boarded or "kept house" in the winter of 1839 will now probably never be known, as "H. G." refuses to mention, and the secret will probably die with him. We doubt if there is another man of eminence in the Union privy to it. "T. W.," we believe, has had the last word, but not until "H. G." had pronounced him "an unprincipled juggler." We trust "T. W." will not let the matter rest here. He must not be disheartened; far worse "names" than he has been called may be found in Crabbe's Dictionary of Synonyms, and we trust he will use them freely. They are the property of the Anglo-Saxon race.

Strikes still continue among the mechanics, with little result, but a good deal of violent talk and bitter feeling. The tailors have had a meeting in this city, in which there were some sensible resolutions passed, recognizing the inefficiency of strikes as a method of determining the rate of wages, and recommending arbitration as a substitute. A better substitute still would be the co-operative system. Nothing will ever put an end to strikes but the practical acquaintance of the workmen with the risks and uses of capital.

Two things are noticeable in the third semi-annual report on schools for freedmen by the Rev. J. W. Alvord, general superintendent under the Bureau: the quite exceptional mention of disturbances once so common in almost every school district, and the increased participation of the freedmen in the support of their schools. The report extends only to January 1, and proves that a marked change had already been wrought in the conduct of the Southern people towards the teachers and their work before the reconstruction bills had been passed and a military police appointed to preserve order. Since then, and since the intelligence and political power seemed both about to lodge in the hands of the blacks, what school-house has been burned or teacher maltreated? We have heard of none. The freedmen at least are not afraid to invest their savings in this lately precarious property. "There are," says Mr. Alvord, "623 schools sustained wholly or in part by the freedmen, and 286 of the buildings in which these schools are taught are owned by themselves." Another interesting fact: "15,248 colored pupils pay tuition, the amount of which per month is $11,377 03" (about the cost *per capita* in Massachusetts); "and these self-supporting pupils are mainly from the recently emancipated population. Only 2,302 of all the above (77,998) pupils, as reported, were free before the war."

The war cloud in Europe seems to have blown over, as we have all along anticipated it would, at least for the present, leaving some of the "great dailies" here in a terrible mess, as they were busy putting the French and Prussian armies in the field, and were promising the public something very bloody in place of the "Fenian outbreak," indefinitely postponed, and which was to have been the leading attraction of the present newspaper season. They are now grumbling over the "special despatches" which were so precious three or four weeks ago, but which nobody now likes to own. They were, however, not so much to blame as they appear to think they were, as there is no doubt that the private commercial correspondence was even more confident of war than the newspapers, and affairs have at times looked very threatening. Our confidence in the preservation of peace, at least for the present, has never been shaken, as our readers know, and we think the later news fully justifies it. The process by which we reached our conclusions is one which, in default of private and confidential information from Louis Napoleon and Count Bismark, we think was a very safe though a very simple one, and we recommend it for general use. It consists in the first place of paying no attention whatever to the opinions or predictions of the sage who sends news to the Associated Press from the other side of the water, and in not being too much affected by "panics" among the stock-brokers. The price of the government funds at the great exchanges of Europe is, of course, an indication of some value of what is going to happen, but then stock-brokers are the most easily panic-stricken class in the world. The great facts in the present imbroglio, which must not be lost sight of in judging of the future, are that the dispute about Luxembourg was clearly not foreseen by either party; it sprang on them both without notice, and we know that neither of them is, in a military sense, ready for war. As we pointed out three weeks ago, the Prussians cannot go to war without a terrible derangement of industry, and need not go to war, having got all they want, until they are attacked. The French, on the other hand, have evidently been taken by surprise, and can at this moment put just enough men in the field, armed mainly with muzzle-loaders, to give battle to such an army as Prussia had at Sadowa. Defeat in one action would, therefore, involve the capture of Paris and the overthrow of the Napoleonic dynasty, and the relegation of France for our lifetime to the position of a second-class power. To suppose that Louis Napoleon and his generals would run such a risk is to suppose them totally wanting in common sense as well as in military ability. So, let the opposition taunt and jeer as they may, the dispute will be settled by peaceful negotiation, if it can be settled, and, in any case, the negotiations will drag on a long time. But when a conference is held, with the heads of arrangement already set down, there need be little fear of miscarriage; so we may fairly consider the danger past for this summer, and, we believe, for this year.

The Eyre faction in England have at last received a crushing blow in the charge of Chief-Justice Cockburn to the grand jury in the case of Colonel Nelson and Lieutenant Brand. The charge was in some parts rather vague, and on some points could hardly have made a very distinct impression on the mind of the grand jury; but on one point it was clear as noon, and that was that Gordon's execution was murder. Nelson and Brand, having only done in an ignorant and brutal way the work that was given them to do, have got off, the bills against them having been thrown out; but the guilt of Governor Eyre is now settled, and the only question is how to get at him. Entrenched behind the country justices he is safe, but if he should show his face in London he will undoubtedly be arrested. The charge has produced such a profound impression on the public mind that there is very little doubt the Jamaica Committee will be more than ever encouraged to follow him up.

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One of the notable defeats which Count Bismark sustained in the late session of the North German Parliament was that in which a clause denying pay to the members of succeeding parliaments was replaced by a provision for mileage and salary from the national treasury. The struggle over this was a very stubborn one. Service without compensation, it was asserted by the Conservatives, is the indispensable corrective of universal suffrage. It would give us, replied the National party, a chamber of lords, but no popular representation; it would create a moneyed aristocracy, the worst of all. Bismark protested in the name of the confederate states that the amendment could not be tolerated, but a fair majority of six withstood the menace. Whether the principle is embodied in the constitution as adopted, we do not know. Prior to the final vote, the several governments were to have expressed themselves on the amendments, and it is possible the original clause was in this instance restored. The question is not without interest, and has been discussed even in this country. Under the Confederation, members of Congress were paid by the States which they represented, so that in framing the Federal Constitution the main dispute was naturally not whether Congressmen should be paid, but by whom and how much. Yet Butler and Rutledge, of South Carolina, would have allowed them no compensation, and Gouverneur Morris was opposed to paying Senators anything. Charles Pinckney, who wanted property qualifications exacted of the President and of Congress, proposed that the States should pay their delegates in both Houses; but it was seen that this would place the Government at the mercy of the States, as had already happened, Rhode Island once refusing to support her delegation and so retaining them at home. Hamilton argued that payment by the nation would be a guaranty that the number of acting members would never be reduced to a bare quorum. Madison wanted the Constitution to fix the salaries by some less fluctuating standard of value than money, and thought it indecent and dangerous for the matter to be left absolutely to Congress. Patrick Henry, in Virginia, feared, as did many other politicians, that the Congress would vote themselves too high a salary; Mr. Tyler, of the same State, feared lest the opposite should happen, and as only rich men could then undertake the office, an aristocracy would result. And one of Elbridge Gerry's eight objections to signing the actual Constitution, referring to Art. I., section 6, was "the unlimited power of Congress over their own compensation."

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The Mont Cenis Tunnel—an enterprise worthily associated with the Suez Canal and the Atlantic Telegraph, is making favorable progress. Owing to a delay of two years in employing the best boring machines, the northern gallery is considerably in arrear of the southern, besides having encountered a stratum of quartzite which was with the utmost difficulty penetrated. That passed, anhydrite and dolomite admit of as rapid advances as those from the Italian side. The bed of the tunnel is not a plane, but consists of two opposite acclivities, culminating in the middle—say, four and a half miles from each opening—the northern pitch being much the steeper. Down this, under many disadvantages of ventilation, drainage, and mechanical power, the Italians must work, after having completed their half and touched the apex. The two gangs of workmen are now about four miles apart, and it is expected that by the close of 1870 they will have shaken hands *sub terra.*

THE VANITY OF LUXURY.

We have received from a grieved correspondent in Savannah, Georgia, a vigorous but pathetic remonstrance upon our recent defence of luxury, and he says the direct tendency of our article is to encourage the purchase of "silks, satins, diamonds, and champagne," and the consequence of the possession of these articles in any quantity he pronounces "to be vanity and vexation of spirit," "and bitterness, envyings, and wretchedness." We may as well confess freely that we think the influence of the newspaper press, either in promoting or keeping down luxury, too small to be worth speaking of, and it was not in the hope or expectation of exercising any such influence, but as a contribution towards rational thought on a subject of some importance, that the article to which he refers was written. We always read the newspaper lamentations over the popular appetite for "foreign luxuries" with very much the same feeling that we read the Pope's curses of modern literature and science, and consider them, if we may be allowed to use the poor man's comment on cabbage, as an article of food as "filling at the money." They take up space in a harmless way, which in these days of "enterprise" and "special despatches" is a great thing. People will buy luxuries whenever they have the money to spare in spite of the newspapers. Certainly newspaper editors are not the persons to call them to account for it, as they are not, we believe, celebrated for their ascetic temperament, and in most countries are not found to "lag behind the age," as the phrase is, in pursuit of material comfort. Clergymen might preach on the subject with a better grace, as their congregations seem to enjoy confining them to plain living, we presume with the desire of having in every parish at least one model of Christian simplicity. But both editors and clergymen have preached and will always preach in vain. The love of luxury, that is, of the things which, at any particular period, or in any particular country, are not considered necessary to health or comfort, has always existed and always will exist, and is one of the great springs of human progress. Besides, luxury is a relative term. No such thing as absolute luxury has as yet been discovered; and the luxuries of one generation become the necessaries of the next, and the luxuries of one country are the necessaries of another. In the Middle Ages night-shirts were looked on as a silly piece of extravagance, and people of all ranks and classes from the king down slept in the simple costume in which they were born. We have no doubt that when night-gowns began to come into vogue people were accused of running in debt for them to foreigners. In Queen Elizabeth's time the owner of the plainest ingrain carpet, such as may now be found in the house of every American mechanic, would have been looked upon as an extravagant dog, unless he were a great noble, in which case he would probably have excited the Queen's jealousy and been put in the Tower. Over the greater part of the world, to this day, the spectacle of a man's brushing his teeth will draw as large a crowd as the district will afford, and excite amusement and disgust in about equal proportions. In most parts of Turkey, taking sugar habitually in his coffee would be considered, in the case of a person of moderate means, a sign of riotous living. What is now considered very poor claret would in the fifteenth century have been pronounced a royal drink, and we have no doubt whatever that the delicious "Greek wine" which the Jews used to serve out in their back parlors out of "curious silver goblets" to knights trying to raise a loan was execrable stuff. A bath-tub, which most people of intelligence now think a necessary, is in many parts of the world, and even in many circles in highly civilized countries, looked on as a kind of gewgaw for the use of men and women who have little to do. Tea and coffee were very idle and injurious luxuries little more than a century ago. We might extend this catalogue indefinitely. There is, of course, much to be said against the expenditure of money in champagne and diamonds, as there is against all gratification of the palate and personal ornamentation. The only thing that can be said for it is that it gives pleasure, and the utility of pleasure is a question so wide that we forbear entering upon it, and must refer our correspondent to the leading writers on ethics; but we advise him to betake himself to some more profitable occupation than preaching against luxury.

Notes.

LITERARY.

Russian literature is prolific of novels, but we believe no Russian novelist is at all known to the English-speaking world on either side of the Atlantic. We are, however, about to make the acquaintance of the best of these writers—the best now, at any rate, since the death of Gogol in 1851—by means of a translation, made by Mr. Eugene Schuyler, of Ivan Turgenef's "Fathers and Sons." Turgenef is of the nobility, was born near Moscow in 1818, and was educated at Berlin. His first literary venture was a volume of poems. But he won his first marked success in literature in the five years between the twenty-eighth and the thirty-third years of his age, when he published under the title of "Memoirs of a Sportsman" what may be called the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" of Russia—a series of sketches of serf life. The present Emperor declares that this book first turned his thoughts to emancipation. Alexander, however, was then only Czarowitz, and his father Nicholas, not so well pleased at some expressions in the book, ordered Turgenef to his estates. At Alexander's intercession he was, however, soon released. He wrote several other novels between 1851 and 1861, and in the latter year published "Fathers and Sons," the work which Mr. Schuyler has decided to give us first. To contrast two generations of Russians seems to have been Turgenef's idea in the novel, and to draw the character of the typical "nihilist," as the powers that be in Russia call the socialistic agitators who trouble that government and who indeed played an important part in the late assassination conspiracy. Turgenef—the French call him "Tourgueneff" and the Germans "Turgeniew," but "Turgenef" is an exact translation of the Russian,—Turgenef consents to the republication of his novel in this country, and we should suppose the book would find many readers, a good Muscovite novelist being a curiosity among us and a bad Muscovite novelist equally a curiosity.

—Messrs. Ticknor & Fields have issued within a day or two a limited edition of a valuable work by Dr. J. Mason Warren, "Surgical Observations, with Cases and Operations." Under this modest title the author has given the medical profession, in an enlarged form, the substance of the address, entitled "Recent Progress in Surgery," which he delivered some time since before the Massachusetts Medical Society. The volume is illustrated with wood-cuts and with lithographs, colored and uncolored, is of course handsomely printed, and altogether is worthy to contain Dr. Warren's latest and most elaborate contribution to the science of surgery. Another recent book from the same house is a little paper-covered volume containing Swinburne's unsuccessful "Song of Italy." *The Spectator* declares that the poem is out of breath from the one end to the other, and that the shrill scream of the rhapsodist rarely dies away. *The Pall Mall Gazette* says that of thought in it there is none, of sentiment plenty—sentiment of the blazing kind, which promises above everything to burn out rapidly. The same journal remarks upon the carnality of ideas which is discoverable in this poem as in the other and better works of the poet, and upon "the delights of a fribble" which Mr. Swinburne betrays after he has personified Freedom and Italy and turned them into women. These, however, are the worst words of the critics; the praise of musical rhythm, eloquent writing of the rhetorical kind, and some imaginative power, is not denied to his work. After the fashion for new poets in England of late years, Mr. Swinburne, having gone up very high and with a great noise, has now come down again and is rated by the critics —we do not say too low, for still they seem to expect from him more than we are able to believe they will ever get from him, but certainly very low in comparison with the estimate set upon him before he had descended from the "Atalanta" to the "Chastelard," and from that to the "Laus Veneris," and from that to this unrememberable and almost unreadable ode.

—Some years since D. Appleton & Co. published Mr. G. H. Lewes's "History of Philosophy," a work with which some fault has been found—philosophers not being absolutely of one mind on all subjects, and perhaps not the mildest-mannered of men, and Mr. Lewes not being the most pacific of philosophers—but a work which must, on the whole, be pronounced excellent. The author has thoroughly revised it and considerably enlarged it, and wishes it to be issued in this country simultaneously with its appearance in England. Properly, it should seem, the republication should be the work of Messrs. Appleton & Co., but they have on hand a part of the old edition. Still it is altogether likely that the revised and improved work will soon be placed by some of our publishers before the American reading public. Books already announced by Messrs. Appleton are "Marie Antoinette and her Son," the latest production, just published in Germany, of Louisa Mühlbach, who is, perhaps, wearing out her welcome among us; "Bible Teachings in Nature," by Hugh McMillan; Maudsley's "Physiology of the Mind;" Prof. Youmans's "Culture Demanded by Modern Life;" and "A Map for Travellers to Europe."——C. Scribner & Co. add nothing to the announcements given last week except a "Life of Carl Ritter," by W. L. Gage.

—We are to suppose that Mr. J. Burroughs Hyde, of this city; Mr. Lewis C. Grover, of Newark, N. J.; Mr. A. M. W. Ball, of Elizabeth, N. J., and numerous other reputable citizens of this State and of New Jersey, are guilty of falsehood, or else we are to believe that the popular poem, "Rock me to sleep, mother," was in existence, in manuscript, in 1856, and well known to many friends of Mr. Ball. But the poem was not written, Mrs. E. A. C. Akers says, till 1860, when she wrote it in Italy and sent it over here to a Philadelphia journal. In a brief argument, prepared by the Hon. O. A. Morse, Mr. Ball seems to us to prove, or rather Mr. Ball's indignant friends seem to us to prove, pretty conclusively that gentleman's claim to the authorship of the poem in question. The weakest point in Mr. Morse's case is that he can show no newspaper older than 1860 with any part of his client's poem in it, although he supposes that it was in some country newspaper that Mrs. Akers must have seen the poem, and although we know that as soon as Mrs. Akers had put it into the Philadelphia paper in 1860 it went into every newspaper and became exceedingly popular all over the continent. It is not, however, necessary that Mr. Morse should account for Mrs. Akers's part of the affair; his business was to show by good evidence that Mr. Ball wrote the poem four years before Mrs. Akers says she did. And if he cared to answer the objection above stated, he might reply that till now, and for the purposes of this controversy, Mr. Ball has never sought publicity or print for any of his many verses; that therefore it is by no means certain that the "Rock me to sleep" really got into print in 1856; that Mr. Ball is, however, so careless of his manuscript that a sheet of it may have been lost by him when he visited New Hampshire, Mrs. Akers's place of residence in that year, or an obscure printer may have got hold of it; and finally, that, manuscript copies of the poem having been freely made, Mrs. Akers may have come into possession of one or a part of one of them. Mr. Morse suggests, and he makes the suggestion in good faith, that by some occult sympathy between the minds of Mr. Ball and Mrs. Akers, or by some secret agency of the spiritual essences around us, Mrs. Akers may have been "impressed" to write verses that Mr. Ball had already written! This is very kind of him, but perhaps Mrs. Akers would prefer to bring forward for herself something in the way of passably good evidence in her favor. We do not see that she can do less.

—An excessively rare book, which it is a pity should go out of the country, yet which is likely to go to England, is offered for sale by Messrs. Mohun & Ebbs, a firm whose special business is the purchase and sale of books rare and handsome. It is six volumes of the "Athenæ Britannicæ" of Miles Davies, a work in seven volumes, of which such a bibliophile as Dr. Farmer had, according to Chalmers, never seen but one, and Baker had seen only three, which the Earl of Oxford sent him as a very great curiosity, and which are now in the library of St. John's College, Cambridge. In fact, it is believed that the only perfect copies in existence are one in the Bodleian Library and one in the British Museum, this one apparently wanting a volume. The copy which we have seen is in morocco, five of the six volumes of 12mo size, but varying in thickness, and one of them a thin 4to. Their author, who was also their publisher, was, it is said, their printer as well, and issuing the volumes at various times, whenever best consisted with his convenience or his needs, may be supposed to have given himself a good deal of latitude in all matters relating to the manufacture. He is said to have carried his works about from house to house, selling them in the manner of a pedlar; and it is pretty certain that in these words which we noted in the third volume he refers to himself: "A *real* scholar that was forced to hawke about his own Books or Writings to pick up a Starving Livelyhood." They occur in a passage where, no doubt very much against his inclination—for he was rabid against all Papists and Dissenters and enemies of the House of Hanover—he speaks well of Pope for favors shown him. The words which we have quoted seem to describe him pretty well. He was a man of considerable erudition, with a very good conceit of his own acquirements and abilities, who nearly starved to death on authorship in London at the beginning of the last century. He came up from Tre'r Abbot, Flintshire, Wales, where he had been a clergyman, to London, where he seems to have turned lawyer, for he calls himself counsellor-at-law. Disraeli thinks that, whether he starved or not, he died insane. He writes like a lunatic in many parts of his work, to which, however, we have given but a hasty glance. The title-page to Vol. IV. (no two of the title-pages, by the way, are alike) may serve at once to give some idea of the author's style and of the contents of his book: "*Athenæ Britannicæ;* or, The Critical Newes and Parallels of Miscelanies, with the *Biographical* and *Bibliographical* Characters of the present Age and Learning and those of the former *Archæology.* In reference to, and continuation of, The Oxford and Cambridge Writers and Others, with some Freedom of *Thought* and Newness of Stile. The Whole being a Critical History of Pamphlets, Books, and Authors, especially of *Great Britain.* Calculated for a new Diversion and Method of Free Thinking and a Novelty of New Writing, with a New Set of Thoughts and *Sound Words;* or a New Form and Frame of *Natural Prayer*, and Study or Application and Attention, or with a Novel Set-Form or Form of Novelty of a Nervous Phrase and a Studyed Expression, as well as with an uncommon *Command* of Thoughts and Words. For proving or approving or reproving of some and improving of others. Vol. IV. by the Author of the three first volumes of the Athenæ Britannicæ. All the Four Volumes by the Laborious Collection and Learned Readings of MYLES DAVIES, late of Trerabbat, in the County of Flint, Counsellor-at-Law, Esq. Sold only by the said Author, Myles Davies, at the corner of *Little Queen Street*, Holbourn." English and foreign (both Romanist and Dissenting) writers of theological tractates, as well as the champions of the Church of England, are his theme in five of the volumes, and he seems to treat of them with a very great fulness of knowledge. The sixth volume is severe upon the quacks, and gives an account of the quarrels and disputes of the medical fraternity in all countries and ages, of the state of medical science at that time, and of the various ancient and modern schools of medicine. The work may be had for one hundred and twenty-five dollars.

—M. N. Yemeniz, born at Constantinople some eighty-odd years since, of Greek blood, a Frenchman by naturalization, established himself at Lyons so long ago as 1799 as a manufacturer of silk stuffs. He became wealthy, and a great deal of his money he devoted to the formation of a fine library of four thousand volumes. But not many months since his wife died and left the old man so forlorn and unhappy that his library no longer delights him, and he has resolved to part with it. It will be sold during the current month, the days of sale being the last three weeks of May, from the 9th day to the 31st, both inclusive. The collection, says M. Le Roux de Lingy, is to be described not as a cabinet, but as a true library, and he goes on to tell at considerable length what the difference is between the two. Perhaps we give his remarks a good enough interpretation when we say that M. Yemeniz made his purchases on the principle that books were made for the delight and instruction of man, and not on the principle that man was created to hunt books merely as rare books, nor as "tall copies," nor as connected with any particular "line," nor, briefly, for any other reason than the good one above stated. His collection, however, is noticeable in this, that it is particularly rich in first editions. It is stronger in the department of belles-lettres than any other. The catalogue, which we have seen, is a model of order, arrangement, and compression. A copy of it may be examined at the store of Messrs. Mohun & Ebbs, who will take orders for the purchase of any books in the library.

—Among new English books we notice the first volume of a new series of the supplementary "Despatches, Correspondence, and Memoranda of F. M. Arthur, Duke of Wellington." It contains letters and documents covering the period from the beginning of 1819 to the end of 1822. Topics so weighty as the Congress of Verona, the armed intervention of France in Spanish affairs, the independence of the Spanish and Portuguese colonies in America, the affairs of Russia and Turkey, and other high matters, are treated of side by side with topics not so weighty; for instance, this: a certain person who had volunteered to assist the duke through a crowd at the theatre having afterwards requested compensation for a watch which he declared had been lost in the confusion, is duly informed by the duke that "although he has no objection to assist Mr. —— in repairing the loss he has sustained, he must at the same time take the liberty of recommending him in future to omit acts of unsolicited and unnecessary politeness unless he is prepared to bear their possible or probable consequences." "Rich in saving common-sense," indeed, to afford to expend it on gentlemen like that one. Another work recently issued in London is a new edition of "The Poetical Works of N. P. Willis," with a memoir, too laudatory, as we remember it, taken from *The Round Table.* Sir J. Emerson Tennent's book on "The Wild Elephant, and the Method of Capturing and Taming it in Ceylon," to judge from the commendation given it by the critics and from the fact that this is the sixth time that this account has been reprinted from Sir Emerson's larger work, must be an entertaining book and one that will be republished in this country, if not before, then next November or December, when boys' tastes have to be provided for. Another book that might, perhaps, pay for republication in this country, where Tennyson is, with the single exception of Longfellow, the most popular of living poets, is a book, by an anonymous author, containing "Notes Biographical and Critical on Early Poems of Alfred and C. Tennyson, and *In Memoriam* Various Readings, with Parallel Passages in Shakespeare's Sonnets." Other sources than Shakespeare's sonnets might have been successfully searched for parallel passages, as, for example, parts of "The Two Voices" might be read in connection with passages in the Book of Job, and a part of "The Palace of Art" in connection with the sixteenth chapter of the apocryphal "Wisdom of Solomon." A recent translation into English is the Icelandic "Viga Glum's Saga" by Sir Edmund Head, the translation being prefaced by a Greek epigram from the pen of Mr. Lowe, whose previous conspicuous displays of classical attainments were made last year in that skilful contest in quotations from Virgil to which he and Mr. Gladstone were parties, and in which the great Adullamite was not worsted. We must not forget to mention Mr. F. A. Paley's "Iliad of Homer, with English Notes." The Iliad is not, in Mr. Paley's opinion, the "Iliad" of Homer, for in the controversy on the unity of the poem he takes the side of Wolf. Mr. Gladstone he accuses of what "is nothing better than a *petitio principii.*"

EDUCATIONAL.

MR. SAMUEL PORTER, formerly of Hartford, and now of the National Deaf-Mute College, Washington, has reprinted in pamphlet form his essay on "The Vowel Elements in Speech," which originally appeared in *The American Journal of Sciences and Arts*, Vol. XIII., 1866. The attempt is made in a scientific manner to determine the mechanism of speech, and from observing accurately the process of articulating, to deduce first a definition and then the natural order and general classification of the vowel sounds. The author justly remarks in his preface, that "the matter is one which really concerns not only the specialists in phonology and professors of elocution, but every teacher who has aught to do with the training of the voice, either in the vernacular or in foreign tongues, and either in speech or in song. A complete and true system of the vowels is obviously essential as the basis for a course of vocal gymnastics, without which there can be no really thorough vocal training." The pamphlet is published in this city by B. Westermann & Co., and may be had for forty cents.

—In our third issue for January we called attention to a series of four articles then recently contributed to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, by M. Emile de Laveleye, on "the Instruction of the People in the Nineteenth Century." We recommended the translation and reproduction of these articles in this country, "with suitable notes and additions," as likely to be "of great service to the cause of education." The suggestion, we are happy to have learned, was not only approved in many quarters, but by three at least of our State educational journals was adopted and almost carried out without previous concert. *The American Educational Monthly*, of this city, having got the start, will probably be the only one to persevere in the undertaking. In its May number the first instalment is given—that relating to America—in the English of Miss Osgood. No notes are appended, for only the introduction is reached, and that scarcely requires notes. We hope that they will not be neglected with what follows, which, by the way, should be dealt out rather more liberally, both in order to sustain the interest of the reader and to facilitate reference when completed. J. W. Schermerhorn & Co., 430 Broome Street, are the publishers of *The Monthly*.

RITTER'S GEOGRAPHY OF PALESTINE.*

NATURALISTS are familiar with a class of animals called *anthozoa*, which propagate themselves by a process of germination or budding. The bud when sufficiently matured shoots off from the parent stem, with which it is identical in structure, and begins life as a new and distinct being. Other species of the same general type are reproduced by fissuration or artificial section, just as a plant is multiplied by slips. These phenomena of natural history illustrate the growth and individuation of science, the manner in which it is developed out of an amorphous aggregate of mere facts and becomes a well-defined and independent organism. It is by this individuality and organic unity that *science* is distinguished from mere *knowledge*. The materials out of which political economy, chemistry, physiology, and philology are constructed have existed as isolated facts for centuries; but these sciences are called *new* because it is only recently that their varied phenomena have been systematized and marshalled under law. It was thus that René Just Haüy and Malus revealed the mysteries of crystallography and the polarization of light. It was thus that Goethe discovered the beautiful morphological law which reduces all the organs of the plant to modifications of the leaf. It is thus, indeed, that the human mind proceeds in all its researches. It passes through two stages, observation and interpretation. It first learns, then philosophizes; first garners facts, then generalizes from them; and it is in this final process of sifting, systematizing, and organizing incoherent knowledges that consist the fascination and crowning triumph of scientific investigation. The old astrologists, in their zealous study of horoscopy and planetary influence, observed and recorded the wayward motions of the mocking stars for thousands of years before astronomy was possible. And what Copernicus did for the science of the heavens Ritter has done for the science of the earth.

The publication of his *Erdkunde von Asien* marks an important epoch in geographical study. In this great work the confused mass of unorganized details gathered from the accounts of travellers and historians of every age and country are collated, condensed, and scientifically grouped. The earth is here considered not merely in itself as a vast area of sea and land diversified by mountains and valleys, but also in its cosmical relations, in its influence upon men and nations as the great theatre of human life and human discipline. Geography thus studied is the true key to history and ethics. Between the physical features of a country and the mental and moral features of its inhabitants there exists a close and vital connection; national character is, in a great degree, the resultant of those so-called brute forces which, although not directly under man's control and sometimes destructive to individual happiness, are incontestably designed to preserve and perfect the race. The unbridled agencies of earth and air, which once brought only terror and death, have been changed by the progress of science into auxiliaries of life and made tributary to the largest growth of soul and character. Winds, mountains, rivers, and plains are not finalities, but ministers to man; they concern us only as they are related to his being and development, as they help him onward and give him new power to fulfil the purposes of his creation. To trace in history the influence of physical phenomena, to show how highlands and lowlands, river systems and the configuration of continents, tend to retard or promote human culture, to bind together isolated details and sporadic groups of facts into organic unity and refer them to some central principle or comprehensive law—such is the worthy task of the scientific geographer.

This intimate connection between land and people is especially apparent in the East among the patriarchal inhabitants of Palestine. Nowhere do we find a closer communion of man with nature; nowhere have geographical conditions exerted a more decisive influence upon the history, religion, and thought of a nation; nowhere do we detect more evident workings of that "subtle but real organic power which the earth puts forth" in giving shape and character to those who dwell upon it. Yet important as is a correct knowledge of this country, which fills so large a place in the heart of the world, and around which cluster the most sacred associations of Christian, Jew, and even Mohammedan, the attainment of it is attended with peculiar difficulties. In ancient times Palestine was a land set apart. The theocratic idea upon which its government was based severed it as effectually from all sympathy and alliance with surrounding nations as its crags and gorges saved it from their rapacity. Consequently the most cultivated nations of antiquity knew little or nothing about it, and we must therefore depend upon its own meagre records and traditions for a knowledge of its early history. During the Middle Ages, monkish legends and absurd fables invented for the credulous ears of pilgrims overran the whole country and increased still more the sources of perplexity. This was especially true of Jerusalem; the masses of rubbish which bury the primitive foundations of the Holy City to the depth of thirty or forty feet do not contribute more to obscure its topography than the multitude of mediæval traditions with which all the sacred sites are overloaded. Of the thousands of tourists who have gone there in modern times and left records of their journeyings, many have looked at the Holy Land through the film of pious sentiment, and, instead of exact information, have given the reader what Tobler so happily characterizes as "a kind of baptized declamation;" very few indeed have brought to the task the scientific preparation and critical acumen so needful for the highest purposes of travel in a country like Palestine. It is evident, then, that if the biblical or archæological student is to derive any benefit from the observations of tourists, their often conflicting reports must be subjected to the crucible of learning in order to determine what is pure gold and what is the mere dross of superstition.

This is what Ritter has done in the volume of which Mr. Gage now offers a translation and condensation to the American public. The original work has no doubt lost much of its scientific value by being thus narrowed down into a commentary on the Bible. The author did not write it with any such purpose in view. Yet, as the great majority of readers in America would be interested in it chiefly as illustrating the Scriptures, we think the editor fully justified in abridging it. The biblical scholar will find here a series of full and well-digested monographs on all the principal topics which he wishes to investigate. The editor's supplementary list of works, papers, and maps relating to the Holy Land which have been published since 1852 is by no means perfect, and is very far from doing justice to the American literature on the subject. Many valuable articles have appeared during the last fifteen years in *The North American Review, The Bibliotheca Sacra,* and other periodicals, to which no allusion is made. Such neglect is unpardonable in an American editor preparing a book for American readers. Besides, his catalogue contains some trash and no criticism; so that it is impossible for a person unacquainted with the works to discriminate between the useful and the worthless. We have also noticed occasional blunders and contradictions. In Volume II., p. 176, the round Lake Phiala is said to be "*about an English mile* in circumference;" on page 178 it has doubled its size and becomes "*about two miles* in circumference;" on page 179 "the lakelet is *about three miles* in circuit." This wonderful increase in dimensions reminds us of *Falstaff's* story of the eleven men in buckram. Robinson thinks the lake is about a mile in diameter, and Thompson makes it three miles in circumference. Again, on page 210 "De Berton gives the depression of the surface of Lake Huleh as *eighteen and a half feet below* the level of the Mediterranean;" on page 226 "the water does not vary much from a hundred feet *above* the sea, or, according to De Berton, *three hundred and twenty-two Paris feet.*" On page 14 of Volume IV. the map of Jerusalem prepared by Aldrich and Symonds and published by the English Government "is on a scale of *four hundred English feet to a mile.*" We leave it to the reader to estimate the size of this map and to judge whether it is probable that such a map has ever been published outside of Brobdingnag. These volumes contain many defects of this kind in arithmetical calculations which it is not necessary to enumerate. Also, the process of abridgment (always a difficult one) has sometimes led to confusion and obscurity; and in some cases where authorities disagree the editor has taken upon himself to decide these controversies in an *ex-cathedra* manner infinitely amusing to those who are familiar with the Holy Land from personal observation. But these errors and deficiencies are of minor importance. The work which Mr. Gage offers is of real and permanent value. We heartily thank him for it and willingly recommend it to our readers.

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* "The Comparative Geography of Palestine and the Sinaitic Peninsula. By Carl Ritter. Translated and adapted to the use of Biblical Students by William L. Gage." D. Appleton & Co., New York. 1866. 4 vols. 8vo.

M. CARLIER ON MARRIAGE IN AMERICA.*

THE American husband, says M. Carlier, appreciates while still young the benefits of the married state; he recognizes the sanctity of the conjugal tie, early takes the obligation on himself, and refuses none of its duties. Yet how is it that his wife "is never the confidant of his intimate and real thoughts? With another the heart will overflow under grave and painful circumstances; at home it is hermetically sealed." Is it stoicism that causes this concealment which even the masonic married man of other lands finds it so difficult to maintain? "No; he is very impressible." But it is that he is sensitive; he wears a mask "with which he covers a real trouble that he would not have suspected." Yes, "his natural pride allows this supposition." However, it is true that this husband who habitually has secrets from the wife of his bosom, who evades her enquiries into the amount of his income-tax, who permits not that his pockets should be examined, is yet willing to render his wife, his companion, the preceptor of his children, the one he loves best, "marks of attachment during the short time that he can spare from the affairs of the community, of the parish, of the county, of the State, or of the Union, and most of all his own personal business."

As for the American wife, she, M. Carlier thinks, "is generally attached to her husband, the father of her children." She is faithful. For this there are two causes. "The first is *principle;* then there is the quiet life she is so often obliged to lead." She devotes herself to the cares of the house, a hard task in a country with such servants as there are in America, so independent, so capricious. "Moreover, this servant being almost always Irish, the antagonism of race is called forth, and the Celt takes a secret pleasure in obliging his American master to take *his* place by quitting him abruptly." It is therefore not wonderful that to escape the vexations of domestic life the family goes to a hotel or a boarding-house. There the wife forgets the domestic life; nothing is left of the domestic circle but the name; the husband and wife pursue each their own purposes.

As for the married that have a home, their life is twofold—a winter life and a summer life, for the American family goes into the country. "In the hot weather every lady wants to leave the country and to go to one of the numerous and immense hotels that are to be found at the sea-side or the springs." The summer life is full of pride, dissipation, lavish expenditure, and folly. And "this gay world which renders every one constantly conspicuous is relished all the more as the life in winter has been *triste* and monotonous." For in winter "the husband stays in the city to attend to his business or take part in politics, and does not visit his wife except at intervals, very much as a conservatory act to prevent proscription." What this last sad effect of American winter life is we do not know, but thus much is plain: the American son and daughter come to grief, to extravagance, namely, to flirtations, parties. "The young men easily fall into bad habits, the most frequent of which is drinking to excess."

One need not be surprised that married life in America is such as we have seen it to be. The beginning of it is bad. "The young American girls, it appears, very early take part in the reunions of which they together with the young men of their own age form, either exclusively or nearly so, the nucleus." So young are the component parts of the nucleus of the American reunion "that it has been very wittily said of these reunions that the cradles are the only things wanting." One attending them finds little of *esprit;* all is small-talk, but small-talk with a view of marriage. If you could see the bottom of these hearts, you would find in each self-interest. Often it happens that in the American reunion the young American girl meets and loves the young American man. Sometimes unforeseen obstacles prevent the union which the two project for themselves; for it is with the greatest reluctance that the young American girl pays to her mother that delicate deference in the matter of choosing a husband which is paid by the young French girl. Unforeseen obstacles, we will say, prevent the projected union; unaccustomed to restraint, unable to cope with this strange resistance of circumstances, the young girl is crushed. "Then what ravages do we not see in her feelings, spirits, heart! There remains only perfect indifference to life and bitter scorn for society." The reunion failing, there are the watering-places, England, the springs, at which the young American girl seeks a husband. And are there not also the primitive settlements of the West? of which M. Carlier remarks that, wives being scarce there, "the gloom and languor which pervade these sections can hardly be described." They advertise for wives; in May, 1857, the Iowa *Reporter* published an appeal to the women of all lands to immigrate and be married. But, without going West, there is also elopement with the teacher of accomplishments. "In this intimate intercourse, where the teacher seeks to awaken in his pupil the sense of the beautiful, it is so easy to make an indirect appeal to the heart, to vanity, or to weakness of any kind. . . . The language (French?), which itself gives to the art a seductive fascination and which he uses as no other," helps the teacher to persuade to clandestine marriage the young American girl, who, to tell all the bad things about her at once, also has a weakness for titles, and sometimes goes away to be married to a foreign nobleman of doubtful character and, perhaps, of doubtful birth and station. The elopement with the "teacher of accomplishments" M. Carlier admits to be rare, but the newspapers of every State, he adds, will show that such occurrences do take place.

Then the marriage ceremony: an obscure justice of the peace can celebrate it; the want of formality is shocking. In Maine, a conductor—too busy, we suggest, saying "Go ahead!" to be particular about wedding formalities—invited his betrothed and a minister into a car, and while the train was in motion was married; leaving that station a bachelor, at this station he was a married man! "It is but one of a thousand examples of life as it goes in this *fast* country." In Virginia, in 1855, a minister standing on one side of an unfordable stream married a couple who stood on the other bank and shouted the responses across the stream. In Massachusetts a clergyman married a couple and united with them in a written protest against the injustice of the marriage laws of that State.

On the whole, if anybody is solicitous to defend the Yankee nation against the charge of being thin-skinned, he may truly urge that the skin of no other nation, ancient or modern, was ever in the first tender years of its existence so thoroughly sandpapered as ours has been. The process began when the Federal Constitution was forming, and this little book, the latest published though not the latest written of those works of travellers who scarify us—not dilate on our cathedrals or pyramids or picture-galleries, but scarify us—was issued only the other day. Let us not, however, do injustice even to so slight an essay as this of M. Carlier's. He says some absurd things, on some of which we have laid too much stress, perhaps, but he also tells us plainly, if not very forcibly, what was known before, that the marriage and divorce laws in the United States badly need revision. That he has very probably given those Frenchmen who have read his book an inadequate and often incorrect account of married life among us, we need not resent as if it were of great importance to us, and need not be surprised at his failure to do in a brief essay what a much abler man might fail to accomplish within the compass of a large book. The reader will find the book not a valuable one, but if his attention has been turned to the subject-matter of it by Mr. Dixon's recent work he will find it worth glancing over. The translator has done his work clumsily as regards the manner of it, but seems to have succeeded in generally giving his author's meaning.

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* "Marriage in the United States. Auguste Carlier. Translated from the French by B. Joy Jeffries, A.M., M.D." 16mo, pp. 179. Boston: De Vries, Ibarra & Co.; New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 1867.

HOW TO GET RICH.*

SOME acute genius once published a calculation by which it appeared that if Adam had been the man he ought to have been, and had put out at compound interest a farthing or a penny or some such trifling coin which he might easily have spared from his daily expenditure, it would long before this time have amounted to a sum exceeding in value the worth of a solid ball of refined gold equal in size to the earth on which we live. But we doubt it. If our first parent had been so provident, we may be sure that when Seth and the other heirs came into their property, say after eight hundred years of compound interest, there would have been an end to the increase. To say nothing of litigation set on foot by Cain—and a chancery suit lasting three or four of those lifetimes would have been awfully expensive—the other heirs never could have resisted the temptation to circulate so nice a plum. And even if the antediluvian patriarchs—among whom the law that after a saver comes a spender perhaps had not begun to operate—had been prudent enough to leave the penny to undisturbed growth, and if it had survived the deluge, still when Noah came to make that will of which Eusebius speaks—an instrument signed with his name and regularly sealed, by which he portioned out the earth among his sons—then, at any rate, if not before, the fund must have been broken in upon. As Dr. Nott, of Mobile, a very political economist, could convincingly show any enquirer, Ham and Canaan at least would have insisted on at once seizing and squandering their share of the common patrimony, and, after lying on their backs in the sun till it disappeared, would immediately, in monstrous defiance of common decency, have revived the horrors of St. Domingo, and got hold of all the rest of it in the social and chronological confusion.

Indeed, we may as well leave to the doctor the further pursuit of this profitable subject, and shall say no more about it—no more than this, that in most books which attempt to teach the art of making a fortune there is to be discerned something of that unpractical subjection to the rules of arithmetic which set the genius above-mentioned upon framing his scheme or theory, or whatever one likes to call it. Writers of such works are apt to exact of the millionaire *in posse* a foresight which is the gift of few, and an ability in the management of capital which is the gift of still fewer, and they presuppose other conditions favorable to the growth of wealth which practically are about as far out of the region of the possibilities as for Adam to have had, first, a surplus income, and, second, a five-cents savings-bank in which to deposit it. The book before us—a far better book than its somewhat catch-penny title would lead one to suppose—is not wholly free from the fault we speak of. For example, Mr. Davies tells us of two hypothetical servant girls, one civil, industrious, and careful; the other (not altogether so hypothetical) inattentive, careless of her employer's interests, anxious only to get her wages and give the least possible work in return. By-and by one of the two is to be discharged and one retained at a higher rate of pay for her increased labor. Of course the one a little better than her place is the one kept, and her next year's wages in money amount to $120, of which $80 are saved. The other is out of work for three months, and when she finds a place gets for her year's wages in money $54, out of which the three months' board has to be paid, so that she can save nothing. "Let us look," says Mr. Davies when he reaches this point, "let us look what this $80 will accumulate to, if put in a savings institution and improved at compound interest at six per cent., when she arrives at fifty years of age." The answer is $469 40. Here he begins to sail straight away from the average servant girl. But he is not done yet; he never is done till he asks a second question of this sort. Suppose she had accumulated the same amount of $80 each year till she was fifty years old, how much would her savings amount to in that case? By this time the average servant girl is hull down, barely visible on the horizon. The tables, of which there is profusion at the end of the book, show that in that case the hypothetical servant girl would be servant no more, but mistress of $6,329 47. The actual servant girl would, we fear, be the mother of seven or eight children and the wife of a husband who would need her help in paying the house bills.

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* "How to Make Money and How to Keep It. By Thomas A. Davies." New York: G. W. Carleton & Co.; London: S. Low, Son & Co.

But there is more, an immense deal more, than most men think who most need to think on the ways and means of securing their age against poverty, in the author's plans for making us all well off. The method which we have detailed he carries into the life of the mechanic, the shopkeeper, the clerk, the professional man, and in plain language, with every effort to make himself intelligible, he shows how very many men and women who are probably doomed to live from hand to mouth as long as they live at all, and to be buried at their friends' charges, might with great ease make themselves independent. Besides this the book contains one or two excellent chapters—of course we have in mind the general reader—on "life insurance," one on "banking and insurance," chapters on "investments" and "how money is lost," which show how much more knowledge and ability is required to keep money than to make it; a chapter on "brokerage and commission," on "retail merchandising," on "clerks," on "apprentices," on "the seeds of fortunes," and other kindred topics. There are plenty of crudities in the work. Of course the author of it, *quâ* author, supposes man's chief good and final end to be the making of money, and his object is to show how, by saving and working and being civil and honest and good, but mainly, after all, by close saving and safe investment, any healthy man in this country may, before he dies and leaves everything, become rich, or at all events put himself above the need of poverty. But, on the whole, it is a book that we should not be sorry to see in the hands of every young man in the United States. We think it would be well for the country if this were so. One need not go so far as to say with a certain voluminous historian that Rome fell because she had not developed a good banking system, but one may say that no nation in the past ever was great, and still less will any nation in the future ever be great, unless possessed of the book-keeping virtues. Mr. Davies, then, even if his exaltation of the ledger and the bank account and the life insurance policy is a trifle too absolute, may be said to have deserved well of his country, having done something towards the making of "well-to-do" citizens, who are generally good citizens.

THE MAGAZINES FOR MAY.

THERE is nothing but has its uses. A woman who habitually attends auctions became the other day what we may call an instrument of mercy. She told us that the Grover & Baker sewing machine was seen in auction rooms far less often than any of its rivals. We heard her with delight. Not that we love Grover & Baker above other men, but for a moment we got a glimpse of one fixed spot, as we thought, in the midst of a weltering chaos. For years we had been victims of the sewing-machine muddle—that incertitude aggravated by certificates. Circulars and advertisements by the million had been perpetually renewing and perpetually destroying our faith in this or that, or this other or that other particular machine. To refuse to believe the letter, written, without solicitation, by the clergyman's wife, which we read on Monday, seemed not possible until Tuesday, when the widow of a well-known clergyman wrote, unsolicited, a better letter for the best machine ever made—previously to Wednesday, when it appeared that seven States had awarded each a first prize to another machine which, however, we learned on Thursday had failed in a certain family of our acquaintance. Shortly, however, the fixed spot resolved itself into blind atoms; we learned that the machine owned by our informant was a Grover & Baker, so her usefulness remains to be proved, and we warn all persons against buying a Grover & Baker on the strength of her recommendation merely. Mr. Parton has surely earned the thanks of the world at large for bringing some order into all this direful confusion. His history of the sewing machine given in this month's *Atlantic* is one of his most workmanlike articles, clear, honest, and marked by that quality of readableness which in this case is the smooth result of laborious investigation that would have confused a narrator less able and less practised.

Having read "The Guardian Angel," one would say that the lion of Puritanism must indeed be dead. Dr. Holmes devotes himself in this instalment of his story to the Rev. Joseph Bellamy Stoker, and rejoices and triumphs and insults over that inflammable man of straw in a way with which the world has become quite familiar. We learn, too, that Miss Cynthia Badlam, a member in good standing, is the mother of the foundling twins. Byles Gridley, A.M., shows his remarkable aptitude for managing delicate affairs by walking into the room of the infatuated Myrtle Hazard and informing her that Mr. Stoker, her revered pastor, is making love to her, and is always making love to pretty women. Dr. Holmes's wit, however, occasionally crops out, we were going to say, through all this rather dreary flippancy. On the whole, it is more accurate to say that in these chapters of his novel his flippancy occasionally rises into wittiness. As, for example, when old Mrs. Hopkins says, "I do n't want to say anything against women, Mr. Gridley; but women are women."

In "Some Unappreciated Characters" Mr. Hazewell indulges himself, after the fashion that De Quincey made so effective in his essays, in a game of "high jinks," and manages particularly well the case of Xanthippe. It is a sort of writing that it is easy to get enough of, and perhaps the sack is in excess of the bread in this instance. "Oldport in Winter" is a fine specimen of the very pleasant style of one of our most finished and agreeable essayists. Who will dispute Mr. Higginson's rechristening of Newport after hearing this scrap from the court reports of that town: "An old fisherman testified in our police court the other day, in narrating the progress of a street quarrel: 'Then I called him 'Polly Carter'—that 's his grandmother; and he called me 'Susy Reynolds'—that 's my aunt that 's dead and gone.'" Mr. Higginson remarks truly that "their very disputes have a flavor of longevity, and involve the reputation of female relatives to the third or fourth generation."

By calling at this office Mr. Whipple may hear of a person who has "the audacity to doubt the existence and reality" of Mr. Boffin, for example. Mr. Whipple's essay on "The Genius of Dickens" shows appreciation of the great novelist's merits, and a sense of his shortcomings, but is not a wholly satisfactory estimate of Dickens's genius. We understand Mr. Whipple to say that Dickens fails of being a great master of characterization not because of his exaggerations in representing—for we see that no one has the audacity to deny the existence and reality of Micawber, Tapley, Boffin, Gamp, Weller, and the rest—but because to be a great master of characterization one must be of a great nature, and must as an artist deal with great natures. Fielding did not deal with great natures, nor even wholly with universal types, but he is a master of characterization; so is Smollett; so is Scott, who dealt with the common stuff of human nature; Lowell has produced two of the most lifelike figures in contemporary fiction, and they are Birdofredum Sawin and Hosea Biglow, men of every New England village. The fact is that if, as Mr. Whipple says, the common objection to Dickens's claim to be considered a master of characterization, an inventor of characters, is a superficial objection, it is superficial only because it is made against his manner merely, while a writer's manner is really of his nature, the man himself. Superficial or not, it is true, what the popular voice objects against Dickens as a creator of characters, that he caricatures; his Micawberism incarnated in Micawber, his fleshification of jolly good humor in Mark Tapley, his other vivid impersonations of single traits, of abstractions, of phrases, are not characters in any true sense of the word.

That they are so vivid, so vivid that we have just said "Micawberism incarnated in Micawber" as a perfectly intelligible way of conveying our meaning, in no way militates against the common opinion that they are unreal, unreal as Mephistopheles for instance. But this subject cannot be treated within these limits.

"The Custom of Burial with the Head towards the East" is a discursive and, of course, inconclusive essay on a passage in Cymbeline:

> "Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to the east.
> My father hath a reason for 't."

The author guesses that the Britons may have learned the practice from the Druids, and that these latter may have brought it from India. Incidentally he speaks of a custom obtaining among the negroes of South Carolina of turning the bed of a sick man so that when he dies he may face the East, and the author conjectures that perhaps at the root of the custom is the memory that to the eastward is the cradle of their race. We conjecture that perhaps a certain religious superstition of which we have heard South Carolina negroes speak may have had something to do with it. From some "rice nigger," as the negroes of the rice country call themselves, we have heard that hell lies in the West, and that it is not good to look at the sunset. And we believe it is told of our Saxon ancestors that they accounted for the evening redness of the sun by saying that he then is looking into the abode of the departed. "The Plaintiff Nonsuited" is a lively story, a little out of *The Atlantic's* line. "Germany in New York" Mr. Shanly describes well. Mr. Winwood Reade makes a very good paper about "The Heroes of Central Africa," and is particularly interesting when he tells us of Captain Burton, the great traveller. "Katharine Morne," after dreadful agonies of doubt and hesitation, all which she might have saved herself, for we could have told her long ago that she was coming to it, at last marries the cultivated Dudley and ends her story. The poetry of the number consists of some agreeable verses on various topics. The book notices are perhaps not quite so good as usual, and the advertising miscellany is overpowering. To bait the publisher's hook with Emerson, a part of whose "May Day" is given, is a stroke of advertising genius.

Hours at Home has another Siamese article by the Rev. George B. Bacon, who might do worse than write a bookful of these entertaining sketches of a country unvisited by Bayard Taylor or other tourists, and so well worth visiting. Dr. Philip Schaff lays before the American reader a new "Stabat Mater"—"Stabat Mater Speciosa"—the joyful companion, newly discovered, of the mournful "Stabat Mater Dolorosa." Dr. Schaff gives both the Latin and the English translation of it made by the late Dr. Neale. Mr. Eugene Schuyler introduces to us Philaret, Metropolitan of Moscow, the Bourdaloue of Russia, the man who drew up the act by which Alexander II. emancipated the serfs. He is the man, too, who was bold enough to refuse when Nicholas requested him to consecrate a certain triumphal arch decorated with Renaissance figures of heathen gods, but with no Christian symbols. When Nicholas ordered him to perform the ceremony, Philaret replied, "You are not Peter the Great;" for which contumacy Nicholas paid him off by keeping him out of the Holy Synod, the convocation which governs the Russian Church. Philaret's orations and works, Mr. Schuyler thinks, reveal clearly that element in the religious mind of Russia which makes the talked-of union of the Eastern and Western Churches a chimera—namely, thoroughgoing mysticism. But, to judge by the extracts given us, a majority of the Christians of the West are as "mystical" as Philaret. Mr. Spurgeon prays against the cattle plague as fervently as the bishops, and the Metropolitan of Moscow does nothing more or different when he declares that prayer saved Russia in the Crimean War. But the question of the union of the Eastern and Western Churches is as far as possible from being a practical one. When the union does come we imagine that not the excess of Russian spirituality but of Russian grossness will put difficulties in the way of our Western materialism. The article is an interesting one, and there is, probably, no American writer nearly so competent to treat of Russian matters as Mr. Schuyler.

Harper's for May is pretty dull; though Mr. M. D. Conway writes, in the style which ought to turn newspaper correspondents green with envy and jealousy, a good article about Disraeli and the reform demonstration of February 11. Miss Kate Field, who has saved her best wine till the last—we presume it is the last—tells in her "Ristori" all about the Spanish soldier, condemned to death, whose life the great actress begged of Marshal Narvaez and the Queen. "Crete" may help the public to understand better the revolution in that island, and, like most other articles on this subject, is not very full of enthusiasm for the Cretans, but, like most of the others, does not tell clearly just the weight of misery that the Cretans are trying to escape from. Dr. Osgood goes through his "New Aspects of American Thought" with the utmost gravity. "The Editor's Easy Chair," for a wonder, is rather dull. Articles not mentioned above are "The Pictured Rocks of Lake Superior" (illustrated); "The Dodge Club, or Italy in MDCCCLIX." (illustrated); more of General Strothers's "Personal Recollections of the War" (illustrated), and these are always good of their kind; "The Five-pins;" "Good Manners," etc. "The Impending Checkmate" we present as a case of petty larceny with aggravating circumstances, the picture being English, and the poetry, one of the prettiest of Owen Meredith's pieces, is stolen bodily and no credit given the author.

The Catholic World has twenty-two articles original and selected. The original are: "An Old Quarrel," which examines the philosophy of the Middle Ages with reference to the question of the reality of ideas; "Father Ignatius of St. Paul," which tells readably the story of the Hon. George Spencer's life as a Passionist; "The Lady of La Garaye," a review of Mrs. Norton's poem of that name; "Mercersburg Philosophy," which appears to be a mild form of Puseyism; and some critical notices of new books. Of the selected articles, readers will find the one on "Mediæval Universities" worth reading and preserving.

Knowledge is Power. A View of the Productive Forces of Modern Society, and the Results of Labor, Capital, and Skill. By Charles Knight. Revised and edited, with additions, by David A. Wells, A.M. Illustrated. (Gould & Lincoln, Boston.)—We judge that the plates from which this book was first printed in 1856 were used without alteration in the present edition—at least we meet no reference to the dates between, and although there is a well-calculated prophecy as to what an Atlantic Cable might do for us, the sewing machine is not described among labor-saving inventions, nor its almost providential adaptation to the necessities of our late war employed as an illustration of the author's argument. It requires a rather steady head to preserve one's nationality in reading, owing to the alternate predominance of Mr. Knight and Mr. Wells, of English and American currency and statistics, and the not infrequent confusion of both. Nevertheless, we are glad of the reprint, and shall hope its success may warrant a still further revision. The central thought or motive of the book is to explain in a familiar way the axioms of political economy, to show that skill increases with the increase of knowledge, and to remove the prejudices against the multiplication of machinery by proving the enormous advantages derived, by the laboring classes especially, from inventions which threatened and sometimes effected the ruin of a few. The chapters which are occupied with this last endeavor are full of interesting information concerning a great variety of arts and manufactures, and can hardly fail to attract and edify the young, according to Mr. Knight's praiseworthy desire. His audience, however, is manifestly the working-men, who, if they will examine what he has to say to them, will count him among their friendliest advisers. We should like to see a copy of this work in the possession or within the reach of every mill-hand or other artisan in the country, and the employer who shall undertake to provide his people in this manner may omit the Christmas charity of the factory turkey. It must be added that the question of free-trade *versus* protection is not discussed in these pages.

The Last Days of a King. An historical romance. By Maurice Hartmann. Translated from the German by M. E. Niles. (J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.)—It is the misfortune not of the author but of the country with which he has chosen to deal that so many of his characters are killed off without regard to conventional taste or to the feelings of the reader. But in Corsica, the native haunt of the *vendetta*, one must be prepared for bloody surprises and internecine retaliation in an endless and ever renewing series. The monarch whose last days are here described is Joachim Murat, King of Naples, the Sheridan of the generals of Bonaparte, whose sister he married. He is not, however, as he was meant to be, of central interest in the story, but rather the Corsican character, which shone for a moment in his defence. In him there was not stuff in his declining fortune to make a hero of. Nevertheless, a fair idea is given of the man and of his distinguishing traits, his humanity, amiability, superstitious hopefulness, vanity, indecision; and the incidents of his stay in Corsica and the ill-starred expedition against Naples, being borrowed from Coletta and Franceschetti, are historically trustworthy. A glimpse of the king at the time when the Allies persuaded him to join them against his brother-in-law is to be found in the sixth chapter of Mme. Récamier's "Memoirs;" and in chapters iii., vii., xiii., and xiv. his wife appears as the very affectionate and unaffected friend of the brilliant Frenchwoman. A much more artistic story of Corsican life—though perhaps not more curious nor more real—is one entitled "Colomba," which was published in Boston several years ago, but was received with undeserved indifference by the public.

The Holy Bible. With Illustrations by Gustave Doré. Parts IV.–XIV. (New York: Walter Low. 1867.)—In No. 72 of the third volume of THE NATION we said of Doré, "that thought of his cannot be found which will harmonize with the thought of a poet. His work shows no sympathy with pathetic or quiet or delicate feeling. But as far as energy and dash and power of rapid and changeful designs, and a real delight in and feeling for the ghastly can lift an artist, so high M. Doré has attained." An artist of this kind will hardly make a satisfactory pictorial Bible. We have only to say that these new numbers as they come out confirm us in our opinion previously expressed, that M. Doré's powers are great, and that they are greatly misapplied and make a decided failure in illustrating the Bible.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION *should be addressed to the Editor.*

HOW A WAR IN EUROPE WOULD CONCERN US.

A DISSOLUTE King of Holland is persuaded by an extravagant French mistress to offer a triangle of territory as large as a New York county for sale to the Emperor Napoleon for a round sum in cash. Mr. Von Bismark, a sturdy, resolute, big-brained, clear-headed German, who, by giving practical expression to the long-time vain dream of a United Fatherland, has laid the whole German nation spell-bound at the feet of King William of Prussia, protests against the sale. Forthwith the "promises to pay" of the United States of North America fall five per cent. in value in the great money centres of Europe, gold rises in New York ten per cent. in a fortnight—thirteen per cent. higher than it stood on May 11, 1865, Wall Street is in a fever, specie payments seem put off again *ad infinitum*, and the real value of every paper dollar in the United States is diminished by seven cents. Why is it?

There is a law of social science, commonly called the law of the solidarity of nations, to this effect: the loss of one people is the loss of all peoples; the gain of one nation is the gain of all nations; no nation can benefit at the expense of another without ultimate loss to correspond; no people can lose heavily without all other peoples combining to repair its loss. This law is so totally opposed to all ordinary notions about the character of peoples and individuals, and its action is at times so difficult to trace, that it is generally the last law that the student of social science is willing to subscribe to; indeed, some never subscribe to it at all. But it is, nevertheless, truly a law.

When the people of the United States went to war among themselves and prevented the export of cotton, English ships and warehouses and manufactories and manufacturers' depots at all ends of the world were so full of cotton and cotton goods that but for our war half Lancashire, and London too, would have been bankrupt. The outbreak of our war doubled the value of every pound of cotton and every yard of cloth; and good, wise Cobden could rise in his seat in the House of Commons and deprecatingly remark that "Lancashire spinners could scarcely be blamed for wanting the war continued, as it had put £80,000,000 sterling in their pockets." That does not seem like an illustration of the law of solidarity. But mark what follows. First, the Lancashire famine, with 300,000 dependents upon public charity; next, the question what to do with this sudden accession of wealth. The result was the wildest speculation, fabulous investments in all corners of the world, especially in cotton culture, 1,200 new companies with limited liability formed in one year, two or three years of financial rioting, and a few weeks of panic last spring, staggering all England with a blow from which she has not yet recovered.

When the people of the United States went to war among themselves, England was sending 50 or 60 millions of dollars a year to East India for cotton. When the Southern ports were blockaded, England had to send 100 and 120 millions of dollars a year to the East Indies for so much more cotton. Then the people of India rolled in wealth, the Parsee merchants bound their carriage wheels with silver tires, and buried jar after jar filled with Mexican silver dollars and American double eagles, and prayed that peace might never come to the Yankee fools. That does not look like an illustration of the law of solidarity; perhaps not. But the law is true, nevertheless. For the fields that raised all the cotton that brought this wondrous wealth had formerly borne rice, and then food was cheap. Now food was daily growing dearer, until a sudden drouth struck famine into whole kingdoms, just when England no longer wanted all the cotton, and then by the side of the cotton bales and the buried coin-jars there fell 300,000 poor starved wretches, and lay unburied.

When the people of the United States went to war among themselves, they naturally destroyed much property. We have more than once shown that they did destroy much more than they made, and became thereby much poorer. The last year's census of twenty-one States, of which we have the figures, shows the taxable property in those States to have diminished during the war from 7,200 millions in gold valuation to 6,700 millions in currency valuation, a diminution of at least 2,000 millions of dollars in gold. As fast as we destroyed, the peoples of Europe were glad to sell us at a profit whatever they could furnish to replace the loss, and waxed rich and richer thereby, and hoped the war would never cease. But when pay-day came we were, as is apt to be the case with extravagant people, altogether unready, and the people in Europe to whom we owed said, You need not pay us now; we will give you twenty years' time, and perhaps we shall not want the money even then; you can pay us interest meanwhile. In this way those in Europe who had profited by our troubles really lent us their property for an indefinite time to repair our losses by the war, and took from us our "promises to pay."

This is the way in which our promises to pay come to be bought and sold at the European exchanges, and the fact that their price and the price of gold in Wall Street are affected by the quarrels of European princes, is only another illustration of the same law of the solidarity of nations. It may prove a question of no little importance to us in what way a war between France and Prussia would affect our finances.

The first effect of war in all countries is to impel governments, corporations, and individuals to possess themselves as much as possible of the *nervus rerum*—ready cash. The United States are one of the great sources of supply. Can we be forced to part with our specie? Of course, if our merchants were indebted to merchants in Europe and the European merchants not indebted to us, there is no doubt we should have to send specie in payment of our debts. But an extensive enquiry among importing merchants convinces us that the amount of due or nearly due indebtedness to Europe is at this moment unusually light, a very large portion of the heavy importations of this spring consisting of consignments remaining unsold, and the balance being mainly already paid for. We are not, therefore, likely to witness an important drain of specie in settlement of commercial indebtedness.

The only other means of drawing specie from us is the return of our bonds. Without entering now upon a discussion of the question how far a war in Europe will ultimately increase the demand for our securities, we see that the first effect of the fear of war is to cause large amounts of them to be sent from the Continent to England for sale against gold. It is self-evident that as long as our bonds can be sold in England or any other part of Europe for a better price *in gold* than they will bring by being shipped here, they will be sold in Europe. The price *in gold* that bonds will bring in this market depends upon their currency price here and upon the premium on gold. A war in Europe does not in itself present any contingencies likely to affect the *currency* price of our bonds, and we may, therefore, safely say that the price which our bonds sent here from Europe will bring in gold depends exclusively upon the currency premium in gold. The present premium upon gold is based entirely upon the stock of gold now in the country. Any diminution or prospect of diminution in this stock would immediately advance the price in proportion—and so well is this understood by all Wall Street, that the price is now, and has been for ten days past, regulated entirely by the London price of our bonds, and has been held at a point at which bonds cannot be imported from Europe at a profit, or, in other words, at a point at which there is no probability of the stock being reduced by heavy shipments.

Last year the pressure of public and private opinion upon the Secretary of the Treasury forced him, against his own better judgment, it is believed, to sell large amounts of gold, and thus depress the price. It is notorious that during the whole of last year's panic in Europe it was, in consequence of the low price of gold, a highly profitable operation to bring bonds here for sale and ship the coin against them. To such a point was this carried that we actually sent more gold over than Europe required, so that a large part of it was sent back in September and October, in payment of the very bonds returned in May and June. The utter folly of this course is too well understood now to permit its repetition to be for one moment thought of. Nothing is, therefore, likely to be done by the Government this time to make it a safe and profitable operation for foreign nations to drain us of our coin, and defer again for an unlimited period our return to specie payments. It seems, then, not unreasonable to assume that, in case of actual war, or of continued fear of war, the price of gold here will continue to rule at or near a point at which our bonds cannot be imported from Europe at a profit.

But, apart from any security thus afforded us against the return of our bonds by the advance in gold, we believe that after the first panic our bonds will not only not suffer a very material or permanent decline, but that, on the contrary, the fact of our being comparatively uninfluenced by the war itself will cause our securities to be sought after in preference to those of any European government.

We furthermore believe that in case of a war between two such powerful nations as France and Germany, which would, financially and commercially, involve almost every nation of Europe, we should see a repetition of our experience of war in its influence on one financial movement. During the first year of our war the people of the United States withdrew from banks and hoarded over 80 millions of gold, in addition to the sums already in circulation before the war began. If this experience should repeat itself among the less well-informed peoples of Europe, no bank in Europe would be able to stand the drain.

We might then see the banks of England and France undergo the same fate as our banks in 1861, and, after a period of financial disturbance, see their specie come here for safe-keeping, as ours went to Europe in 1862 and 1863. We might then see ourselves reaping the same harvests on sea and on land that the European peoples reaped during our war, and praying that their wars might never end. But remembering the great law of the solidarity of nations, let us rather hope that, by the wisdom of rulers and the patience of people, peace may yet be preserved, as we have no doubt it will be, in spite of the threatening aspect of things, and that many years may pass before that great messenger of peace, the Atlantic Telegraph Cable, be again perverted to purposes of strife and suffering.

MR. GLADSTONE'S OVERTHROW.

The late defeat of Mr. Gladstone in the House of Commons is likely to exercise sufficient influence on English politics and on Mr. Gladstone's fortunes to merit a clearer explanation of it than has yet been given on this side of the water.

The "dual vote," that is, the provision by which a man who paid income-tax, or, in other words, a man of the middle or upper classes, was endowed with an extra vote, while the poor man who had only the house qualification and did not pay income-tax had only one, which was the most obnoxious feature of Mr. Disraeli's bill, was abandoned by him almost as soon as the opposition attacked it. It was so clearly an attempt to retain the real power in the hands of the present holders while nominally admitting the working-men to a share in it, and was so well calculated to excite intense class hostility, that it had to be given up the moment attention was called to it.

The great question which then divided the ministry from the opposition was this: Mr. Disraeli's bill, as it now stands, proposes to establish what is in reality household suffrage in a modified form; that is, to give every householder a vote who has resided in a borough two years, and has personally paid his poor-rates, or tax for the support of the poor. Now, this excludes a very large class who are what is called "compound householders," or persons who, instead of paying their poor-rate directly, pay it through their landlord. There was so much trouble and expense incurred in collecting the rate from the occupiers of small tenements that an act was passed some years ago enabling parish vestries, by which the rate is struck and collected, to require the landlord to pay the rate due on all his property in one round sum, allowing him a deduction of twenty-five per cent. for his trouble, and authorizing him to repay himself by an addition to the rent. Some parishes avail themselves of the act—about 5,000 in all—and others do not; so that in many of the large towns the people living on one side of the street are "compound householders," paying their poor-rate with their rent, while those on the other side are direct rate-payers themselves. To the latter Mr. Disraeli's bill gives the franchise on the simple production of the tax receipt and proof of residence; to the former it only gives it on condition of their assuming themselves the payment of the rate, and thus sacrificing the twenty-five per cent. deduction which is obtained by paying through the landlord.

Mr. Gladstone objected to this as in the first place establishing unequal suffrage, and leaving the distribution of the franchise to be regulated in effect by the arbitrary action of parish vestries, inasmuch as in a parish in which the Small Tenements Act was adopted the poor-rate payers would have to submit to a fine in order to vote, while in the adjacent parish the non-adoption of the act would throw the franchise open to every householder, and he showed that the practical working of the bill would, in many of the large towns, shut out large bodies of the intelligent artisans; in many of the small ones admit the corrupt, ignorant, and very poor wholesale. He therefore proposed, by means of what is called an "instruction" to the Committee of the Whole House, to substitute for Mr. Disraeli's qualification a uniform rate, giving the franchise to all occupiers of holdings rated to the poor at the annual value of five pounds. Many of his followers took alarm at this. They said that if they voted for this amendment they would seem to their constituents to be voting for the establishment once more of an arbitrary line, such as had marred the Reform bill of 1832, making a man's right to the vote depend on the value of his house, and not, as it ought, to depend on his intelligence and share in bearing the public burdens. It might be that a low qualification of this sort would really at once admit a far larger number of persons to vote than Mr. Disraeli's qualification; but it would not seem so to the constituencies, and its adoption by the Liberals would certainly do much to postpone any further extension of the suffrage, while Mr. Disraeli's more elastic measure would be pretty sure to lead the way before long to something better.

Accordingly, forty-eight Liberal members, belonging mainly to the Radical wing of the party, held a meeting in the "tea-room" of the House of Commons, and resolved to refuse to support Mr. Gladstone's "instruction," and went in a body and told him of their determination. With that irresolution which is born of his conscientiousness, of his extreme respect for the opinions of the minority, and of that self-distrust by which so many noble natures are half paralyzed, he gave way and abandoned the "instruction." From that moment the Liberal party was disorganized. Discipline and unity were gone, and when he moved in the Committee of the Whole House the simple amendment that all rate-payers should have the franchise, whether they paid the rate personally or through their landlord, the result was already foreshadowed. The half-hearted, who have all along wanted to shirk all reform, joined the malcontents in deserting him, and he was beaten on a division by a majority of twenty, to the huge delight of the Tories.

His position out of doors is so strong, his hold on the popular heart so firm; he brings to every discussion not only such a trained, comprehensive, and subtle intellect, and such a flood of eloquence, but so much of that fire of earnest conviction and of honest human sympathy which are daily becoming somewhat scarcer amongst professional politicians all over the world, that there is no likelihood that any successor for him will ever be found by the Liberals. He towers head and shoulders above all other men in their ranks. But it is certain that his difficulties during the remainder of his career will be increased tenfold by what has just happened, for he has proved himself wanting in that faith in himself which, low a quality as it may seem, is the first requisite of any man who seeks, either in war or peace, to be followed faithfully and trusted implicitly by others.

"THE GENIAL CRITIC."

We receive occasional remonstrances on what is considered the severity of our reviews of books from the friends of what is known as "genial criticism," that is, of praise with just enough faint censure in it to make it seem that the writer is really balancing defects against excellences. Under the shelter of this "genial criticism" there has grown up a great crop of pretenders in all walks of literature and science, who deluge the country every year with their books, and secure a ready sale for them, to the great depravation of the public taste and to the great hindrance of real scholars, real poets, and real scientific men. We have endeavored to the best of our ability to do something to check this evil by providing a channel in which men of real culture may say what they honestly think about the claims of the numerous applicants for public attention who now make their appearance every week.

Without going into the vexed question of the *use* of criticism in its highest aspects, there is one aspect in which its utility will be denied by nobody, and that is as an aid to book-buyers. The American public contains more book-buyers than any public in the world, and the American and foreign press teems with books. Now, the majority of book-buyers have neither the time nor the money to buy or read the one-thousandth part of what is published. It is of the highest importance to them, therefore, that they should have some guidance in deciding what books of the thousands they had better buy and read and digest and put away on their book-shelves; and it is to supply this guidance, however imperfectly, that what are called "literary notices" are published in the newspapers. Without this object in view, two-thirds of them would be an idle flow of words, and the time spent in writing them utterly lost to nearly everybody but the writer and a few of his friends. But, for the book-buyer, the first essential of these "notices" is honesty and independence. The writer of them—certainly of those which appear in the weekly papers—professes to be a third party, a judge of books standing between the bookseller and the public, without interest or bias on one side or the other, and occupied solely with the task of giving the book-buyers a fair idea of the literary value of the wares which the publisher offers for sale. The publisher is, of course, interested in selling, and in nothing else. *Caveat emptor* is even more emphatically the rule of the book market than of the horse market. Of course no publisher of respectability selects works for publication which he does not honestly believe to have merit. But having once selected a book and put his name on it, his whole and sole business is to push its sale, to recommend it, and induce others to recommend it. The public is perfectly aware of this, and is consequently not in the least affected by what the publishers say of their own books in their advertisements or elsewhere. Those funny little sheets, containing elaborate laudatory notices of the works they have for sale, which some of the booksellers have lately taken to circulating, and in which so much philosophy, sociology, "knowledge of human nature," and wide and various reading are brought to bear upon the commendation of the last novel or poem, are very entertaining, but nobody is deceived by them. Everybody makes allowance for the motives of the writers, and, having laughed, lays them down.

When a man not very familiar with books wants to know what is going on in the book world, and whether he had better buy the latest novelty, he looks at the reviews of it, probably at that which has appeared in his weekly paper—most probably, in this country, in his religious weekly. "Here," he says to himself, "I shall get the opinion of an honest man of some literary acumen who has read the book, who has no interest in promoting its sale, and by his opinion I shall be guided in deciding whether I had better expend in purchasing it any portion of the too small sum which I can afford each year to lay out in this way." Now, if the reviewer is pecuniarily interested in the sale of the book, as the publisher is; if he is not an impartial judge, but virtually an agent of the publisher disguised as a critic, and rewarded by him directly or indirectly for puffing his wares; if the reviews he writes are not candid estimates of the value of the book for the use of the buyer, but advertisements, in the guise of reviews, for the benefit of the publisher, and intended to induce the reading public to purchase the book—then, we say, the reviewer and all who aid and abet him are guilty of an odious fraud, which is not rendered one whit less culpable or less contemptible by the fact that most books only cost a dollar and a half each. A cheat is a cheat, let the amount be what it may. And we say, advisedly, that a very large proportion of the "genial criticism" of our popular periodicals is of this kind, and it is owing to the wide prevalence of this fraud that the efforts of some journals to judge of books on their merits solely and speak of them as they deserve, are stigmatized as indications of a malignant and acrid nature.

Let us not be misunderstood. We do not say that there is any paper of reputation in the country which does not often contain reviews of real merit and written with an honest purpose, and which does not occasionally take pains to procure such reviews. Nor do we say that the corruption of the Genial Critic takes the form of gross bribery; that the bookseller gives him or the newspaper publisher a fixed sum to produce "a first-rate notice" of his last book. It is only the lowest order of humbugs and deceivers who can be seduced in this way. The process commonly in use is more complicated and a little more delicate. The bribe is "advertising patronage." Publishers find that an advertisement in any paper is doubled in value by the appearance of a favorable critique, in the editorial columns, of the book advertised; therefore they very naturally and very excusably advertise most where they get most favorable notices, and the Genial Critic, knowing their weakness, offers favorable notices in return for paying advertisements. Both parties in this way make money; the author's feelings are spared; his "profundity," his "lucidity," his "acuteness," his "wonderful grasp" and "rare powers" are proclaimed to the listening world; and a few hundred persons are eased of two dollars apiece, "which they will never miss," and "where 's the harm of it all?" say the Genial Critic and the "enterprising publisher" of the "widely circulated and influential journal." The harm is the harm of all money-getting on false pretences, and the additional harm of lowering the public taste, hindering the reward and recognition of real merit, and tempting scores of people into authorship who would be much better employed in selling thread and needles or raising cranberries.

All this has, of course, been said before many a time. The reason why we repeat it now is that we happen to have caught "the Genial Critic" in the very act of making his bargain with the book publishers, and are thus enabled to fortify our judgment with names, dates, and circumstances—an advantage which few of those who have assailed his malpractices have enjoyed. We have before us a printed circular issued by the proprietor of *The Independent*, a religious weekly paper of this city, and addressed to "booksellers and publishers," soliciting advertisements, and judiciously marked "private." He announces at the opening that *The Independent* is "unsurpassed in circulation and influence by any religious paper on the globe"; that "in name and reputation it has no superior"; that "in character and ability" it has acquired "a fame thoroughly national"; that its subscribers are "a reading class, a book-buying class," "in comfortable or independent circumstances," including "seven or eight thousand clergymen of all denominations." Much of this is, no doubt, true. *The Independent* has some excellent qualities, and has certainly a very wide circulation, but this only increases its responsibility in the matter of "book notices." But the views of duty on this subject entertained by the publisher of this wonderful "organ" may be inferred from the following paragraph:

> "Books Sent for Review.—The managers of *The Independent* desire to make their paper in this respect *as acceptable to book publishers as possible.* All books sent for review are considered as candidly and *favorably* as possible. We cannot review *every* bock sent us, as our space for book notices is limited. Yet ALL books of worth are reviewed and well treated."

We have great pleasure in giving this notice the benefit of our circulation. Publishers will observe that it is only their "books of worth" that are favorably treated, so they had better send their poor books elsewhere. The Genial Critic never occupies himself with the chaff. There is one question we should like to ask him, and we leave him to answer it at his leisure. He will be the last man in the world to deny that humbug is the great curse of our time. What we wish to know is, how he supposes society is ever to be delivered from it if the press, and especially the religious press, which is the *ex officio* exposer of humbug, is to remain one of its most besotted worshippers? Has he no bowels of compassion for the "best families, the people of intellectual culture and appreciation," even though they are "in comfortable and independent circumstances," and especially the "seven or eight thousand clergymen," who every week have to read his "candid and favorable reviews"?

HOW SHALL WE SPELL?

NO. II.

In our last week's discussion of the orthographic question we endeavored to expose the absurdity of the claim that our present modes of spelling are necessary if we would keep up a knowledge of the history of our language. Many, however, who have too much insight and caution to put their advocacy of the "historic" or Tibetan principle in English orthography upon the false ground of its indispensableness to etymologic science, will yet defend it as calculated to lead on the writer or speaker of our language to enquire into the history of the words he uses, thus favoring the development of an etymologizing tendency. He who now pronounces *sam* and *him*, they think, would be liable, if he also wrote those syllables phonetically, to just simply accept them as names of the things they designate, like *pig* and *pen*, without giving a thought to their derivation; whereas, if he knows that they are and must be spelt *psalm* and *hymn*, his natural curiosity to discover the cause of so singular a phenomenon may land him in the Greek language, and make a philologist of him almost before he suspects what he is about. There is more show of reason in this argument; but whether more reason, admits of doubt. The anomalies of our orthography, unfortunately, are far from being calculated, in the gross, to guide the unlearned to etymological research. For one of them which is of value in the way of incitement and instruction, there are many which can only confuse and discourage. In the first place, there are not a few downright blunders among them. Thus, to cite a familiar instance or two, the *g* of *sovereign* (French *souverain*, Italian *sovrano*) has no business there, since the word has nothing whatever to do with *reigning; island* (from Anglo-Saxon *ealand*, is spelt with an *s* out of ignorant imitation of *isle* (Latin *insula*), with which it is wholly unconnected; in like manner, an *l* has stumbled into *could*, in order to assimilate it in look to its comrades in office, *would* and *should; women* is for an original *wif-men*, and its phonetic spelling would be also more truly historical. Again, another part, and not a small one, seem to the ordinary speller the merest confusion (and are often, in fact, nothing better), calculated to lead him to nothing but lamentation over his hard lot, that he is compelled to master them. Take a series of words like *believer, receiver, weaver, fever, reever*, and try how many of the community are even accessible to proof that their orthographic discordances are bottomed on anything tangible. There is in some persons, as we well know, an exquisite etymologic sensibility which can feel and relish a historical reminiscence wholly imperceptible to men of common mould; to which, for instance, the *u* of *honour* is a precious and never-to-be relinquished token that the word is derived from the Latin *honor* not directly, but through the medium of the French *honneur;* and we look upon it with a kind of wondering awe, as we do upon the superhuman delicacy of organization of the "true princess" in Andersen's story, who felt the pea so painfully through twenty mattresses and twenty eiderdown beds; but it is so far beyond us that we cannot pretend to sympathize with it, or even to covet its possession. If we are to use a suggestive historic orthography, we should like to have our words remodelled a little in its favor: if we must retain and value the *b* of *doubt* (Latin *dubitare*), as sign of its descent, we crave also a *p* in *count* (French *compter*, Latin *computare*), and at least a *b*, if not an *r* also, in *priest* (Greek *presbuteros*); we are not content with but one silent letter in *alms*, as relic of the stately Greek word *eleēmosunē;* we contemplate with only partial satisfaction the *l* of *calm* and *walk*, while we miss it in *such* and *which* (derivatives from *so-like* and *who-like*). Why, too, should we limit the suggestiveness of our terms to the latest stages of their history? Now that the modern school of linguistic science, with the aid of the Sanskrit (not Sanscrit) and other distant and barbarous tongues, claims to have penetrated back to the very earliest roots out of which our language has grown, let us take due account of its results, and cunningly convert our English spelling into a complete course of philological training.

We have, however, no intention of taking upon ourselves here the character of reformers or of proposers of reforms; only, when this and the other principle are put forward as valuable we cannot well help stepping aside a moment to see where we should be led to if, like true men, we attempted to carry out our principles. As regards the historic element in English orthography, we think it evident enough that its worth and interest do not at all lie in its instructing effect upon the general public who use the language, but rather in its tendency to call up pleasing associations in the minds of the learned, of those who are already more or less familiar with the sources from which our words come. It is much more an aristocratic luxury than a popular benefit. To the instrument which is in every one's hands for constant use it adds a new kind of suggestiveness for those who know what it means, and gives them the satisfaction of feeling that, though they may not wield the instrument more successfully than others, there are peculiarities in its structure which they alone appreciate. Such a satisfaction is a selfish one, and improperly and wrongly obtained, if bought by a sacrifice of any measure of convenience or advantage to the great public of speakers and writers.

What may be the general loss in these respects we will not now stop to enquire. For it is incontrovertibly true that whether the natural merits of the two principles we have been considering—the Chinese and the Tibetan, the differentiation of homonymous words and the retention in writing of former modes of utterance—be greater or less, they are practically held in the most complete subordination to another, namely a simple conservation of the modes of spelling now current. All that is said in their defense is as much aside from the true point as were the pleas put forth a few years since by the Southern slave-owners respecting the curse of Canaan and the separate origin and inferior endowments of the negro race. Those pleas were urged, no doubt, with a certain kind of sincerity; but we have yet to hear of the ethnologically learned or the devout Southerner who ever set a slave free because the blood of the superior race predominated in him, or because only the sixteenth part of his lineage was to be traced to Ham, while the rest went back to Shem or Japhet, or both. "Possession is nine points of the law," and *partus sequitur ventrem* were the true proof-tests and scientific principles on which the master's right reposed; and so also "whatever is, is right" constitutes the complete ethical code of him who is defending English spelling. Anything else is mere casuistry, a casting of dust in the eyes of the objector. The paramount consideration, which really decides every case, is that the existing orthography must be perpetuated; if for this and that word any other apparently supporting considerations of any kind soever can be found, they may be made the most of—yet without creating a precedent, or establishing a principle which is to be heeded in any other, case where it would make in favor of a change. The advocate of "historic" spelling insists strongly upon retaining the *l* of *could* as that of *would*, and fights against a *p* in *count* not less vehemently than in favor of a *b* in *doubt;* the difference of *receive* and *believe* is no more sacred in his eyes than the sameness of *cleave* and *cleave*. Now, we have no quarrel with any one who plants himself squarely and openly upon the conservative ground and declares that our English spelling is, with all its faults and inconsistencies, good enough for its purpose, that every item of it is consecrated by usage and enshrined in predilections, and therefore must and shall be maintained. What we cannot abide is that he who means this, and this only, should give himself the airs of one who is defending important principles, and keeping off from the fabric of English speech rude hands that would fain mar its beauty and usefulness. Orthographic purism is, of all kinds of purism, the lowest and the cheapest, as is verbal criticism of all kinds of criticism, and word-faith of all kinds of orthodoxy. As Mephistopheles urges upon the Student, when persuading him to pin his belief upon the letter,

> "Von einem Wort lässt sich kein Iota rauben,"

"every iota of the written word may be fought for," and that, too, even by the tyro who has well conned his spelling-book, though his knowledge of his native speech end chiefly there. Many a man who could not put together a single paragraph of nervous, idiomatic English, nor ever had ideas enough to fill a paragraph of any kind, whose opinion on a matter of nice phraseology or even of disputed pronunciation would be of use to no living being, fancies himself entitled to add after his name "defender of the English language" because he is always strict to write *honour* instead of *honor*, and *travelled* instead of *traveled*, and never misses an opportunity, public or private, to sneer at those who do otherwise.

In what we have said we have been solicitous only to put the defence of our present modes of spelling upon its true ground. We may, perhaps, take an opportunity later to discuss some of the other aspects of the orthographic question.

PARIS GOSSIP.

PARIS, April 5, 1867.

THE opening of the International Exhibition, which took place on the 1st inst., according to the official programme, has naturally been the leading topic of the past fortnight. The backward state of the great undertaking, the coldness of the weather, and the too evident desire of the managers of the great show to make it a paying speculation, have somewhat cooled the enthusiasm of the Parisians in regard to the affair; and the extreme simplicity of the inaugural ceremony, reduced by the necessities of the case to a mere promenade through the court of the building, the commissioners, jurymen, and diplomatic body, etc., all in plain everyday clothes, had nothing in it to gratify the eye or appeal to the imagination. A more utter contrast could hardly be imagined to the imposing scene presented by the opening of the Exhibition of 1851, and the spectacle, quite as splendid, though different, afforded by the opening of the Exhibition of 1855. In both cases the form of the building permitted the eye to take in a vast extent of striking and splendid surface; tinted columns, gilded blazons, handsome flags, and the dense, expectant, well-dressed crowd, with its variegated masses of color furnished by the grouping of official costumes, and of the black and white of evening dress in the portions of the building filled by the uglier sex and the gay toilettes of the fairer one. And, contemptuously as philosophy may look down on the puerilities of the tailor's art, it is certain that nothing can compensate, in the general effect of any public spectacle, for the absence of the peculiar appearance imparted to the scene by the orderly contrasts of color resulting from the massing of the various styles of costume in a grand assemblage of well-dressed humanity. On the occasions referred to, the vastness and beauty of the place of concourse, the splendor of accessories, the unparalleled spectacle of the huge, expectant gathering of human beings, and the imposing pageant afforded by the sovereigns themselves in their magnificent attire, preceded by a dignified group of officials in uniform and followed by their several courts in all the elegance of drawing-room costume, moving slowly along the broad, carpeted aisles in full view of all present, and graciously acknowledging the resounding acclamations and the waving of hats and handkerchiefs that filled the vast building to its farthest extremity, combined to fill the eye and impress the mind of the beholder. An unfinished, undecorated building, very ugly, though very convenient, and only capable, through the peculiarity of its construction, of showing a mere handful of spectators at a time; reaches of almost bare wall; bare, half-swept stone floors, equally cold to the foot, eye, and imagination; and, coming and going before one could be well aware of their approach, a small mob of common-looking people, whose high position did not render their everyday clothes a whit more imposing, and in their midst a gentleman and lady, arm-in-arm, looking extremely like ordinary mortals, and covered from head to foot with the abundant dust swept up by the lady's long gown in the course of their peregrination,—such was the spectacle presented by the "ceremony" (if such it can be called) of last Monday.

It may interest your readers to know that the Empress, who, like her "august" spouse, was looking extremely well, wore a tremendously trailing gown of maroon satin, cut out into a pattern round the edge, but without other trimming; a black velvet mantle, rather longer than those in vogue just now among the fashionables of this region, very richly trimmed over its upper part only with embroideries of jet and black Chantilly lace. As an apology for a bonnet, a tiny affair, not quite so small as the biscuits and lozenges now worn on female heads, composed of velvet of the color of the dress, and trimmed with jet, lace, and a small bunch of black and gold flowers over the right side of the forehead. Her graceful Majesty, who glided along, as usual, more as a wave or a vapor than is the wont of ordinary bundles of bones and muscles, has so much good taste and native elegance that, no matter what may be the prevailing fashion, she always keeps clear of extravagance or eccentricity. Thus, though her cloak was small, it still looked like a cloak intended for out-of-door wear, and not like the ridiculous little vests, coming scarcely below the elbows, which so many of her husband's lady-lieges seem to have carried away from their toilette-stand or dressing-table by mistake; and her bonnet, tiny as it was, was by no means microscopic, and covered all the front and sides of the head, leaving one in no sort of doubt as to whether its wearer were bare-headed or not.

The Imperial pair were extremely well received—a chorus of acclamations greeting their appearance, and circling with them as they went round the building. And although the opening was so very far from being imposing as a spectacle, and the building has proved itself to be, as every one foresaw must be the case, utterly incapable of affording anything like a grand *coup d'œil*, there can be no doubt that the present Exhibition, when really *au complet*, will abundantly compensate, by the unparalleled richness and interest of its contents, for any lack of scenic effect in the "gasometer" and its arrangements.

Unready as is every portion of the interior, and difficult as it is to appreciate the most exquisite marvels until they have quitted their packing-cases, a ramble through the vast concentric galleries of the new palace of industry is far from being devoid of interest. There are in each department oases of "space" in which the exhibitors have nearly completed their preparations; and even in the least completed portions one comes here and there upon something of rare interest or beauty. For instance, on an otherwise blank wall of "Gallery II.," devoted specially to the appliances and products of "artistic industry," there is a marvellous collection of tropical leaves, silvery white but not shiny, obtained apparently by some new plastic process, which seem to have been wrought by the hand of Dame Nature herself; and beneath these a series of photographs of flowers and fruit, signed by Aubrey, of a perfection that altogether upsets one's notions of photographic possibilities. There is, for instance, a cluster of China asters and another of poppies, a bunch of grapes, and a spray laden with plums, all of life-size, absolutely astounding to the eye. The relief of these photographs is stereoscopic; and every little vein, wrinkle, or inequality of surface is as plainly visible as in the real object. The exquisite gradations of light and shadow seem to produce an effect equivalent to the shadings of color in the real objects; and the velvety texture of the flowers, the bloom of the fruit, are rendered with a fidelity and a delicacy that are indescribable.

If the "pomps and vanities" were not represented very evidently in the little ceremonial of Monday last, there will apparently be no lack of them at the two grand solemnities for which so much anxious preparation is being made at Pesth and at Berlin. The approaching coronation of the "King of Hungary" will be one of the most picturesque pageants imaginable. The King and Queen, as well as all the great Hungarian magnates, will appear in their splendid national costumes, and the display of jewellery and gold embroidery will be dazzling. The famous Esterhazy jewels, heirlooms of three or four generations, have just been dispersed under the hammer of a London auctioneer; but the old families of Hungary, despite the tribulations of their country, are rich in jewels, and will bring them out to the last diamond in honor of the day that will consecrate the great fact of the national triumph. The gala court-dress of Hungary is the richest in Europe, and, in the case of those who possess a large collection of precious stones, is often so thickly sewn over with these as to be stiff enough to stand alone. The famous Esterhazy coat, a sort of loose jacket of silk, was completely studded with magnificent pearls and jewels; and they say that every time it was put on it entailed on its owner an average loss of £1,600 from the dropping off of the stones. The cap worn with this famous suit was not only covered with magnificent jewels, but was surmounted with a phœnix composed entirely of large diamonds of the purest water, one of the finest known emeralds, and several rubies of fabulous value. The sword, sword-belt, and all the other portions of the costume, which has now been broken up and sold in fragments, were of corresponding richness and value. As for the coming marriage of the Count of Flanders with the Princess of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, the Berlin papers are full of the wedding programme. The King of the Belgians will be present at his brother's marriage, which is to be celebrated on the 25th inst., at 2 P.M., by the Prince-Bishop of Breslau, in presence of the Royal family of Prussia and a great concourse of grandees, Prussian and Belgian. The bride's train will be borne by four ladies of honor. Cannon will be fired; all the bells of the capital will ring their loudest peals. The wedding party will dine at four in the famous White Saloon of the palace; the Prince and Princess Royal will hold a grand reception in the evening in honor of their "august" relatives; and on the following day the Belgian Royal family (who are Catholics) will attend mass in the Church of St. Edwige, after which the new married couple will make a round of visits. At two o'clock there will be a *déjeûner-dinatoire* at the palace; and in the evening the King of the Belgians and the new pair will hold first a diplomatic reception, and then a court in the picture gallery, winding up a tolerably onerous day's work with a concert, given at eight o'clock, in the White Saloon.

The giving of concerts is becoming more and more "a feature" in the fashionable dissipations of Lent. An unusually fine one was given on Wednesday evening at the Tuileries; but the Empress was not present, having tired herself out and taken a severe cold in her long promenade on Monday. M. Auber, director of music sacred and profane at the Tuileries, moved about among the assembled musicians the youngest man present. "*Mon cher*," remarked the old composer to a guest who approached him, "you will hear nothing but old-fashioned airs to night [the music selected was entirely of the old masters]; but you must remember that most of the new music so called is new only in name." A snow-white hair that had fallen on the maestro's collar having been espied and removed by the guest, "Some old person must have passed *very* close to me," added the old composer, with one of his sly smiles.

The Théâtre Français is negotiating with Victor Hugo a revival of the nearly forgotten dramas of the self-expatriated poet, beginning with "Hernani." Sharpshooting critics declare that the attempt will be a failure; and as *les absents ont toujours tort*, are raking up all manner of spiteful anecdotes and witticisms against the poet. Patti is shortly to take wing for London; but Nilsson will remain here during the summer. Thérésa, Susanne Lagier, Cornelie, and Albert de Glatigny, the *improvisatore*, are preparing their nets for the shoals of foreign fishes so soon to arrive in Paris waters. Adah Menken is in high favor, and figures in the windows of all the print-shops; and all the empty houses not yet rented by speculators, for conversion into furnished lodgings, are being hastily turned into eating-houses.

Fine Arts.

FORTY-SECOND EXHIBITION OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

FIRST NOTICE.

MANY of our younger painters are away this spring, and among them are some of those whose works have made former exhibitions more attractive than this one is. Mr. Homer, Mr. Vedder, and Mr. C. C. Colman, of those who are the strongest, are in Europe; Wm. H. Furness, Jr., is dead, and two unfinished portraits but poorly supply that place in the exhibition which his pictures of former years have created and which they worthily filled. We shall look at the portraits in future collections with less interest since Furness's contributions will not be among them. Mr. Vedder sends from Paris one small picture; good as it is, it is but one. So of those who stay at home; Mr. McEntee sends but one picture, and, good as it is, it is but one. Mr. Ward contributes one unimportant bust. Mr. Johnson sends but one picture besides a small cabinet portrait. Mr. Griswold does not give us what will worthily replace the winter pictures of 'sixty-four and 'sixty-five.

There is nothing from the Hills, father and son; but to that deprivation we were growing accustomed when last autumn's exhibition was made pleasanter by half a dozen of their works. Mr. Hennessy is not well represented. Mr. Boughton has almost nothing. The fact that the two best known of the avowed realists, Mr. Moore and Mr. Farrer, are better represented than ever before, and the fact that some of the more sensational of the "popular" painters have stayed away, do not save the exhibition from comparative dulness. The good pictures are as good as they have ever been, and in one or two notable instances better than have ever been sent by the same artists; but these are almost lost among the crowd of nearly six hundred of no saving merit.

This general impression comes of almost daily visits during the first ten days of the exhibition. But there are pleasant things to remember even among those pictures which are not the best; and the few pictures which are the best are certainly very delightful. If one begins at the best end of the list, it will often be with Eastman Johnson; and so it is to-day. Mr. Johnson's pictures do not seem to us the best painted of American pictures, because not of the first excellence even among American pictures as works of color; and all the quiet decision of the work, and the excellent drawing where the drawing is best, and the faithful painting of most things as they are, do not make amends for the lack of that other, the most precious of technical qualities. But these pictures are, we think, the best imagined and the fullest of thought. No. 452, "The Pension Claim Agent," is quite a model of how to treat a subject. How not to treat a subject is shown every day in pictures of nearly the same subject with this, a returned soldier telling his story. No. 495, across the gallery, is an instance. In this weak and unrefined picture, "A Modern Othello," or, in other words, a Zouave, is telling his tale, with much gesticulation, to an old man and a young girl. But this apparent readiness to tell their story does not seem to us characteristic of good soldiers, at least of those who came back from our great volunteer army. They were not apt to go off at a rattling pace, flourishing pipes in the air, and growing eloquent with the pathos of their own experience. They were rather close-mouthed and very hard to persuade to much talk about their own experiences. Their deeds had been done in the way of business, and did not seem very marvellous to them. Merchants and lawyers are not accustomed to recount thrilling tales of their ventures and their arguments; things that are a man's daily, matter-of-course employment are not often his chosen themes of discourse to strangers. And a soldier's life is nine parts waiting to one part action; ninety-nine parts rations and drill to one part conflict; while in most cases the conflict comes along as a part of the routine without violent excitement to lead up to it. So that experience of the ways of real soldiers tells against the intense interest in his own achievements of the Zouave in No. 495, and of all the army of pictured soldiers of which he is one. But in No. 452 the claim agent has called, and has seated himself at the table by the window and taken out his papers. So the story must be told; and the soldier stands leaning on his crutch and tells it very quietly, with only an illustrative forefinger. The women of the family keep to their employments and are busy; only the little girl looks around to listen, and lets fall the apple-parings; only the old man sits with nothing to do but to listen. The agent, who has heard hundreds of such stories, is stirred by this one, and his hard face lights up with excitement. The action is all direct, simple, natural. The figures are generally very well drawn even where good drawing was difficult, and there has been no attempt to avoid difficult foreshortenings. The accessories are, as always in these excellent studies of domestic country life, of the greatest value. The painting is dexterous and manly as ever, thin in the shadows, leaving little twinkling lights and broken color to shine through and render them transparent; decided and vigorous in the sharply outlined high lights. There is a too common use of a greyish-blue shade color which injures the picture—which almost spoils the well-imagined little girl's head, and harms the spirited face of the lawyer. The red of lips and of cheeks is harsh and unpleasant. The sharp-edged pattern in violent colors of the bed-spread hurts the picture, otherwise so grave, and in a grave way harmonious. But, on the other hand, the painting of the soldier's dress, of two nearly similar blues and all in shade, is excellent and admirable. The hands are all well drawn, some of them, as the little girl's that holds the knife, surpassingly well. In former works of Mr. Johnson's there have been a figure here and a figure there, a passage in this picture and one in that, better drawn or better painted than this picture taken all together. But, on all accounts, this seems to us the painter's best work, and not to be surpassed as a work of true and healthy feeling by any American picture. Mr. Johnson's other little picture, a delightful portrait, is not of great excellence in other respects, and peculiarly disappointing in color, with nothing strange in it, nothing unexpected; no strange revelations in that shadow or this reflected light—phenomena without which a picture can hardly be very good.

Mr. Vedder's "The Musician," No. 369, is so extraordinarily superior in qualities of workmanship to any work of his exhibited before and to most pictures we see here, that one is tempted to stop with the expressed admiration. The blending of the colors is certainly a study for our comparatively unaccomplished workmen. And there are evidences of a feeling for better things than smoothness of texture in the carefully studied, elastic, subtle folds of the drapery and in the suggested form beneath them. But to any one who loves color and who cares for pictures as decorative and beautiful objects, it is sad to see Mr. Vedder's rare gifts subjected to the grey demon that seems to be gaining influence over him. Shadows chilled with grey or deepened with black are just fatal to art. If this or that powerful and thoughtful man is able to make his pictures valuable in spite of the grey cloud, it will be all the more fatal to his admirers and followers. Thus much of technical qualities alone. Mr. Vedder would call this only a study, and no one ought to quarrel with the uninteresting subject; but it is really a picture of still life only. The tapestry and the dress are splendid; the woman, fine as she is for a lay figure, might be a deal more interesting as a woman, and might be doing something. But, objector, it is only a study, and Mr. Vedder is going to do us all good by-and-by, when he paints the pictures that he is nearly sure to paint.

Mr. J. F. Weir, whose great picture of the West Point Foundry last year was so interesting and on the whole valuable, sends a barbarous and harsh little picture called "The Culprit Fay," No. 310. It represents a sort of fairy moonlight on very unearthly plants; it is very false in color and fully as disagreeable as false, and there has been an attempt to make the plants round and projecting at whatever cost. Mr. Weir was, we believe, the artist of a little picture of several years ago, a belfry and bell with little sprites swarming; that picture we remember to have been like this in many respects, though hardly as bad. We hope both are of a time long gone by. A picture in the same gallery, No. 345, "The Eastern Sky at Sunset," seems to have much merit. We shall hope to speak of it again. Mr. Boughton, an admired and successful painter, sends us only a slight water-color drawing, No. 73, "Breton Pastoral." It is very careless and slight and very spotty and broken in general effect, and there is no truthful color in it anywhere. But Mr. Boughton can never quite forget the truth of form, and there is good suggestion of the human figure and of nettles gone to seed. The lover's hands holding his hat are delightfully easy and natural.

Mr. Hennessy has only "An Afternoon on the Beach," No. 545, a picture which is a disappointment to see after the hopes excited by recently exhibited work of this painter's. Most of the single figures are well studied and have some of the peculiar charm of Mr. Hennessy's best work, but they do not belong together; the picture is uncomposed both in sentiment and in line. It would not be fair to describe the figures as pasted flat upon the drab tint that passes for a beach, nor is it a wholly wrong tendency in a painter to make his work too flat, with too little relief; it may often be the best thing to do. Yet it is part of the description of this picture that these things are so with it, as it also is that there is nothing of the beauty of a beach in this waste tract before us.

Correspondence.

COLLEGE REFORM.

To the Editor of The Nation:

I do not know who may be the author of the article entitled "Considerations on University Reform" in the April number of *The Atlantic Monthly*, but it seems to me to be one of the very best contributions that have been made to the education controversy which is going on among us. The realization of the practical suggestions it contains, or something like them, seems to me to be only a question of time; and I write to add a suggestion or two in regard to points which did not come within the immediate scope of the writer's article.

The question in particular which I wish to raise is, What changes should impending reforms in college management make in the college *entrance examination?* Whatever may be the final value put upon classical studies as an ingredient in the higher education of modern times, nothing can be more certain than that their mischievous *monopoly* is fast coming to an end. Once within the college walls the student finds in our best colleges, and pre-eminently at Yale and Harvard, not only admirable scientific instruction, but a liberty of choice in the arrangement of his studies which is growing greater every day. He can, to a far greater extent than formerly, follow the bent of his inclination in the selection of his studies, and give freer scope to his natural or acquired tastes.

But while this wholesome change has been going on within the college, the entrance examination has remained unchanged, or, rather, has been changing in a directly contrary direction. I know not why so little attention has been paid to this point, or through what influences the entrance examination, particularly at Harvard College, has been brought to its present pitch of absurdity. How absurd it is will be evident to those not acquainted with it from the statement that a young man of seventeen, to be admitted to Harvard College under the present system, must answer papers requiring an accurate knowledge of all the minutiæ of the cumbrous Latin and Greek grammars now in use, and so be possessed of an amount of minute grammatical information which can only reasonably be required of an advanced student in those languages, and some of which should be reserved even for our writer's proposed elective classical "tripos;" while the same young man of seventeen is allowed to enter an institution that calls itself a university *absolutely and entirely ignorant of even the rudiments of every branch of natural and physical science ;* for in these there is not even the pretence of an examination. If the Creator had intended that the minds of boys from the age of ten to the age of seventeen should be fed exclusively on a diet of grammatical abstractions, this would be all right ; but as every indication points in the other direction, the conclusion is irresistible that this college entrance examination is exerting a perverting influence on the *earlier stages* of our higher education, which is one of the most important, though one of the least noticed, evils under which we are suffering. In addition to this preposterous amount of grammatical technicalities, the mere amount of classical reading required is (as was some time ago pointed out by one of the soundest and most thorough of our classical teachers, Dr. Taylor, of Andover) largely in excess of what ought to be expected of young men of seventeen, if got up with that accuracy as to knowledge of the subject-matter which is essential to its being of any disciplinary value.

The consequences of this state of things are well known to all classical teachers, and are very manifest in the results of the college teaching itself. Unable to conform to the spirit of the requisitions, and yet compelled to conform to their letter, teachers are forced to *cram* their pupils ; they cannot interest them ; and the pupils themselves, forced to study Latin and Greek in this perverted way, acquire the habit of studying simply for the sake of passing the examination—a habit which, once formed, is death to all real interest in what might otherwise be a delightful branch of study. Even if here and there the interest survives, and the young man desires to make himself a real classical or philological student, so perverted has been the method of his early instruction that he has to undo half his work before he becomes a real philologist.

I am glad to see that even such a champion of classical study as Professor Bowen is awake to the absurdity of our present methods of classical study. Few will be found to sympathize with him in his estimate of the value of a knowledge of the position of Neptune or the utility of the Atlantic Cable ; and certainly no true advocate of scientific study will care how many men of straw he sets up and labels "utilitarians" merely for the pleasure of knocking them down again. The contrast between his estimate of the disciplinary value of scientific study and that contained in the recent discourse of Stuart Mill is a little striking. But with the admirable appendix to Professor Bowen's pamphlet I most heartily agree.

All proposals for the improvement of our college course thus far made seem to me to labor under this same defect, that they do not begin at the foundation, do not recognize the reorganization of *school* teaching, the right arrangement of *school* studies, as the condition precedent to the improvement of the college course that is to follow and be built up upon them. Why is the study of physical science in colleges a failure with so many young men? It is because of the lack of all previous preparation ; because during all the years set apart by nature for an initiation into the rudiments of those studies the boys were learning to conjugate and decline Greek words, trying to master all the distinctions between the use of the subjunctive and optative, and the infinite importance of not mistaking oxytones for paroxytones or properispomena. What wonder that Cooke's "Chemical Physics" discourages boys who have been allowed to reach the age of seventeen without knowing what makes the water rise in a pump!

A great mistrust has been excited in some quarters as to the value of our public high schools, partly, it seems to me, because their course of study has been, so to speak, bent out of shape to meet these perverted requisitions, and the interests of the great mass of the pupils have thus been made to yield to the necessity of getting a handful ready for college. The surest way to render our colleges unpopular is to divorce their interests from those of our public school system.

It is for these reasons that I desire to turn the attention of your readers to the very great defects in the entrance examination to college.

W. P. A.

CAMBRIDGE, April 4, 1867.

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The Week.

MR. STANBERY has replied in the Mississippi injunction case in an argument remarkable for its power, and remarkable also for the purity and conciseness of its diction. He summed up admirably the leading points against the jurisdiction of the court, the insufficiency of the parties, the purely political character of the controversy, and the absolute powerlessness of the court as against Congress in any case in which, as in this, Congress has the people at its back.

◆

JEFFERSON DAVIS has at last obtained a writ of *habeas corpus*, and there is little doubt now that the Government will produce him in obedience to it, and possibly go through the form of making arrangements for his trial; but there is very little likelihood that he will ever be tried, or that, if tried, he would be convicted. If it be, as we suppose it is, necessary to try him in Virginia, there would be no more chance of getting a jury to find him guilty, unless it were carefully packed with loyalists, than there would be of getting a jury of Fenians to find "President" Roberts guilty of violating the neutrality laws. Moreover, there is no reason either for trying him or not trying him now which did not exist two years ago, so that whether he is tried or discharged the Government stands convicted either of neglect of duty or of oppression. A more lamentable failure of justice there is not upon record. The South has failed in many things, but in one thing it has been successful. It has sent a million of men to the field to commit the offense of treason, as the Constitution defines it; but we have not been able in a single case to procure a solemn judicial decision that any treason whatever has been committed by anybody.

◆

WHETHER or not Mr. Wilson, when he spoke in Charleston, had heard Mr. Stevens's last utterance about confiscation and had not heard the comments of the press upon it, we do not know, but he seems to have thought it best to say a word on the subject himself, and next to saying nothing has said perhaps as sensible a thing as was possible. He should vote for a measure of confiscation, he said, if there was any tyrannical endeavor on the part of the planters to prevent their laborers voting the Republican ticket. The point he intended to make was doubtless this, that gross tyranny by planters over negroes could be punished by a Congress which had not yet got its hands off the South. But talk of confiscation nowadays is very like talking nonsense.

◆

JUDGE UNDERWOOD has delivered a charge at Richmond to the grand jury which we venture to say has no equal in the annals of justice for mellifluousness and irrelevancy. After giving a horrible account of the character of the rebellion, he drew a still more horrible picture of Richmond as it was, from which it appears that the pulpits in that city before the war were occupied by "full-fed, gay Lotharios"—most of the children were "illegitimate;" "the past" of the city he pronounced "atheistic," and expressed the hope that "its material and moral future" "would be brought into harmony with the salubrity of its climate, the poetic beauty of its scenery, and the magnificence of its water-power!" He then passed on to a eulogy on Thaddeus Stevens, whom he rated "above Clay, Fox, Pitt, and Cicero," and after a glowing eulogy on his confiscation schemes, came down in one flop to the every-day, useful topic of the exclusion of negroes from the street-cars, which he dismissed in one sentence. Of Judge Underwood's legal abilities we know nothing; his loyalty it is impossible to doubt; but we are quite sure that the cause both of justice and good government would be served if the fountains of his eloquence could be sealed up.

◆

THE President has established such a shockingly bad character as a pardoner of the meanest and most dangerous classes of criminals, that it is not wonderful that his releasing Solomon Kohnstamm has provoked much abuse. It would be fairer to say that it has provoked much fault-finding, for Mr. Johnson having kept silence as to his reasons for pardoning the man, severe criticism of his action was no more than right. Kohnstamm had no less than forty-eight indictments against him when, having been tried on one of them, he was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment; and his frauds upon the Government were so enormous, and his system of corrupting the officers of the Pay Department so successful, that a magistrate of so great authority and so high character as Judge Nelson said to him that, after hearing the evidence in the case, one might almost come to the conclusion that the disbursing officers of the Government in the city of New York were established for the payment not of genuine, but of fraudulent claims. It is said, however, that the President has had the matter under advisement two years; that eminent lawyers have assured him that Kohnstamm was convicted, as the District-Attorney afterward confessed, quite as much because the Government wanted somebody convicted as because he was guilty; that merchants of the very highest standing have petitioned for his pardon, declaring that, in a business life of many years, he had always been found upright; and finally, it was reported to Mr. Johnson that the chief witnesses against Kohnstamm were disreputable men who afterwards contradicted their testimony. Moreover, four years of the ten have been served out. Let it be true or untrue that Kohnstamm was unpatriotic, a suborner of perjury, and a swindler to an almost appalling amount, it seems to be certain that Mr. Johnson has not pardoned him in exactly the same way that he pardons ordinary counterfeiters.

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MR. COLFAX was received by the Union League Club of this city at the club-house on Monday evening, and in his speech expressed his regret that Mr. Sumner's proposition to make the provision of free schools one of the conditions of reconstruction was not adopted. If Mr. Sumner had made his proposition a year sooner, we have no doubt it would have been adopted; but, like a good many other good things, it was kept back until its production looked like a mere attempt at delay and obstruction. We share Mr. Colfax's hope that the Southern States will voluntarily provide means of education for the poor, but we fear they will not do it as soon as they might have been made to do it, and as it is desirable they should do it.

In Philadelphia and Baltimore the horse-car has played a prominent part in religion and morals. Further south it has entered the domain of politics. A colored orator of Mobile has announced that, henceforth, the right to ride in a horse-car is to be considered a political and not a social right. It is to be like the right to a state-room in steamboats, or to go to the table when the first bell rings. In New Orleans the negroes, acting on this principle—and we do not know why it is not a good principle to act upon—refuse to ride in the cars which are provided specially for their use, or rather, they insist on free entry into all the cars, and there have been similar disturbances in Richmond and Charleston. The Lynchburg *Republican*, we observe, declares that an attempt to keep four millions of American citizens armed with the ballot out of the street-cars, is preposterous and must necessarily fail. The fact is that horse-cars will never run in Lynchburg; the editor is in a position to counsel such Southerners as are blessed with level ground. It would be wrong, however, to press this point, for in Charleston, we believe, the concession which *The Republican* advises has been made. In Richmond, certain gentlemen, who had been reduced by the war to the position of street-car conductors, have resigned rather than collect fares of negro passengers, and certain delighted negroes admitted to the white men's cars are said to have ridden up and down in them all day; but, as for the former, the Emperor of Brazil has abolished slavery in his dominions, and there is no place of retirement for gentlemen who cannot "accept the situation," and as for the latter, negroes can ride in horse-cars in Philadelphia and New York, and it is no easier for a colored man than an uncolored to earn his bread by perpetual excursions in horse-cars. A very little sense and justice will settle the question, and it is as good as settled now.

The Anti-Slavery Association held its anniversary meeting on Monday, and adopted a long string of resolutions couched in a more hopeful vein than usual, but declaring the present condition of affairs to be, as regards the freedmen, most critical, accusing Congress of relapsing into its old habits of corrupt bargaining, and warning the negroes against political alliance with their old masters, and closing with a shot at Governor Eyre and his aiders and abettors amongst the English aristocracy. The orator of the day was of course Wendell Phillips, who supplied nearly all the interest of the occasion. The association now holds out for a constitutional amendment securing the suffrage to the negroes, which is desirable, but which, it is to be feared, we are not likely to get at present, and this once secured, we presume the weary body would rest from its labors. Colonel Higginson advocated confiscation, which the other members had forgotten.

Two women who applied for admission as students into Harvard University got an evasive answer highly creditable to the diplomatic abilities of the somewhat retired scholars who must be supposed to be the managers of that institution of learning. The ladies were not admitted. Two other women have, we believe, made a similar application at the University of Michigan, and there will be a good deal of curiosity to hear the answer made by the faculty of that young but highly respected university. We suppose it may with equal propriety reply, as Harvard did, that "no provision" is made for female students, and, for the present, this answer must be held to be, on the whole, a not insufficient one. Whether it will, in fact, make that answer and say no more, is rather doubtful—that would hardly be the Western way; and we hope it may answer in the spirit shown by the government of the University of London, which has had its new charter drawn up with such breadth of expression as to admit of special examination of women for degrees.

Working-men will be pleased to learn that what Governor English's friends said of him during the late canvass was true, and that he does, his enemies to the contrary notwithstanding, favor an eight-hour law. He thinks a law making eight hours a legal day's work might properly be passed—provided it did not interfere with the right of employers and laborers to make contracts fixing whatever number of hours might seem to them proper. And if it will do the working-men any good, we can assure them that Mr. Hawley was also in favor of such a law as this; and, furthermore, that unless they elect a more foolish or a more knavish governor than any State in the Union has ever had yet and legislators to match him, the sort of eight-hour law which Mr. English kindly approves is the only sort they will ever get. The rest of Mr. English's message will remind Governor Orr and B. F. Perry of their boyhood's days, before we had any war or any emancipation or any negro citizens. At present, however, these gentlemen seem to act on views less retrospective.

The laborers all over the world are on a strike for one reason or another, the main reason being, however, the desire for better food, clothing, and lodging. They feel that their condition has not improved in the ratio of the improvements in machinery and manufacturing processes. *The World* accounts for it all in an elaborate article, showing that it is the fault of the various governments, and it follows, of course, that the discontent of the working classes here is the fault of the Republican party. This may be true, but this leaves the extraordinary severity of the past winter unexplained. The Republican party may have had nothing to do with it; but we suggest for the consideration of the writer in *The World* who "attends to" this party whether there is not something very striking in the fact that the Republican victories last fall were followed by the worst snow-storms and bitterest cold, all over both this continent and that of Europe, that have been witnessed for a quarter of a century. We propound no theory of our own; all we say is that this coincidence strikes us as very queer.

Slavery has reached its high-water mark in Brazil. On the 8th of April the Emperor signed a decree abolishing slavery after twenty years from date, and giving absolute freedom to slave-born children from this time on. Two millions is the number of those whose emancipation is thus deferred; but it is safe to predict that other causes than death will have greatly diminished this figure by 1887. The institution was moribund in Brazil from the moment the slave-trade was annihilated (1850–51), and, besides the fact that manumissions are common, and liberty attainable by those willing to make the effort, color is no bar to civil and social advancement when once the person has become a freeman. Manumissions, therefore, will continue, liberty will still be bought, and with all the more eagerness that the parent and the child may enjoy the same status; while the progress of liberal ideas without and within the empire, even if no political revolution ensue, will tend to shorten the term of emancipation both in public opinion and on the statute-book. The news will inspire the World's Anti-Slavery Conference that meets shortly at Paris, for except in the Spanish provinces its attention need scarcely be directed to the Western hemisphere; and nowhere in America is slavery making head.

The collector of Cable news on the other side is at work again "rapidly arming Prussia and France" and spreading "distrust in financial circles." As he has armed these two powers and has spread "the greatest uneasiness" throughout Europe several times already, there cannot now be much left for him to do in this field, and we again urge upon him the propriety of letting the feelings of "circles" and the private views of Bismark alone and devoting himself to telling us things that have actually happened.

The Tory Ministry in England has been badly beaten, it appears, in attempting to resist the lodger franchise, which will, it is safe to say, nearly double the number of voters who would be added to the bill under Mr. Disraeli's personal rating qualification. But there is clearly no getting the Tories out of office on this question, so a reform bill of some kind is pretty sure to be passed, which at the beginning of the session seemed by no means likely. The Reformers have carried out their intention to meet in Hyde Park in defiance of the Government, who were guilty of the folly of issuing proclamations declaring the meeting illegal, and afterwards allowing it to meet, with the proclamations posted up all around it. Of course, the folly of issuing the proclamation would have been aggravated by an attempt to enforce it, but its appearance aroused in the meeting a bitterness it would not otherwise have displayed, and has really made it a great political event. The real significance of the reform movement lies not in the mere fact that it will admit so many more men to the franchise, but in the fact that the first parliament elected under the bill will probably make changes in the Government so radical as almost to amount to a revolution.

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The Fenian trials are going on rapidly in Ireland, and three prisoners have been found guilty and two sentenced to death, but there is not much likelihood that the sentence will be executed. Hanging will not stop Fenianism.

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The text of the finding of the court in the case of Admiral Persano occupies five full columns of the Florence *Nazione;* for the Italian way is to sum up minutely the grounds of the accusation, the showings of the testimony, the history of the circumstances, and the articles of the code which have been violated and which indicate the penalty. The unfortunate officer, though acquitted of cowardice, is convicted of negligence, unskilfulness, and disobedience, and, besides being dismissed the service and stripped of the rank of admiral, is obliged to pay the costs of his trial—an infliction which in any country whose finances are not in so ruinous a condition as are those of Italy would probably have been omitted. A good deal of sympathy is expressed for the man so signally humiliated, owing, perhaps, to a feeling that the national pride made of him a scapegoat for what was properly its own offence and consequent disgrace. This appearance, however, could scarcely be avoided even in a clearer case than Persano's, and if he was really the incompetent commander which his acts and the official dispatches (his own included) seem to prove him beyond doubt, it was impossible to retain him in the navy, and the law was tolerably explicit as to his punishment. The proposition to attack Lissa proceeded from him, and was acceded to by the Government rather than see the fleet anchored and almost blockaded at Ancona. He must have known that he could not escape a collision with the Austrian squadron; and unprepared as he pretended to be for such an engagement, the result would have been at least glorious for Italy if his ships had been handled dexterously and in concert, according to some definite plan of action.

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A NEW OPENING FOR AUTHORS.

Man, it has been well said, can have only a certain number of teeth, hairs, and ideas. From present appearances the publishers will soon be supplying him with all three—the teeth and hair false, of course, the ideas such as the fates may please. The question, Why ought a first-rate publishing house to be a good-sized manufacturing town, sounds like a conundrum—but it is not; the reasons why are sensible and solid, and in order to be accepted by all business men need only a plain statement.

What—to begin at the beginning—what is a publishing house that does not publish a magazine? Appletons are a great firm, and they do nothing of the kind, but the Harpers own a weekly and a monthly; Ticknor & Fields have a quarterly, two monthlies, and a weekly; Little, Brown & Co. have a law review; Hurd & Houghton reprint a foreign monthly, and issue one of their own besides; Scribner has a monthly magazine, so have Peterson & Brothers, so has Mr. Tilton, so has Mr. Kehoe, so have a great multitude of others. And of course, though a cynical philosopher might not see the necessity, all these magazines must live—and to live they must have readers—and readers, generically speaking, must be Man—and Man, as we have already remarked, has but a limited capacity of entertaining ideas, which brings us back to our manufacturing village above-mentioned.

For from among the innumerable repertories of ideas offered him weekly, it is requisite that the reader should make choice of this or that one. And the publisher must offer him inducements to read the particular one which his firm prints. Or it may be that the reader is perfectly able to devour and digest all the ideas that the publishers can put before him, but that he won't. It may be that the gentle reader has been debauched by the scurrilous critic, or too often betrayed by the genial and appreciative critic, or that he has discovered his own value and how much the publishers want him, and so waits to be bribed, and demands his price before he will read. At any rate, whether his mental or his moral shortcomings are the cause, the business of offering him "inducements to subscribe" is assuming vast proportions.

A Wheeler and Wilson sewing-machine worth fifty-five dollars for sixty dollars' worth of subscriptions, a Mason & Hamlin cabinet organ worth one hundred and ten dollars for one hundred and ninety-five dollars' worth of subscriptions, a twelve-dollar ice-pitcher or cake-basket or caster heavily plated in nickel silver for twenty-seven dollars' worth of subscribers, and for other amounts in subscriptions such premiums as a superb silver-plated tea-set, consisting of a chaste and beautiful tea-pot, an elegant coffee-pot, a water-pot to match, a cream-bowl of the neatest design, and a sugar-bowl like it—these are the offers which the judicious but no longer gentle reader extorts from the hitherto heady and masterful publishers. Obviously there is nothing to prevent another publisher's turning his attention to another branch of manufacturing industry, say to the making of a light and durable article of chamber furniture, or tin-ware—an article constantly in demand—or iridium-tipped gold pens, or a truly American perfume, or hair and hair dye, or soft-finish spool cotton, or gloves and hosiery, or wooden ware.

The mention of this last sort of goods suggests to us a plan which at first blush—we have not studied it in all its details—seems excellent. Why could n't most of our authors be profitably employed in turning out wooden-ware and most other articles of mechanism, to be made at the expense of the publishers, and given to subscribers as premiums for reading the other works of the same gentlemen? A small publisher might content himself with making one or two kinds of goods, as boots and shoes or patent teeth. But the great publisher, with unlimited command of money, and with an army of authors at his back, might, and no doubt before we are grey he will, go into general manufacturing. He could build two or three streets of small tenements, divided by strong fences, a few of them adapted to the use of authors unmarried, the rest to the needs of men with large families, and in the midst he might set up his manufactory. The steam which now works his presses and heats his buildings and lifts paper to the eighth story, and does a hundred other things, might be made to do still another hundred of still other things. It might here keep turning a score of lathes and keep industrious a score of poets working after patterns; there two historians, retired from the world, might be made to superintend the process of reducing certain books to pulp and transforming them to unspoiled paper; on this floor novelists might be employed in cutting and making by machinery suits of clothes; on that floor above essayists might fill small cans with hash or preserved fruits.

In short, it would be easy for the publisher, and soon it will be necessary for him, to turn out his own premiums by his own machinery, with his own authors as operatives, and thus save the immense sums which he now has to pay in the way of profits and commissions to the various manufacturers and other dealers. And as for the rest of the world, while the reader under this plan will lose nothing, but rather gain, the author will be sure of a home and of useful employment, and the publisher who pushes his magazines by premiums will be able to print whatever articles his author may write.

And for superannuated authors who had behaved themselves well, and for journalists no longer able to support the heats and toils of controversies, personal and political, there might be a little garden attached to the manufactory in which prize strawberry plants should be raised; or if the laborer had no prohibitory scruples of conscience, he might be set ot snip off cuttings of the vine to be given to the honest farmer of "the unpaved districts."

Notes.

LITERARY.

Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt will soon give the novel-reading public "The Man with a Broken Ear," a most extravagant and most entertaining story by Edmond About. It is of the same sort as "The Nose of a Notary," which most people have read; and it is rather remarkable, seeing that About's "King of the Mountains" and his witty "Roman Question," with its memorable opening sentence, and his sad story of the sympathetic nose, were so generally read and liked by the American public, that we have not had more of his books translated. This translation is the work of Mr. Holt himself, its publisher.——Messrs. G. W. Carleton & Co. announce Miss Alice Cary's novel, "The Bishop's Son," which has been running through the Springfield *Republican*, and also a work, which is philosophic, we suppose, with the very brief and very comprehensive title of "Man."——Messrs. Lippincott & Co. have in press "The Boulevards," by W. Blanchard Jerrold; "History of the Dervishes," by J. P. Brown, interpreter of the American Legation at Constantinople, and, if we are not mistaken, a writer now and then of some tolerable verses; "The People the Sovereigns: Being a Comparison of the Government of the United States with those of the Republics which have existed before," by Ex-President Monroe; and "O-Kee-Pa, a Religious Ceremony of the Mandans," by George Catlin.——Messrs. Roberts Brothers are republishing W. M. Rossetti's "Essays on Art," Wm. Carew Hazlitt's "Memoirs of Wm. Hazlitt," and Swinburne's "W. Blake, Artist and Poet"—books not below the standard which this house seems to have set for itself.——Mr. Boutwell's speeches and articles relative to the question of reconstruction are to be gathered into a volume which Messrs. Little, Brown & Co. will publish. And a report is current that Mr. Sumner intends publishing his speech, made in secret session, in favor of the Russian-American purchase. So we may get some light on that subject; may, among other things, learn whether we are to pay the seven millions in dollars or in second-hand iron-clads.

—On one side of any American publisher bold enough to attempt a new edition of Thackeray's works stands the great firm of Harper & Brothers, who will not hear of interference by any one with the sale of books to which they are or conceive themselves entitled; on the other side stands the firm of D. Appleton & Co., who, leaving to the house above-mentioned the greater works of Thackeray, make and sell the reprints of the lesser works, "The Book of Snobs," "The Irish Sketch-Book," etc. Let us say, however, that we have never heard of any active measures taken by this latter firm to prevent new editions of Thackeray. And we say nothing here of the Tauchnitz Thackeray, for which Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt are the agents in this country. But it is tolerably well known that Messrs. Sever & Francis, of Cambridge, would, some years ago, have given us Thackeray in a far handsomer dress than he has ever worn in this country if, by an energetic application of the "courtesy of the trade" principle, they had not been compelled to stop short after they had got out "Pendennis," and sell their plates to Messrs. Harper & Brothers, who, it is currently but perhaps falsely reported, cannot base their claims to a right of property in American editions of Thackeray on any payment of money made to the author or his heirs. We say perhaps falsely reported, for it is not, on the face of it, improbable that Thackeray may have been paid by Messrs. Harper a certain sum for such of his novels as were printed in *Harper's Monthly*. How far such payments, amply repaid as they were by the value of the stories as portions of the magazine, can give to the house that made them a monopoly of the business of selling the novels in book-form, we do not here enquire. As we have said, the report goes that they were not made. So Sever & Francis began the publication of the novels, and were very soon compelled to stop. Messrs. Harper & Brothers have never given us the rest of that edition. But they have just put the three volumes of the Sever & Francis "Pendennis" into one, adorned it with the excellent portrait engraved for Sever & Francis, and the volume is offered at the low price of a dollar and a quarter. The paper, to be sure, is thin, but the book is by no means badly made, and the reading public might properly be congratulated if it were probable that the edition would now be completed. Whether it will or not is a question. We suppose the answer depends in a great measure on Mr. Michael Doolady. That publisher has just issued the first volume ("Pendennis") of his "Diamond Thackeray," which bears an exact resemblance to the "Diamond Dickens" of Messrs. Ticknor & Fields. It has twelve illustrations, engraved on wood and well done, from designs by Thackeray, and is excellently printed on white paper. The same objection applies to these volumes as to those of the "Diamond Dickens" in regard to the fineness of the print; but, like those, these are very elegant specimens of book-making, and, of course, as regards illustrations these have an immense advantage. The price is the same—one dollar and a half—so that Messrs. Harper & Brothers offer us a "Pendennis" twenty-five cents cheaper than Mr. Doolady can. Far more people buy Dickens than buy Thackeray, but so many people—twenty-odd thousand, we believe—have bought the diamond edition of the former, and so many people who read both authors will like to see them both in similar apparel, that we suppose, and for these and various other reasons we hope, there may be a remunerative demand for the edition by Mr. Doolady.

—Mr. John Hogg, one of the publishers of *The London Society*, has had prepared, at the request of Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, a statement, which he has sworn to before the Lord Mayor of London, in which it is declared that Messrs. Hurd & Houghton, when they bought the right to reprint *London Society* in this country, were fully aware of an agreement already existing between Mr. Hogg and Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, by which *Every Saturday* was to have advance sheets of *London Society*. There was, therefore, no fault to be found with Mr. Hogg for any action of his in this matter, and indeed none was ever alleged either by the Boston or the New York firm. This we take pleasure in saying. We believe Mr. Hurd, who has just sailed for Europe, will continue in force the present arrangements for the reprinting of the magazine, though, it is true, considerable quantities of the English edition find their way into this market. Mr. Hurd, during this visit to England and the Continent, will make arrangements for the sale abroad of the publications of his house, and especially for the sale of certain important new works, of American authorship, which are not to be issued till his return.

—We are informed by Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt, who are so advised by Messrs. Trübner & Co., that the Early English Text Society is proceeding prosperously in the accumulation of a reprinting fund. No doubt, then, it will, before long, be possible for the later subscribers to get, at a cheap rate, the publications of 1864 and 1865, which are at present out of print and hard to find. We believe Messrs. Lippincott & Co., of Philadelphia, have on sale some complete sets of the publications of those first years of the society's activity; but of course they hold them at a comparatively high price, and the news of probable reprints will be received with much satisfaction. We have more than once, in these columns, called attention to the work and the aims of this society, which sets before itself the task of "bringing to light the whole of the hidden springs of the noble literature that England calls her own," and that we call our own too. We make no apology for again recurring to the subject; for to do so is, we hope, to lead some of our readers to the knowledge and the possession of some of the most valuable treasures of the language and to advance the cause of sound learning by acquainting them better with the language itself. A guinea a year—and that would be at present about $6 85 in paper—is the subscription fee, and for that sum the subscriber for 1867, for instance, will get certainly twenty and very likely thirty-two carefully edited ancient texts belonging to the class of romances, such as "Launcelot of the Laik," of dialectal works, such as the "Ayenbite of Inwyt" ("Remorse of Conscience," "the first great monument of the Kentish dialect"), of religious treatises, and finally of miscellaneous works, as "The Wright's Chaste Wife," "Piers Plowman's Vision" (three versions). These works, when sold in our American bookstores—this we say for the benefit of non-subscribers who may want one or another of them—cannot be sold as cheap as ordinary English books. The American importer has to pay, of course, the duty on the cost of the books, on the cost of the packing-case they come in, on the amount of the commission which the Government supposes him to have paid to a purchasing agent; but moreover, he has to pay in London the full retail price, for the society makes no discount. So, in the case of these books, the shilling is to be counted as worth sixty-odd cents in our currency and not as fifty cents, which is the value of it in the retail prices of other English books. But a guinea subscription not only gives a subscriber a large number of works curious and interesting in themselves and also of very great value to the student of English and the English; it also confers upon him the privilege of buying, at a reduced rate, in fact at half-price, the volume, soon to be printed by the society, containing the original ballads which Bishop Percy used in the preparation of his "Reliques," and which he altered to suit the vitiated taste of his day. The work, as given to subscribers for the society's texts, will form an octavo volume and will match the other volumes of the society's publications.

—Mr. Charles Webb, who says he wrote "Liffith Lank" for a magazine which twice refused it in spite of an earnest protest on the part of the author and repeated assurances that it was good, finally printed that clever little travesty in *The Times*. Afterwards, when it appeared in book form, he was really its publisher, though it bore the imprint of G. W. Carleton & Co. As, then, Mr. Webb in the case of "Liffith Lank" had the trouble of publishing his book, he intends now to have also whatever honor and whatever profit can be got from the business, so he issues "St. Twel'mo" under his own name, and with it a little book by Mark Twain, entitled "The Jumping Frog and Other Sketches," a volume not unworthy of a place beside the works of John Phœnix, A. Ward's books, and the two volumes of the Rev. Mr. Nasby. The new and enlarged edition of "Liffith Lank" will not be put on the shelves of Messrs. Carleton & Co. With these three books Mr. Webb will try the experiment, not too successful generally, of combining the labors of author and publisher. He has made a good beginning, however, for "Liffith Lank" sold very well indeed.

—M. J.-J. Clamageran, member of the Paris Society of Political Economy, has just published the first part of a work entitled "Histoire de l'Impôt en France" (History of Taxation in France). The author has taken a prominent part in the various congresses of the International Association for the Advancement of Social Science, and his present production is the fruit of many years of profound historic investigation in a field where he has had no competitors either among historians or economists. The first volume treats of the organization and growth of taxation during the Roman, the barbarian, and the feudal epochs, and halts in the middle of the fifteenth century. What follows will bring the history down to the revolution of 1789. M. Clamageran's preface, it is said, is a most attractive introduction to a scientific treatise, embracing in some eighty pages a prospectus of the subsequent history, and "written in a vigorous style that assumes both warmth and color when generalizations are evolved from the facts."

MR. LONGFELLOW'S TRANSLATION OF THE DIVINE COMEDY.[*]

This first volume of the work on which Mr. Longfellow has been so long engaged fulfils the justly high anticipations with which it has been awaited. The remarkable beauty of the book is appropriate to the character of the translation, and the claim tacitly asserted by the elegance of the external appearance of the volume is justified and maintained by its intrinsic merit.

After careful examination, and with no disposition to substitute commendation for criticism, we do not hesitate to say that not only is Mr. Longfellow's translation the best that has ever been made of the "Divina Commedia" into English, but also that it is hardly likely ever to be superseded or surpassed.

No one acquainted with the extraordinary felicity of Mr. Longfellow's versions of the poetry of other languages—a felicity which was one of the proofs of his original genius—can have doubted that his success would be great in any task of the sort to which he might set himself. But the measure of success he has attained in this work can hardly fail to surprise even those who had the highest confidence in his achievement.

It is with the heartiest pleasure that we say this; for we, in common with all readers of English, owe so much to Mr. Longfellow, and have so long learned to feel for him not only the admiration due to his genius, but a more personal sentiment of regard, respect, nay, even of affection, springing from the use he has made of his gifts and from the expression of his character in his writings, that we rejoice once more to be called on to testify to our gratitude to him, and with honest praise of his new work to give utterance to the feeling which is shared by thousands of readers unknown to him, and to serve them as the voice by which they offer to him their thanks.

We do not propose, in speaking of this translation, to enter upon the much vexed and insoluble question of the best method of poetic translation in general. The translator of a poem of any considerable extent has necessarily to make a choice between the literal and the free methods of translating, according to the object that he has in view. Much is to be said in favor of each. The free translation may be more attractive to an age and nation whose habits of thought and literary tastes are widely different from those of the age and nation to which the original was addressed. Pope succeeded in making his "Homer" far more popular than a more Homeric version would have been at the time he wrote. The general esteem in which Cary's version of the "Divine Comedy" has been held by English readers is due in great measure to its un-Dantesque qualities. But at present there is a reaction—it is one of the symptoms of the existing tendency to realism in literature and art—in favor of translation which shall give us as much as possible of the actual characteristics of the original; which shall not adapt it to other or changed tastes, but shall present it in its artistic and historic integrity. The more intelligent understanding of the past possessed by our generation, and the novel interest taken in the development of thought, in the life and the creeds of former days, make us desire the exactest reproduction of the chief works of ancient and mediæval literary genius.

In accordance with this disposition, Mr. Longfellow has undertaken to give us as faithful a rendering of Dante as could be made, avoiding on the one hand the unfidelity of mere literalism; on the other, that of paraphrase or interpretation. But a special difficulty attends the translation in a poetic form of the "Divine Comedy." One of the great charms of the original—a charm which belongs to it in higher degree than to any other work in literature—is its rhyme; and this triple, interlaced rhyme does not merely give delight to the ear by the recurrence of its harmonies, but it is so intimate a part of the structure of the poem that it forms one of the essential elements in the effect of the "Divine Comedy" upon the imagination and the intellect. The rhyme, which so rarely that we may, speaking broadly, say it never forced Dante to use a word he would not otherwise have chosen, becomes interfused with the thought itself, and gives not only added beauty but added meaning to the conception of the poet. Indeed, in no other poem is there so complete and absolute a blending of form with essence as in the "Divine Comedy."

But so far as the rhyme of the poem is concerned with its effect, the translator into English finds himself confronted with an insurmountable difficulty. The abundance of rhymes in the Romance languages contrasts strikingly with their scanty numbers in the languages of the Teutonic stock. If the translator attempt to preserve the triple rhyme, he speedily finds himself forced to make use of inversions and all sorts of expedients, by which qualities more important than the rhyme are obscured, if not utterly lost. The attempt has been gallantly made by one or two of the recent English translators; but no one familiar with the original can read even the best of these rhymed versions—Mr. Cayley's, for instance, or Mr. Ford's—and not soon be convinced that the English rhyme not only fails to reproduce the effect of the Italian, but is a positive hindrance to a good rendering of so much of the poem as it is possible to convey into our tongue.

Mr. Longfellow has then, as we think, done wisely in discarding rhyme. He felt, doubtless, that what was far more essential to preserve than the rhyme was the diction of Dante—a diction as various, as rich, as full, as sympathetic as ever poet possessed; now strong with unmatched simplicity and directness, now refined with an equally unmatched subtlety and exquisiteness of sense, changing with change of subject and modulated by every variety of feeling. To preserve this diction, to convey its character so far as change of language permits, must be the chief object of the translator. In keeping to the measure of the original, and confining himself to the same number of lines, Mr. Longfellow has chosen the best mode of securing this vital characteristic of the poem. If we compare his version with the other English versions that have been made upon the same general plan, we shall find that his is far the closest to the original not only in exactness of verbal rendering, but in this supreme quality of diction and of style. A poet alone can perfectly translate a poet.

It will not surprise us if many readers, attracted by Mr. Longfellow's name, should take up the book with expectations of entertainment from it which will not be fulfilled. But this will not be the poet's fault, but due to their own want of proper culture. No one need turn to the "Divine Comedy" for mere amusement. It is not to be read at all without some effort of mind, it is not to be truly understood without serious study and thought. It is not easily intelligible throughout even to Italians at the present day; and Mr. Longfellow has not attempted to make it easier in English than it is in Italian. But his translation will, we trust, lead some persons to the study and enjoyment of the poem who might not otherwise have had their interest awakened in it. It will thus not only lead them to acquaintance with one of the highest works of genius which the world possesses, and widen their understanding with knowledge of modes of thought remote from those of our day, but will introduce them to intimacy with a character almost solitary in its lofty purity, in its self-suffering manliness, in its dignity, strength, truthfulness, and tenderness. For Dante was much more than a great poet—he was a great man; and his chief work embodies and expresses as no other composition of human genius has succeeded in doing the essential personal traits of its author. It is the image of himself, and as such has a universal and perpetual interest to all other men, quite apart from and superior to that which attaches to its narrative, and to the special power and beauty with which its literary form is inspired.

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[*] "The Divine Comedy of Dante Alighieri. Translated by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow." Vol. I. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1867. 8vo, pp. 413.

The fact that the poem is so complete and absolute an expression of the man, imposes on the translator as his first duty the utmost attainable fidelity of rendering. Other authors may be less closely followed without wrong; but Dante insists upon respect for his words and has a commanding right to it. Mr. Longfellow has fully acknowledged this, and his translation gives proof at every line of the faithfulness which he has borne to his master. He has practised a difficult self-restraint; and we venture to say that there is not a passage in his translation in which he has wilfully substituted his own thought for that of his author, in which he has attempted to improve on the original, or in which he has allowed the temptation to interpret the meaning of Dante to interfere with the exactness of his version. Poets who heretofore have translated poets have been much in the habit of giving to their own genius a somewhat free scope in the adornment and interpretation of their authors. Chapman is perhaps the worst, and at the same time the most excusable, of sinners in this respect. Pope and Dryden are hardly less guilty. But no reader of Mr. Longfellow's translation need feel any question as to whether a thought, a simile, a sentiment in his version corresponds with the original or not. Mr. Longfellow's poetic genius shows itself here not in independent exercise, but in his exquisite sympathy with his author, in the choice of the most felicitous corresponding expression, in his selection of the most appropriate words, and in the range of his poetic vocabulary. There are portions of his version of really noble English, and throughout it the finest parts of the original are rendered as they only could have been by one who felt their charm and was himself so great a poet as to be able to transfer it into his own tongue.

The readers who know the other English versions of the "Divine Comedy" are those who are likely to set the highest value upon Mr. Longfellow's work, and to appreciate best the difficulties he has overcome. We regret that our space does not permit us to cite some parallel passages from the various English translations, to show the student unfamiliar with the other versions that in Mr. Longfellow he has not only the most poetic but by far the safest and most experienced of guides.

The notes and illustrations, which form half of the present volume, are worthy of the translation, and form an agreeable and useful body of comment. Mr. Longfellow has wisely avoided any attempt to set forth the intricate symbolism which some commentators discover in the minute details of the poem, and has pronounced his opinion upon disputed points with simplicity and without display of the arguments which have led him to his conclusions. His notes are mainly explanations of genuine difficulties, historical accounts of personages or events mentioned in the course of the poem, and passages taken from other authors which serve to illustrate the words or thoughts of Dante. There is no parade of learning in them, but they are drawn from a wide field of reading, and are the acquisitions of a naturally refined, scholarly taste, developed through a life devoted to literary pursuits.

We have left ourselves no space for the analysis of special portions of the work, but we regret this the less because the publication of the second and third volumes will afford us an opportunity to return to it, and we desire now simply to welcome it with the cordial greeting it deserves.

LONG'S DECLINE OF THE ROMAN REPUBLIC.*

It was, perhaps, a natural mistake, but none the less a very unfortunate one, that Mr. George Long, confessedly the first English authority on points of Roman antiquities, should therefore fancy himself competent to write a Roman history. We have seldom met with a book bearing the name of a history which presented so few claims to this title. Mr. Long could not fail to make a valuable treatise upon this subject, and we may be grateful to him for presenting us in a compact form with the net results of the labors of his long life. But he is by nature an antiquarian, not an historian. His highest aim seems to be to make an accurate statement of all the facts positively known, in chronological order. In the preface to the first volume he scouts the notion of "a philosophical history;" in that to the second volume condemns in strong terms the practice of "adding ornament to the simplest facts" in what is called picturesque history; and in his zeal to avoid the mistakes that other writers have unquestionably made in these two directions, he gives us a book which is neither philosophical nor picturesque, nor even a history in any high sense of the term.

To "patiently examine facts and attempt to put them in their proper place" is the sole task which he has placed before him. The result is a heavy narrative wherever Appian, Sallust, and Plutarch can be followed implicitly, and where there is doubt as to the facts a dull and rambling discussion, such as properly belongs to notes or appendices, authorities compared and arguments weighed, often without reaching any decision. When any occasion tempts we have a digression upon some point remotely connected with the subject under discussion, and those digressions are often the most interesting parts of the book, as, for instance, those upon the magic art, page 123, and upon the works of Aristotle, page 320. But anything like a generalization, except occasionally a shrewd practical remark on some political matter, or any arguing from the known to the unknown, he sedulously shuns. One smiles sometimes at a kind of dogged determination evinced to *infer* nothing, to accept nothing which is not down in black and white, and one cannot help suspecting that the mere mention of the name of Mommsen excites in him a kind of grim wrath; of Niebuhr, too, only that this name is now a classic in England even more than in Germany.

After all, we must acknowledge what there is really praiseworthy in Mr. Long's method. He makes, we think, a mistake in insisting upon the same canons of historical evidence in ancient as in modern history. Still, there is no doubt that a dry, sceptical treatise like this may be very serviceable in preserving the balance in investigation and checking a disposition to draw inferences from inadequate data. In ancient history we must perforce adopt a bolder method of enquiry than modern history admits. If we had only Livy and Dio Cassius complete, to say nothing of lesser writers, we should hardly desire anything more; but where all our information as to a period a generation long, crowded with important events, is contained in a series of bare epitomes, two or three unskilful abridgments, and a mass of allusions and disconnected incidents scattered through many volumes—what we *know* in such a case as this is very little; the question is what we have a right to *infer*. "Nothing lies like facts," it has been said; certainly the half-truths which thus come to our knowledge can give but a distorted notion of the course of events. And, at any rate, so long as writers on Roman history had nothing but the definite statements of ancient writers to follow, their works were meagre and profitless. It was not until Niebuhr took hold of the subject with a kind of inspiration, divining truths the record of which had perished, that a genuine interest and life were infused into it. Mr. Long is right in warring against hasty and ungrounded assumptions such as abound in many German writers on this subject. Even Niebuhr's greatness rests less upon his positive results than upon the method he introduced, for his views are now very largely set aside by the progress of the enquiry, while the stimulus he gave to the study of ancient history and the examples he himself affords of the true method of investigation ensure him a great and lasting name.

The building up of the dilapidated structure of Roman history calls for a rare combination of qualities; the widest and profoundest acquaintance with all the facts that are known, so that the mind shall have them thoroughly at its command; and, joined with this, a constructive imagination which knows how to give due weight to the smallest trifles of historical evidence and combine seemingly indifferent facts into a harmonious whole. This imagination was Niebuhr's peculiar power, and it is the peculiar power of his great successor, Mommsen; but it is one which Mr. Long not only does not himself possess in the smallest degree, but which he cannot appreciate or even understand in others. The consequence is that his history is disconnected, fragmentary, without light and shade, without satisfactory analysis of cause and effect. But, as we remarked above, it may yet be a serviceable check to the imagination. In reading a book of genius, like Mommsen's, one is carried along by the strong grasp and positive assertions of the author, and, by reason of his practice of not giving authorities, is unable to discriminate between what the writer says because he finds it so stated and what he says because he feels it must be true. But if Professor Mommsen is censurable in not giving his authorities, even more so is Mr. Long, for he does not profess to give us anything but what he finds in ancient writers, and the sole value of his book is as a thesaurus of whatever is positively known of this period. Half this value is lost by our not knowing where to find the authority for his statements.

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* "The Decline of the Roman Republic. By George Long." Vol. II. London: Bell & Daldy, Fleet Street. 1866. 8vo, pp. 480.

The period covered by the second volume of this work is perhaps the most perplexing, as it is one of the most interesting, in all history—that extending from the war with the Cimbri and Teutones to the death of Sertorius, B. C. 105–72. Many momentous events during these years are hardly known to us even in bare outline, and of the whole period it is perhaps not too much to say that there is none in history of equal length and equal importance of which so little is known with certainty. If ever, the *inferential* method of weighing evidence is in place here, all the more because our information is unusually full and exact as to the years which immediately followed. The seeds were sown by Marius and Sulla of which we see the fruits in the careers of Pompey, Cicero, and Cæsar. Moreover, the writings of Cicero in especial abound in allusions to these earlier events, which are rich in instruction to one who knows how to use them. Nowhere could Mr. Long compare less favorably with Mommsen than just here. The only task his method allows him to attempt is to arrange in their order the scattered bits of information which we happen to possess. He tells us nothing but what is true, perhaps, but the highest truth he fails, and indeed does not try, to seize. In the German work, on the other hand, we find a consistent and complete development of events; inaccurate it may be in some details, but derived from an exhaustive study of whatever has been handed down or written upon the subject; at all events, based upon fundamental principles, and tracing out with clearness, force, and eloquence the path along which Rome was hurrying to destruction.

This period may be considered the second stage in the rapid downfall of the republic. The first is represented by the efforts of the Gracchi to overthrow peaceably the rule of the oligarchy; the third and last by the triumph of Cæsar. Between these two came the unsuccessful attempt of Marius to do what Cæsar afterwards accomplished; his is the central figure of this epoch, because he represents the irresistible tendency of events; Drusus and Sulla the ineffectual struggle against this tendency. The enmity which Caius Gracchus had so large a share in exciting between the senate and the knights, or, more accurately, between the Senatorial Order and the Equestrian Order, was in strictness, as Niebuhr well observed, that "found among all nations, at a certain stage of their progress, between the landowners and the moneyed men;" the landed, hereditary aristocracy and the aristocracy of wealth; the nobility and the *parvenus*. Gracchus had seen the incurable rottenness of the nobility which ruled the state, and had seen, too, that the only thing that could save his country was an infusion of new blood by the admission of the Italian allies to the citizenship, for among these were to be found the only elements of a healthy national character which still existed in Italy. It is no light task to overthrow an aristocracy whose roots are fixed in institutions centuries old, and Gracchus found himself betrayed by both the allies upon whom he depended for carrying through his plans. The new aristocracy of money which he had established as a counterweight to the nobility failed him at the critical moment; the aristocratic principle was as deeply engrained in Roman society as it is in that of England at the present day, and a wealthy contractor might aspire to found a noble family, just as a railway king may hope to be made a peer. The lower classes, too, which he fancied he had bound firmly to himself, were easily bought over by his enemies; they had no interest in reform, for, like the poor whites in the South, it was merely in the possession of citizenship that they were above their neighbors, and by sharing this with the Samnites and Marsians they would themselves lose their sole claim to consideration and would sink to their natural insignificance.

It is in these party relations which Caius Gracchus left behind him that we are to seek the key to the perplexed events of the generation which succeeded; feuds in the ruling class itself, between the senatorial and equestrian orders, while for both of them a common master was in store; unavailing efforts of the Italians to obtain citizenship, until at length they were driven to seek it by arms; all parties in turn bidding for the votes of the rabble, who had the final power of decision, but to whom one side was as good as another, so they had their fill of shows and their cheap corn. There existed no *people*, as we understand the word; democracy, in our sense of the term, was impossible. The only choice lay between oligarchy and tyranny. Of all this the book before us gives a very inadequate analysis.

It is true that Mr. Long, with his practical English way of looking at things, has many admirably clear and suggestive accounts of special laws, institutions, and political questions, especially in the first volume. But he lacks the power of conveying a clear notion of political movements as a whole; his mind acts in detail, and the result is rather a collection of valuable materials than a wise use made of the materials themselves. As an instance of a discussion in his best style we will refer to Chapter IV. of the second volume, which treats of the origin of the Cimbri and Teutones. His view, that both these tribes were German, is precisely opposite to that of Mr. Latham, who holds that they were both Celts; the one setting aside the obvious resemblance between the names *Cimbri* and *Kymri*, the other that between *Teutones* and *Teutsch*. It is strange, by the way, in the face of Mr. Latham's elaborate argument, that Mr. Long should say, page 52, that "nobody doubts that the Teutones were a Germanic people"; but that he is correct in following the common opinion on this point, we have no question. At the same time, his arguments for the Germanic origin of the Cimbri are ingenious, and to us conclusive; indeed, the only counter argument is the accidental similarity of the names Cimbri and Kymri. Another excellent example of his style is in the account of the *leges repetundarum* and other legal forms, Vol. I., Chap. II., and Vol. II., Chap. XIV. On subjects of this nature he is at home, and speaks with clearness and sagacity.

An example of the opposite kind, illustrating his incapacity for a broad discussion of political questions, is in regard to the enrolling in the tribes of the Italians who obtained their citizenship through the Social War. On page 199, Vol. II., he quotes Appian and Velleius to the effect that the new citizens were enrolled in eight or ten new tribes, at the same time expressing some hesitation as to accepting the statement. On pages 212 and 221, however, he speaks of this arrangement as if there were no question about it; but on page 402, where he has occasion to review the history of the tribes, he says distinctly that "the number thirty-five remained unchanged" from B.C. 241, and only mentions the addition of new tribes in B.C. 90 as being "proposed." This is Niebuhr's view, and is perhaps the correct one, although Mommsen and Lange maintain that the new citizens were to be distributed among eight of the old tribes, just as the *libertini* had been among four. It is hard to say which view is the most probable; there is the explicit statement of Appian (i. 49) in favor of the one, while the testimony of Velleius (ii. 20) is claimed by both parties; "ut in octo tribus contribuerentur novi cives" seems at first sight to mean eight of the existing tribes, but Becker insists that in that case the word must be "distribuerentur." Whichever it may have been, the law, if it was a law, never went into effect, for the reason, as Lange shows, that the census of B.C. 89 was never held, and therefore nothing but a temporary and experimental arrangement can have been made. Mr. Long, however, would certainly convey the idea at first that the institution of eight new tribes was not only decided upon but actually carried into effect.

We suppose that it is a dislike of the practice of the Germans to begin their treatises almost with the creation of the world that has led Mr. Long to discard an introduction, and plunge at once *in medias res*. The first sentence in the first volume mentions the fall of Carthage, with some of the results which it brought after it, and then we are led at once into the midst of the Spanish War; one would almost think he had got hold of a second volume instead of a first. Not much is gained by this, for the matter which properly belongs to an introduction is necessarily brought in from time to time in the way of explanation and illustration, interrupting the continuity of the narrative, and occupying, we suspect, more room on the whole than if a well-arranged introduction had been prepared. There is surely a due mean between this abruptness and the introduction to the "Vie de César," half a volume long, and going over the whole history of the six hundred and fifty years of the city. And it is certainly true that the decline of the Roman Republic cannot be properly told or clearly understood without a good understanding of the condition of things at the commencement of the decline.

Another serious defect will perhaps be remedied in a subsequent volume. We find no account, hardly a hint, of the inner life of the Romans, their thought and its expression, their religion, philosophy, and literature. Even if the meagre literature of this period had very little to do with the political decline, which we doubt, at any rate nothing deserves more careful and thorough consideration in this point of view than religion and philosophy, as influenced by Greek systems, and as directly connected with the decay of public spirit and private manners. It may be, however, that Mr. Long is reserving this topic to be treated as a whole at the close of his work.

THE NATIONAL POEM OF SWEDEN.[*]

"THERE 's odds in deacons," according to the proverb, and there 's odds in poets also, and it would be well enough to join this saying with that familiar one which asserts that only by a poet can a poet be translated. For who can conceive of a tolerable translation of Heine by Wordsworth, or of Emerson by Béranger? These are extreme instances of unfitness; but extreme instances to the contrary—of fitness for the task of making the poet of one country a denizen of another—are so very rare, although the poets who have attempted translations are numerous, that obviously the rule as it stands is too unlimited for usefulness, indeed so unlimited as to be nearly useless. Certainly, we ought to prize highly a poet in whom great knowledge of the poetic art, and whatever other knowledge may be necessary, are united with what we may call the translator's temperament, whose genius is sympathetic, impressible, not of itself too forcible; and it may be permitted us—and we do not forget to be grateful for the long and fortunate labor on the "Divine Comedy"—to regret that Mr. Longfellow, who unites in himself the conditions here indicated, has not done even more in the way of translating than he has done. His renderings in the "Wayside Inn" of the Heimskringla, and the fragmentary passages of the "Frithiof's Saga" with which he enriched the youthful essay on that poem which he printed thirty years ago in *The North American Review*, may well make us particularly regret that the poetry of the North has not had more of his attention as a translator.

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[*] "Frithiof's Saga. From the Swedish of Esaias Tegnér. By the Rev. Wm. Lewery Blackley, M.A." Edited by Bayard Taylor. New York: Leypoldt & Holt.

The "Frithiof's Saga" of Tegnêr one would have been inclined to fix upon as the poem of recent times which would have most attractions for him. Tegnêr, when a professor in the university of Lund, lecturing to his pupils and speaking of the poetry of their native region as contrasted with that of Greece, of the Orientals, of the masters of modern song, not only gives it credit for wild legendary romance and for love of nature—for delighting in the pale colossal forms which float on the mists and whisper of the mysteries of the other world, in the murmur of the brook heard while the moon is rising on the Fjellen, in the song of the thrush on the golden birch, as she sits and sings a lament for the brief summer and dying nature, but also he attributes to it "depth of thought and earnestness of reflection." In this he was perhaps too partial. Not being versed in Scandinavian literature, we cannot speak with authority; but we may say that critics other than Swedish do not attribute depth of thought either to the ancient or the modern poetry of the North. Of old, it was simple in sentiment, picturesque and forcible in diction, full of the gloom of the Norse gods, and of the abounding life and energy, the reckless courage, the robust cheerfulness, the childlike or boylike simplicity, the ferocity, or rather the fierceness, of the Norse men. In modern times, as seen in this poem of Tegnér's, the sagas of the sea-wolves have put off much of the old violence and bloodiness and tremendous energy, and have put on much of prettiness and of that quality of melancholy "which sets the songs of the land to the minor key." To say that the masterpiece of the Bishop of Wexiö is an ancient saga to some extent sentimentalized, recast into finished verses of many metres, profusely adorned with vivid and happy imagery, is, we think, to describe pretty correctly the national poem of Sweden. And the profusion of elegant ornament, the carefulness and elaboration of the verse, the flavor of far-off times, the pensive melancholy, the simple and noble sentiments, the unprofound nature of the thought—all these characteristics of Tegnér's famous work would have been charmingly given us by the kindred poet who wrote "Evangeline," and who translated "The Children of the Lord's Supper," and a pleasant fresh field of poetry would have been made a possession for us. But we suppose we are not to have the pleasure, nor Tegnér the great good fortune, of a complete translation of the "Frithiof's Saga" by Mr. Longfellow. We shall, however, offer our readers, that they may be tempted to know Tegnér, though afar off, some passages of Mr. Longfellow's rendering alongside of Mr. Blackley's.

And first let us say that whoever wants a far better abstract of the poem than we can give may find the essay which we have mentioned in that part of Mr. Longfellow's prose works entitled "Drift Wood." Briefly this is the Saga of Frithiof the Valiant, or Frithiof the Bold, upon which Tegnér founded his poem: Frithiof, son of Thorsten, son of Viking, loves Ingeborg, daughter of King Bele, and sister of Helge and Halfdan. Bele dies after exhorting his two sons to keep the friendship of the bold Frithiof, the son of King Bele's dear friend and comrade. Helge, a gloomy man, and Halfdan, a trifler, refuse Frithiof the hand of Ingeborg, for he is but a Jarl and they kings. Old King Ring demands Ingeborg's hand, and being refused makes war on the brothers. They send for Frithiof, who refuses to aid them, and they are defeated, and Ingeborg weds King Ring. But meantime Ingeborg and Frithiof had met in Balder's temple (a thing forbidden) and exchanged rings. So, as a punishment for this sacrilege, Frithiof must go to Jarl Angantyr at the Faroes and get from him the tribute that he owes. In his magic ship Ellida, in the face of storms which King Helge raises by his arts, nd after a fight with demons of the storm, Frithiof reaches the land of Angantyr, and gets the tribute, for Angantyr loved Thorsten. When he comes home he finds his dwelling has been burned by Helge's men. He seeks Helge at Balder's temple, flings the tribute in his teeth, and the image of Balder is thrown into the fire. Frithiof takes to sea-roving, killing sea kings and making much booty. And after three years he tires of this life and turns himself homeward. He goes disguised to the court of King Ring. Queen Ingeborg speaks but little to him. Her life and Ring's he saves, dragging them, their sledge, and the horses to firm ice just as they were sinking. And one day he walks forth with Ring into the wood and the old king lies down and sleeps. Frithiof is tempted to kill him, but does not; he flings his sword into the wood. Then King Ring tells him he was not sleeping but was pretending to sleep that he might prove Frithiof, whom he had known from the first evening of his sojourning in the palace. Ring gives up Ingeborg to Frithiof and dies soon after; Frithiof kills Helge in war and Halfdan pays King Frithiof tribute as his lord.

Tegnêr makes old Ring kill himself instead of die "the straw death," and he makes Ingeborg bring about a reconciliation between Helge and her husband. Otherwise the abstract of the old Saga will serve as an abstract of the new. But the twenty-four ballads, each in a metre accordant with the spirit of the ballad, are full of details which we have not given. Obviously the poem is spirited and full of incidents. We are bound to say that in Mr. Blackley's translation much of the spirit and coloring disappears. Our extracts must be brief. This is the opening of the very spirited canto in which "Frithiof's Temptation" is described; first we give Mr. Blackley's version:

"Spring-time cometh; wild birds twitter, woods grow leafy, sunshine beams,
Dancing, singing, down to ocean speed the liberated streams;
Out from its bud the glowing rose peeps forth like blush on Freya's cheek;
And joy of life, and mirth, and hope, within the breast of man awake."

Mr. Longfellow's is better done:

"Spring is coming, birds are twittering, forests leaf, and smiles the sun,
And the loosened torrents downward, singing, to the ocean run;
Glowing like the cheek of Freya, peeping rosebuds 'gin to ope,
And in human hearts awaken love of life, and joy, and hope."

Mr. Blackley appears to less advantage as we read on in this same canto and come to the king's pretended sleep and waking:

"Straight the old king, waking, quoth: 'Much rest did my short sleep afford;
'Tis sweet to slumber in the shade, protected by a brave man's sword:
But where, O stranger, is thy blade—the lightning's brother, whither sped?
And who hath separated you, so little wont to separate?'

"'It matters little,' Frithiof said, 'for swords are plenty in the North;
Sharp-tonguéd is the blade, O king; no word of peace it speaketh forth:
Within the steel doth evil dwell, a spirit dark from Niffelhem;
Against him sleep no safety hath; grey hairs are but a snare to him."

And thus Mr. Longfellow:

"Straight the ancient king awakens. 'Sweet has been my sleep,' he said;
'Pleasantly sleeps one in the shadow, guarded by a brave man's blade.
But where is thy sword, O stranger? Lightning's brother, where is he?
Who thus parts you, who should never from each other parted be?'

"'It avails not,' Frithiof answered; 'in the North are other swords:
Sharp, O monarch! is the sword's tongue, and it speaks not peaceful words;
Murky spirits dwell in steel blades, spirits from the Niffelhem;
Slumber is not safe before them, silver locks but anger them.'"

In another metre are these words of Frithiof's, who reminds himself, in the midst of the wintry storm at sea, of his summer voyage to meet Ingeborg. Mr. Blackley first:

"Fairer was our journey
Beneath the shining moon,
Over the mirrory ocean,
To Balder's sacred grove.
Warmer far than here
Was Ingeborg's loving heart;
Whiter than the sea-foam
Heaved her gentle breast."

This is Mr. Longfellow's version:

"Fairer was the journey
In the moonbeam's shimmer,
O'er the mirrored waters
Unto Balder's grove;
Warmer than it here is,
Close by Ingeborg's bosom;—
Whiter than the sea-foam
Swelled the maiden's breast."

The reader has seen what he may expect from Mr. Blackley in the matter of elegance and poetic feeling. Mr. Bayard Taylor, the editor, gives, however, conclusive reasons for his selection of Mr. Blackley's from the four English versions from which he had to choose. He alone preserves all the original metres, and his rendering, though it wants vigor, and though he has let the poetry in great part evaporate, yet, Mr. Taylor says, is done better than any of the others. Mr. Taylor furnishes a life of the poet, some account of the extant English versions of the poem, and a small body of notes mainly explanatory of mythological references occurring in the poem. In outward appearance the book is quite pleasing, as books issued by Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt are pretty sure to be. We must not forget to say that this work is the second of a uniform series of foreign poems which the publishers intend to issue, provided the sale of the first three volumes warrant the further prosecution of the enterprise. "King René's Daughter" and "Frithiof's Saga" are already published. "Nathan the Wise," with Fischer's introductory essay, will be the next.

NOTES ON THE NEW EDITION OF WEBSTER.

NO. XIV.

I REGRET to be obliged to interrupt again the regular order which I had adopted for this series, by postponing to a later period the actual enumeration of the words and classes of words beginning with the letter A. The practical difficulties of such an enumeration are both greater and more numerous than I expected, and I find a stronger reason for deferring this labor in the fact that the close scrutiny of forms, required for counting and discriminating the words, is so trying to the sight that I can only proceed very slowly with the task. I shall, therefore, for the present, go on with my etymological and critical notes, and resume the numerical computation at some more favorable season.

Backsight, in levelling, is defined as "the first reading of the levelling staff taken from any *position* of the levelling instrument." This, though given on very high authority, and though it is true, *e converso*, that "the first reading" at every *station* of the instrument is, not necessarily indeed, but usually, a *backsight*, is not a definition at all, but a mere statement of an accidental fact. A *backsight* is a sight or reading taken *backwards;* that is, in a direction opposite to that in which the levelling party is proceeding, and it would be just as much a *backsight* if the usual process were reversed and a foresight taken first, instead of the ordinary method.

Backstone, in provincial English, "The heated stone on which oat-cake is baked." It should have been noted that this is an archaic and local orthography and pronunciation of *bakestone.*

Ballad. The source of this word is rightly given; for there is no doubt that it is from Italian *ballare*, to dance; but as the connection between a short narrative poem and dancing is not obvious, the etymology is not complete without adding that in the Middle Ages the music for the dance was often a choir of young girls or other minstrels, who sang such poems to tunes adapted to the measures and movements of the dances then in vogue. Ingeman's Danish novels often refer to this practice.

Ballast. The etymologies proposed for this word, though generally accepted, are supported by no historical evidence, and are at best but plausible guesses. I have discussed the origin of this word at considerable length in the notes to the article "Ballast" in the American edition to Wedgwood's "Dictionary of English Etymology." Further research has not enabled me to add much to the facts thus collected. The earliest example of the word in English, in the collections of the London Philological Society, is of the year 1538; but, as I have observed in the note above referred to, *ballast* occurs in Palsgrave, and *lastage* is found, in the same sense, in a MS. of unknown date, but supposed by Wright to belong to the latter part of the fifteenth century, printed in the "National Antiquities," Vol. I.

It is remarkable that no word having the signification of *ballast* occurs in either the Old Northern or the Anglo-Saxon language. The navigators of those nations seem to have depended on stowage of the ordinary cargo in such a way as to answer the purpose of ballasting, though it is difficult to suppose that the piratical cruisers of the Northern Vikings were fitted out with a sufficient supply of heavy goods or stores to serve as ballasting for vessels large enough for Mediterranean voyages, as well as for coasting trips on the rough Atlantic seas of North-western Europe.

I am inclined, upon the whole, to favor the Romance etymology suggested in my note in Wedgwood, though in this, as well as in the commonly accepted derivation, the first syllable is left without satisfactory explanation.

Barker's Mill. This contrivance is described as: "A *vertical recoil* water-wheel, in which the water moves the wheel from which it issues by *reaction* or *counter pressure* as it issues from the orifices." This definition is erroneous throughout. The hollow arms or tubes from which the water escapes, through lateral orifices, may or may not be so connected as to form a sort of wheel; but the plane in which they revolve is *horizontal*, while the tubular shaft alone is *vertical.* Nor is the motion of rotation produced by *recoil, reaction,* or *counter* pressure of any kind, but by the difference of hydrostatic pressure on the two sides of the revolving tubes, one of the sides being closed, the other having a lateral orifice, near the end, for the escape of the water. If we suppose this orifice to be equal to one-tenth of the lateral superficies of the tube, then, as there will be no pressure on the wall of the tube at the orifice, the lateral pressure on that whole side will be one-tenth less than on the opposite one, which is closed, and, of course, there will be a tendency to move in a direction opposite to the flow of the escape-water. But this effect is due to *direct* hydrostatic pressure on the section of the wall of the tube opposite the orifice, not to *recoil, reaction,* or *counter* pressure. Some have supposed, indeed, that the resistance of the air to the rush of the water as it escapes produces a reacting force which gives the motion. It is barely conceivable that such a cause may add something to the velocity of the revolution of the arms or tubes; but of itself it would be insufficient to overcome the combined resistance of the air on the other side and of friction at the bearings of the shaft.

Barnacle, in the sense of an "instrument with two branches" to put upon a horse's nose, and of "a pair of spectacles," is a different word from *barnacle* in natural history. Max Müller, in his second series of "Lectures on the Science of Language," has learnedly discussed the history of the word as used in ornithology and conchology. The earliest European example of *barnacle*, in the sense of an instrument of confinement or compression, is believed to be that which I cited from Joinville in my note on the article *Barnacle* in Wedgwood. It there signified an instrument of torture by compression. Later, from analogy of form and action, it acquired the meanings above cited from Webster. Joinville describes this method of torture as inflicted by the Arabs in Egypt upon prisoners taken in company with St. Louis, and there is no doubt that the word, as well as the invention, is Oriental, and that the Christian sons of St. Dominic are indebted to the Moslems for one of the most efficient implements in the whole apparatus of the Inquisition. In Persian, *burundan* or *barandan* signifies to compress, to squeeze; *baranjah kardan*, to inflict torture, to afflict. In these words is found the source of Joinville's *bernicles*, whence the English word. (See Joinville, ed. Buchon, p. 179.)

Baróko. The origin of this technical term of mediæval scholasticism is worth explaining. In the systems of logic taught in the schools of that period the vowel A was used to designate a general affirmative proposition, E a general negative, I a particular affirmative, O a particular negative, and syllogisms were classed according to the character of the propositions which composed them. As a help to the memory in retaining this classification, barbarous words were coined, each containing three of the significant vowels in the order in which the propositions occurred in the syllogisms indicated by these words. Thus, *baroko* signified a syllogism consisting of one general affirmative and two particular negatives; *barbara* was a syllogism composed of three general affirmatives, and so of the rest. Syllogisms were said to be in *barbara*, in *celarent*, in *darii*, and so forth, according to their composition, and, as a further aid to the memory, these names were arranged in hexameters, thus: *Barbara, celarent, darii, ferion, baralipton*, which were learned by heart by the pupils.

Barrack. In my note on this word in the American edition of Wedgwood I have proved that it was in use in Catalan as far back as the thirteenth century, and these are the earliest examples of its occurrence yet cited. The Spaniards might readily have taken it from the Moors, but it is not probable that they borrowed it from the Celts, and, as I have shown in the same note, an acceptable Oriental etymology offers itself.

Bate, v. i., second meaning, "to penetrate, sink in." In support of this definition the following couplet from Spenser is cited:

"Yet there the steel staid not, but inly *bate*
Deep in the flesh, and opened wide a red flood-gate."

It is obvious that in this passage *bate* is a preterite, and it is clearly nothing but the past tense of the common verb *to bite* spelt *bate*, for rhyme's sake, by a common Spenserian license.

Bay, at. The derivation suggested is plausible; but the corresponding Italian *stare a bada* and English *stand at gaze* tend very strongly to confirm Wedgwood's etymology. (See his Dict. of Eng. Etym., s. v.) Besides, *à bay* appears to be older in French than *aux abois*, and therefore could not have been derived from it. Littré's oldest example of this last phrase dates no earlier than the fifteenth century; but *à bay* is found in a MS. of the Prise de Pampelune of the fourteenth century, published by Mussafia, Vienna, 1864, v. 4,692:

"Or preniés mil Paiens des plus civalerous
E tenés tant *à bay* ceus xij. vassaus prous
Che i ne peusent montier en cival noir ne rous."

Beadsman. Bancroft, in the eighth volume of his "History of the United States," p. 38, employs *beadsmen* in the ordinary sense of petitioners. I have reason to believe that he did not thus use this word unadvisedly, or without what he deemed sufficient warrant. In any event, the meaning he has given to *beadsman* ought to be introduced as one of its definitions.

Beau ideal. Both these words are originally adjectives; but persons not well versed in French are apt to imagine that *ideal* is the noun-element in this compound expression. The contrary is the fact, *beau* being used as a noun and *ideal* remaining an adjective.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION *should be addressed to the Editor.*

THE EIGHT-HOUR MUDDLE.

THE value of our political system was never better displayed than in what is just now passing in the West. It has been all along impossible to convince the working-men that their plan of securing as much money and leisure as they need by cutting down their labor by one-fifth was delusive. Having once got hold of the idea, and having secured for it the attention of politicians and nominating conventions, they made up their minds to embody it in legislation at all hazards. The arguments of the political economists they treated with utter indifference, owing to the widely diffused notion that political economy and its laws are inventions of capitalists and their friends for the spoliation of the poor. Discussion of the matter was, therefore, useless. What was wanted was actual experiment on a scale large enough to display all that is essential to the process, and yet not large enough to seriously damage even for a day the national industry. Our State system supplies, as no other government in the world does, all that is necessary for such an experiment. If the eight-hour movement had sprung up in France or England, and had taken serious hold of the majority, and the Government had been forced into trying it, as the provisional government in Paris was compelled, in 1848, to try the national workshops, it would have been necessary to try it all over the country, and the loss and damage and disturbance caused by it would have been almost incalculable. Here delusions of this nature are pretty sure to reach a crisis in some one State before the others, and the legislature rushes at the experiment. The rest of the country then pauses and looks on; if it ends well, the other States follow the example thus set. If it ends ill, the agitation everywhere dies out. The politicians laugh and wink, and their dupes look cross, but go back quickly to their every-day work.

In the case of some of the popular movements, of course, experiment is unfortunately impossible. If the Fenian movement, for instance, could have been submitted to a crucial test on a small scale, it could not have survived half as long as it did, or have relieved the poor of so much of their cash, or have disgraced so many Republican orators and editors. If, for instance, one State could have been given up for a few weeks to Fenian government, the defects of Fenian institutions would have been made so plain that even the reporters of *The Tribune* and *The Herald* would have united in a protest against handing over either Canada or Ireland to the tender mercies of the "sons of thunder" who preside over the destinies of the Irish Republic. But the eight-hour question being luckily a domestic question, it has been possible to put it into the crucible of State legislation, and exhibit the result to the public at large.

It may seem strange that actual experiment should be necessary to convince men that nothing would be gained by enacting a law prohibiting a man from working more than eight hours a day unless he pleased, or that, if capitalists in one place were forced to give as much for eight hours' labor as capitalists in other places gave for ten hours' labor, they would take their departure, or that, the amount of wages depending partly on the aggregate amount of production, partly on the number of laborers, a laborer could pocket the same wages while doing less labor. Yet so it is. The experiment had to be tried; only in this way could the elementary truths which the newspapers have been preaching to the working-men for the last two years be brought home to their minds. They will now see how the thing works, how industry is affected by it, and how utterly irreconcilable it is with any sound social system—and there is little doubt that this will be the end of it. The experience of Illinois and Missouri will save the other States much loss and annoyance. But we see in all that is happening not only fresh arguments against the eight-hour law, but in favor of co-operation as the only remedy for the troubles between labor and capital.

Political economy is not taught in our schools, and it is not the kind of reading to which the mass of the people take readily in after life. Therefore, we despair of seeing, at least for a long time to come, the economical errors which most beset working-men dissipated by reading or reflection. But actual experience would dissipate them, and in a country which is, as ours is, largely governed by working-men, it is of the last importance that they should be dissipated somehow. If, therefore, laborers could be put, as they would be put under the co-operative system, in the position of capitalists, they would see for themselves where wages come from, what the necessities of capital are, how it is created, how preserved, how lost; and they would get over for ever the notion, which is at the bottom of the eight-hour delusion, that the less a laborer can work the better for himself, and that all that he can wring from capitalists, whether by threats or combinations, is so much clear gain. Co-operation is, in short, the next great step in the education and social elevation of working-men; and all lovers of the country or the race ought to hasten its adoption by every means in their power.

INDEPENDENCE IN POLITICS.

THE nomination of Henry Ward Beecher for the New York Convention was a significant event in American politics, the value of which must not be overlooked simply because, in a district strongly opposed to him in politics, he was defeated at the polls. No one familiar with the district entertains a doubt that his name drew out hundreds of voters for the entire ticket of his party; and it is certain that his personal friends furnished three-fourths of the men and means employed in the canvass, which, but for them, must have gone by default. The fact that he ran but slightly ahead of his ticket misleads persons who do not study the ways of politicians. Nineteen candidates out of twenty who run largely in advance of their ticket gain their additional votes by corrupt bargains with the managers of the adverse party; and to such means Mr. Beecher's friends would not resort. The voters whom they brought out voted for the whole ticket, although their chief motive in voting at all was to support their particular favorite. Assuming, then, what we know to be the fact, that Mr. Beecher's candidature largely helped the ticket upon which his name was placed, we think the circumstances deserve special consideration and warrant some hopeful inferences.

The objections to Mr. Beecher's availability, in the view commonly taken by politicians, were many and grave. His vocation as a clergyman was an unqualified drawback. Although all who have carefully reflected upon the subject are satisfied that the objections usually urged against clerical candidates have no application to the election of a constitutional convention, yet the mass of voters draw no such distinctions, and many Republicans hesitated to vote for a clergyman, while the Irish crowded to the polls in the afternoon swearing loudly against "church and state." All the circumstances indicate that in New York, at any rate, public sentiment is strongly opposed to the election of clergymen to any kind of office. The Cleveland letter of course still rankled in the memory of Radicals, while Mr. Beecher's doctrine of universal suffrage for males and females, natives and foreigners, white and black, was utterly repugnant to Conservatives. Altogether, it is not probable that one hundred voters in his district agreed with Mr. Beecher in all his political theories, or would have endorsed half his public speeches and letters during the previous year.

Yet nearly six thousand men voted for this candidate, hundreds of whom were drawn out solely by their desire to vote for him. A number of his friends worked zealously for his election, although differing from him more widely than some who voted against him. And thus it happened that a man of singularly unpopular opinions excited more enthusiasm and polled a larger vote than could have been done by any candidate whose opinions were in perfect unison with those of his party, and only failed of entire success owing to his profession.

The lesson which we draw from this occurrence is, that the people may be trusted more safely than politicians generally suppose with candidates of independent character and of ability to form their own opinions. But even if this inference should be denied, on the ground that one of the nineteen candidates on Mr. Beecher's ticket ran fifty votes ahead of him (although this really proves nothing against our argument), yet we rejoice that the experiment of nominating such a man has been made, and that it has at least been demonstrated that nothing has been *lost* by doing so, even if no immediate benefit to the party has been gained. For, under the pressure of party discipline and the stress of party necessities, the qualifications of candidates have of late years become two-fold—first, that they must unqualifiedly believe all that their party believes; and secondly, that they must not believe anything else. The least reflection should satisfy every one that under such a rule hypocrites and inferior men must have almost a monopoly of office, and that the people must be deprived of that leadership which they so much crave in times of trial. A party creed represents the views of the average of the party, not the best or wisest of its members. Men of real ability always differ more or less from their party, and indeed from each other; since it is almost impossible for any two minds, independently studying a subject so vast and complex as that which we call politics, to arrive at precisely the same conclusions upon all the questions involved. Let the reader think if he knows any two men, whose judgment he respects, who have studied the subjects, and whose opinions agree precisely upon the questions of slavery, the right of suffrage, reconstruction, confiscation, protection or free trade, Fenianism, currency expansion or contraction, the eight-hour law, and the elective judiciary. Consider how many details are included in each of these subjects and how many shades of opinion there are in respect to each, and the idea of perfect harmony of views between a party and its candidates upon all these details becomes absurd. The ablest, most honest, and most efficient men are precisely those whose divergence from the party track upon minor issues will always be most notorious. Ignorant and lazy men will let the party think for them, hypocrites will falsify, and cowards will suppress their real opinions; and under the ordinary system, these will be the most favored candidates before nominating conventions. The tendency is, therefore, toward the choice of representatives even lower than the average of the party.

Surely no argument can be needed to prove that the public interest, and even the interest of a party, would be better served by the election of a higher class of men. In the early days of the late war the Northern people were frantic for a leader. But they had diligently weeded out leaders from the field of public service for years before, and had compelled even the few who remained to accustom themselves to reticence and timidity. It was not surprising, therefore, that in a time of need leaders fit for the duty were not to be found.

We do not wish to see the American people blindly accept the leadership of any man or men, however able. But the election of first-class men would not imply any such result. On the contrary, their opinions would be greatly conflicting, and the people would be all the better prepared and disposed to decide public questions for themselves, after such topics had been fully discussed by their representatives. Such discussions would educate the public mind, and tend to develop and establish correct doctrines, to a degree which can never be expected from the generation of third-rate men now for the most part occupying public offices.

The American people can be and ought to be accustomed to support men of genius and independence, content with a general concord of views upon the issues of chief importance at the time of election. Such candidates only will reward the confidence of their constituents and the exertions of their friends; and, as a rule, such candidates are really the most available, since the enthusiasm which they arouse among their own party is generally more than a compensation for the alienation of a few narrow-minded persons or for the increased activity of the adverse party. And nothing will have such a healthy influence upon political affairs as the introduction into public life of the most able, and therefore most independent, men.

CONFISCATION.

Mr. Thaddeus Stevens's late criticism on Senator Wilson's performances at the South, taken in connection with the language of the Hunnicutt Radicals in Virginia, can hardly be said to be improving reading for the freedmen. Mr. Stevens rates Senator Wilson very severely for going about promising the admission of Southern members to Congress from such States as may reorganize under the Reconstruction act, and asks "who authorized him to go round peddling amnesty?" As for Mr. Stevens himself, his message to the South is that there must be "a little confiscation for the most guilty," and for all—whatever Congress likes to give them, the Reconstruction act to the contrary notwithstanding. He confesses, however, that this message is of his own composition and binds nobody but himself, so that as a prophet or a preacher he stands no higher than Mr. Wilson, while as a peddler he stands somewhat lower, for of two unlicensed peddlers most people will prefer the peddler of amnesty to the peddler of confiscation. Mr. Stevens, in spite of his modesty, however, evidently considers his letter a kind of party manifesto, and we observe that some Radical papers are inclined to treat it as such. Should it prove so, and receive a fair amount of concurrence from the Radical wing of the Republican party, we should find next fall that the labors of the last two years, in which Mr. Stevens has borne such a prominent part, had been absolutely thrown away. The Reconstruction act would have little or no value except as a specimen of legislative ingenuity and as an evidence of the power of Congress. It would not have brought us one whit nearer to reconstruction, and we should find ourselves launched on a new agitation, and a far more embittering one than we have yet had; for the negroes would be in the field, and the subject of controversy would be that most exciting of all subjects of controversy, men's title to their property.

We were of opinion when Lee laid down his arms that a small number of the principal leaders of the rebellion should have been tried for treason, and if convicted should have been executed, and their property confiscated. In other words, we were in favor of "making treason odious" by treating it before the world as a criminal offence, and this done, we advocated the reorganization of the States by the votes of the whole population, black as well as white, under the direction of Congress, providing, however, for the disfranchisement of a large portion of the most prominent promoters of the war. Nobody, however, was punished for treason, and nobody will be punished for it. Treason has not been "made odious" anywhere but in the newspapers and on the stump, and it is now too late for anybody to be brought to trial for it. It is even to be hoped that Jefferson Davis's trial may not take place, for it is sure to be a sorry farce, and to make loyalty seem ridiculous. We are opposed, as every reflecting man must be, to confiscation in cold blood by act of Congress. Confiscation if done by legislation should be done in hot blood, as an act of war, as wholesale killing is done while the enemy is in the field. But confiscation in cold blood, by means of a bill of pains and penalties, long after the fighting is over, without the intervention of a judge or jury, merely as a piece of vengeance inflicted by the majority on a conquered minority, would be an innovation which we trust and believe the people will never permit. If we were going to confiscate at all, we ought to have done all we sought to do under the acts passed for this purpose during the war, and through judicial process. To set about taking away their property from the rebels now, or even from any considerable part of them, would not only spread a universal feeling of insecurity through the South and increase the paralysis by which the industry of that unfortunate region is afflicted, but would win for us throughout the civilized world the character of obdurate barbarians.

There is one other reason for which we object to this talk of confiscation, and it is a stronger one than any, and that is—the fact that the negroes of the South will, if confiscation should take place, be expected and be entitled to share in bringing it about, and Mr. Sumner and others have even had the extraordinary imprudence—we might use a still stronger word—to suggest that they ought to profit by it. Now, we hold it to be the bounden duty of all men, whose character or position gives them any influence over the freedmen, to teach them no lessons, now that they are fairly armed with the ballot, but those of peace and good-will and it would be hard to denounce too strongly the conduct of those who, on whatever pretext, suggest to them, just as they are crossing the political threshold, that there are other ways of securing comfort or riches than honest industry, than the hard labor of the hands or of the brain. Any politician who does this is not only the enemy of the negro, but the enemy of the country, and there has been enough of it done already by those who ought to know better to call down on them the indignation of all who do not want to see the laboring population at the South converted into a wretched mob living by their votes. We owe the freedman political rights, the means of education, and ample protection for his person and property; but we owe him nothing else; and God forbid he should ever be cheated into the belief that any man has any claim upon his government for anything but these things. The suggestion that he ought to have a farm given him, even out of the Government lands, on any terms except those on which they are given to white men, we consider mischievous in the highest degree. We have had enough, and he has had enough, of these distinctions, in all conscience. We believe neither in treating him as a beast of burden nor as a spoiled child. He is a man, and must make his own way as a man; he must, now that he is launched into free life, learn its hard lessons as other poor men learn them, learn that respect comes from character, and wealth comes from industry. But the suggestion that not only he ought to have a farm, but that it would not be a bad plan to provide him with it by taking the land from his white neighbors, is neither more nor less than a lesson in spoliation which it is utterly disgraceful that any intelligent or upright American should offer him.

When one reads some of the disquisitions on the expediency of confiscation on an extensive scale to which some public men have treated us, one begins to doubt whether the lessons of history are really of any use whatever in politics. The wholesale confiscation of the property of political enemies, of traitors if you will, and double-dyed traitors at that, has been tried over and over, and it has never yet served any good purpose. It has in every case in which it has been carried out unsettled property, paralyzed industry, and bred heart-burnings and hatreds which centuries of good government have not been sufficient to wipe out. The North has now no interest in exasperating the Southern whites. It has every interest, on the contrary, in hastening the extinction of the passions and prejudices by which Southern society is torn. The surest way and the only way to do this is to elevate the negro by giving him education and a share in the Government. To make him the recipient of alms, either by grant from the public treasury or by the spoliation of the whites, is to degrade him, unsettle his mind, and give him false notions of the workings of free society. No man's recommendation of a scheme of this kind, neither Mr. Stevens's nor Mr. Sumner's, can make it anything but odious and dangerous; for the experience of all ages, of all nations and all races, the teachings both of religion and humanity, stamp it with reprobation the minute it is proposed. Why, when there is so much serious, honest work to be done, Mr. Stevens should continue to employ his brain and tongue upon it at his age, and with his real capacity for better things, passes our comprehension.

THE LAST BACKSLIDER.

Ex-Governor Andrew, of Massachusetts, as everybody knows, made an elaborate argument, a few weeks ago, before a legislative committee in Boston, against prohibition and in favor of a license system. He made it as counsel, and was paid, and paid well for it; but we may presume it expressed his real sentiments, and went over the whole ground of the liquor controversy with a minuteness and elaboration never before witnessed. The majority in the State, however, if not in the Legislature, being on the side of prohibition, and Governor Andrew's argument not having made the desired impression on them, the gentleman himself is rapidly drifting towards the fate which seems in these days to be reserved with greater and greater frequency for everybody who has a mind of his own and ventures to express it on what anybody else chooses to call a "moral question." Large numbers of Mr. Andrew's friends and admirers are weeping over him as a "lost pleiad," a backslider, a renegade, and what not. He thinks that whiskey-drinking cannot be stopped by law, and that even if it could, the law had better not attempt to do it; and for this belief he has given some hundreds of reasons, and supported them by some hundreds of authorities. The majority think it can be stopped, and that, whether it can or not, the law ought to try; and will have it, that whether it ought or not, is a question of morals. The subject is one on which it is quite safe to say an assemblage of the greatest sages, apostles, prophets, jurists, and legislators which have existed from the Seven Wise Men down to Emerson and John Stuart Mill, would, could it be collected, differ to a dead certainty, because the question which lies at the bottom of the liquor agitation is one which has divided philosophers and jurists since philosophy first began and laws were first made, and which, we are quite satisfied, will not be decided for ages to come. Each generation will have its own views on the subject. The proper limits of the province of government undergo every twenty or thirty years a new definition. Thirty years ago the theory, both here and in England, was that government ought to do nothing but protect a man's life and property; at present the other theory, that it ought to do everything for him that it can do, is daily rising into favor. Which of the two will be uppermost thirty years hence nobody knows, because their respective advance or decline is dependent on a thousand influences, social and political, which nobody can foresee or regulate.

The inference to be drawn from this diversity of sentiment is not certainly that the truth cannot be got at, or at all events approached sufficiently close for all practical purposes, but that differences of opinion, provided they are honest, ought to be not only tolerated but respected. There is probably no question in the whole range of jurisprudence surrounded by greater difficulties than the question of the extent to which the law ought to control a man's private conduct, and a safe conclusion on it, if it ever be reached at all, can only be reached by experiment and patient investigation and discussion. Nobody is justified, therefore, in treating a divergence from the prevailing view on this subject as a moral offence or as a cause for withdrawing respect or esteem from a public man unless he is sure himself that he is in possession of the truth, and this, with all due respect for the majority in Massachusetts as well as elsewhere, we venture to say it cannot be, and has no business to think itself.

The practice of acting as if it had this certainty, and hunting down, as immoral and degraded, even men who have proved the excellence of their principles and the thorough uprightness of their character by long years of noble service, has been more general than it is; but it is general enough still to make it desirable that all men of thought and courage should make a vigorous stand against it. If they do not, before long we shall witness the inauguration in politics of the reign of simple brass and imbecility. The majority, we believe, in the long run governs better than any other body can govern; but it is sometimes wrong and sometimes mistaken, and the only way it can possibly avoid being very often wrong and often mistaken, is by encouraging individuals, and especially individuals distinguished for their virtues and capacity, to think and speak freely. At all events, unless the majority is prepared to do this, it ought to imitate the Roman prætor, and announce at the beginning of every year how it is going to decide on all questions, known and unknown, that may come up. As matters stand at present, men who have to write and speak are left in the most painful perplexity. New points present themselves every month on which some opinion must be expressed. If a man were safe in thinking out his conclusions, and then uttering them, of course all he would need to save him harmless would be honesty, industry, and average brain. But nowadays honesty and painstaking do not in the least atone for a blunder. Let him who makes it be who he may, let him have ever so many noble scars on breast or face, he is handed over to the lictors of the party press, and by these worthies bound, scourged, and flung from the Tarpeian rock. Last year this public flogging of an old soldier was performed by Horace Greeley in Henry Ward Beecher's case, and then within a few months, as if to show how little virtue or talents or learning or services or integrity had to do with party support or indulgence, the executioner was seen trotting about in triumph with P. T. Barnum on his shoulders, and extolling him to the skies as the favorite of the gods.

About the time of Mr. Beecher's fall, Adjutant-General Schouler, of Massachusetts, had the misfortune to think and say that Benjamin Butler was not a good man to send to Congress. The majority of the electors thought differently and elected him, and thereupon Governor Bullock dismissed the Adjutant-General, in spite of long and valuable services to the State and the nation in trying and evil days, in a letter which claimed for the majority a supremacy hardly inferior to that claimed for the imperial will by the Roman lawyers in the worst days of the empire. Whether the general or the majority was right about Mr. Butler's qualifications as a legislator is, perhaps, not yet clearly determined; but it is quite safe to say that a man may be a good citizen and an honest member of the Republican party, and yet think Mr. Butler at least as near his proper post in Boston as in Washington.

The evil will doubtless, in the long run, work its own cure, but it is about time for the cure to begin. We live by free speech and free thought. If these were not the foundations of our political system, nor treated as such, the country would not be worth living in; and we cannot afford to have them touched or meddled with. Nor can we afford to have every eminent man in the country made a target of every time he chooses to think differently from his fellows on questions of means. Lives of devotion to the great principles of truth, of justice, and mercy, do more for the discouragement of vice than any act the legislature can pass, because they form public taste and public sentiment, without the support of which all acts are inoperative.

AFRICAN ROMANCE.

We fear that the death of Dr. Livingstone must be accepted with merely the shadow of a reservation. Dr. Kirk having examined the Yohanna men who had succeeded in escaping back to Zanzibar has evidently no doubts about the matter, and as he accompanied the great explorer through the hostile tribe in question, he is peculiarly competent to give an opinion upon the matter. We are aware that the natives of Eastern Africa, whether Arabs or negroes, are not remarkable for their veracity; but as Dr. Livingstone was travelling without a white companion the news could arrive at the coast only through such channels, and the evidence appears to us to be as strong as under the circumstances it possibly could be. Sir Roderick Murchison disbelieves it; Sir Henry Rawlinson calls it a lame story; and Sir Samuel Baker is firmly convinced of its truth. But however distinguished these gentlemen may be, their opinions are worthless in comparison with that of Dr. Kirk, who will probably proceed at once to the scene of the alleged catastrophe. Till somebody does this nothing more positive is likely to be ascertained; Sir Roderick may cling to his straw, as Mungo Park's friends did during twenty years after the first rumor of his death, and as some persons still believe that Vogel is retained a prisoner in the neighborhood of Timbuctoo.

It was Dr. Livingstone's intention in this last journey to proceed at first to Lake Tanganyika, and to ascertain its drainage; then to proceed northward to the two Nyanzas; and so, having explored the whole lake system of Central Africa, to present a summary of the great discoveries of Burton, Baker, and Speke. This task would have been beyond his abilities as a geographer, but not as an explorer, had he directed his energies exclusively to it; but we have reason to believe that by attacking the slave coffles he had excited the hostility of various inland tribes, and deeply as we sympathize with the noble motives which prompted him to such an act, yet we think that considerations for his own safety and for the safety of the numerous travellers who sooner or later will follow in his footsteps should have induced him to prefer persuasion against an evil which has existed in that country, as is shown by the monuments of Egypt, for several thousand years. As for the Baron Von Decken, who was killed in one of the rivers of Eastern Africa about a year ago, he had determined not to submit to black-mail, but to fight his way. Now this is all very well from the European point of view; but the African believes that the country which he inhabits is his own property, and under the influence of that delusion he has been in the habit of making revenue out of the native traders who pass through it. The white man, as the more wealthy, is the more highly taxed; sometimes the toll is exorbitant and approaches extortion. But the instances are unknown in which open plunder is resorted to. The African prince has a commodity to dispose of—the right of way, and he can scarcely be blamed if he tries to get a good price for it. Von Decken would not pay toll, so the Africans shut the turnpike gates. He tried to force his way through them, and was slain by a simple-minded but not unjust people. If a traveller has an objection to paying for things more than they are worth, he should keep clear of old-fashioned English hotels and African princedoms. But because he is overcharged for his wax candles, he has no right to shoot the head waiter without even requesting the landlord, as the Irish gentleman did, to put him down in the bill.

A certain amount of interest would naturally be felt throughout the civilized world in an undertaking of Dr. Livingstone's, but we are inclined to believe that the African mania has died out for the present. Since Sir Samuel Baker's achievement, nothing has risen up in Africa to excite public curiosity; there no longer remains a great problem to be solved. It may interest our readers if we take advantage of this pause to give a brief retrospect of African exploration.

It may be regarded as a three-volume novel, and we now shut up the second without having a very clear notion of what the third is to be, or at least without being able to divine how the inevitable results are to be brought about. The first volume we shall entitle The Niger and the second The Nile.

It was towards the end of the last century that accounts were brought to England through various Arab traders, sea captains in the slave trade, and his Majesty's consuls that a great river existed in Central Africa. The mysterious city of Timbuctoo was situated on its shores, and its stream was covered with two-masted vessels, carrying that trade which supplied the Sahara caravans. Now, it was required to find not the sources of this river, but its mouth. None of the Arab traders knew where it was; it is doubtful whether many of them do to this day. Some said it went into a lake, others declared it joined the Nile, others believed that it ran into a red-hot desert of sand beneath the equator and went out with a hiss. Some geographers adopted those various doctrines, which were supported by the testimony of the ancient geographers, to whom the *Niger* was well known by name; others believed that the Senegal and the Gambia were its mouths; others that it debouched in the South Atlantic as the Congo; and a German who pointed to the delta in the Bight of Benin, a delta larger than that of the Ganges, was at first greatly derided. But before this hypothesis had been confirmed by the discovery of Lander, it had been almost universally embraced by men of science. Sir Joseph Banks, the companion of Captain Cook, and then president of the Royal Society, founded the "African Association for the Promotion of Discovery in Africa." It was largely patronized by that class of gentlemen, always numerous in England, who love to encourage enterprise and adventure for itself alone; by the merchants, who hoped to introduce their vessels into that river which was the artery of the rich Soudan; by the religious body, who saw that a new field for proselytism was about to be opened; and by those who, already commencing the noble crusade against the traffic in human flesh, believed that a lawful commerce might be substituted for it.

The first man who presented himself as a volunteer was an American named Ledyard, whose biography has been so admirably written by Mr. Jared Sparks. He died on the threshold, having entered Africa, and that was all. Burkhardt made a preparatory journey to Mecca and Medina, a trial-trip which has given him immortality. He died, like Ledyard, while waiting for a caravan. Mungo Park succeeded in reaching the Niger, and came back with very erroneous ideas about its mouth. He went out again with a large party—the most fatal of all systems—and was killed on the Niger itself. Then comes a dreadful catalogue of deaths, till, finally, Lander succeeded in following the river down to the sea.

This was in 1831, and the result appeared satisfactory to the mercantile interest. The Niger is navigable by large vessels to a greater distance than any other African river, not even excepting the Nile. But, after all, that is not saying much, and hitherto it has proved only the burial-place of money and of men. Its shores are unhealthy in the extreme, and as the negroes near the coast get their living by acting as middle-men between the traders and the people of the interior, they regard all efforts to ascend the river as unprincipled intrusions. They allowed various exploring vessels to "see the river," as they call it, without opposition, on condition that those vessels did not trade. But those promises were violated frequently enough, and the "treacherous savage" now opposes all alike. The trade of the river has not been developed to any great extent; it is still essentially of a second-class character, and British merchants consider it an all but hopeless channel. A Christian mission was sent out there once on a very grand scale, and nearly everybody died. The Government, a few years ago, established a consulate *pro tem.*, and Dr. Baitrie was appointed. He lived there for some time, collected zoölogical specimens of value, made various trips into the interior which will presently be published, married a great number of African ladies, and refused stoutly to go home whenever the Government sent a man-of-war for him. At last the climate began to tell upon his constitution; he consented to return, but died at Sierra Leone, on his way back, in 1865.

In spite of all this, it is an incontestable fact that the Niger is, commercially speaking, a fine river. It flows through a country in which cotton is extensively grown, where it is even manufactured; its mineral resources have not yet been examined, but it is known to be exceedingly rich in gold; and it is inhabited by a shrewd and intelligent people, traders to a man, and who, under the influences of the Mohammedan religion, are rising far above the level of the palm-wine-drinking, fetich-loving savage. It is doubt ful, however, whether the British are destined to reap the reward of their own discoveries. The French are advancing towards Central Africa from two opposite points, as the Pacific Railroad is advancing towards the Rocky Mountains at once from San Francisco and New York. They have the nucleus of a great military empire in Algeria, and another in the Senegal. Both are increasing more rapidly than is generally supposed. The Gambia, a British colony, is already surrounded by French posts, and a line of blockhouses is being protruded towards the Niger and Timbuctoo.

The second volume opens up a fresh series of characters and leads us into entirely different scenes. The first is, so to speak, out of print; but the second must be fresh in all our readers' minds. Passing over the efforts of the Romans to discover the sources of the Nile, and the obscure relations of the Portuguese Jesuits in Abyssinia, we find the first chapter occupied by the glorious Bruce. A clever reviewer lately acknowledged that he was afraid of saying what he really thought about Mr. Swinburne's talents on account of the famous blunder respecting Lord Byron in *The Edinburgh Review*. In the same manner the ill-used African traveller of the present day reminds the public of Bruce, and appeals to the judgment of posterity It is certain that the adventures of Baron Munchausen, which were written as a parody on that gentleman's travels, and which are now devoured by a generation who never saw his book, "ought to be a lesson to us all." But we must beg to remind the reader that no man ever imposed upon the public, unconsciously perhaps, more glaringly than Bruce. He discovered the sources of the Blue Nile, and when D'Anville and other geographers ventured to assert that the White Nile was the larger stream, he chose to be excessively indignant. Indeed, we doubt whether any allusion to the Nile proper is to be found in the six volumes which Horace Walpole found so "dear and dull." The truth came out at last, but a generation passed away before anything more was done. Twenty years ago the farthest point towards the great lakes had been reached by an Egyptian, Ibrahim Khasef, who went with a slave-hunting expedition about thirty days' journey into the interior from Khartoum. It was only yesterday that we were all as ignorant of the sources of the Nile as the Cæsars were, and no European geographer ever made so good a guess about them as Ptolemy did. Even Speke declared that he had "hit the Nile on the head and driven it into the Mediterranean Sea." He would not believe that the other lake, which Baker discovered after his death, entered into the question at all, though it is now shown to be the more important basin of the two.

Here endeth the second volume, and what is to be the third? We believe that the romantic period of African travel has come to a close. Some strange animal, some new inland sea, some snowy mountain, some fiery volcano, some strange race of men may yet be discovered in this extraordinary land, but we shall never have again such delightful puzzles of adventure as the mouth of the Niger and the sources of the Nile—splendid mysteries which excited the same speculations among the geographers of Egypt, of Athens, and of Rome, of London, Paris, and Berlin; never again will the same topic, as far as Africa is concerned, be discussed in a play by Æschylus, in verses by Lucretius, and in a leader of the London *Times*. The climax of romance in African travel has been also reached. An artist (Mr. Baines) has painted in oil the Victoria Falls, the African Niagara; and a young and pretty woman has walked into the heart of Africa and drunk of the waters of eternal fame.

The great volume of the future will open with very different scenes. The discoveries of scientific travellers in a huge country which, for the sciences, is completely unexplored; then new developments, manias, and emigrations; huge colonies, independent states, log-huts, saw-mills, big hotels, native wars, Africans "not taxed," treaties, cessions of territory, a grand trunk railway connecting Cairo, Algiers, Timbuctoo, and the Cape of Good Hope; the Nyanzas spilled into canals joining the Niger and the Nile, the equatorial forest shipped off as lumber, elephant preserves and hippopotami waters; and perhaps, if posterity is not ungrateful, a statue to Dr. Livingstone by the shores of the Nyassa Lake.

A FRENCH SKETCH OF AN AMERICAN GIRL.

Maurice Sand has begun a tale in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* entitled "Miss Mary," and intended to be, apparently, a picture of American life and manners, and especially of the manners of American girls. Miss Mary Sewell, the heroine, aged twenty, is the daughter of a rich New Yorker who speculates more or less in anything which promises well, as all rich New Yorkers do, and lives in Fifth Avenue, in the third brown-stone house from the Central Park. At the opening of the story he is very much interested in Lake Superior copper mines, and greatly excited by a huge lump of ore which has been sent on to Washington from that region, but which Miss Mary pronounces "a hum bug." To make sure, he starts out in search of M. Henri de Montaret, a young French mining engineer, a gentilhomme, and a man of perfect manners, who has arrived two days before to explore the mining regions on behalf of a French company, and finds him in a bar-room in Greenwich Street, dressed in a coat of grey velvet over a red shirt, a belt round his waist, and a geologist's hammer stuck in it, pantaloons to match the coat, big boots up to his knees, and a grey wide-awake hat. Having transacted his business with him in a series of epigrams, in which the Frenchman, of course, had the best of it, the latter strolls out to walk about the city, and finds himself in the course of an hour on board the Staten Island ferry-boat. At this moment arrives Miss Mary, attired in white muslin, a white sack, and a straw hat, alone in an open phaeton, with a pair of ponies driven by herself; runs the pole of the phaeton against Montaret, and sets him swearing. On seeing the graceful apparition in the carriage he takes her for a person of light character, not knowing the usages of the country, and "chaffs" her a little in French, to which she replies in the same language and without the least accent. After some further conversation she finds out he is the young engineer her father had gone out to consult, and invites him to get into the phaeton and pay some visits with her on Staten Island. On the way she learns that her father had asked him to dinner on the following day, whereupon she enquires whether he will not change his clothes and wear a black coat and white cravat, which he promises to do, and in answer to further queries gives her a little epitome of his own biography and account of his reasons for coming to America.

On reaching Staten Island they drive to the house of Arabella Williams, opera singer, to whom Miss Sewell introduces the engineer, and who perceives that in spite of his strange costume he is a thorough gentleman. They stay to lunch, at which the conversation turns on pastry, cotton, and theology, but as the company is composed of five Episcopalians, three Baptists, and two Unitarians and a Universalist, they cannot agree on the subject of religion. M. de Montaret, the engineer, is, however, greatly taken by Arabella's arms and neck, and is quite overcome when Miss Mary took off her sack and displayed herself also in low neck and short sleeves. This at first astonished him, but he recollects that this is the custom of the country, and that she might do the same thing in the open air at a promenade without astonishing anybody. Before they leave the house Arabella is in love with the engineer and jealous of Miss Mary. After a drive round the island they are upset in a thunder-storm, smash the phaeton, miss the last ferry-boat, and have to come up to New York in a row-boat, reaching the Battery at two in the morning, a circumstance which M. de Montaret thinks likely to damage Miss Mary's reputation, and communicates his fear to the young lady herself, but she assures him that this is a mistake, and asks what she has to fear in his company. He swears to her that she has nothing whatever to fear, as he loves her too much not to respect her. Whereupon she enquires if he loves her already, and on learning that he does, warns him that he does not know her well enough, and asks if he would like to marry her. He says he would; but on hearing that he would have, in compliance with the American custom, to be first engaged to her for a year or two, declares that two years would be an eternity. Some conversation follows on the subject of Arabella Williams, from which it plainly appears that Miss Mary in her turn is going to be jealous of Arabella—who, by the way, sings in Grace Church. On landing they walk up to Miss Mary's brown-stone house near the Central Park, arm in arm.

On the following morning, when M. de Montaret wakes in his hotel, he finds a black valet in his room arranging his things, having been sent by Miss Mary for that purpose; and, on going to the dinner at her father's that evening, finds all the male guests wearing black satin vests and very high, stiff shirt-collars—his own costume being, however, irreproachable. The conversation at table runs entirely on mines. After dinner there was a ball, at which Arabella made her appearance, and paid marked attention to M. de Montaret, which Miss Mary perceiving, engages him for the next and every other dance during the evening. Arabella Williams is rendered so furious by the turn things have taken that, on finding that after having heard her sing at the opera he did not go behind the scenes to see her, she wrote him the following note, on rose-colored paper, on the following day:

> "You would never believe, Monsieur, how much pain you have caused me by your indifference. Why did you not come behind the scenes to salute me last evening after having heard me? You were alone, and nobody prevented you from coming. Know that I sang for you; but I must either have very little talent, or have displeased you much, that you should show me so little courtesy. I am wounded by it in my pride and self-love. You are, nevertheless, a well-bred man, and I do not understand your forgetfulness. Allow me to attribute this want of attention to timidity, and come this evening at 4 o'clock to Staten Island to present the excuses, which, as a woman and as an artist, I have a right to demand of you.
>
> "Arabella Williams."

This letter miscarries and falls into the hands of Miss Mary, who, when taking a drive in her dog-cart that afternoon in Central Park, meets Arabella, cuts her dead, and flings the note at her feet. Arabella nearly fainted when she saw the note, but goes off vowing vengeance.

Within a few days Mr. Sewell determines to start for Lake Superior with M. de Montaret, and Miss Mary makes up her mind to go with them; but her father would not allow her to go further than Cleveland, Ohio. On Miss Mary's mentioning to M. de Montaret that she had secured the privilege of making at least half the journey with him, "Ah, dear Mary," cries that gentleman, "would that Cleveland were at the end of the world!" During the journey on the "Central Road," M. de Montaret was terribly annoyed by the publicity of the American cars. Mr. Sewell, to do him justice, would have given a million for a separate compartment for his party, but he could not have it. Consequently, although the usages of the country would have authorized M. de Montaret to make violent love to Miss Mary the whole way, his French modesty (pudeur toute française), coupled with the fact that he had not obtained Mr. Sewell's permission, condemns him to an excessive reserve. At Cleveland things come to a crisis. Mr. Sewell leaves the young people at the station while he goes to look after the baggage. They walk up and down the track, addressing each other more and more tenderly, when suddenly Mary puts a ring on Henri's finger—her mother's ring. He kisses it fervently; she cries, "Now you are my fiancé!" he presses her to his bosom, and is just kissing her when a locomotive comes up and drives them off the track. Soon after they part.

The story is to be continued in the next number, which we look for with a good deal of interest, and congratulate M. Sand very cordially on the success of his first chapter. We presume he has visited America, but he cannot have been here very long; and how he got the intimate acquaintance with the manners and customs of the natives, and, above all, with the ways of thinking and speaking peculiar to American young women which he displays in his portraiture of Miss Sewell, we cannot for the life of us imagine, or, rather, we could not imagine if we did not know how little genius stands in need of knowledge. We hope he will, before the story closes, touch off the custom now so common, especially among New England girls, of attending prize-fights and betting on the result, as well as that other growing custom of carrying concealed weapons and forcing men to marry them by threats of personal violence. We doubt if any native moralist has power enough to put down these dreadful but not unnatural results of Puritan training, and of the great freedom accorded in this country to young women from their earliest years. They need the lash of an acute foreign observer, and, unless we are greatly mistaken in our man, he has appeared in the person of M. Sand.

Fine Arts.

FORTY-SECOND EXHIBITION OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

SECOND NOTICE.

In the great south room of the Exhibition are two very large landscapes, the one by Mr. Huntington, the other by Mr. Kensett. They occupy very important places, one in the post of honor in the middle of the south wall, the other upon the as prominent though not so well lighted wall of the east end. Mr. Huntington's, No. 479, is "Chocorua Peak;" Mr. Kensett's, No. 446, is of "White Mountain Scenery."

We give half of our space this week to the consideration of Mr. Bierstadt's large picture, "The Domes of the Yo Semite," which is on exhibition at another place for the benefit of the Southern Relief Fund. These three pictures invite comparison between them not only on account of their size and their (consequent) great importance in popular estimation, but also on account of a certain resemblance in the way of rendering the aspect of external nature, considered as an assemblage of variously modified colors. Although our landscape school, compared with the school that influences our painters the most, the French, is bright and pure in color, it is yet incomplete and imperfect in this: that but few of our landscape painters study, as truths of primary importance, the combined colors of the whole landscape. But in the case of the three well-known painters we have named, their practice, as seen in the pictures before us, is opposed to the theory that the colors of nature should be represented as nearly as possible as we see them. That theory seems to us absolutely correct; and practice according to it seems to us the only true and complete pictorial art, all other being partial and confessedly imperfect. There is much good art that is not colored at all, but in light and shade simply; there is some good art that is in few and pale colors; but these are, as we have said, necessarily partial and imperfect. Large oil pictures are generally supposed, by a sort of prescriptive right they have, to be of full and elaborated truth of color. If they are not, we think the spectator has a right to ask each picture to show cause why it is not. No picture, of course, can have the absolute colors of nature in all their brilliancy and force. Titian loses sunlight to get glowing and splendid harmony. Turner abandons actual truth of local color to get the large relations of part with part. We will accept and approve any picture's greyness or paleness or sombreness if it can be seen or shown that there is something gained by the sacrifice. But that is probably not the case with the pictures we are considering.

Mr. Bierstadt's picture having notice below, we go on to speak of the others, fully conscious of the strangeness of an article devoted wholly to question of color, but *apropos* of three works so deficient in that quality. Mr. Kensett's picture embodies, we think, that gentle and somewhat pensive love of nature which is wholly sincere, wholly estimable, and, we may add, wholly modern. There is some influence over us which makes half the people dislike bright colors, and nearly the other half dread them, and dread to show any love of them, thinking it childish or savage. Soft and neutral colors please the latter class; white, as cold and harsh as it can be made, the former. The people who like the "simplicity" of our newest and costliest buildings, white marble or white painted iron without, white plaster within, do not come to the picture galleries at all, or, when they come, see nothing in a painting which they like as well as a drawing in black and white. The other class come, and very much admire and somewhat love the Kensetts; but are disturbed and somewhat offended by such work as the Rossetti drawings of last fall. Now, if work in full color fails in harmony, such work as Mr. Kensett's, being truly harmonious, is just so far superior to it. But the great and truly admirable result is when diverse and brilliant colors are made harmonious by their gradation, and by opposition of one to another. No softness or purity gained by denying of bright color can equal that which comes of its fullest recognition.

In Mr. Huntington's picture there is color which is absolutely wrong. It is cold, subdued with black for shadow, the greens reduced to something worse than grey, the reds to something harsher than brown. The reflections in the water are apparently painted according to the assumption that rocks and trees are black, and that water has no color, but only an imperfect reflective power. For colored things seen in even a black mirror will be not black, but of their own colors curiously modified: and black things seen in a colored mirror are generally not black either. By "black" we mean not merely black paint upon the canvas, but the representation of a black thing; as the portrait of a black coat will have many hues in it. Mr. Huntington's whole system of color, not agreeable or ennobling when applied to portraits, becomes very disagreeable when applied to landscape. In the picture before us we point out no especial faults, believing it to be in this important respect wholly untrue and inartistic.

"THE DOMES OF THE YO SEMITE."

It has become such a matter of course now for Mr. Bierstadt to paint large pictures and have them exhibited, that people expect them to be criticised or rather praised if any are. Certainly if size calls for notice, these pictures ought not to be passed by. And, if that be the case, there is still louder call for notice of the scenery in our theatres; for surely much of it is far more agreeable in color, and far more truthful in naturalness of effect—and effect is all that these huge pictures ever pretend to.

If we have effects painted (and of course we do not object to that), why not paint us such things as nature is effective in? Why not give us her freshness and joyousness of color, her purity under the light of the heaven? Why not remind us of the fulness of her treasure, of the baffling mystery of her mountains whenever the sunlight, the cloud-shadow, and the mist play upon them, and of the infinite of her heavens? These pictures, not large in any such way, but only in scale—yet pictures of effects and not of simple unaided realities—not giving any of these things, cannot satisfy the soul that loves them. An effect in nature is that which draws all her various details to unity. Sunshine will do it, atmosphere will do it, mists and shadows will do it, and an ordering of parts and happy falling of lines will do it; but if the beauty of none of these, be given what can our effects be worth?

Better paint the simplest object in its verity and own quiet beauty. Indeed, if a man do not love a thing for itself, he cannot love it rightly in its congregation with others. We must love a tree before we can love a forest; we must love a man before we love humanity.

This last picture of Mr. Bierstadt's seems to be better than any he has shown us before. More than "seems to be" can hardly be said; for when a picture is shaded, and set back, and contrasted with dim surroundings, and fenced about, not much more than seeming is left. Its general hue is not so disagreeable and unwholesome as that of the first Rocky Mountain picture was. The greys are more pleasant, and there is not so much of a certain, or rather, uncertain, thick brownness about the darker parts. The rocks and waterfall on the left even approach color. There is not so much crowding of big things in the canvas, and the lines are more simple and agreeable. And there is not so much disorder of foreground, men and horses and tents scattered about, uneasy under their pictorial responsibilities. These things, of course, are great gains, and they persuade people at first to believe the picture better than it proves on further looking.

Really, the dim indecision and coarse painting of the middle distance do not fairly represent atmosphere; and the confusion of greater light in the distance does not fairly represent sunshine. The rocks are not rocks enjoyable for their hardness, or any other rocky quality, and the water does not fall in a way to rejoice the heart of one who has watched real water falling. The small hill near the right of the foreground is in shadow, but the sunshine does not seem to make its appearance again before we come to the trees on the left, which must be supposed to be in it, for they have dim streaks of darkness reaching from their trunks away from the sun's direction.

Nature's lover knows that there is beauty and enjoyment in all her truths; and he would rather have one day in her courts than a thousand of the pleasures of picturesque sin.

Correspondence.

SCHOOL AND COLLEGE REFORM.

To THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

It seems to me that the views of your correspondent "W. P. A.," in regard to the training required of the entering classes at Harvard College, as published in THE NATION of May 2, are thoroughly unsound. And presumptuous as it may seem to question in such a matter the opinions of one whose name justly carries a weight of authority with it, I shall briefly review the ground taken by your correspondent.

"W. P. A." thinks that the entrance examination at Harvard has been brought to a high pitch of absurdity; and that "a young man of seventeen must be possessed of an amount of minute information which should only be required of an advanced student of the Greek and Latin languages." He also says that, "unable to conform to the spirit of the requisitions, and yet compelled to conform to their letter, teachers are forced to *cram* their pupils."

Now I believe that, if anything, the entrance examination at Harvard is too easy instead of too difficult, and that when it is made still harder, parents and teachers will see the absurdity of their own conduct in forcing immature boys of sixteen and seventeen into the college classes, who still ought to be at school. The principal reason that the preparatory training for college is found so difficult, is that boys and their teachers too often try to do in three years what ought to be the work of five. I acknowledge that the standard of admission at Harvard is raised higher every year, and in that fact I see a rare instance of good sense in the conduct of the college government. This increasing difficulty of admission is having a gradual but most salutary effect—a very marked effect, if we observe the average age of classes for the few last years. The class of 1866 averaged eighteen years and one month at admission, and the two or three following classes nearly the same. That boys in America are inclined to enter college too young, few will deny; and I have the authority of an ex-president of Harvard for saying that one, at least, of the objects aimed at in raising the standard of admission at Cambridge has been to increase the average age of those applying.

Now let us consider whether the preparatory training in Latin and Greek of which "W. P. A." complains is useless in itself. It would be superfluous to argue in favor of accurate beginnings in classical study, and the question is whether the entrance examination papers at Harvard contain more than the very smallest per-centum of questions which "W. P. A.'s" "intelligent school-boy" has a right to waive. From a pretty extensive acquaintance with Harvard papers, I hazard the assertion that as a rule they contain nothing which any boy who can read Virgil or Cicero intelligently should be unable to answer.

If a pedant at the head of a certain public school chooses to waste the time and burden the memory of his pupils with lists of the forty digammated verbs and Latin adjectives that want the superlative, that is his fault. Such absurdities are not required, as every well-informed teacher knows.

I believe that too little, instead of too much, grammatical knowledge is demanded on admission at Cambridge, and for this reason: thaf at present the whole of the Freshman year *must* be spent in grammatical drill. The instructors have not the time, granting them the disposition, to dwell upon the higher beauties of the Greek and Latin authors read, and their pupils are certainly unable to appreciate those beauties without a long preparatory course in those minutiæ which ought to have been learned at school, and which are the foundation of the edifice of which "W. P. A." seems to consider them the capstone.

I have thus far taken the ground that the grammatical knowledge of a dead language is the only ground-work for its appreciative study; but even if we adopt the other view of the matter, and grant that a wide range of classical reading should precede the study of grammatical forms, the strictures of "W. P. A." seem equally unreasonable. For it appears to be the *amount*, even more than the *kind* of work required, to which he objects. He agrees with Dr. Taylor, that "the mere amount of classical reading required is largely in excess of what ought to be expected of young men of seventeen."

Now, observing in passing that the average age at entering is *not* seventeen but eighteen, and that a long year's time makes much difference in the amount of reading that can justly be required, I confess myself unable to see how that amount could be materially lessened and leave anything.

The books at present required are—in Latin, Cæsar's "Commentaries," Virgil's "Bucolics" and "Æneid," and some eight or ten of Cicero's orations; in Greek, the "Anabasis" of Xenophon and three books of the "Iliad." Would "W. P. A." bring back the time when to enter Harvard it was only required that the student should be "able to construe Tully or some other Latin author, and to decline and conjugate the paradigms of the Greek grammar?"

Perhaps even less than this would satisfy him, for he sneers at the years "set apart for declining and conjugating Greek words." Perhaps he would devote those years to the mastery of the problems and callibrating machines of Cooke's "Chemical Physics," and to learning from the same book what kind of glass is best for test-tubes and what is the proper shape for retorts.

No one is more fully persuaded than the writer of the existing necessity for college reform, but one of the first steps toward making Harvard a university must be to increase the age of its students, so that for the first two years the instructors may not be obliged to treat their pupils as school-boys; and next, to require, *in addition* to the examinations in Greek and Latin, some knowledge of history and science. But to attempt to leave the "declining and conjugating of Greek words" and the outlines of Latin grammar—for the "cumbrous text-books now in use" teach nothing more—till after the student has acquired a critical and appreciative knowledge of those languages, seems to me very like putting straw into the bricks after they are dried. H. F. B.

LANCASTER, Mass., May 6.

TARIFF ON BOOKS.

To THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

A press of occupation has thrown me somewhat in arrears with my periodical reading, and I have therefore only just now seen, in THE NATION of April 4, a letter signed "Veritas," in answer to mine of March 21 on the proposed book-tariff. The signature, if I remember rightly, is that of a gentleman who in a former communication actually added the gold-premium in order to find out the percentage of an *ad valorem* rate, and his last letter affords another instance of the vagueness of ideas common among those whose interest lies in trying to persuade the public that all our manufacturing should be done abroad and all our taxes should be levied at home.

"Veritas," it seems, accuses me of calculating on certain books in foreign languages the duty at 10 cents per lb., when, according to him, they would be subject under the proposed tariff to 25 cents. I presume that no sane man would intentionally make so palpable a misrepresentation as this, and I must therefore conclude that either "Veritas" is not aware that the "Bibliothèque Charpentier" is French, and the Abbé Migne's publications are French, Latin, and Greek, or else that he has not looked at the tariff project which he undertakes to criticise, and consequently does not know that it rates all books in foreign languages not reprinted here at 10 cents per lb., irrespective of date.

Having disposed of this, allow me to allude to an article in your last number, "The Genial Critic," and to thank you for the service which THE NATION is doing by the elevated and discriminating tone of its criticism. I think that almost all publishers would gladly see the review department of our periodical literature conducted with the same care and ability that mark the better class of the English journals. Of course, no one is especially gratified to see the condemnation of any individual book in which his capital is invested, but we all recognize that praise to be valuable must not be indiscriminate; and editors may safely rely upon the fact that the pressure on their advertising columns is regulated by the extent and character of their circulation. As far as my experience goes, however, I think that perhaps your deductions in the article referred to are a little too general, and that to a great extent the laudatory tone of our literary criticism may fairly be attributed not so much to interested motives as to good-natured indolence. The man who deals in vague praise is always safe, while he who undertakes to criticise must have some preliminary familiarity with the subject and must take the pains to form some acquaintance with the book.

Very respectfully, etc.,

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The Week.

THE event of the week has been the liberation of Jefferson Davis on bail, with a chance of his being tried for high treason in November. Judge Underwood, as might have been expected, availed himself of the occasion to make one or two little speeches. He opened the proceedings by magnanimously dispensing with "the morning routine," "owing to the presence of many of the nation's noblest and bravest defenders." General Burton's return to the writ was then read, and the judge was quite overcome by it; and, fixing his eye on the general, proceeded to make him a mellifluous and ornate address, in which he expressed his gratitude to him for having obeyed the order of the court, and pronounced it, on the whole, a pluckier thing than any of the general's exploits "on the battle-fields of the country." Having announced with much solemnity that "the prisoner now passed under the protection of the American Republic," and that "the laws if silent in arms should be trumpet-toned and omnipotent in peace," he had a writ on the indictment served *coram judice* on the unfortunate prisoner, who bowed his acknowledgments. General Burton then expressed his acknowledgments for the handsome manner in which the court had spoken of him, and the court bowed; and after a little discussion between counsel, as to bail, the judge, after many words and much circumlocution, gave the audience to understand that he would admit the prisoner to bail.

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THERE was, of course, a rush of competitors for the honor of bailing Jefferson Davis, and twenty bondsmen in five thousand dollars each have been accepted. We are glad, for his own sake, to see Horace Greeley heading the list. He has been long anxious to do something for Davis, in order to prove the sincerity of his belief that the late war was *only* a war of "principles," and that, therefore, nobody ought to be hanged. The "principle" of "slavery and secession" having now been bailed out of jail by the "principle" of "freedom and union," we suppose he considers their reconciliation complete, and that there is nothing left for us all North and South but to fall on each other's necks and cry. For our part, we believe there has been no war in modern times with the outbreak and prolongation of which the bad passions of bad men had so much to do, the objects of which, as far as the South was concerned, were morally so detestable, and the course of which was marked by so much real, everyday villany. Considering how much stress was laid by the Northern people and by the Northern press on the *moral* guilt of the rebellion during its progress, the spectacle of one of the most prominent representatives of Northern principles rushing not to help the head and front of the rebellion out of jail—for he would have got out without his aid—but to display his sympathy with him, cannot but be regarded as a sorry one. We do not desire the infliction of unnecessary suffering on Jefferson Davis, and we therefore are not sorry to see him liberated; but his course during the war, his strongly suspected and not yet disproved connivance at the Andersonville and Belle Isle atrocities, and the violence and brutality of his language on all his public appearances during the rebellion, mark him out in a special manner as a person on whom those who believe there was a right and wrong in the late war, and the right was on the side of the North, ought to avoid all needless expenditure of commiseration. Moreover, attempts to throw an atmosphere of saintly gentleness over a man who could, in public speeches while in a high official position, talk of political enemies as "hyenas," and hostile generals as "spaniels" to be "whipped," are simply repulsive.

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THE Supreme Court has dismissed the Georgia case for want of jurisdiction, and so the Mississippi case goes by the board also, and thus the afflicted South stands with bared breast before its ruthless oppressors, who will now probably ravage it horribly. Governor Perry of South Carolina is between the horns of a dilemma. On one side is Congress, with its military governments, and on the other are the negroes, with their confiscation; and what to do, except to vote against a convention, he does not know. He may have observed, however, that in novels, when the hero has been brought to the last extremity, and it is apparently all up with him, he is apt to "see a great light," sit up in his bed, converse comfortably with those around him, and at some convenient period thereafter die happily. We think Mr. Perry himself has nearly reached this stage—not, of course, in his physical, but in his political career—that in a few months the negro question will appear quite plain to him, and that he will bless the black voters, and decently quit the stage.

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WE are sorry to say we hear very bad accounts of the way in which Southerners are receiving the donations sent on for their relief. In one case in Georgia, the county officials refused to distribute a cargo of corn unless they were paid for their services out of the corn; and there is a very general disposition not to be satisfied with such things as the miserable Yankees find it convenient to send on. This gorilla condition of mind is greatly to be regretted, as it serves no good purpose. It does not help the South, and does not punish the Yankees. If the maundering editors and orators who are all the time wondering why the Yankees do not forget and forgive would preach *mutual* forgiveness and forgetfulness, they would do some good. In the meantime—and this is the main thing—there is no doubt that real and widespread distress does exist, and there is apparently strong probability that during the next two months there will be at the South a real mediæval famine, with hundreds if not thousands of deaths from sheer starvation, if people at the North do not bestir themselves.

The Judiciary Committee has been hard at work with the impeachment, probably in order to have something ready for their July report. But the public seems to have lost all interest in their labors, as well it may, seeing that under the most favorable circumstances it would be difficult to get rid of Mr. Johnson before the nomination of his successor, and that he is apparently forwarding the work of reconstruction, or perhaps we should rather say letting it alone, to the best of his ability. He is now contemplating a journey to the South, however, in which he will probably come to grief. The darkest region in his administration thus far is his Pardon Bureau, in which General Butler appears at present to be rummaging diligently, and may possibly find something.

Two things of some significance as regards the protection and free-trade controversy have occurred within the last ten days. The one is the meeting of the iron-masters at the Astor House, in this city, for the purpose, we believe, of creating an organization to work on public opinion in opposition to the Free Trade League. The sessions were private, so that, except the resolutions and the speeches of Messrs. Greeley and Cooper, nothing is known of what happened. But it is as well to state frankly that we think the prominence given to these two gentlemen looks badly for the future of the movement, inasmuch as neither of them is likely to be of the slightest use in controversy, both being entirely ignorant of the existing condition of economical science as taught by free-traders, and one, at least, possessing little or no reasoning power, which in politico-economical discussions is of prime importance. We say this with the utmost respect, as they are both worthy citizens; but Mr. Greeley's contributions to the science have for some years excited simple merriment amongst the leading free-traders of England and the Continent, who, whenever the great tug comes here, will undoubtedly supply most of the weapons to the free-trade arsenal. The other event to which we have referred is the appearance of a pamphlet on the "Collection of Revenue," by Edward Atkinson, who is treasurer for several of the largest mills in New England, and perhaps represents as well as, or better than, anybody else the manufacturing mind of New England on the tariff. The pamphlet is a broad, straightforward advocacy of the application of the free-trade theory to our tariff, as far as circumstances will admit, and of the total abandonment of the protective system, due regard being had to the vested interests which have grown up under it. We propose next week to notice Mr. Atkinson's views at greater length. His utterance of them is an indication of a formidable defection from the protectionist ranks.

We now have an eight-hour law in this State, Governor Fenton having signed the bill passed last session. This, we believe, makes three in the whole country, and we presume this will be the last that will be passed anywhere, as the absurdity of the movement is gradually dawning on those engaged in it, and the trial of it in Illinois and Missouri has satisfied the working-men that no good can come of it. All these laws simply prohibit men from working more than eight hours unless they wish or agree to do so, and are therefore of about as much value as an act permitting the working-man to have roast-turkey and pumpkin-pie for his dinner whenever he thinks he could afford it. The New York *Tribune*, we presume by way of saying something soothing to the disappointed, declares that, although the law may not effect any immediate change, "a principle is now established to which labor is *at liberty* to gravitate—that is all." This sounds very fine; but suppose a law were passed fixing the compensation for a day's hod-carrying at twenty-five dollars in the absence of any agreement to the contrary, and we were to say that a principle was established towards which hod-carriers' wages "were at liberty to gravitate," would the hod-carrier be any better off? The "liberty of gravitation" has been enjoyed by both labor and wages for a long while, and cannot be established or helped by acts of the Legislature. The laws of trade generally interfere with it somewhat, but they are the only laws which can interfere at all.

Teaching the poor and ignorant would, we suppose, be admitted in all Christian countries to be one of the noblest and most ennobling works in which a woman can engage, and we believe there is no civilized country in which a lady would lose caste by doing it for love of the work. But there cannot be a better illustration of the crooked condition of the Southern mind than the fact that Southern women make a distinction between "nigger teachers" and others, based on the color of the persons taught, and positively act on it in everyday life, treating Northern women engaged in negro schools as degraded thereby, no matter what their social position at home may be. A better illustration of the condition of Southern civilization could hardly be offered; it is almost as useless to comment on it or denounce it as to denounce the Turkish prejudice against women going unveiled. But in Kentucky the doctrine has just received a remarkable expansion in the case of a highly respectable white female teacher in a colored school, who boarded with a most respectable and well-to-do colored family, and while so boarding sought admission to a Baptist church in Louisville. The pastor made no objection, but the member who was appointed to enquire into her character advised her, on finding where she boarded, not to present herself for admission, as some members would object to her on account of her boarding-place, and vote against her. So that while with some the color of one's pupils is a reason for exclusion from society, with others the color of one's landlord is a reason for exclusion from the Christian church. We doubt very much whether the absurdities into which the color prejudice may lead people were half so fully revealed in slavery as they will be in freedom.

A long card appears very prominently in the Mobile *Nationalist*, which is devoted through a whole column to what the writer calls "alluding to" the editor of the Mobile *Tribune*. He calls him a "certain fellow and poltroon, known commonly as the inefficient editor of the *Tribune*;" also "the man Shelton;" "the poor, craven editor;" "the fellow Shelton;" charges him with having "filthy language and indecent allusions in the columns of his sheet," and says "that families have to keep to the windward of it, as the stench and poison would utterly contaminate," etc., etc. All this has a sound of the olden times about it, and if the "Southron" spirit be not dead in the man Shelton, he will shortly murder the man Harrington who wrote the card. But we "allude" to it, as Mr. Harrington would say, rather by way of introduction to the observation appended to it by the editor of the journal in which it appears, than for its own merits. He says "he published it before knowing how personally abusive it was, and that had he read it carefully he would have required *some modification of the style*."

Mobile, with a pretty large floating population of gamblers and other roughs, was, perhaps, the likeliest Southern town to bring the pistol to bear on a prominent Radical in the act of expressing his views. We confess to having been a little surprised that Mr. Wilson got through so many States as he did without having a shot fired at him. Judge Kelley, a less plausible and more aggressive orator, has not been so fortunate; but the riot in which he nearly lost his life seems to have been not preconcerted and not violent. If we could ever expect with any confidence that the South would accept the inevitable without some preliminary knocking of its head against the wall, we might expect it to listen with civility to Radical orators; for nothing is surer than that the South has got to submit to free speech. It is a dreadful case, no doubt, but there it is.

International law explicitly allows any government to use as a subject one of its escaped citizens, as we may call them, who, having emigrated and become a naturalized citizen of a foreign country, afterwards returns to his native country. The law, or at any rate the practice, of each single nation goes further and says: "Once a subject, always a subject." Mr. Seward has for years been laboring with the Prussian Government to induce a change in its views of this question. He entertains what perhaps will be in the future the views of all nations in regard to it, but certainly his views are not current at present.

He upholds "the right of men who have committed no crime to choose the state in which they will live, and to incorporate themselves as members of that state, and to enjoy thenceforth its privileges and its benefits, among which is included protection." Probably Count Bismark has paid more attention to the cases of this nature which are constantly coming up for practical consideration, than to the general principles set forth by Mr. Seward. The American naturalized citizen who claims protection at the offices of the American consuls in Prussia, is, about as often as otherwise, a specimen of one of these disreputable classes of people: 1st. A bankrupt Prussian-American who has fled from American creditors, to begin business again with the immunities that an American passport gives him. 2d. A political agitator who, having come over here to get a title to American protection, gets it and goes back to his trade of agitating without the intention of doing his duty by his native or his adopted country. 3d. A young man who, having, when a boy, left his home to shirk the military duties required by law, and having spent a certain number of years here, goes back home with naturalization papers in his pocket. 4th. (Between 1860–65) a naturalized citizen who did not want to be drafted. All these people, without having done a thing to deserve the privilege of citizenship, either in the United States or Prussia, find it convenient to be residents of either, and really and honestly citizens of neither country. And our lax laws make it so easy for these and other similar sorts of people to get a certain measure of protection without making the least return, that it is no wonder that an American naturalization paper is not looked upon with the greatest favor by foreign governments. To ask them to respect it till we do something more to make it respectable than talk of man's natural right to naturalization papers, is to ask for more than we shall get or ought to get.

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Dr. Kirk, who, as we observed last week, is the only trustworthy authority upon the question of Dr. Livingstone's death, has received information which evidently shakes his belief in the statements of the Johanna men. Some traders from Central Africa who have lately arrived at the coast declare that when they were at Maksura they heard nothing about the murder, but heard, on the contrary, that Dr. Livingstone had proceeded into the far interior. Now Maksura is only ten miles from the place where he is said to have been killed, but it is ten miles short of that place, and the Johanna men said that Maksura was passed in safety. The late account therefore is not a positive contradiction of the former, but on the other hand it is not a confirmation—which is saying a good deal. There is therefore a hope: an expedition will be sent out to Lake Nyassa, and in the meantime we must content ourselves with these native reports, in which, whether favorable or unfavorable, no absolute reliance is to be placed.

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It is at last finally settled that we are not to have a war in Europe or the present. Prussia withdraws her troops from Luxembourg, and the fortress is to be dismantled and the territory neutralized, the neutrality being guaranteed by all the contracting powers. Both France and Prussia deny that they have been "arming," except in so far as was necessary to keep up the efficiency of the existing organization. The correspondence of the London *Times* announces that Bismark still expresses his belief that there will, in a year or two, be a war between France and Prussia, while acknowledging, as we have always maintained, that neither of them is now ready for it. The chances are that for two or three years to come they will both find enough to do in the work of internal reorganization to drive foreign war out of their heads. There is really nothing for them to fight about, except what may be called political influence, but this influence, it is now beginning to be understood, depends as much on peaceful prosperity as on the strength of standing armies, or, in other words, rather on what a nation is capable of doing, than what it has done.

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ECCLESIASTICAL DRESS.

A writer in *The Edinburgh Review* makes what, for Ritualists, must be considered rather distressing revelations as to the origin of the Ritualistic vestments, which these gentlemen appear to consider amongst the essentials of Christian worship. He shows that they are simply the articles of clothing worn by the Romans in everyday life, and which the Church preserved in her ceremonial, just as she preserved the Latin, when everything around her changed. The *alb* is the white shirt or tunic which was worn by every Roman peasant next his skin, and which in Southern countries was often his only garment, and which still figures so prominently in the Pope's wardrobe. The Emperors Commodus and Heliogabalus introduced a new variety of it with long sleeves, called a *dalmatica*, because it came from Dalmatia. The *pall* is the old *pallium* or woollen cloak of the philosophers, worn as an overcoat. It was constantly changing, as our overcoat is, its fashion and name, and the slang names given it, like our "paletot" and "aquascutum" and "surtout," have been preserved, and actually become sacred terms in ecclesiastical nomenclature. One such overcoat was the *cape* or *cope*, also called *pluviale* or "waterproof"—the equivalent of our "aquascutum." Another was the *chasuble* or *casula*, the "little house," as the Roman laborer called the smock or "sack" in which he shut himself up in bad weather. Another was the "cassock" or *casaca* or *caraca* or *caracalla*, introduced by the Emperor of that name from France. The "surplice" is a garment of barbarian origin—the *super pellicum*—which in the North was drawn on over the furs worn by the Gauls and Celts in their cold climates. It was the "white coat," the *cotta candens*, worn by regular clergy, not in church only, but in ordinary life. The reviewer adds that in the oldest Roman mosaic, that of the Church of Sta. Pudentiana, of the fourth century, the apostles appear clothed in the common costume of the period. A separate dress for sacred personages had not been thought of. In other words, "clothes" had not assumed the tremendous importance which they acquired in the Middle Ages and still retain in the church, the army, and diplomacy.

The most imaginative Roman, under the empire, in his wildest dreams probably never pictured to himself the possibility of the garments he saw every day on the young swells in the Forum attaining, after the lapse of many centuries, the character of "sacred vestments," having books written about them, and large bodies of educated men engaged in the careful study of their cut and ornamentation as matters of the deepest spiritual importance. That all this should have come to pass, and that fifteen hundred years after Rome had passed away, the costume of her peasants, lawyers, courtiers, and dandies should be deemed the costume divinely ordained as the only fitting attire for priests ministering at a Christian altar, is, perhaps, the most remarkable illustration in existence of the strength of her hold on the ideas of the modern world. In what a firm grip her law and literature keep us is well known. Professor Maine even goes so far as to suggest that the theological speculation of the Western world owes its form and coloring to Roman jurisprudence, but this, if true, is not half so wonderful as that Roman tailors and Roman fops should have furnished the basis for what we suppose we may call a modern sect.

How the Church came to preserve the old costume is not hard to understand. It was the dress of civilized men, and, with the Latin language, recalled, in the midst of the rising tide of barbarism, the memories and traditions of holier and happier times, and probably made no inconsiderable impression on the half-clad savages who crowded round the altars as the empire began to go to pieces. We should be afraid to predict for any pieces of modern dress a future so glorious. There is little likelihood, in our age, of any material corruption of the Church. All our tendencies are rather in the direction of less form than of more form. But if modern society should ever go astray and take to Comte's worship of the Human Race, or any other similar absurdity, for which it was necessary that the ministers should have a peculiar dress, we doubt if any articles of our present attire have made sufficient impression on the popular imagination to have a chance of adoption, except, perhaps, the stove-pipe hat and the Cashmere shawl. These have retained their hold on the respect and even reverence of men and women so long that we can almost imagine circumstances under which they would form indispensable portions of the outfit of a priest or priestess, and be handled with awe, and spoken of with bated breath.

Notes.

LITERARY.

Clergymen who have subscribed for Messrs. Hurd & Houghton's or Messrs. Appleton's "Bible Dictionary" will be glad to hear that Mr. W. L. Gage's Lowell lectures are to be published, by W. J. Widdleton, in book form and under the title "Biblical Geography treated according to the Historical Methods." The volume will contain from seven to twelve maps. It is to be published, perhaps, before summer, more probably in the fall. —— Messrs. Ticknor & Fields announce a new edition of Dr. Hayes's "Arctic Boat Journey," a book which has been for some years out of print, and which the success of the author's "Open Polar Sea" has revivified. The new edition will have an increased number of illustrations, but will not be otherwise different from the old one.——Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt announce "Critical and Social Essays," a volume containing articles reprinted from the columns of this journal. "Tennysoniana," which the same firm announced for republication, they have decided not to issue; but in its place they will publish a work of the same nature, which will be prepared for them by a competent scholar. "Tennysoniana" is chiefly bibliographical, and contains but very little to interest any one but a person either a mere bibliomaniac or a mere devotee of Tennyson. The author seems to have been a rather diligent person, without critical ability, who has thrown together for his friends a few desultory notes with regard to editions of Tennyson. —— Messrs. Myers & Chandler, of Chicago, will publish in the fall a new book by G. S. Phillips ("January Searle"), who wrote out the experiences of Allan Pinkerton, the famous detective. "Chicago, her Ministers and Churches," is the title of the forthcoming volume, and the nature of it is "the ecclesiastical history of Chicago in pen-and-ink portraits." Other books announced by the same house are "Deus Homo," by Prof. Theophilus Parsons, and a translation of a "Life of Jesus," from the German of the late Dr. F. Immanuel Tafel.——John Meredith Read, Jr., will soon publish a new and enlarged edition, illustrated by Bierstadt, of his excellent "Historical Enquiry concerning Henry Hudson," which he published about a year ago (*vide* Nation of June 12, 1866).—— Messrs. Roberts Brothers announce for immediate publication a small paper-covered volume, the contents of which first appeared in *Macmillan's Magazine* anonymously, but the author, the publishers say, "is known to be the same to whom popular opinion ascribes the authorship of 'Ecce Homo.'" "Elementary Principles in Art" is the title of the book. The same house also have in preparation a book which will be even more successful than their "Memoirs of Madame Récamier," now in its fifth edition, for it will have higher claims upon that more thoughtful and cultivated class of general readers for whose tastes Messrs. Roberts Brothers cater. It relates to the life and character of perhaps the most admirable of the women who have influenced the best Frenchmen of the two last generations. It is "The Memoirs and Correspondence of Madame Swetchine," translated by Miss Preston. "A Painter's Camp in the Highlands," by Philip Gilbert Hamerton, reprinted from the second London edition, and Schefer's "Layman's Breviary," translated by the Rev. C. T. Brooks, are also to be issued by Messrs. Roberts Brothers, the former on the first of June, the other later. ——J. B. Burr & Co., of Hartford, which city, by the way, has been of late articularly active in publishing books of the very popular kind which agents sell by the hundred thousand, announce "Life in the Holy Land," by Charles W. Elliot.

—Mr. Bancroft, in the ninth volume of his history, charged Major-General Philip Schuyler with the disgraceful, and not only disgraceful but transmissible, vice of cowardice. So Mr. George L. Schuyler, who, like Mr. Greene, has the misfortune or fault—we hardly know which Mr. Bancroft considers it—of being a grandson, asked Mr. Bancroft to let him know on what authorities he depended for a justification of the charge against General Schuyler. Mr. Bancroft sent a polite reply, and enclosed copies of certain letters and extracts of letters. Thereupon ensued a controversy at first amicable in tone, afterwards not so amicable; for, as all experience shows, the preservation of good temper in these controversies is an excessive rarity. Of this dispute, however, it may for a wonder be said that the issue is narrowed to a single point, and is kept narrow, and that the brief pamphlet is very readable. We have not space in the limits of this note to set Mr. Bancroft's case fully before the reader, nor to give Mr. Schuyler's refutation; for that he does refute the accusation we hold to be almost beyond dispute. We will, however, give what may be called, not unfairly, a sample of the whole. Among the documents sent Mr. Schuyler was an extract of a letter written in August, 1777, by General Richard Montgomery to General Schuyler, in which the former officer urges his commander to come immediately to the front.

> "I entreat you," he says, "to follow in a whale-boat, leaving some one to bring on the troops and artillery. It will give the men great confidence in your spirit and activity, and how necessary to a general this confidence is I need not tell you. I most earnestly wish that this may meet your approbation; and be assured that I have your honor and reputation much at heart."

Mr. Schuyler replies that the document sent him is not the whole letter, nor a continuous extract from it, and that Mr. Bancroft's clerk in transcribing it has omitted the closing words of the last sentence, which in the original reads thus:

> "Be assured I have your honor and reputation much at heart, as of the greatest consequence to the public service; that all my ambition is to do my duty in a subordinate capacity without the least ungenerous intention of lessening that merit so justly your due, and which I omit no opportunity of setting in its fullest light."

And Mr. Schuyler adds that when Montgomery hastened without orders to the Isle aux Noix, he knew, as Mr. Bancroft knows, that Schuyler was, by order of Congress, attending a conference of the Six Nations at Albany, and that Schuyler at once did join Montgomery, although at the time he was suffering under a most excruciating illness. The impression of Mr. Bancroft's inaccuracy left on the reader's mind by Mr. Schuyler's pamphlet may, it is true, be in part due to the fact that Mr. Schuyler has the last word; but that such an impression has been made on our mind by a careful reading of the pamphlet is also true. And we have not the least hesitation in saying that no one who owns Mr. Bancroft's volumes ought to be without Mr. Schuyler's "Correspondence and Remarks" (published by D. G. Francis), any more than he ought to be without the pamphlets addressed to Mr. Bancroft by Mr. Greene and Mr. Reed.

—T. H. Morrell has published the second volume of Joseph N. Ireland's "Records of the New York Stage from 1750 to 1860," a work valuable to dramatic critics, and certainly of much interest to actors and to those people—their pursuit may almost be called a profession by itself—who are known as old play-goers. The book contains an amazing amount of such information about actors and actresses as can have been got only from reams of play-bills and newspapers, and some of the sort of information which actors possess in regard to each other, and which is, perhaps, about the best specimen of gossip pure and simple that still gets into print in books. Literary gossip is apt to be not perfect gossip, for it deals with people too famous, and the new style of criticism constructs the character of the criticised author from the smallest details of his life, so that the merest trifles as to his board and lodging become not gossip but evidence for the prosecution. Court gossip goes into the newspapers, but not into books so often as it used to, and our nineteenth-century monarchs are such hard-working political economists that their laborious lives furnish less material for the gossiping letter-writer than in the days, for ever gone, when chancellors of the exchequer wore satin breeches and gorgeous doublets and believed in sumptuary laws, and kings took things easily. But theatrical gossip is the same in all generations, and this book contains a little of it. From the opening pages of Mr. Ireland's book we take the following quotation from *Bradford's Gazette*, October, 1733, when New York had 7,055 inhabitants:

> "Last week arrived here a company of commedians from Philadelphia, who, we hear, have taken a convenient room for their purpose in one of the buildings lately belonging to the Hon. Rip Van Dam, Esq., deceased, in Nassau Street, where they intend to perform as long as the season lasts, provided they meet with sufficient encouragement."

This first theatre of New York—a temporary one—was on the east side of Nassau Street, between John Street and Maiden Lane. Of the first edition of the book there are sixty 4to and two hundred 8vo copies, and the price of a copy is twenty-five dollars.

—"Mr. Wheelwright, one of the members of Boston, preaching at the last fast, inveighed against all that walked in a covenant of works, as he described it to be, viz., such as maintain sanctification as an evidence of justification." These words are Governor Winthrop's; the fast he mentions was held in January, 1637; and the preacher was Mr. John Wheelwright, a relative by marriage of the famous Anne Hutchinson, and allied in opinion to the party or parties which were hostile to Winthrop. This sermon belongs to the history of the Massachusetts Antinomian Controversy, and is of frequent mention in works relating to the early days of the Massachusetts Bay colonists, but though preached nearly two hundred and thirty years ago, and though the Massachusetts Historical Society have long owned a manuscript copy of it and a great part of the original manuscript, yet it has never been in print till this year. It appeared in *The Historical Magazine* for April, which thus has the credit of first giving to the light an historical monument of great interest. In other aspects it is perhaps not so interesting; the politics in it which, no doubt, gave it much of its importance, and which brought Wheelwright, a father of all such as are "political preachers of New England," to a trial for seditious language, it is rather hard for an ordinary reader to discover amid the concealing theology. This latter, so far as we can judge—we speak under correction—is the theology still taught in all Congregational churches.

—Among the latest announcements of Messrs. Trübner & Co., of London, is a new translation of the hymns of the "Rig-Veda," the oldest records both of Indian and of Indo-European thought and language, by Professor Max Müller. We say a "new" translation out of respect for those of Wilson and Langlois (French); but Wilson has read the hymns only through the distorting and discoloring spectacles of the Hindu commentators, and Langlois seems to have understood neither the hymns nor the commentators, and to have made his version in no small part out of his own head. Müller's work will doubtless be of a very different character, founding itself on sound principles of interpretation, and being executed with the learning and acuteness for which this scholar is distinguished. It is to include a transliteration, in Roman letters, of the original text and notes—in which last, from the specimen furnished in the publishers' circular, we fear that the translator will waste precious space in refuting the errors of Wilson. The same house furnishes evidence of the fresh awakened interest of the British in their Eastern empire by promising the appearance, within a month or two, of the first volumes of two new histories of India; the one "comprising the Mohammedan period," a posthumous work of the late Sir H. M. Elliot, the other, "during the Hindu period," by Mr. J. Talboys Wheeler. Both authors were long residents in India, in the Government service. It makes us somewhat suspicious of the grade of historical criticism which Mr. Wheeler's work will exhibit, to find that the contents of the second volume are to be the legends of the Ramayana, the whole actual historical substance of which would certainly have to be diluted to make it fill a respectable chapter. A second edition, "rewritten and greatly enlarged," of the first volume of Dr. Muir's "Original Sanskrit Texts," that most authentic and useful series of compendia of information respecting the religion and institutions of the ancient Hindus, also announced by Trübner, is worth a passing notice. The book has, we believe, been some time out of print.

—To prevent mistakes—of which one has already occurred, caused by our statement the other day in regard to the Early English Text Society—we would say that while the present value in paper currency of a guinea (the subscription fee) is $6 85—that or about that—the price of a guinea's worth of English books imported into this country (and to subscribe for the Early English texts is practically to import a certain number of books) is in paper nearly twice $6 85. It is, when one adds duty, exchange, and the profit on importation which the importing bookseller allows himself, something like $13, perhaps a little more, perhaps a little less. As for the "Percy Manuscript" which the Society reprint, the price of that to a non-subscriber is two guineas; to a subscriber only one guinea. If, then, a person wants that book he may as well spend one of his two guineas in making himself a subscriber and getting the texts for 1867. Having done that he gets the "Ballad Book" for the other guinea. This is, at any rate, the plan which Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt advise their subscribers to adopt, and we suppose that other American agents of the society pursue the same course.

—"Von Thunder-Ten-Tronckh on Compulsory Education" is the title which Mr. Matthew Arnold gives to some articles which he is now publishing and the first of which appeared in *The Pall Mall Gazette* of April 20. A child of light, whom the British Philistines have brought to a garret in Grub Street, is supposed to have gone into the country with his friend the Prussian, Arminius by name, whose acquaintance we made in Mr. Arnold's "My Countrymen" which made so much noise a year or so ago, and between them befalls much conversation on the Philistine and his works and ways as they have come to fruit in British institutions, political and social. To the "vivacity" for which Mr. Arnold once half apologized he gives its head in these articles, and all Philistia will henceforth hate its tormented tormentor more cordially than ever. We quote a few characteristic sentences; perhaps even on our side of the water there may be here and there a *Daily Telegraph* with a style almost boisterous and with prose of the baser sort. Arminius and his friend in one of their morning walks come upon an old peasant, Zephaniah Diggs, who is being taken along to be tried for poaching. The friend makes haste to tell Arminius that perhaps, in this particular instance, British local self-government may not appear to the best advantage:

> "In the present case, however, there is," said I, "no danger, for a representative of *The Daily Telegraph* is down here to be on the look-out for justice and to prevent oppression. Immediately afterwards I was sorry I had said this, for there are, unfortunately, several things which operate on Arminius like scarlet on a bull, making him vicious the moment he comes across them, and *The Daily Telegraph* is one of these things. He declares it foments our worst faults; and he is fond of applying to it Dryden's dictum on Elkanah Settle, that its style is boisterous and its prose incorrigibly lewd. Though I do certainly think its prose a little full-bodied, yet I cannot bear to hear Arminius apply such a term to it as 'incorrigibly lewd,' and I always remonstrate with him. 'No, Arminius,' I always say; 'I hope not *incorrigibly*. I should be sorry to think that of a publication which is forming the imagination and taste of a million of Englishmen." "Pleasant news!" was Arminius's answer the last time I urged this to him; "pleasant news! the next batch of you, then, will be even more charming than the present!"

Throughout, the article displays great skill in the use of "the dangerous figure called irony," and is utterly merciless and unsparing. By all persons not subjects of Queen Victoria it will be read with lively pleasure.

—Lamartine has a better stomach for proverbially bitter bread than any other man who has of late disgraced the literary profession. News comes that the French Chambers have passed a bill granting him a pension, a substitute, we presume, for the proposed bill to give him outright eighty thousand dollars, a sum which his debts would have swallowed up in a day. It is reported that the Emperor would have paid all the poet's debts if the poet's delicacy had permitted, but it would not. Lamartine's delicacy is a thing infinitely capricious, but quite possibly it will permit its victim to accept an annuity, though a large sum in cash was what it seemed to crave.

—At present it is not easy to make an accurate comparison of the population of one state with that of another; for the one may include and the other may exclude from the official census the number of its merchant seamen, of its fishermen, of the seamen of its navy, of the soldiers of its army, etc. The attention of the members of the International Statistical Congress has been called to this source of error by Dr. Maestri, an Italian statistician, who has issued a programme of the subjects to be discussed when the Congress meets in Florence next September. He frames these two questions: 1st. In fixing the official population of a state, should regard be had to the actual population, or to all who of right are citizens of the state? (*la population de droit*). 2d. In estimating the population of right, what elements of the population are to be included and what excluded? The coming session of the Congress will be the sixth, and Prince Humbert of Savoy will act as president. As the sittings will not extend over more than eight days, it is conceivable that Dr. Maestri may fail to get an answer to the two following questions which he puts under the head of "Moral and

Judicial Statistics:" 1st. In how many and what categories are we to range the poor? 2d. What statistical elements is it necessary to get in order to completely cure the body of society of these plagues?

SCIENTIFIC.

An exploring party of more than usual importance has just left the Atlantic for the Pacific coast to make a survey, under the direction of the United States Government, of a belt of land near to the fortieth parallel of north latitude, stretching from the Sierra Nevada to the Rocky Mountains. Through or near this belt will pass the Central Pacific Railroad, and the object of the expedition is to gather in advance as much information as possible respecting the structure of the country, the mineral resources, the agricultural capacity, and all the other physical characteristics of the region. The expedition is so well organized and there is so little exact knowledge in respect to the district to be examined that high anticipations are entertained of the scientific and practical results which are likely to be reached. Believing that our readers will be interested in watching the progress of this party of young and enthusiastic explorers, within the limits of our own domain, we have gathered the following particulars in respect to their organization.

The survey is ordered by Congress; it is to be conducted under the direction of the Secretary of War; and, more particularly still, under direction of the chief of the U. S. Engineers, Major-General A. A. Humphreys, to whom the party will report and from whom they have received their general instructions. This distinguished officer, whose name has long been identified with the explorations and surveys directed by the War Department of the U. S. Government, has shown the greatest interest in promoting the objects of this new expedition, and to his experience and good judgment in fitting out the party much of its success will be due.

The head of the party in the field is Clarence King, a gentleman of about five-and-twenty years of age, educated in the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale College, and connected for a few years past with the State Geological Survey of California under Prof. J. D. Whitney. The experience which he has thus acquired as a mountain explorer admirably fits him for the leadership in this new expedition. He has travelled extensively among the great mountain regions of the West, has ascended and measured some of the loftiest peaks, is inured to the exposure and hardships of frontier life, and appreciates fully all the conditions which are essential to success. Nine assistants are under his direction. His friend and associate in the California survey, Mr. James T. Gardner, who has lately been engaged with Mr. King in surveying and mapping the famous Yo Semite valley and the adjacent mountain region, is the first assistant in topography, and Prof. James D. Hague, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, likewise an experienced traveller, is the first assistant in geology. There are also two other topographers, two other geologists, a zoölogist, a botanist, and a photographer. On their arrival in California a squad of twenty-three mounted Californians, under non-commissioned officers, will be detailed by the military authorities as their escort, and six drivers and packers will complete the *personnel* of the party—a company of thirty-nine in all.

By turning to any good map of the Western mountains the reader will see that the proposed line of exploration extends from the 120th to the 105th meridian, or from Pyramid Lake, near Virginia City, on the eastern slope of the Sierra Nevada, to Denver City, on the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains. The length of the tract to be explored is about 1,000 miles, its breadth will not exceed 100. The great desert basin of Nevada and Utah and the various parallel ridges and valleys by which it is traversed, including the lofty ridges known as the Eastern and Western Humboldt River Mountains, and the Wahsatch Mountains to the east of Great Salt Lake, will, of course, be included in their observations. The party hope to go this year, between the first of July and the first of November, as far as Fort Riley, and then to spend the winter, which is there too severe for field work, in the neighborhood of Virginia City. Next year they hope to reach Salt Lake City, and their work out of doors is to be completed in the third year. Of course much additional time will elapse before the scientific result of the expedition can be fully published; but everything of immediate practical value, especially with reference to the construction of the Central Pacific Railroad, will be, as we understand it, at once made public.

An accurate map of the region is the first desideratum, and the necessary surveys will, therefore, be prosecuted as rapidly as may be consistent with accuracy. It is exceedingly important, also, to ascertain whether coal can be found in that region of such quality and in such quantities as to be a dependence for the coming locomotive. The position of water supplies in that desert basin is another most important topic of enquiry. So, also, the possibilities of agriculture need investigation. The geological and mineralogical characteristics of the country will constantly be examined. In short, to examine and describe the geological structure, the geographical conditions, and natural resources of the country will be the aim in view.

PREACHING.*

Burnet, in a pleasing passage of the "History of his Own Times," describes the revolution in the style of preaching which was effected in his day by a class of preachers of whom Tillotson was the chief. The long-drawn, hair-splitting, pedantic sermons which had been in vogue were supplanted by a simpler, briefer, more perspicuous method of address, and the consequence was that not only was a multitude drawn into the houses of worship, but the waning prestige of the Church of England was revived in London. If there be symptoms of a decline in the influence of the pulpit now, it is worth while to enquire into the causes and the proper remedy. We count it no evil that the old-fashioned reverence for the person of the preacher which once prevailed, especially in New England, has sensibly abated. The sombre approach of the village pastor no longer causes the children of the household to skulk away and hide themselves in the barn. The people have found out that the minister is a man of like passions with themselves, and the more free and familiar style of intercourse is doubtless a gain for both parties. The vastly diversified forms of intellectual activity, the multiplying of books, magazines, and newspapers, the presence of a host of lecturers and political orators, and other agencies which will readily occur to a thoughtful reader, account for the relative diminution of the power exerted by the pulpit over the popular mind. Such are the stir and excitement of American life, that when Sunday comes many—men of business as well as men of books—shrink from a stimulating harangue of any sort, and crave the quiet and silence of home. There is no place so remote from large towns that its inhabitants are cut off from hearing lively political speaking. Fresh from the mass meeting or, perhaps, from a visit to the metropolis, where he has listened *arrectis auribus* to Mr. Beecher, it is no wonder that the rustic finds the country parson dull. Inevitable causes have lessened the relative importance of pulpit teaching; yet it wields still, in this country especially, a vast power over the moral and religious convictions of the people, and there flows from it, besides, a general educating influence of great moment. All that we propose in this article is to drop a few hints in regard to the best means of sustaining the pulpit's legitimate influence.

The first danger of a preacher springs from the temptation to a perfunctory discharge of his office. He ascends the pulpit at stated intervals, fixed by astronomic law. In the pulpit there is an appointed round of services for him to go through. No one looks for very tangible results from any single day's work. Not a few men—worthy men, too—on some anniversary of their "settlement," have no other record than this, that they have preached so many sermons, attended so many funerals, and bound together so many pairs in matrimony. If preaching fails of all perceptible effect on the minds and lives of those who hear it, there is the parable of the sower and the convenient dogma of divine sovereignty. It is no special reproach to ministers that they are liable to forget their dependence upon their personal exertions for success in their work, and to fall into a half-mechanical performance of their official labors. The same danger besets every profession which is subject to analogous conditions; and ministers are but men. No wonder that audiences become thin. The civil law no more, as in days of old in the New England communities, requires attendance upon public worship. The authority of church-going as a sacred and reputable custom is falling away. But the measures frequently adopted by way of reaction against perfunctory ministrations and for the purpose of alluring auditors into the church are alike reprehensible and futile. Most of the phenomena which fall under the head of sensational preaching are due to the motives just mentioned. Odd or otherwise startling themes are chosen, and announced beforehand in flaming advertisements. Eccentricities of style are deliberately assumed. Wit, such as it is, is introduced to relieve the weariness of the hearer. A convulsive, boisterous elocution is palmed off in the room of earnestness. An excessive and unnatural vehemence, which is a fault of Mr. Beecher in certain passages of his discourses, is copied by his feeble imitators. A shrewd observer remarked, the other day, that in order to make the fortune of a sermon nowadays, it is necessary for the preacher to "holler" at least *once* in the course of it; once is enough, but once at least he must bawl. Cases are not infrequent where a vociferous delivery is accepted in lieu of intellectual qualifications for the preacher's office; in lieu of method and of good sense. A mixture of rant and cant suffices to muster an auditory; the pews sell; considerate hearers are silent, and, one by one, withdraw to some other place of worship or stay at home with their books. Thus the most intelligent and truly respectable class are drawn away from church, and whatever benefits church-going on their part would confer on themselves and on others are lost. We believe it to be a fact that in the best educated parts of this country the auditories on Sunday are made up predominantly of women. The men, to a large extent, are not seen in their pews. What is wanted, it is plain, is a living earnestness to take the place of the spurious and counterfeited earnestness which can deceive only the ignorant. Eloquence is born of deep and stirring convictions; genuine itself, all its products are of necessity genuine. It can afford to disdain every species of clap-trap. It is a flame that communicates itself and kindles all within its reach. It goes forth with the speech of a living man, so that books are no substitute for it. When preachers are truly earnest, preaching is truly eloquent. It is then a fresh and warm and enlivening utterance.

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* "Homiletics and Pastoral Theology. By William G. T. Shedd, D.D., Professor in Union Theological Seminary in New York." New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1867.

Preaching, if it would hold intelligent men, must be itself thoughtful. How shall a man who discourses weekly on threadbare themes avoid commonplaces? A successful preacher must be *en rapport* with the thinking men of his time. He need not be metaphysical or polemical in his sermons. He may utter plain thoughts in plain words. But if the prevailing currents of thinking in the field of religious and philosophical speculation pass him by untouched, he will surely be out of sympathy not merely with the reflecting portion of his audience, but also, in the end, with his hearers generally. For in this day of cheap printing and rapid communication thought diffuses itself in all directions, and men of every class scent in the atmosphere whatever is new. A caste confining ideas within its charmed circle has never subsisted among the Western nations, as in the East, and still less can such a monopoly and seclusion of thought exist in this modern age. Yet the pulpit is often late in learning what are the present thoughts of men. There are many sermons which are able but obsolete. They would have answered well in the day of Hume, but are not so apposite to the time of Strauss. They are good as refutations of Hobbes, but do not touch Stuart Mill. Let there be in the preacher an underlying consciousness of the questions, difficulties, that agitate the secret thoughts of active minds at this hour, and he will not want for interested auditors, provided, of course, that his speech is reasonable and seasoned with charity. But let him not hope to win success in the use of antiquated weapons and in combat with defunct enemies.

If a minister, besides possessing special *preaching* ability, is a definite and systematic thinker, he is doubly armed. It is true that there have been effective pulpit orators who have not been characterized by the possession of this quality in an eminent degree. Whitefield is an example. It is the same here as in the field of political oratory. Yet it will be found that even preachers of this class have had definite truths, defined convictions, to express and inculcate. That a definitely marked system of thought and habit of accurate thinking are no hindrance to a preacher—other things being equal—but are, on the other hand, a powerful auxiliary, is sufficiently proved in numerous instances. Luther is one; South is another, who, with all his terseness and incisive vigor, was an exact theologian. To say something a man must have something to say. He must not deal in vague generalities. He must not speak out of fluctuating and inconsistent moods of opinion. He must not contradict himself from week to week. The tendency nowadays among literary men is decidedly averse not merely to dogmatism, but also to dogmatic theology and to the inculcation by a preacher of definite, pronounced doctrines in religion. We regard this tendency as excessive and unhealthy, as enervating in its influence on the pulpit, and adapted to reduce the effect of pulpit teaching to a minimum. The preacher must have not only faith, but *a* faith. He must have beliefs in religion which are capable of being stated, which are coherent, and which are held as something sacred and vital to the welfare of men. In this case he will speak with authority; not the authority of an arbitrary or overbearing mind, but with the authority that depends on insight and assured conviction.

We have departed somewhat from our text, which was Dr Shedd's new work on homiletics. It is written in the author's vivid and vigorous style, and contains many suggestions which may be profitably pondered by the class to whom it is addressed.

JAPANESE LYRICAL ODES.*

Doctor Emmons once being asked what he considered a proof of a great mind, replied that it was the power to look at the point of a cambric needle six minutes without winking. The Japanese artists at the Academy of Music do not practise this feat, yet the accomplishment of spinning a top on the edge of a keen cutlass entitles them to consideration. We have, therefore, been at the trouble of looking through a book entitled "Hyak Nin Is'shin," in order to ascertain if the Japanese can spin discussions as well as tops, toss the heavy weights of thought like knives and balls, and balance propositions like long poles.

The book in question is a collection of lyrical odes, translated into English with some slight parade of scholarship. The materials are ancient, though the work owes its compilation to Teika or Sadhaihe, whose preface bears the date of 1805, and the compiler inserted them in a work of his called "Records of Illustrious Mouths," but they were afterwards separated from it and placed in charge of Ten-Kei, a priest in the Temple of *Naka no In*, near Kisto the capital.

These odes are extremely popular with the Japanese, and are familiar in the household, every child having his memory well stored with them. Some are of a peaceful character, some didactic and descriptive, while many touch upon love. Mr. Dickins tells us that the point of the ode often lies in a play upon words, very telling in the original, but seldom capable of a good rendering into English. As regards the metre, the translator has been obliged to yield to necessity and abandon uniformity. The odes vary in length, some being of four and others six lines, which fact, perhaps, does not indicate the ability to look long at the point of the needle.

The writers touch upon the four seasons, which in Japan are very distinctly marked, so there is no difficulty in finding something about spring. We select an ode by one Toki-Yasz', who flourished in the year 834. It is addressed to his lady love. It seems that he had been into the woods to get not early flowers, but "wakana," an "east-wind vegetable" which the fair one coveted. As a proof of his zeal he shows the late snow upon his clothes and says:

"Thy wishes, love, have I obeyed,
And 'mid the meadows have I strayed
In this spring-time, and sought with care
The Wakana plant that groweth there.
Lo! on my sleeve
The falling snow its trace doth leave."

The following refers to a little blossom which withers about the end of spring:

"'Tis a pleasant day of merry spring,
No bitter frosts are threatening,
No storm-winds blow, no rain-clouds low'r,
The sun shines bright on high,
Yet thou, poor trembling little flow'r,
Dost wither away and die."

Here is an ode to the Shiragiku, a kind of white chrysanthemum resembling the hoar-frost:

"I had to pluck thee, flower,—thought—
To pluck thee, flower, in vain I sought;
The earliest hoar-frost feigning thee,
Fair Shiragiku, cheated me."

Autumn is, however, the most prominent season. The Japanese poet is never weary of praising this portion of the year. He loves to dwell upon the fall of the leaf, the reddening of the waters of the stream, and the varied tints of the woods. The following was composed about the year 880 by the son of a princess on seeing a representation of the river Tatsta on a screen:

"O Tatsta! when th' autumnal flow
I watch of thy deep, ruddy wave—
E'en when the stern gods long ago
Did rule, was ne'er beheld so brave,
So fair a stream as thine, I vow."

Another piece on autumn we must give for the sake of its author, Tenji, who died in the year 661 and "became a god":

"My lowly hut is thatched with straw
From fields where rice-sheaves frequent stand,
Now autumn's harvest 's well-nigh o'er,
Collected by my toiling hand;
Through tattered roof the sky I view,
My clothes are wet with falling dew."

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* "Hyak Nin Is'shin; or, Stanzas by a Century of Poets; being Japanese Lyrical Odes translated into English, with explanatory notes, the text in Japanese and Roman characters, and a full index. By F. V. Dickins, M.B." London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1867. 8vo.

The following, on the tender passion, bespeaks an ardent lover:

"With deeper melancholy sways
  The moon-lit night my love-sick soul;
See how my face my woe betrays,
  How down my cheek the hot tears roll."

This other, composed by a priest in 1241, is not less ardent:

"On Matsuho's shore, our meeting place,
  At dusky hour of night, I wait
My longed-for mistress to embrace;
  Ah, why then linger'st thou so late?
My ardent passion, than the fire
That heats the salt-pans, rages higher."

The author of the following, written in quite a different vein, flourished in the year 1004. He says:

"By th' dim grey light of early dawn
  I strayed by Uji's wave,
From whence the rifting mist upborne
  Me scattered glimpses gave
Of Zeze's stakes there set
Whereon the fisher spreads his net."

In order that the reader may judge of the translator's versification we give the literal version, which recalls glimpses of what we have seen on a foggy morning along the banks of the Hudson:

"'Tis dawn. Here and there, in the rifts of the mist that hangs over the river Uji, come into my sight the net-stakes of Zeze."

Another author enshrined in this volume is not less successful in his photography, and his verse has besides a tone which runs through all the poetry of the Western nations, also, as fast as each arrives at the civilization of cities and courts:

"Oh! that throughout an endless life
I might in peace dwell, far from strife!
For ever watch the fishing yawl,
And view the net's abundant haul:
    How fair to me,
How pleasant such a lot would be."

The translator takes no credit for his versification, and he is probably wise. At least, no one will award him much praise after comparing the rhymed with the literal rendering, which he has given in a variety of instances for the benefit of those to whom, as in our own case, the Japanese is an unknown tongue. In the rhymed version the poet's ideas appear to have got pumped on.

But we must conclude, and conclude with two more extracts. The following is by a high official of state, who flourished nearly nine hundred years ago, but who found himself left at last with no companions but the trees:

"Of old companions bereft,
  Men's friendship more I may not seek,
Nought but the ancient pine-trees left
  That grow on Takasago's peak;
Comrades of many a year now gone,
But not the friends for whom I mourn."

The author of the following, being proposed as chief priest, thus puts his *Nolo Episcopari*:

"An ignorant man am I, unfit
  O'er all the multitude of men
In dignity supreme to sit:
  The simple priest's black robe again
I would, a humble dweller on
Wagatasoma, gladly don."

On the whole, these poems, which we offer rather to gratify the curiosity of our readers than with the imperfect materials at our disposal to criticise them, give one quite a favorable impression of Japanese taste in poetry. In the early poetry of any of the Western nations we should have naturally expected the simplicity and directness that these show; but in early poetry of the East it has the effect of an agreeable surprise. And the feeling for natural objects and the sentimental use of the aspects of nature are unexpectedly evident in the poetry of these Oriental barbarians. Yet it would seem that the curse of stationariness has been upon the Japanese poetry as on all else in that empire. These poems of a remote antiquity are the household songs of to-day—not admired masterpieces of the national literature, as some of our ancient works, are among us—but for ever, and to the exclusion of all other productions of the Japanese muse, in the mouths of the people.

NOTES ON THE NEW EDITION OF WEBSTER.

NO. XV.

Bedridden. A more probable etymology for this word is *bed* and the old Germanic verb *rise, risen,* to fall, and hence to lie. (See American edition of Wedgwood under *Bedridden*, and note thereon.)

Berg. This word, in its second meaning, "a large mass or mountain of ice," has no near, perhaps even no remote, etymological connection with *berg*, a borough. It is simply the common Gothic word for mountain, in a restricted application, and should have been distinguished from *berg* in other senses.

Bevy. As *sight* was frequently used in Old English, as in modern New-English, for a great number or quantity, it seems probable that *bevy* is from Fr. *belle vue,* a fine sight.

Bighorn. The Rocky Mountain wild sheep, so called from the great size of its horns. I have noticed in a former number the omission of this word from the alphabet

Bird's-eye maple. This peculiar grain is not confined to the "sugar maple," but occurs not less frequently in the wood of the red or soft maple.

Bloom, v. t., defined "to put forth as blossoms." The authority cited in support of this definition is a passage from Hooker, Book V., § 3: "Heapes of rites and customes now superstitious in the greatest part of the world which, in their first originall beginnings, when the strength of vertuous deuout, or charitable affection *bloomed* them, no man could iustly haue condemned as euill." In Hackluyt, III., 48, mention is made of "*blooming* and smoothering heates"; Dampier, ed. of 1703, Vol. I., 529, has: "unless it be when a *bloom,* as we call it, or hot blast"; so Halliwell, Dict. of Arch. and Prov. Words, gives as the second meaning of *bloom,* "to shine, to throw out heat," and adds that *bloomy* means "very hot," and that the "hot stages of a fever are called blooms." Upon these authorities, I think that in the passage cited from Hooker, *bloomed* means, *inspired with genial warmth, animated with glowing devotion,* or the like, and hence the definition in Webster is erroneous.

Blote, defined "to dry and smoke; as to *blote* herring." The editors erroneously suppose *bloat* herring or *bloaters* to be the same as *red* herring, and derive *bloat* from the Dutch "*blozen,* to blush, to get red." According to Nall's very curious and learned "Great Yarmouth and Lowestoft," pp. 302–4, *bloated* herrings or *bloaters* are not *red* herrings, but are fish only partially cured and prepared for eating fresh or nearly so, while *red* herring very thoroughly smoked and dried, so as to keep for years. Wedgwood's etymology, from a Scandinavian root signifying *soft, soaked, swollen,* is therefore probably the true one. (See his dictionary under *Bloat.*)

Bocardo. This word belongs to the same class as *baroko,* explained above.

Bosh. We have borrowed few words from the Turkish, but the *bosh* of that language, empty, vain, nonsensical, so closely corresponds in meaning with the English noun *bosh,* that it seems possible that the latter may have been imported from the Levant.

Bottom. Seventh meaning, "a ball or skein of thread." In this sense *bottom* is etymologically distinct from the more familiar word of the same form. It is in origin identical with Chaucer's *bothum,* a bud, French *bouton,* and with *bottom* of an artichoke, which is the *bud* of that plant. The application of this word to a ball of thread or yarn is, of course, from similarity of form. *Bottom* of an artichoke is not given in Webster, though used wher ever the artichoke (*not* the common Jerusalem artichoke) is known among people speaking English. Shakespeare, "Hamlet," I., 3, uses *button* for bud: "before their *buttons* be disclosed;" and the word, evidently the same with *bottom,* a bud, is not yet obsolete in this sense.

Bound, destined to or for, in speaking of a ship. It was long ago suggested that this word is simply the Scottish *boune,* O. N. *buinn.* I see no reason to doubt the soundness of this etymology. (See Wedgwood, s. v.)

Bracer, in the language of archery, signifies, not technical "armor for the arm," but a guard worn to protect the forearm from the friction of the bowstring when the arrow is discharged.

Brake, fifth sense, "a contrivance for confining refractory horses," and, tenth sense, "an ancient instrument of torture." This is a different application of the same word, which is doubtless identical with *barnacle,* discussed above, and

Brank, second meaning, "a scolding-bridle," is probably still another derivative from the same root. It is even possible that *brake,* in locomotive machinery, is cognate; for *brakes* or *breaks,* to check the speed of railway and of ordinary carriages, act by pressure, and consequently friction.

Brat, child. The earliest example of this word yet cited is of the year 1580. Is it not an importation from Russia, where it is the common word for child?

Brickbat. In the passage cited from Hackluyt, *brickbat* cannot have the signification assigned to it by Webster, "a piece or fragment of a brick." Hackluyt describes the ingots of silver he is speaking of as of "the fashion and *bigness* of a *brickbat.*" The "bigness" or size of "a piece of a brick" is as indefinite as that of "a piece of chalk." Hackluyt meant simply a brick.

Bridal, noun, and

Bridale. I see no sufficient ground for distinguishing these forms etymologically, and the latter is probably the original word.

Buck, lye. The reference of this word to a Gothic root signifying *beech,* because lye was often made of beechwood ashes, is without linguistic probability, and contrary to historical evidence, the word being older by centuries in the Romance than in the Gothic languages. *Buck* is probably cognate with German *weich, weichen*, soft, to soften by soaking; as to which see American edition of Wedgwood, under *Buck*, and the accompanying note. If either this etymology or that proposed in Webster is correct, then *buck* in the third sense, "in mining, to break up or pulverize, as ores," is a totally different word, and, in this sense, it is doubtless from the German *pochen*, or from the same root as *pochen*.

Buckram originally signified a very fine, delicate, white fabric, and, therefore, is not probably allied to *barracan*. (See on this word Wedgwood, Vol. I., American edition, and the note citing authorities as to its primitive meaning.)

Bulk. (See Wedgwood, American edition, and note on this word.)

Bullen-nail, a nail with a round head. The editors derive this word from *bull*, in the sense of large. This is a mistake. In Italian, nails with rounded heads are called *bollette*, from *bolla*, Lat. *bulla*, a bubble, a stud, a boss, or hemispherical projection, and in Spanish, a nail with a semi-globular head is called *bollon*. This last form is, doubtless, the immediate source of the English word under consideration.

Bullion. The curious history of this word is well traced by Wedgwood, though the examples cited from Spanish documents in the notes in the American edition throw some doubt on the etymology.

Buoy. I have investigated at considerable length the history of this obscure word and its derivatives, as far as it is known, in the notes to the American edition of Wedgwood. It first appears in Spanish and Portuguese, though, according to the "Vocabulary of Words beginning with the Letter B," printed by the London Philological Society, an example has been found in English of as early a date as 1466. The familiar use of this word in Spanish and Portuguese in various derivative forms and in figurative senses at a period when it was scarcely known at all, and then only in its literal meaning, elsewhere, tends to show that it is of Hispanic origin, or at least was first introduced into the Peninsula. Its early acceptations point to the notion of flotation, not confinement, as its radical sense. The derivation from a word signifying a fetter or chain is a pure conjecture, having no better foundation than similarity of form, and no historical evidence has been adduced in support of it.

Burg, a fortified town, said to be the Anglo-Saxon form of *borough*. The occurrence of a word evidently the same, in the form *borj* or *burj*, in Maltese, Arabic, Turkish, and Persian, with the signification of castle, tower, fortress, bastion, suggests a query whether we must not look farther than to Anglo-Saxon for the origin of the word in this sense.

Burgoo. The name of this sea-pudding is traced by the editors of Webster to an English word meaning yeast or to a Celtic root. This is a mistake. The word was brought from the Barbary coast, and is the Arabic *burghūl*, bruised wheat or other grain, also, a pudding or thick gruel made of such grain. It was probably introduced by Englishmen who had been prisoners in the Barbary States, for it occurs as a Moorish word in many of the old narratives of Algerine captivity. (See, for example, Pitts, chap. iii.)

Bush, fifth sense, a box-shaped lining for the bearings of machinery, the vents of fire-arms, and the like, called also sometimes *box*. This is a different word from *bush* in its ordinary meaning, and is derived from the Ger. *Büchse*.

Busk. This verb, at least in the second sense, to make ready, is undoubtedly the O. N. *at buast* or *buasc*, which means the same thing. (See Wedgwood, s. v.)

Byzant or *byzantine*, often written *bisant* or *besant*, a name given in Western Europe to coins struck at Byzantium or Constantinople. This word, as the designation of a coin, was unknown to Byzantine Greek, and it was applied to coins of very different values at different periods, according as this or that coin happened to be the current monetary unit at the time and place of circulation. The *byzant* of "fifteen pounds" appears to have been an English coin struck on particular occasions, and the word in general signifies a piece of money of far inferior value.

The Bankrupt Law of the United States, 1867. With Notes, and a collection of American and English Decisions. By Edwin James. (New York: Harper & Bros. 1867.)—The passage of the Bankrupt act has opened a new field of practice for lawyers all over the Union, in which not one in fifty of them has had any experience. The amount of business to be done under the law will probably be large at all times, but especially so during the first few months. The early appearance of this volume will therefore make it very welcome to the bar, which is anxiously seeking for light upon its new duties. The plan of the work is to give the law as it stands, adding to each section notes with appropriate headings, in which the contents of the section are restated in a more concise form and decisions cited where they cast light upon the subject. The previous bankrupt laws of the United States having had a very brief existence, a great majority of the cases cited are necessarily English; but there is no doubt that those decisions will be conclusive with our own courts in similar cases. The book is written in a style having the merit of comprehensibility, though not of elegance. The typography is highly creditable to the publishers, but the author has evidently not done his full duty in revising the proofs. As the first work upon the subject, this volume will doubtless meet with a good demand, and will be useful to the legal profession; but it ought not to hold and it will not hold the position of the standard treatise on bankruptcy. That place must be reserved for a work in which the law is arranged in scientific order, and the statutory provisions blended with the decisions of the courts.

We observe on the title-page of the volume a statement that Mr. James was one of the framers of the last English Bankruptcy act. That act was framed under the direction of the Lord Chancellor by two legal gentlemen, of whom Mr. James was not one. Mr. James Brooks was a member of our State Assembly when the Code of Procedure was passed, and, without having the slightest idea, as we suppose, of what was in it, was instrumental in pushing it through. He has not, however, claimed any share in its authorship. Mr. James had some idea of what was in the Bankruptcy act, and was in Parliament when it passed; but to say that he was one of the framers of the act is to misuse language.

Shakings. Etchings from the Naval Academy. By Park Benjamin, Class of '67. Engraved by John Andrew. (Lee & Shepard, Boston.)—It is difficult to judge of the original merit of these sketches, inasmuch as they have almost been appropriated by the draughtsman who put them on the block. Of him it is not too harsh to say that he vulgarizes whatever he touches, as any one may see from the opening plate and *passim*. The "situations," we may suppose, are Mr. Benjamin's own, and these are humorous enough. So are the mottoes taken from the poets and misapplied; and in their initial letters we probably get nearest to the spirit and ability of the young artist. We hope that when he next publishes he will either himself prepare his designs for the engraver, or will employ a draughtsman who can "follow copy." Mr. Andrew has done what he could—which is much—but there is a limit to the improvement which an engraver is authorized or disposed to make on the drawing under his hand.

Sybil's Second Love. By Julia Kavanagh. (D. Appleton & Co., N. Y.)—The scene is a little French sea side watering-place, with nodding old château and whirling, bustling factory; society half native, half English. The persons of the story are both French and English, and true to their blood. The plot has fair variety and surprises, is skilfully foreshadowed, is generally well proportioned to the several characters. These last present abundant contrast. Sybil, pure, truthful, enthusiastic, ideal, gives her first love to an accomplished, fairly honorable but fickle count, who soon loses his heart to another; when Sybil receives the attentions and becomes the wife of a man whom she had always admired, to whom she owed much of her acquirements and some of her character, and whom she was thus prepared to love. She meets with indifference and deceit in her bosom friend, is threatened with family dishonor, but passes sweetly and triumphantly through all. The dialogues are sometimes strained in expression, though generally natural, and are sometimes trivial. The descriptions are often excellent, presenting analysis as well as sentiment. The style is clear, simple, direct. The novel holds a first position in the second class of fiction.

Joan of Arc. A Biography. Translated from the French by Sarah M. Grimké. (Adams & Co., Boston.)—Most that is known or thought to be known about the Maid of Orleans—"La Pucelle," as the French call her for short—will be found in this unpretentious little volume. It is a very well Englished paraphrase mainly of Lamartine's history of the same personage, and its chief fault, apart from its lack of essential dates, is the exalted view which the translator takes of Joan. "Next to Jesus," to use Miss Grimké's own words, "she seems to have been the grandest medium of divine communication." We shall certainly not deny her claim to be ranked among spiritual phenomena the most remarkable; but it may be doubted if her commission to crown "a weak and unprincipled monarch," whatever part it played in shaping the destinies of Europe, was divine in any other sense than were the Crusades or the career of Bonaparte. The pleasing portrait which faces the title-page is said to be a photograph from a painting in the Louvre.

Teetotalism as a Rule of Duty Unknown to the Bible. By D. R. Thomason. (New York: Richardson & Co. 1867. Pp. 136.)—The temperance party has had such undisputed sway in the Protestant churches of America for many years past that this vigorous attack upon its doctrines by a clergyman, endorsed by one so eminent as Dr. Howard Crosby, will create a new sensation. Mr. Thomason argues his case mainly upon Scriptural grounds, and has little difficulty in proving that the wine mentioned in the Bible, including that miraculously made by the Saviour at Cana, was an intoxicating liquor. This is an easy victory, for, although many good men have tried to persuade themselves to the contrary, we doubt whether a hundred persons have ever been thoroughly convinced that the wine drunk by the Jews was not intoxicating. But if that was so, it follows that no one who recognizes the example of the Saviour as a perfect one can assert that the use of wine is necessarily sinful, and that total abstinence is not a universal duty. Having gained this advantage, Mr. Thomason opposes the whole theory of teetotalism as in substance the same with the Roman Catholic doctrine of works of supererogation and all the various errors of asceticism and uncalled-for self-denial. This branch of his case he does not treat so satisfactorily; nevertheless, his remarks are very suggestive of thought, and may well induce many advocates of total abstinence to reconsider their views. The book itself is an indication of a reaction in public sentiment on this subject which deserves special notice. It is marred by a needless degree of asperity in tone, but the author's spirit is kindly and his purpose good. We commend it to all who desire to form an intelligent opinion on the questions involved in the discussion as well worthy of perusal.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION *should be addressed to the Editor.*

RECONSTRUCTION OUT OF COURT.

THE Supreme Court has dismissed the bill of complaint brought in the name of the State of Georgia to prevent the Reconstruction act from being carried out. The grounds of the decision are not yet made public any further than that the court deemed the cases to be out of its jurisdiction. The Attorney-General did not raise the objection, as he might have done, Congress having so decided by the preamble to the statute, that the plaintiff had no legal existence; and we may assume that this important question has not been passed upon by the court. The main argument of Mr. Stanbery was directed to prove that the controversy was not over the possession of property, but over the control of political power; and that with such a controversy a court of equity had nothing to do. This argument will, we believe, be found to have decided the judgment of the court. If so, the whole scheme of resistance to the act of Congress must fail; for there is no possible method by which judicial intervention can be obtained in time to save the *de facto* governments of the Southern States. The work of reorganization must go on; and when it is completed, the decision of Congress will make valid whatever may have been irregular, leaving no choice for the courts but to recognize the governments which Congress has approved.

Undoubtedly it is no light matter that the highest court in the land should thus disclaim the power of enquiring into the constitutionality of an act of Congress destroying the government of ten States. For it must be observed that every word of Mr. Stanbery's argument would be just as applicable if Massachusetts, instead of Georgia, were the complainant, and if Congress had undertaken to overthrow a State government which it at the same time admitted to be perfectly legitimate. No State in the Union, therefore, can rely upon the Supreme Court for protection against the usurpations of Congress. This is a grave fact, which deserves serious consideration.

And yet, notwithstanding all the perils of such a decision, it is clear that it is justified by reason and experience. There is a point in all controversies beyond which no court can safely go. Political economy has demonstrated that human legislation has its sphere, in attempting to transcend which, no matter how worthy the motive may be, it only works the more injury as it strives to attain an ideal good. And so the sphere of judicial action is limited by natural laws, and the judge who goes beyond his proper jurisdiction for the sake of doing perfect justice, really injures the cause which he aims to serve. He may be able to do justice in the particular case in hand, but he cannot help creating a precedent full of evil.

Purely political controversies are, of all things, the least amenable to the jurisdiction of a court. The origin and existence of a state, the existence and justice of a war, or the validity of a revolutionary change in the form of government, are all of them questions which no nation ever allowed its courts to determine. The highest court of republican France met in December, 1851, and regularly deposed Louis Napoleon, declaring all his acts to be void; but this decision, although unexceptionable in theory, has never been followed by any other court in the world. The Supreme Court of New York believed the Convention of 1846 to be unconstitutionally convened; but if it had attempted to enforce its views, it would have made itself ridiculous. The Supreme Court of Missouri recently tried the experiment, and was simply crushed out of existence. Even where the courts have achieved a temporary success in such a course of action, their degradation has been eventually brought about by it. Thus, the Superior Court of New York City, some years ago, interposed for the protection of the city against the plundering schemes of the Common Council; but the plunder has gone on in different forms, while the court has been changed from the ablest to the weakest tribunal in the State. Politicians found that the court might prejudice their interests if left to the control of able and honest men, and they speedily found an excuse for turning such men out.

All devices for protection against the will of a decided majority of the governing class are certain to fail; and nothing is more unwise than to thrust a few judges across the path which such a majority have resolved to pursue. As the Attorney-General pointed out in his argument, two-thirds of Congress, united in the pursuit of any object, can crush everything which stands in their way. As a practical question, it is useless to oppose them; and, as a question of principle, it is more in accordance with the republican idea to trust a large body, fresh from the people, with the decision of political questions, and even with the legal interpretation of a political instrument, than a small body of men not governed by the views nor familiar with the wishes of the people. Congress, as well as the Supreme Court, is sworn to obey the Constitution; why should the one be trusted to keep its oath rather than the other?

The immediate results of the decision just rendered by the court are unqualifiedly beneficial. Even if the suit had been merely entertained, without a decision upon the merits, the effect upon the South must have been very injurious, while it is difficult to estimate the mischief that might have been wrought by the entire success of the complainant. It could not have saved the State from the ultimate control of Congress, and it would have introduced new elements of evil into the conflict. We think that every intelligent Southerner—certainly every shrewd lawyer or politician—feels relieved by the decision. Certainly it is a cause for gratulation among all friends of regulated liberty.

The speedy reorganization of the South under the Reconstruction act is now made all but certain; and this done, it is the duty of all friends of peace, prosperity, and reform to press for the adoption of a constitutional amendment prohibiting disfranchisement or other political distinctions on account of color. We need this at once to settle the negro question for ever, or, in other words, to ensure justice and tranquillity, and to enable us to give a reasonable amount of attention to the removal of other abuses. Time spent in trying to get Congress to force negro suffrage on the States by act, we regard, even if it can be shown that Congress has the power, to be time wasted.

LAND FOR THE LANDLESS.

MR. SUMNER gave expression in the Senate, two months ago or more, to the opinion that the grant of "a piece of land" to each colored head of a family "was necessary to conclude the glorious work of emancipation." In answer to enquiries as to where "the piece of land" was to come from, he said it might come from land sold for taxes, and might *have* come out of the property of applicants for pardon as a condition of the pardon. The exact size of "the piece of land" was not settled by Mr. Sumner. This important detail, as well as we can make out, was left to Mr. Phillips, who has decided that the superficial area of the farm which each negro head of a family ought to have, in order to complete the work of emancipation, is forty acres. Mr. Phillips, as might be expected, is not troubled with Mr. Sumner's doubts about where the land ought to be got. He has determined offhand, and with a confidence which makes the difficulty that has been found in governing the world perfectly incomprehensible, that the required number of forty-acre farms ought to be secured by wholesale confiscation of rebel property. But even Mr. Phillips does not seem to have given the subject all the attention it merits; for there was not a word said about it at the last meeting of the Anti-Slavery Association until, towards the close, Colonel Higginson delivered himself of his views upon it, which seems to have wakened Mr. Phillips up to a sense of his neglect, for he drew a confiscation resolution on the spot, and it was passed, of course, without a moment's delay. Whether Mr. Sumner originated the idea or not, it is certain that it has made considerable progress, and, as might be expected, finds great favor amongst the Southern Radicals, and is now a topic at loyalist meetings. At the Hunnicutt convention, a few weeks ago, it was received with enthusiasm; and if the great body of the freedmen throughout the South are not greatly taken by it when it is urged upon their attention, it will show that they surpass in wisdom and self-restraint and honesty any landless class that has ever yet appeared in history. The Southern whites already begin to be considerably alarmed by it, especially in the States in which the blacks are in the majority, and Governor Perry uses it freely, and we may be sure others will do the same, to dissuade the white population from voting for a convention under the Reconstruction act. The amount of mischief which the agitation of the scheme may do, either in postponing reconstruction or preventing the great body of the late rebels from taking part in it, is, we think, incalculable. The argument of the advocates of the confiscation scheme is substantially this: Land is necessary to complete the glorious work of emancipation—forty acres, or thereabouts, for each head of a family; in most States the whites take every pains to prevent negroes acquiring land, and will not sell it even to those who are able to purchase it; the Government does not own any land in the rebel States, or not enough; it is, therefore, right and expedient to seize the land of persons who have taken part in the rebellion or aided it—that is, of the entire landholding class—and divide it amongst the poor, both black and white.

Now, we totally deny the assumption that the distribution of other people's land to the negroes is necessary to complete the work of emancipation. We admit that farmers make the best citizens of a republic, and that the possession of land does exercise a conservative and elevating influence on character, but so does the possession of railroad stock or Government bonds or good clothes. But there is no mysterious virtue in land which makes the manner in which it is acquired of no consequence; like everything else, whether it will prove a blessing or a curse to the holder depends on how he gets it. If he has inherited it from an honest father, as most of our farmers have, or has bought it with the proceeds of honest industry, it is pretty sure to prove a blessing. If he has got it by gambling, swindling, or plunder, it will prove a curse. In this respect it differs in no degree from gold or any other kind of property. A large fortune amassed by hard work and upright dealing ought to, and in most cases does, improve the character of its owner, and cannot be regarded, on the whole, as anything but a benefit for him and all connected with him. A large fortune acquired by cheating, gambling, or robbery is almost sure, if not squandered in riotous living, to kill the soul of him who makes it—to render all labor irksome to him, all gains slowly acquired seem not worth having, and patience and scrupulousness seem marks of imbecility. This is in fact one of the oldest and most familiar truths in the world—a truth which every generation in every country sees illustrated every day. Farms taken from the rightful owners by the strong hand of power as a piece of political vengeance wreaked without the intervention of courts of justice, in defiance of the forms of law and to the ruin of the innocent and helpless, have never, we are glad to say, brought anything to the takers but political and moral blight and damnation. No community built up in this way ever enjoyed its booty, or ever held it without being depraved by it. This mode of political propagandism has been tried by the English in Ireland, by the Turks in Turkey, by the Spaniards in America, and it has in every case debauched those who tried it. At the South the white has for two hundred years robbed the black, and he is atoning for it to-day in sackcloth and ashes; if we now set the black to rob the white, we may be sure that like retribution will speedily follow. The negro is just entering on free life, and if he is fit to vote, as we believe he is if evil-minded demagogues will let him alone, he is also fit to win a farm for himself as a poor white man has to win it. If it be deemed desirable that he should have land without waiting to earn it, it ought to be given him out of Government lands, and it would be better for the nation to spend five hundred millions in settling him on them rather than allow or encourage him to use his ballot for the purpose of helping himself to his neighbor's goods.

Nor does the proposal to allow the poor whites to share with him in the fruits of confiscation deprive the scheme of one particle of its repulsiveness. Equality is a good thing, but there are certain transactions which it cannot redeem. A division of rich men's land amongst the landless, as the result of a triumph at the polls, would give a shock to our whole social and political system from which it would hardly recover without the loss of liberty. Every election would thenceforward threaten property, and men of property, we may be sure, would find, as they have found under similar circumstances in all countries, the means of protecting themselves—but not through constitutional government.

What the negroes want is education. Let us vote millions for schools, tens of millions for books and papers, but not one cent for gifts or largesses. No man in America has any right to anything which he has not honestly earned, or which the lawful owner has not thought proper to give him. We do not want to see reproduced, in the middle of the nineteenth century and in a Christian republic, the depraved and worthless mob who, in the declining days of Rome, purchased with their votes the privilege of living in idleness on the spoil of the public enemy. We are thus earnest in calling attention to this matter because there are a hundred indications that the talk of confiscation is already unsettling the minds of the negroes, turning their steps away from the paths of peaceful industry, and teaching them to look for comfort and independence in the wilds of political intrigue. If the ballot and education are not sufficient to secure their elevation, other means must be tried; but the Northern public cannot one minute too soon silence or rebuke those who seek to place organized plunder amongst these means. A negro farmer, squatted on his forty acres of confiscated land, with the former owner, or the children of the former owner, living around him, hatred in their hearts and curses on their lips, would be one of the most pitiable objects in creation. He would never lie down at night with the certainty of seeing the morning sun; never leave his home with the certainty of re-entering it. There are already plenty of barbarizing influences at work in Southern society, influences which it will for years take the whole force of Northern civilization to combat. A forcible redivision of lands would create another and a more powerful one than any, and one which the growth of knowledge would do nothing to weaken, for hatred of the spoiler is, perhaps, the only one of the passions which civilization, instead of checking, stimulates. The freedmen and loyalists are about in all the States to take part in framing constitutions, and if they do not regulate the landlords and laws of landlord and tenant in such a way as to facilitate the acquisition and retention of homes by poor men, they will prove more foolish or shortsighted than we take them to be.

THE CABLE NEWSMONGER.

The gentleman who bamboozles the American public with European "news," through the Atlantic Cable and the morning papers of this city, has during the last fortnight had his resources as an inventor and deluder very severely tasked. Up to the moment when it was positively announced that the basis of a treaty had been arranged preparatory to the meeting of the Conference in London, he had had things completely his own way. He had armed Prussia, armed France, sent tons on tons of ammunition to the Rhine, and had caused "political circles" and "financial circles" to shake with anxiety. But the positive announcement that the terms of a treaty were settled would have been to an ordinary man a heavy blow. He, however, was nothing daunted, and went to work again with an energy which suggests the inference that he must be an American, and a Californian of the early gold period to boot. The King of Prussia made no mention of the Luxembourg affair in his address at the opening of the Chambers, whereupon our newsmonger flashed the news over the wires, with a comment of his own, which was intended to prepare us for the worst—as much as to say, "This talk of the Conference is all very fine; but wait a little." As the news about the Conference still continued to look peaceful, however, we got over the shock of the King's silence, and were waiting hopefully, when, on Tuesday week, our newsman fished up his courage, and informed us that "*it was reported* the leading powers hesitated to carry out the proposition for guaranteeing the neutrality of the Grand Duchy, and that its people wanted to be annexed to Belgium." Now, we have no doubt that this was "reported;" but we have no hesitation in asserting that he "reported" it himself after having first invented it. The Conference had not met, but it was on the point of meeting when he telegraphed the tale; the members had their powers and instructions in their pockets, and the "leading powers" had no longer any hesitation about the matter, and if they had, the news-agent had no earthly means of finding it out. The "report" that the people of the duchy wanted to be annexed to

Belgium was about as valuable a piece of news as a report that the people of Connecticut prefer nutmeg-melons to watermelons. Perhaps they do; but whether they do or do not, no telegrapher can tell any better than anybody else.

He was not satisfied with reporting that the "leading powers hesitated to guarantee the neutrality of the Duchy." He sent this valuable information on the morning of Tuesday, the 7th inst. During the day he appears to have begun to feel that we should not be sufficiently alarmed by it. So, at two o'clock in the afternoon, he made up his mind to give us another dose, and accordingly telegraphed:

> "Notwithstanding the preliminaries looking to the preservation of peace, France and Prussia are both rapidly arming. This course is producing distrust and alarm in financial circles here and elsewhere."

Now, it is quite true that both France and Prussia are "rapidly arming." They have been doing so for some months past. France is putting the Chassepôt rifle in the hands of all her troops, and is largely increasing her total force—a process which is the consequence not of the Luxembourg affair, but of the campaign of 1866. Prussia, too, is introducing her military organization into all the recently annexed states, and is arming the new troops with the needle-gun, and is making a variety of reforms suggested by the experience of the last war. So that this information had about as much significance in itself as an announcement that "movements of troops" were going on in Russia, or that the Dutch were firmly resolved not to abandon Holland. The assertion by which it is followed is, however, a gem of imposition. When a man says that a certain thing "is producing distrust and alarm in financial circles here and elsewhere" he cannot possibly be convicted of lying, because you can never show that nobody in "financial circles" has felt distrust or alarm. In the first place, you do not know where the particular "financial circles" he refers to are to be found. You may be able to prove that there is no alarm felt in Rothschild's "circle;" but there are thousands of "financial circles" besides this one, and if the newsmonger could induce three Hebrew "note-shavers" in London to say that they were frightened out of their wits by the military preparations in France and Prussia it would not be difficult to vindicate him from the charge of positive falsehood. Then, also, "elsewhere" is a region of enormous possibilities. It contains, for certain, thousands of "financial circles," and it would be as unsafe to assert that none of them was alarmed by Bismark's and Louis Napoleon's performances as to assert that there were no red-haired colonels in the French army because you had never happened to see one. But, nevertheless, as a piece of political news intended to throw light on an important question, the Cable despatch was absolutely worthless, for it was one of those announcements in which the authority on which it is made is everything. It would have great importance coming from Rothschild; coming from our friend, the news-agent on the other side, it was simply an impudent attempt to practise on our credulity.

On Thursday last he had become sufficiently emboldened by the impunity which had attended his earlier efforts to inform us that "the demands of the Prussian Cabinet were assuming a menacing tone." We have no hesitation in pronouncing this a deliberate invention of his own, and have very little doubt that it was produced in aid of some stockjobber. The Conference had met the previous day (Wednesday), probably for a formal exchange of powers, and had adjourned till Thursday, the very day on which this mendacious despatch was sent. It is ridiculous to suppose that the Prussian Cabinet, having committed the Luxembourg matter to the hands of its representative in London, had after this made any move whatever in it, or made any "demands" on anybody pending the negotiations. Whatever it would have to say about it, it would say in despatches to its minister for his guidance at the Conference, and it is by no means likely that he hurried down to the lodgings of the veracious reporter of the New York press to make him acquainted with Count Bismark's private and particular wishes. The second meeting of the Conference was, in fact, held on Thursday morning, probably just about the time our agent was sending off his last canard, and before it reached this city the terms of peace had been agreed on—a fact which the worthy unblushingly communicated to us on that very evening. On Friday the negotiations were closed, and all was settled.

We doubt if a more disgraceful story is to be met with in the history of news-collecting than the "story of the Cable" during the European crisis. We have no hesitation in saying that the telegraph has been used persistently not for purposes of enlightenment and instruction, but in aid of gold gamblers, and with marked contempt for the intelligence of the American public, and that the greater portion of the press in this city, at least, instead of protecting their readers against these attempts on their credulity and their pockets, have connived at or assisted in the imposture. The New York *Times* is, as far as we know, the only daily morning paper which made any attempt to sift the despatches or expose their untrustworthiness. The matter is one to which newspaper proprietors ought, for their own credit and the safety of their readers, to turn their attention. If the newsmonger in London who forwards these cable despatches is not under their control, they ought to have the work done by somebody who is, and pay him for doing it well; and whenever they publish any telegraphic news from Europe which is likely to affect the money market, and which does not reach them through the authorized channels, they ought to formally disclaim all responsibility for it.

FEDERAL JUDGES AT THE SOUTH.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN is said, by his various biographers, to have maintained throughout the late war an undoubting faith in the complete restoration of the Union. It may be so, but we must admit that some circumstances cast a doubt upon the question. And of all the difficulties in the way of our belief in the assertion, we reckon as among the most insuperable the appointment of Messrs. Underwood and Busteed to the position of United States district judges in the Southern States. No one can persuade us that Mr. Lincoln seriously expected, when he made these appointments, that either of those gentlemen would ever have an opportunity to perform his judicial duties, or rather to prove, upon a large scale, his incapacity for performing them. The act was one of Mr. Lincoln's practical jokes, perpetrated to relieve his mind from the burden which oppressed it, as well as to rid himself (harmlessly, as he supposed) of a couple of bores. We remember that he first nominated Mr. Busteed for a generalship, and then, conscientiously scrupulous about making a joke at the expense of the army, suddenly relieved his *protégé* from the duty of superintending a charge of bayonets, where he might do mischief, and assigned him to the light and safe duty of charging imaginary juries from an imaginary bench. Mr. Lincoln's enemies discerned a graver motive for his action, and averred that he designed to make it impossible for Alabama to return to the Union, by impaling it on a dilemma, of which one horn was secession without Judge Busteed and the other reunion with him. But we are satisfied with our own theory of the appointment.

Judge Underwood is a man of a different stamp from Judge Busteed, resembling him, indeed, only as both of them remind one of the patriarch Necessity, which, as we learnt at school, "knows no law." Necessity, we suppose, suggested the appointments, and, if the proverb is true, necessity alone can justify them. We believe that Mr. Underwood was not a lawyer at all; and although when compared with *such* a lawyer as Mr. (better known to an irreverent public as "Dick") Busteed he is perhaps to be preferred, still it is scarcely a safe rule in selecting men for high offices to hold that an appointment may be justified by showing that it was possible to have done worse. *Some* knowledge of the law, we humbly submit, is to be desired in the judge of a United States court; nor can we concede that Mr. Underwood's experience as a justice of the peace will bring him up to our very moderate standard. We knew him some years ago as a rather long-winded old gentleman who, like one or two other refugees we wot of, was ever ready to bestow all his tediousness upon us. We sympathized with him under his misfortunes, but we never dreamed that he would seek for consolation in a high judicial office.

No position in the country demands greater ability, dignity, and discretion of its occupant than that of a Federal judge in the South. It is the duty of such an officer to maintain, in the midst of a hostile community, an interpretation of the fundamental law utterly distasteful to them, and yet to divest his mind of all feelings which would disqualify him from administering impartial justice with courtesy and calmness. None but a strong and well-balanced mind will be able, under such circumstances, to avoid the temptation to an obsequious suppression of the truth on the one hand, without indulging, on the other, in that bitter resentment which naturally results from the uncivil treatment given by Southerners to those who will not bend to their will. Judge Underwood was never flattered by the press or people of Richmond, and was, therefore, not tempted to become subservient to them; but their insults have goaded him to a most unseemly exhibition of temper upon the bench, which must utterly destroy his usefulness as a judge.

And now there is some prospect of his being entrusted with the most important trial ever known in our history; in which, if it is not to be a sorry farce, the very foundations of our Government are to be tested; in which the ablest lawyers of the land will be engaged, and in which a slight blunder would give treason a moral victory. We know of but one thing which the judge can do that is worse than to cause the acquittal of Davis, and that is, to pack a jury and convict him. Nothing good can possibly come from such a case in such hands.

We have felt it our duty to speak plainly of these things because the downward path of the judiciary requires plain dealing. We cannot with a good grace censure Democratic judges in New York for recklessness and indecency, if we do not censure other judges for the same faults elsewhere. And the conduct of judges at the South is, as we have pointed out, a matter of special importance. They have it in their power largely to aid or to hinder the work of reconstruction. By mingled patience and firmness they can win the affection of the loyal and command the respect of the disloyal. Most of them, we are glad to believe, are doing so, and are in all respects well qualified for their position. We wish that the friends of the others would impress upon them that loyalty is not properly manifested by ranting speeches from the bench. No Copperhead has of late struck a worse blow at the Union cause than Judge Underwood administered in the rigmarole which he poured forth the other day in the disguise of a charge to the grand jury at Richmond.

THE RELEASE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

JEFFERSON DAVIS is at last liberated on bail. We are glad that this step has been taken, both as an act of justice in itself and as an indication that his trial is approaching. The detention of Mr. Davis while the last embers of war were being stamped out was clearly justifiable; but from the time that the authority of the United States was established beyond question, his imprisonment could be sustained only upon the same grounds as that of any other person accused of high crimes. Nobody had the slightest fear (we might say *hope*) that he would run away, if released; and his continued duress has been simply an act of punishment before his conviction. Such punishment is directly contrary to the spirit of our laws; and has only been tolerated by the American people in this case because of their intense hatred of the man and of the cause which he represents, and because of the technical difficulties which stood in the way of his conviction for a crime of which, if it existed at all, every one knew him to be guilty. Yet these are not reasons sufficient to justify the course which has been pursued, and which has added another to the many dangerous precedents of the war.

The trial of Mr. Davis, if it can be conducted in a satisfactory manner, will have some important and beneficial results. An honest jury cannot fail to find the prisoner guilty, as far as the mere facts are concerned. The real controversy will be before the court, to determine whether those facts constitute treason. No authoritative decision has yet been rendered upon that question. The only convictions for treason against the United States, so far as we are aware, took place in California and Kentucky before the United States district courts. It will be remembered that a party of desperadoes in California attempted to seize a Government vessel for privateering purposes. They were convicted and sentenced to death, but their sentences were commuted to imprisonment. The convicted parties were all pardoned long ago, and there is not now a single individual suffering punishment for treason to the United States. These trials were had in the lowest Federal courts, and the offences of the persons convicted were committed under circumstances which did not afford them the protection of regular warfare. Nor were they citizens of a seceded State, acting in or issuing from that State for military purposes. The Kentucky convict was a citizen of Kentucky, and could only have made his case worse by justifying under the authority of Tennessee as a seceded and foreign State. The California party was made up of nondescripts from various nations and States, all of them, however, residents of California, and therefore clearly without excuse for hostile acts. But no court has yet had an opportunity to determine whether the commander of a regular army, conducting war against the United States upon equal terms, and in the name of a hostile government, can be convicted of treason. Of course we, in common with the majority of the American people, think that he can and should be; but very able and sincere men think otherwise, and the question ought, by all means, to receive a judicial and conclusive solution. We only regret that the law provides for no appeal in criminal cases to the Supreme Court, so that all the judges could take part in the decision.

It would be a most remarkable fact if, after four years of civil war, posterity should be left in doubt whether it was or was not treason to wage such war against the United States. The discussion may be carried on in newspapers and reviews a hundred years hence with even more vigor than it has been in our own day. The success of a war waged expressly against the theory of secession would be cited on one side; but, on the other hand, the fact that, after having achieved such a complete triumph, the Federal Government could not secure the conviction of a single man for treason, might be cited with at least equal force upon the other side. Why, it may justly be said, if the acts of Davis and Lee were treasonable, were they not convicted of treason? As far as General Lee is concerned, a sufficient explanation is given in the terms of his surrender; but in respect to Mr. Davis no such explanation is possible.

It may be said that the prospect of future rebellions is remote and visionary, and that no practical good can result from a conviction of treason, followed (as it doubtless would be) by a commutation of the sentence. But in this country theories and precedents have a value unknown in any other, even in England, from which we have learned to rely upon precedents. We can never expect to be entirely free from elements of danger, and for centuries to come we shall need all the security which can be given by judicial expositions of our fundamental law. Not for purposes of vengeance, nor yet for the mere satisfaction of a theory, but for the sake of removing all doubt as to the allegiance of American citizens and the perpetuity of our Government, we should desire to see Jefferson Davis fairly tried, and his guilt determined by a tribunal commanding universal respect.

A FAIR IN A PALACE.

BERLIN, April 14, 1867.

THE late Bohemian campaign has thrown open a large field for benevolent enterprise, and the Crown Princess has not failed to take that field with as much cheerful energy as did her husband that of last summer, and I may add with as much success. The benevolent object was to get together a fund, to bear the name of the "Victoria-National-Invaliden Stiftung," for the benefit of the wounded and maimed of '66. In order to collect funds and to give a novel impulse to the purses of the capital, the Crown Princess undertook to get up a ladies' sale in the halls of her own palace, where for the last six days there has been enacting a scene as novel as attractive, the softening moral effects of which on this most *uncajolable* of capitals may probably be great. There have not been wanting those, however, who carp at the too great condescension shown in the late throwing open of the palatial doors for the purposes of benevolent trade. It was thoroughly amusing to listen to the arguments that were brought to bear. A sovereign, by the showing of those persons, might stoop to almost any species of immorality of behavior—that was princely, for that they were accustomed to—but to be actively benevolent, industrious by hand and deed, as the Crown Princess has been in behalf of her project, was very unroyal; it was unprecedented.

But I shall leave the cavillers "to digest the venom of their spleen," and join the thousands of those who with me rejoiced in the sight of the princely pair laboring with and for their subjects, at once the Gospel rendering of their high position and the only one adapted to the democratic nineteenth century. To assist the Princess in the practical carrying out of her plan, first in collecting and afterwards in selling, a staff was selected of twenty-seven ladies distinguished for rank, beauty, or wealth, or all three together, who beat up Berlin and sent, some of them, literally wagon-loads of articles to the palace; while the Princess herself, with some help—which helps informed me she worked "like any Bürgerfrau"—undertook the difficult and irksome task of looking over, selecting, and arranging. Rich gifts came from all parts of Europe, and the ladies' sale promised to become a bazaar in all its Oriental brilliancy.

On Monday, April 8, all the arrangements were completed, and at noon the main entrance to the palace was given up to the public. The minimum admission was sixpence, and two of the wounded heroes received the patriotic pence on silver plates in the vestibule. The rain came down in torrents that day and the two following, causing the Princess serious concern lest the "Bürgerfrauen," who would wish to dress in their best and could not afford a cab, should be prevented from coming. Indeed, on the first day only the Princess's "carriage friends" came and the great open space in front of the palace was filled up by them. Few entered on their humble boots as I did.

Turning to the right, we first entered what appeared to be a small anteroom, richly furnished with carved wood pieces. From this into a long hall, converted for the time being into a refreshment-room, where presided some of the most attractive of the twenty-seven assistants over a table of dainties; liquids and solids in due proportion. Great liveliness prevailed in this department, and wit and laughter flowed more freely than did the wine and bouillon, though they too found delicately appreciative palates. We hear, for instance, of "a liqueur" paid for with a fifty-thaler note, and of a half-penny roll and caviar with a one-hundred-thaler note; also of a lump of gingerbread—but Nuremberg gingerbread, mind—bought for one hundred and fifty thalers by the widow of the celebrated composer of "L'Africaine."

Passing this hall we entered a long gallery, where sixteen stalls were most tastefully arranged, ten to the left and six to the right. They were hung with red, like tents, and surmounted with Prussian colors and eagles. This gallery runs into the Rotunda, or Gedächtnisshalle, where was the chief attraction, namely, the Crown Princess, who, assisted by some ladies, was kept incessantly occupied from twelve to four making sales. But the well-bred crowd is still so great that I cannot elbow my way through to the rotunda, and shall employ my slow progress onwards in giving some idea of the arrangements and of the articles exposed. An unseen band at this moment strikes up the national hymn, and Majesty in person enters. A pleasant little flutter of additional excitement is observable, for the King leaves a pleasant or a gallant word wherever he turns, and is, besides, "first-foot" to almost every stall there. And what was there not to buy in this Arabian hall? The stalls to the left offer the choicest selection of china, glass, bronze, hardware, jewelry, precious stones, embroidery, basket-work, writing materials, dainty bits of dress, and carved wood. Among the most valuable or remarkable objects were four drinking-cups of the sovereigns Frederick II. and Frederick William III. and IV., a painted glass flagon and glass of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and an inkstand in exact imitation of Frederick the Great's, purchasable only by a member of the royal blood. The above articles were contributed by the Crown Prince. From Russia came two fine malachite vases, valued at £90 apiece; likewise an album bound in malachite; from the Queen of England two magnificent Indian shawls, both bought, I am told, by the richest silk-mercer here, a Jew. The Grand Duchess of Baden contributed an assortment of cuckoo clocks in richly carved cases, and the Queen of Sweden a fur cloak. Another royal and generous donor was the Prince of Wales, whose gifts of Oriental ornaments and Turkish and Japanese weapons took up a whole compartment to themselves, and were sold off the first day. The six tables to the right were devoted exclusively to objects of art—oil pictures from distinguished hands, water-color drawings and prints, and especially five photographs from originals, were placed about in attractive and rich profusion. As special objects of interest, however, were two life-size heads, one of a vegetable and one of a fruit girl, painted by the Crown Princess from life, and purchased by the King for 4,000 thalers (£600). They are highly creditable productions—I do not mean for a princess, nor yet for a woman, but just for an artist. The different textures are finely given, the firm-fleshed cherries creditably rounded off, and the faces have much and true expression. The same royal artist and Begas were the sole occupiers of the sculpture table. The living stream has borne me on almost to the arched entrance to the Gedächtnisshalle, when I am stopped by a crowd clustering round a bower to the left. A very brisk sale of flowers is going on in this "Bude." A small, swarthy-complexioned man steps up and selects the very daintiest of bouquets—camellias and roses, if I could see them!—and lays down a thousand thalers on the silver plate. He does not wait for the nine hundred and ninety of change, but edges his diminutive person through the crowd till he finds himself opposite the Crown Princess, to whom with every mark of respect and gallantry he presents the nosegay from his master the Sultan! "Well worthy of the golden prime of good Haroun al Raschid!"

At length the rotunda is reached, and the lady who seems most lively and is most simply dressed is the Crown Princess, looking at that moment "the sweetest lady of the time." She is giving change for a shilling to the buyer of some of her wares and calling attention to her other articles. She does not deal in gold and silver and jewels, but in baby-baskets, cradles, staring Highlandmen-dolls, unmistakable little shoes and jackets, penny trumpets, and such like. Rich people might go to the other splendidly arrayed tables, but at hers the poorest might spend his sixpence. Besides, there was scope and opportunity for the rich man to spend his gold. Many paid their sixpence just to gaze and go; others trembled to find just two feet of table between them and a real, live princess, and had to be reminded to move on; some bought together the strangest collection of articles—it was too delightful to have a princess serve them. On one of the days a stolid, bulky Pomeranian, confronting her, addressed her thus: "Meine liebe Frau Kronprinzessin, I want to buy your eldest son." She answered: "I am very sorry I have sold all my eldest sons; and I had so many." "It would have been something for my whole life if I had bought it from you," returned the man. His address was taken, and the promise given to send the eldest son. He received a hint he should now move on, but he, turning once again to the Princess, said: "Frau Kronprinzessin, since you have promised to send me your son, you may as well send me the whole of you!"

But such incidents are far too numerous for any more to find a place here. Propriety bade me move on too, but it was with regret I left the Princess's "shop." Nor was the touch of humor wanting. The Crown Prince presided over a certain pink bag designed to entrap innocent souls. "Ein kühner Griff, 10 sgr." ("one good grab for ten zwanzigers") was printed outside of it, and whoever was bold enough to risk his money came off with a wooden spoon, a sugar mannikin, an empty box, etc., etc., for his reward. The bag was a most popular institution, thanks to the never-failing flow of humor and affability of the Prince. As the fame of the bazaar spread, the crowd increased from day to day. The two last days the concourse was so enormous that the palace doors had to be shut, and the crowd up-stairs thinned off before others were admitted. The last day the admission was one thaler, which likewise included a ticket for the coming raffle.

The results of the sale are, I hear, highly satisfactory. The proceeds of the first three days amounted to about $21,000. The attempt was a bold one on the part of the Crown Princess to run counter, as she did, to long-rooted aristocratic prejudices. But say what one may, it has been a triumph, and a triumph as much of the individual as of the Princess; and her sound head and brave heart will one day be a glory to the mighty throne that she is destined to fill.

Fine Arts.

FORTY-SECOND EXHIBITION OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

THIRD NOTICE.

It is hard to give any general name to that class of pictures of which our galleries always contain interesting specimens, the class to which belong pictures of plucked fruit, of flowers in vases, of flowering or other small plants painted near at hand and as principal subject; of "foreground" in general. The recognized master of this school is William Hunt—"old William Hunt"—who died in 1864. There is, perhaps, no other artist of very great and unusual powers who has given much of his best energy and feeling to the painting of such simple subjects. All the very great painters of the world can finish minutely when they choose, and in their elaborate and complete works they generally do so, taking great pleasure in the patterns of embroidery worn by their St. Barbaras and St. Cecilys, and in the wild flowers at their feet. But the painting of the same lovely things, unassociated with human life, and unassociated with the contrasted vastness of general landscape, has seldom been the chosen work of the strongest men. Little else than technical skill can be shown in fruit and flower painting; intellect and character only as they affect eye and hand. But the highest technical skill is very dependent upon intellect and character; and there is certainly as much of William Hunt, the man, in his wonderful plums and grapes as there is of the personality of many a strong religious or historical painter in his own more pretentious work.

Those men who do not devote themselves wholly or, as William Hunt did, in great part to these simple foreground subjects, yet study in this way, if they are wise and at all in earnest about their work. The best landscape painters know that a forest cannot be painted without skill to paint a single tree, nor a tree without skill to paint a sprig of leaves. The best figure painters know that without the skill to draw the folds of drapery it is in vain to ask for skill to paint the wrinkles of the brow. And as the diligent and devoted men work hard at such things when they are young and still students, so they work at them at often-recurring intervals when they have gained skill and knowledge—skill and knowledge which they wish to retain. Mr. Vedder's little picture, spoken of two weeks ago, is little more than a study of simple and delicate things near at hand. Mr. Vedder is neither a highly-trained artist nor yet anything of a tyro; we are very much in need of highly-trained artists in America, and will wait while he studies drapery and tapestry, and afterward the figure, to his satisfaction. Mr. Moore is not a consummate landscape painter, nor yet by any means only a beginner; and we are glad to see him painting simple details so resolutely. His picture of apples (No. 146) is hung too high to be rightly judged. Lower, it would be found unequalled by anything of the sort in the exhibition, and unsurpassed in technical qualities by any work of its class in America. As a picture, it is not quite right; the three apples make too bright and isolated a spot of light upon a subdued ground; they are too vivid and sharp-edged where all else is soft and rather monotonous. But in the mere rounding of the fruit, and in the gradation of its varying color, there is delicacy of touch well used, and very good management of the pigments. The roundness is got without any toning down or dulling of color, and by just matching the hues of the models bit by bit, as they appear modified on the under side and toward the outline. It is impossible to find any part especially worthy of praise where all the work is quite faultless as far as it goes, and that is far. The Japanese tray is capital, the reflections of the apples plainly seen, though dulled in color, where the lacquer of the tray is most brilliant, and disappearing entirely where the bronzed flowers cross them. We say again that this picture needs close examination, without which it cannot be at all rightly seen. It needs, moreover, a frame of a totally different character from the one it now has. Mr. Moore's other fruit piece is by no means so good, and especially inferior in its quality of color. In the landscape No. 522 there is some admirable foreground work, rocks and weeds, an admirable cedar inlaid in a pure blue sky, a boat on the beach of unsurpassable truth of lines; all these under a rather dim kind of sunlight and hardly in full color, but wonderfully subtle in drawing.

Miss Wenzler has some very well painted apples in a picture in the West room, No. 579. Of four pictures by this artist this one seems to us much the best. It is very prettily made up as a picture, and lacks only fresher green of leaves to be a most desirable possession to any lover of nature or of pictures.

Mr. Newman's little drawing, No. 107, Japanese still life, a study of red, black, and gold, is quite agreeable in spite of what seems to have been an attempt to give roundness and projection to the flat birds in gold lacquer on a tray. The poppy is very good; but to have made the "still life" wholly Japanese the poppy ought to have been a camellia japonica, unless these indeed are of a Japanese variety of poppy.

Mr. Farrer year by year gains greater skill in those foreground studies in which he succeeds better than in landscape. Of his work of this kind there are four pictures that seem to us peculiarly good—of which four only one is in this exhibition. The painting of trailing arbutus was at Mr. Knoedler's gallery last spring, the painting of clematis was at Mr. Schaus's gallery in the fall, the drawing of fringed gentian has not been publicly exhibited, and the painting of "Summer Flowers" is in the corridor now, and numbered 156. This last has the fault that it is not sunny, although there are shadows thrown by little spires of grass across the white petals of the ox-eye daisies. The colors are not paled as by sunshine, but in full glow and very warm and rich. It is probably the best piece of coloring in an oil picture that Mr. Farrer has exhibited, and it is a charming bit of nature-tangled grasses, tall white and yellow daisies, a few buttercups, and a host of great red clover blossoms at their feet among the clover leaves, are all growing together till the (hay) harvest. That is done in this picture with oil paint which could hardly be done with water-color; for the thin spires of grass are almost modelled in the pigment, laid on one over another till they catch the light like real stalks. This would be insufferable if the work were less well done; as it is, the picture is quite a wonderful piece of painting from nature. The small picture of dandelions, No. 271, in the North gallery, is also minute and elaborate—less agreeable in color than the summer flowers, though indeed Mr. Farrer's color does not seem to us his strong side, nor very delightful, at least in his oil painting. There are three water-color drawings in the corridor, of which our favorite is No. 106, of fleur-de-lis, somewhat flat but hardly the worse on that account, and in texture of petals really beautiful. The drawing of peaches is also admirable.

Mr. Henry Farrer has a very pleasant drawing of a red bird—No. 128. Mr. T. L. Bulson has some very delicate and minute pencil drawings—small, seemingly the elaborately careful work of a beginner.

It is pleasant to see the wood engravings that are exhibited. A number are by W. J. Linton, an English engraver of eminence whose work one meets in many carefully illustrated English books, who has made his home here, and has a chance to help us in a way in which we need help. But in Mr. Henry Marsh we have long had an engraver whose superior there has hardly been in the delicate work that has made his reputation. Much of his work, as in the copies of photographs in the "Life of Prescott," has been of a kind not wholly suitable to wood engraving, nor desirable to have done very often. The wonderful "Butterflies," in the frame No. 60, seem to be proof impressions of wood-cuts in a well-known book. The story goes that these woodcuts were made in close imitation from the creature laid beside the block. It is probably true, for the downy texture of the insect is reproduced with marvellous fidelity and with extraordinary beauty of result. It would be well to know how many copies can be taken from such blocks without entire loss of these effects, for that is a danger to be especially feared in such exquisite work.

Correspondence.

SCHOOL AND COLLEGE REFORM.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Your correspondent, "H. F. B.," who criticises my letter on this subject, does not, it seems to me, fairly meet the points at issue. I was not discussing the subject of admission to some future possible *university*, such as all lovers of literature and learning are hoping to see Harvard and Yale become, but the practical working of the present system of entrance examination to Yale and Harvard as they are now. Neither is the question so much as to the quantity of work actually set down upon the Greek and Latin examination-papers as in regard to its character, and the work which, from the character of the grammars prescribed, and the customary methods of using them, is supposed to lie behind those papers, as the necessary preparation for passing them. If "H. F. B." has had any practical experience in classical teaching, he must know that the practical effect of the system has been to produce in the schools a very great amount of dead mechanical memorizing of the minute grammatical details with which the grammars universally used are crowded; and that the evil has been intensified by the fact that those schools which are usually held up as the best models are the very schools in which this style of teaching is carried to the greatest extreme. Boys of ten to twelve years of age are set (or were set, for really the progress of educational improvement is nowadays so rapid that it is dangerous to speak in the present tense) to committing to memory page after page of each grammar's paradigms, rules, exceptions, and all as a needful preliminary to the reading of the simplest prose. I think that the best classical teachers have universally come to the conclusion that this is *not* the way to teach the classics, even if the grammars were ever so good; and when the process is applied to such books as "Andrews and Stoddard," it is no wonder that the result is far from satisfactory. "H. F. B." may say that teachers ought to know better; but *do* they know better? and how can it be expected that more than one in a hundred will have the ability or the courage to set himself against a recognized system? The ambition of the boys is not to know Greek and Latin, but to "enter clear," as the boys of —— school do; and they and their teachers naturally follow what are understood to be the ways of —— school, and to get up Hadley and Andrews and Stoddard with the greatest possible minuteness. I am happy to know that in the next Harvard catalogue all specification of particular grammars will be omitted. The next step should be for the accomplished professors at Yale or Harvard to make a set of those simple and thoroughly philosophical *elementary* grammars for boys. I will venture to say that they can do it with far more success than seems to have attended the labors of the nine English head-masters, if we can judge from the amusing protest which "A Grinder of Little Boys" published in the London *Times* the other day.

The reason why the Freshman year must be spent in grammatical drill is not, as "H. F. B." supposes, because so little, but because so *much*, grammar is required—or supposed to be required, for practically it comes to the same thing—for admission. So much is attempted that it is all badly done, and all has to be done over again. The result is that the student, before he arrives at the pleasures, is, in nineteen cases in twenty, wearied out with the pains of the classics.

In the very admirable "Report on the Study of Languages" presented to the Association of New England Colleges, written by President Hill, and signed also by President Sears and President Woolsey ("H. F. B." will find it in the supplement to the Boston *Daily Advertiser* for May 4), there occurs the following passage, to which all my own experience leads me to subscribe:

> "Grammar is an analysis of the usages of a language, and cannot be profitably and intelligently studied without some previous familiarity with those usages. Reading ought, therefore, to precede the study of grammar, and the study of grammar be entered upon gradually, and only as fast as the needs of the reading require it. The boy fitting for college should learn only so much of the grammar as may be required to enable him to construe intelligently the books on which he is to be examined; and this can be comprised in a very few pages of paradigms and rules. It would be hard to overstate the mischief wrought by forcing children to commit to memory several hundred pages of Greek and Latin grammar before they can read the simplest books in those tongues." . . . "One very marked advantage in larger reading and less extensive grammatical drill at the beginning of the course is that of making the pupil most familiar with what is of most frequent occurrence, and thus giving due *perspective* to the facts and principles of the language—a perspective which cannot be correctly given by the artificial mode of using two sizes of type in the grammar."

"H. F. B." is inclined also to question the opinion that the amount of classical reading required is too great. It is very true that the average age of candidates for admission to college is higher than formerly. But the following are the words of Dr. Taylor, as quoted in *The Massachusetts Teacher*, only last year: "A special difficulty in the way of critical classical study in the elementary course is found in the amount which the requirements of the colleges make it necessary for the scholar to go over before his admission. In the time usually devoted to preparation for college the amount is much greater than can possibly be studied with success and profit." Dr. Taylor is careful to add that he does not wish the actual amount diminished, but that its character should be changed, that what is learned should be learned thoroughly not only in respect to the words, but in respect to the subject-matter. It seems to me that he is right. How instructive, for instance, could a classical teacher make the study of one of Cicero's orations to a lad of sixteen in connection with Roman law and Roman government, if he had time to go into such details under the guidance of George Long and other modern commentators! How much more life it would give the dead Latin, what a useful and manly study it might be made for the future citizen, if, instead of being the mere illustration of grammatical pedantries, the Verrine or the Catilinarian orations were to be employed as the vehicles for imparting valuable information in regard to history and political antiquities! What if the teacher were to try to make the boys *love* Virgil's sweet poetry, as he might do if time were allowed for all that delightful collateral reading which the study of the Latin epic and pastoral poetry would naturally suggest? But the boys must be got through the whole, and their school-books are loaded down with pedantic notes cribbed from Forbiger. Simply to construe Cæsar is one of the sorest of a school-boy's tasks, but he would be interested if he could make the campaign under the guidance say of his Majesty the Emperor of the French.

Five or six books of the "Æneid" read carefully and critically, so that their full meaning and beauty shall be brought out, are a hundred times more valuable than the whole twelve as they are now usually studied. A few hundred beautiful lines committed to memory are worth more than as many pages of abstract rules, or of the stuff which goes by the name of Latin composition. A little knowledge of the poetry of the English language and of the nineteenth century, of which the average school-boy is now profoundly ignorant, would, one would think, be a useful help in forming his taste for the poetry of nineteen centuries ago—if, indeed, forming his taste were thought to be any part of a teacher's business. Utopian as the idea may seem at present, the time is fast coming, I think, when school-boys will be taught English as well as Greek and Latin.

As for instruction in physical science, I do not know that much need be said in reply to a writer whose notion of it seems to be that it is the mastery of "calibrating machines," whatever those may be, and the learning what kind of glass is best for test tubes. Nevertheless, there is an increasing number of persons who believe with Stuart Mill in the disciplinary value of the study of physical science, and who believe also that its rudiments are to be mastered, if ever, in youth—that they are even a better and more natural discipline for the youthful mind than the theories of German grammarians about Greek roots. Yet in the Cambridge High School, where there is exceptionally good provision made for the teaching of science, the candidates for college are the only class excluded from its benefits. If these candidates are a year older at the time of admission than formerly, it only makes the absurdity more glaring of their profound ignorance of the simplest rudiments of natural and physical knowledge. I believe no one will dispute the fact that that ignorance is all but universal in the young men who enter our colleges at the age of seventeen or eighteen.

W. P. A.

CAMBRIDGE, May 10, 1867.

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The Week.

The Supreme Court disposed of the last political question before it by denying Mr. Sharkey's motion for leave to amend the Mississippi complaint, and dismissing the suit. The court was equally divided upon the motion. We believe it is safe to say that Justices Clifford, Nelson, Wayne, and Field were in favor of granting the leave desired, and the Chief-Justice, with Justices Swayne, Miller, and Davis were opposed to it. Mr. Justice Grier was absent. The probability is that, if he had been present, he would have favored the amendment; and thus the question whether the court can interfere to protect the public *property* of a State remains undecided.

◆

Mr. Greeley has published his reasons for bailing Jefferson Davis. They are two in number—one, that Davis could not have been convicted in Virginia without packing a jury; the other, that the prisoner's counsel desired Mr. Greeley's name as a bondsman. He denies positively that he "labored with Judge Underwood in the premises," and says that "that upright jurist needs no defence from such an implication." Calling Mr. Underwood a "jurist" we consider an unseemly joke, and think Mr. Greeley ought to have known better than to make it on so solemn an occasion.

◆

Alexander H. Stephens says he always regarded Jefferson Davis as a man of kind heart who meant well in what he did, but was not fit to be the head of a nation in a time like that of the late war. He would listen to no advice and heed no warning; because he wanted to succeed, he thought he must. In his flight from Richmond he seemed to Mr. Stephens like a big fly in a stable whose eyes the boys have put out, and which goes about running its head against everything, bobbing up and down unconscious of where it is going or what it is doing. History will have something to say about slavery and the morality of its defenders which Mr. Stephens, of course, did not say in his conversation with the correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial*, but leaving out of view that most important of the elements which will determine the future historical estimate of Davis's character, we dare say Mr. Stephens's view of his chief is not very far different from the one which posterity will take. Mr. Stephens, if the correspondent is to be relied upon, could not have been in earnest when he made the famous speech about slavery's being the corner-stone of the Confederacy, for his own mind had been, and it never ceased to be, to fight only if forced to fight, and then to fight not for a new nationality but for such terms of reconstruction as should be more favorable to the South than the provisions of the old Constitution.

◆

Mr. Bancroft has been appointed Minister to Berlin, and has accepted the position. We should think he would be glad to go abroad for a brief period, as he is at present remorselessly pursued by grandsons whose ancestors he has assailed, and who are just a little too much for him. His rough treatment of Mr. Greene deprives him, too, of the sympathies of the public under the terribly severe handling which he in his turn has been receiving from Mr. Schuyler, who is a much fiercer assailant than Mr. Greene, and shows him no mercy. As the historian has only just entered on the Revolution, the prospect before him must be admitted to be troublous, particularly as he will, before long, get down amongst the sons, who are a more powerful and truculent body than the grandsons.

◆

The Washington correspondents have succeeded in enlivening the dulness of their late despatches with Booth's diary, for which they have been half frantic for some time. They got the President's copy; for Mr. Stanton, who had the original and who knew the utter baselessness of General Butler's charges, refused, in pursuance of his well-known policy of never replying to defamation, to give the diary to the press. There is nothing in it of any consequence, though of course nothing connected with Booth's crime can be without interest. The entries begin on the day of the murder, and in parts they read very much as if the criminal expected that it would fall into the hands of his pursuers; and in other places, where he confesses to himself the enormity of his guilt, and almost cries out against his own crime, the book reads as if he had meant it for his own eye alone, or for the eye of a friend, being natural and honest in tone and certainly very touching. He rants, of course, and talks of fame and country and tyrants; but plainly the pangs of remorse were among the miserable man's sufferings through all his wanderings till his wretched death. But two dates are written in this diary, which closes with the 21st of April. The leaves that were torn out of the beginning of the book were lacking, so Colonel Conger says, when it was taken from Booth's body, and there is really no reason for believing that any person in the employ of the United States ever tampered with it. General Butler, if he has any sensitiveness at all, must about this time be feeling more keenly than ever that, in his performances in the Fortieth Congress, he has made rather more of a mess of it than in any other part of his life as a civilian.

◆

The reaction which has taken place amongst the old Abolitionists in favor of "politics" is something very remarkable. In bygone days they would have nothing to do with political machinery or political processes, and considered or talked of the "ballot and the bullet" as synonymous terms. Everything was to be done by moral suasion. From this faith, however, which had at least the merit of celestial purity, Wendell Phillips fell away when he helped to nominate Frémont for the presidency at the Cleveland Convention, and having once taken up the carnal weapons he wields them like a veteran. He is now as good a politician as can be found, has become "a great leader," and has his "organ," *The Anti-Slavery Standard*, which is quoted by all the "secular" papers as the exponent of "a party" which is "doing good work" at Washington, and before which the devils of conservatism shake on their hoofs. Moreover, in order to make his position plain, he advised the working-men in Boston the other day to give up the proud position which they have long held in America, of owing nothing to government and expecting nothing from it but security—a doctrine which is, or ought to be, the corner-stone of democracy, and told them "that there is no channel but politics in which they can get their question [their hours of labor] settled." To crown all, he pooh-poohed "book larnin," as it is called in the South, and informed his hearers that "the best education in the world was that which a man got by struggling to get a living"—a statement which, if true, will enable us to dispense with the cumbrous machinery of schools, colleges, and libraries, as our children are all sure to get a living somehow, and pick up what knowledge they need in the process. This is very much the position which Mr. James Brooks used to take about the poor whites of the South, each of whom had his squirrel rifle, just as the Northern workman has his chisel or his hod, and learned all he needed to know by studying "natur'" and listening to speeches at the cross-roads.

◆

The Hebrew gentlemen who were so offended with the insurance companies in this city a short time ago, because they refused to ensure persons of the Jewish persuasion after having found that the number of Jewish fires in insured premises was much greater in proportion than that of Christian fires, will be grieved to learn that the English insurance companies have had the same sorrowful experience, and are rapidly drifting towards the same intolerant course. A parliamentary enquiry has elicited the unpleasant fact that about 33 per cent. of the fires in London are supposed to be intentionally lighted, and that the defrauding of insurance companies in this way has become a regular business. What is more to the point is that the pioneers in this business, and its prominent supporters, are stated in evidence to be "gangs of foreign Jews," who settle in London for the express purpose of ensuring small houses, having them burned up, and then swearing to whatever is necessary to get the money out of the companies. Now, this being the case, any insurance officer who treated Hebrew insurers as he would treat Christians or Buddhists would be guilty of a gross betrayal of the stockholders. People put their money in insurance companies not for the purpose of illustrating and enforcing the great principles of religious freedom, but for the purpose of making as much money as possible; and the plan for the friends of toleration to adopt is to get the Jewish swindlers and incendiaries who have brought this stigma on their race to give up their bad practices.

◆

In laying the foundation-stone of the Jesuits' College the other day in Cincinnati, Archbishop Purcell, who is a very sensible man usually, violently assailed the Catholic Institute in that city as a disgrace and disappointment to the Church, owing to its having been used for the representation of "frivolous and obscene plays," to wit, "Faust" and "La Favorita," and for the delivery of addresses by Wendell Phillips containing "attacks on God and religion." The Cincinnati *Gazette* elaborately defends the operas against the charges of "frivolity and obscenity," and shows that by presenting vice in an unpleasing form they may in reality promote virtue. It will, however, produce no impression on the archbishop, as he has never seen an opera and never will, and probably is in much the same state of mind about it as a gentleman we recently heard of, who had refrained from going to the theatre all his life owing to his belief that actors always wore yellow tights. Moreover, it is absurd to defend the opera as a moral teacher. Nobody is made better, in the ordinary sense of the word, by seeing "Faust" or "La Favorita;" he is simply entertained by the music, and music does not exert an "elevating" influence on the character, all the musicians in the world to the contrary notwithstanding. But then if we gave up all modes of relaxation which did not exert an immediate and palpable good effect on morals, we should soon find life intolerable. As to Wendell Phillips's religion, we greatly fear it is his political economy just now which is most defective, and we advise Archbishop Purcell as a friend to let him alone.

The most remarkable special correspondent now living is the gentleman who has been writing to *The Tribune* of this city and *The Gazette* of Cincinnati from the banks of the Seine. Of that stream, by the way, he says that it is "very clear and fresh of current, and is of itself a gracious ornament—such a river, notwithstanding its narrowness, that the dying Napoleon asked to be buried by its side." If these lines should meet his eye, he will be pleased to know that the objection to the narrowness of the stream having been waived, the funeral afterwards took place according to request. Mentioning Mr. J. C. Breckinridge, whom he has met, he makes this statement, which we pronounce extremely improbable:

> "When he speaks you can see that there is no land so hard to be exiled from as our land, that this man would have cracked as with an earthquake."

And by-and-by he limns another well-known Southern leader:

> "He has a whitish, bloated face, no beard, a flat forehead, grey eyes so used to looking into the bottoms of rum-tumblers that they are of a dead, vitreous glaze, and he answers better than anybody I can instance to you for an elderly Dead-Beat. When he walks, his flat, inelegant, half-mashed feet seem to be those of a man used only to describing half-circles about a bar-room. And this is George Sanders," etc.

We fear our correspondent's constitutional led him half a dozen times along that "mile of *cafés*, where you can drink all that intoxicates all the nations of the earth?" when he produced the confounding outbreak which follows:

> "What would you think to pass these bronze gates and see through the shades of silver and emerald, among the infinite statues and palaces and temples, the dromedaries come carrying their Arab master, the wild horses of the Cossacks with a savage sabreman in each stirrup, the asses of the Pyrenees laden with velvet muleteers; where you can . . . be, in a word, a cosmopolite in a cosmopolis, and stagger under the first grand conviction you have ever had that the universe is too grand for your thought?"

On the whole, we are sorry to hear that he has left Paris, though, as friends of human freedom, we are glad that Napoleon made no attempt to restrain him of his liberty and keep him in the Exposition. *The Tribune*, we suppose, will contain more of his brilliant—or is it lively?—and captivating prose.

◆

The Exposition is neither a swindle nor a failure, and seems likely to be pecuniarily remunerative. The attendance is immense, and those who visited the show when it was yet in disorder are astonished anew by its symmetry, its variety and grandeur. A New Jersey locomotive carried off the prize affixed to its class, and in machinery, as usual, America appears to good advantage. Remarkably, again, our art collection is viewed with almost unexceptional admiration, though it would hardly be considered by us first-rate or representative, and undoubtedly contains some wretched paintings. Mr. Church's "Niagara" took a second prize, and we shall be disappointed if honor is not done also to Mr. Homer's masterpiece, "Prisoners from the Front." The American department, like the English, is closed on Sunday, partly, we suppose, to relieve the attendants, but chiefly out of respect for the estimation in which the day is held in both countries. Naturally this causes serious disappointment to Continental visitors, and especially to the laboring classes of Paris, for whom Sunday is the only holiday.

◆

The week's news from Crete is as contradictory as usual, but the reports from Athens and London, to which the Turks give a sweeping denial, have at least the advantage of being somewhat definite. To believe these would be to agree that Omar Pasha has been badly beaten in two sanguinary battles, with a total loss to his forces of 3,000 men, and would make it prudent to wager that if this commander, who made his reputation in similar warfare, fails, no successor will ever put down the insurrection. On the other hand the Sultan has felt able to decline ceding the island to Greece, as the Great Powers have again united in petitioning, and to express his entire confidence in the ultimate reduction of the Cretans. His tenacity in this direction is not maintained towards Egypt, which has for some time been practically independent of him. He now grants the Viceroy the title of King.

The French army is rapidly arming with the new Chassepôt rifle, and according to the last accounts of an experiment made with a battalion of chasseurs each man fired eight shots a minute, a slight improvement on the Prussian needle-gun; but as far as rapidity of firing is concerned, it is not probable that there will be any perceptible difference between any of the breech-loaders in the excitement of action. An Austrian maker is now said to have one which for simplicity of construction surpasses all others, and is so strong that it may be thrown off a housetop without injury. About the murderous execution of these guns there is no difference of opinion; but bad as they are, a new gun, which has no explosive material, but is simply worked with a crank, and spurts balls in a continued stream on the principle of the sling, has made its appearance on the scene, which, if successful, some people imagine will put an end to war. It must be remembered, however, that as long as the combatants are armed with equal efficiency, the problem of strategy remains just what it has ever been, how to be the strongest at the point of attack. The general who manages to bring most breech-loaders to bear on a given spot will always come off victorious. And even if the crank gun were introduced, and a whole battalion could be swept away by a single squirt, the leader who first brought his cranks to bear on the enemy's flank or rear would win the day. No matter what weapons are introduced, therefore, except perhaps the French chemist's Greek fire, which is to destroy an army in five minutes, war will continue to be a game of manœuvres, although the actions may be made frightfully short and destructive.

◆

THE NEGRO'S DESIGNS ON WHITE SOCIETY.

All pleasure is in its nature evanescent; but perhaps there is no pleasure that fleets more quickly and sooner palls upon the taste than that of assisting at tea-parties and other gatherings at the festive board. Indeed, we are not sure that to taste this pleasure at all there is not requisite a much longer spoon than is used in the social intercourse of mere mortals, and that the pleasure of the tea-party or dinner-party does not consist wholly in getting the invitation. While, then, for fear of disappointing and further embittering many respectable people who are just now very uneasy in their minds, we are willing to admit that the negro, misled by radical agitators, intends to force himself into our dining-rooms, we are sure that there is no real danger of his staying there. He may, to be sure, insist on learning wisdom by his own sad experiences, and that is a right which can be denied to no legal voter; but it will take him a very short space of time to assimilate the truths we have mentioned. We give him two months in which to satiate himself with the bitter ashes of that particular apple of Sodom, and expect him to have six or seven weeks to spare.

And if it were proper to intrude upon ex-Governor Perry and his sorrowing friends in the first paroxysms of their grief, we feel confident that, with some such considerations as those suggested, we could soothe and comfort them in their affliction, and woo their minds away to brighter and better views. We should remind the ex-governor that if the joy of going to tea-parties and *soirées* very quickly fades away, the joy of going *vi et armis* to tea-parties is of still briefer date; nay, that although Aristotle does declare that "the desires of men are boundless, and some men live only to gratify them"—so much we should have to concede—yet the voice of history is silent as to any nation or tribe of men who have ever sought their pleasure in giving themselves invitations to the feasts of persons who did not want their company. That particular form of self-indulgence seems never to have had overmastering attractions for men of any color or speech. And many others of the fears which have latterly disturbed the minds of Mr. Perry and other intelligent persons of both sexes are perhaps no better founded than the one which we have been examining. It is now almost June, and the colored race has not yet moved itself to the political capital of the country and taken up its permanent residence there. Yet we can remember when it was apprehended that the negro race, in its insane desire to wield the power of the ballot, and in its crass ignorance of the relations between labor and food, would at once, men, women, and children, take seats through the day in the galleries of the Senate and House, and in the evenings perpetually cast its vote for the mayors of Washington and Georgetown. We shall have to admit, we suppose, that the black man has determined on having the pre-eminency in the country; but we are persuaded that these two fears may be dismissed. The shocking subject of his insisting on his right to offer himself to our daughters in marriage is one that we must decline to consider. Our pen shrinks from portraying the horrors of San Domingo, which, in that case, would at once be revived. This one word we would say: the remedy which suggests itself to us is, we are aware, an extreme one—but how would it do before the blacks enter on the unprincipled line of action which is expected, and before the white male citizens of the United States, with the help of Indians not taxed, draw the sword for a war of races,—how would it do to confer upon the white ladies of our country the right of suffrage? Thus they could have some voice in the settlement of this tremendous problem which baffles the unaided wisdom of man. As we have said, we know the remedy is an extreme one; but would not the object and the result justify it? Is it not possible that by interesting the women themselves in this question we may avert "the bloody reinauguration," etc.? The only other remaining question—the horse-car problem—which may be stated thus: how long a time will elapse, if we permit the African to seek the society of the white man as he appears when conductor, driver, or passenger in the street-cars, before the African will learn that freedom means work, and that it is impossible for him to raise the great staples of the South while he squanders himself riding to the ends of the earth in the street-cars of our cities?—we regard as unworthy of a moment's attention.

We disclaim any wish or intention of being harsh in these remarks to the afflicted; to be a Job's comforter—and without any Job, by the way—is a task we have no stomach for; but we may be permitted to say to Mr. Perry and to Mr. Jenkins and the rest that once the devil got into a certain town in Spain and corrupted all the inhabitants to a dreadful degree. There was not, if the expression may be pardoned, a single wrinkle on either of his horns that he did n't teach them, and it was the most fortunate thing in the world for all the people of that section (*O si sua bona norint!*) that one day a person came along who was perfectly acquainted with their esteemed fellow-citizen and knew that he had n't in his veins, for all his airs, a drop of blue blood, and that in the long run the prosperity that his works and ways bring to any community is a very left-handed prosperity indeed. So the good man, who must also have been a good fellow, not only displayed the foul fiend to the incredulous townsmen in his true colors, but he laid on him a heavy spell of some sort, and the devil, with what grief of mind we can partly imagine, was condemned to enter forthwith upon a course of revival preaching and convert those whom he had before corrupted. The sermons delivered on several occasions would be worth reading if they could be had nowadays. We can fancy him on one morning bringing the lash down on the mad lust of power and precedence, that sin so apt to sway the human heart, and by which, though he said it who should n't, some of the very first angels fell. On another day he may have warned his hearers to beware of injustice, showing them the only true policy of states and men, and how from one injustice another springs, how from the hatred of race to race and the religious of one faith to the religious of another flowed the political oppression of the Spaniard by the Moor, of the Moor and Jew by the Spaniard, and how from this political tyranny sprang all forms of social tyranny, to the injury of the individual and the decay of the realm. It must all have been very affecting, especially when the audience considered the source of this teaching and how particularly well qualified the preacher was to hold forth on these and similar subjects. We can think of only one drawback which would limit his usefulness People of the sort to which the sermonizer belonged are said to know all about the past, but to the future they are blind as bats. The devil can quote the historians, sacred and profane, in a manner to move the envy of a Congressman from Virginia or a contributor to the review of De Bow (who, by the way, if not which, is not dead yet), but his gift of prophecy, we are informed, was never of any account. However, it is as well for him to keep on preaching. The hearer will get good, if from nothing else, from the light thrown on the history and natural history of the very interesting personage speaking. And his utter incapability to look ahead and see what is coming and must come—that, too, will be interesting in its way.

Notes.

LITERARY.

Messrs. A. Williams & Co., Boston, who make a specialty of publishing and dealing in works on agriculture, rural architecture, horticulture, stock, etc., announce as nearly ready "Chemistry of the Farm and the Sea," by Dr. James R. Nichols, editor of the Boston *Journal of Chemistry and Pharmacy;* and "Geyelin Poultry-breeding in a Commercial Point of View," to which Mr. Charles L. Flint, secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture, furnishes an introduction.——Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, whom Mr. Dickens has just declared to be his only authorized publishers in America, announce a "Charles Dickens Edition" of Dickens, in thirteen or fourteen volumes, of which each will contain a novel complete, adorned by eight of the original illustrations, selected for their goodness. This volume will be rather larger than those of the Diamond edition, the type rather larger, and the page will not be divided into two columns. The price will be a dollar and a half. Another edition will be the "Illustrated Library Edition," in twenty-six volumes, the appearance of which it is not necessary to describe, as the edition will be to all intents and purposes the same as the octavo illustrated edition which Messrs. Ticknor & Fields have long had on sale. The price, however, will be less. It is proposed to offer it at two dollars a volume, which is somewhat cheaper than the illustrated Riverside edition of Messrs. Hurd & Houghton. The latter, however, has additional illustrations by Darley and John Gilbert.——Mr. Henry C. Lea, of Philadelphia, announces "An Historical Sketch of Sacerdotal Celibacy in the Christian Church," a work written by himself, of which he says that "it has had the leisure of years conscientiously bestowed upon it," and that his other recent work, "Superstition and Force," which, by the way, is a credit to American scholarship, was in comparison a mere *pièce d'occasion.*——D. Appleton & Co. announce the second volume of Flint's "Physiology of Man," and a republication of Michelet's "History of France."

—Tauchnitz will add to his edition of Thackeray a volume containing "Denis Duval," which has been especially revised for the purpose, and another volume containing the "Roundabout Papers" and some other papers never before collected. To his list of books the same publisher adds "Dr. Marigold's Prescriptions," "Mugby Junction," "Idalia," by Ouida, and "Nina Balatka," conjectured to be by Mr. Anthony Trollope. The English translations of German authors, which are hereafter to form a part of the Tauchnitz library, and which began with Auerbach's "On the Heights," will soon count among their number Anster's rendering of "Faust," Zschokke's novels, Paul Heyse's tales, and several of Lessing's works.

—There is no provision of law whereby the people may be organized for the purpose of nominating candidates for office; that the need of organization is felt is evident from the voluntary organizations formed by political parties, but in these voluntary organizations there are grave defects. In consideration of these things, which are set forth as above in a recent circular from the Union League of Philadelphia, that association has offered $1,100 in prizes for "essays on the legal organization of the people to select candidates for office." The first prize is to be $500, the second $300, the third $200, and the fourth $100. The essays are to be addressed to Mr. George H. Boker, secretary of the Union League, and must be sent anonymously, for, if not, no attention will be paid them; the author's name must be sent separately in a sealed envelope. This subject, which has already had some discussion in these columns, is surely one of very great importance, and we are very glad that a body like the Philadelphia Union League has turned its attention to the matter. Its example, to say nothing of its prizes, will turn the attention of many. It is, we think, to be desired that the secretary, Mr. Boker, should be instructed by the directors of the league to draw up a circular a little more definite in its terms than the one from which we have quoted. An intending essayist would no doubt like the work narrowed rather more than it is in the words which we have quoted above, and of course the more precisely the subject is limited, the better are the essays likely to be.

—It is almost necessary to apologize to our readers for saying anything more about Mr. Dickens and his American publishers. The matter concerns "the trade" somewhat, but our readers only a very little, and this mention is, we hope, the last that will have to be made. Mr. Dickens, then, has recently written four letters to Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, which that firm have published, and in the fourth of them he denies that he has derived, does derive, or ever is to derive any pecuniary advantage from republications of his collected works in this country, not issued by Ticknor & Fields; statements to the contrary originate in nothing, Mr. Dickens says, or have been twisted into being from two irrelevant facts: 1st, That the Harpers, through their London agents, bought advance-sheets of his then latest novels for *simultaneous republication in America;* 2d, That Hurd & Houghton bought one hundred impressions of the illustrations to "The Pickwick Papers." For the italics given above, Mr. Dickens or Messrs. Ticknor & Fields are responsible. We take them to mean an assertion that buying advance-sheets is a very different thing from buying manuscripts, and while it gives the purchaser the possibility of early publication, cannot be held to give him any property in the novel as a book. Next comes Mr. W. A. Townsend, who is ready to make oath that advance-sheets of Mr. Dickens's novel of "Bleak House," which is not one of the three novels mentioned by Mr. Dickens, were bought by the Harpers for two thousand dollars. And after him comes Mr. Lea, of Philadelphia, who says that in 1838 Carey, Lea & Blanchard, the first house to publish Dickens's works in this country, paid the novelist £50 in acknowledgment of the success of their edition of his "Pickwick Papers." Furthermore, Mr. Lea says that for "Barnaby Rudge" and "The Old Curiosity Shop," which were published serially, Mr. Dickens received from the same house £2 10s. a number; or, for the novels, £107 10s. and £112 10s. respectively. In 1842 Mr. Dickens visited this country, and for several years afterwards would not countenance any American editions of his works, so Carey, Lea & Blanchard published "Martin Chuzzlewit," "David Copperfield," and "Dombey & Son" without paying Mr. Dickens anything; and by-and-by Mr. Dickens's books, as we have heard, being not so popular in this country as before he wrote "The American Notes," and Messrs. Carey, Lea & Blanchard being, perhaps for that, perhaps for other reasons, willing to dispose of the stereotype plates of his books then in their possession, they sold them, and at a low price, to Getz & Buck, of Philadelphia, which firm in turn sold them to T. B. Peterson & Brothers, and T. B. Peterson & Brothers have also bought the plates of the later novels of which Messrs. Harpers purchased the advance-sheets. The Petersons claim the right to publish Dickens in this country—a right based, as it seems (we are as far as possible from attempting to settle the question), upon purchases of *advance-sheets* by Carey, Lea & Blanchard, and afterwards by the Harpers. Ticknor & Fields claim the same right, because they alone have paid Mr. Dickens not for advance-sheets merely, but have paid him, and intend to pay him, a share in the profits of a complete edition of his works. The claim of Messrs. Ticknor & Fields Mr. Dickens allows. If it should seem that what Mr. Dickens says in his Ticknor & Fields letter, "No. 4," is contradicted by Mr. Townsend's and Mr. Lea's statements, it should be recollected—1st, That Mr. Dickens speaks of republications of "collected works;" 2d, That it does not appear that he has had any money from any American house but Ticknor & Fields, except for the privilege of getting advance-sheets for early publication, and, in one instance, £50 by way of "acknowledgment" for the success of a republication of his first book; 3d, That Mr. Townsend's contradiction relates to what Mr. Dickens calls, and what is, so far as regards the quarrel between the publishers, an "irrelevant fact," about which he was not troubling himself when writing his letter. Harpers probably paid $2,000 for "Bleak House," but it was paid for advance-sheets. The English publishers of "Bleak House" may have been the persons benefited by the payment, or a thousand other things are more likely than that Mr. Dickens has made a mistaken statement.

—The key-note of the early Biblical history is to be found in the antipathy of color and the system of castes which it evolved. Once the region between the Mediterranean and the Indian Ocean was filled with a dark-colored, perhaps a black, African race. The Kenites, or descendants of Cain, conquered some of these dark men, and set up in

Palestine a system analogous to that still subsisting in India, namely, a unity subdivided by castes based on color. Egypt was conquered by a clan of the Aryans other than the Kenites, and this conquering clan, having much mixed its blood, was conquered by another, the "Shepherds" of modern commentators. The Abrahamic tribe was a white one; it expelled a dark tribe which it was ruling, and this fact appears in history as the driving out of Hagar and Ishmael by Sarah. Jacob was white, Esau of mixed blood; Joseph was white, so was Benjamin, but their ten jealous brethren were half-castes; Joseph clearly was of the same race as the "Shepherd" king who took him into favor; and the Israelites in Goshen were white men, ruling black or dark-colored men. By-and-by the mixed race achieved supreme power in Egypt, and drove out the Shepherds; at the same time, their friends, the white rulers of Goshen, who went into Canaan, joined the Kenites and the higher castes, and both uniting, the two together waged a war of extermination against the lower castes, a war such as only breaks out between rival colors, a war so remorseless that the victors invented for it a divine command to extirpate. Thenceforward Hebrews and Kenites lived side by side, each supporting a separate priesthood, the two divisions of the Aaronic caste, the children of Ithamar and Eliezer. David was a Kenite. The Kenites were more spiritual, poetical; the Hebrews more gross, material, bound by laws; the Kenite believed that in each heart was the sanctuary of God, that each man was a priest; the Hebrew would have sacrifices; the Kenite would have prayer and not sacrifice. The Psalms of David are the poems of the Kenite king. The quarrel of the two priesthoods divided the nation; it was David's attempt to ascertain the fighting strength of each opinion by his numbering of the people that called down the wrath of God on that monarch, and helped to split the kingdom into two. Judah was Kenite, and Israel Hebrew. The schism lasted down to the destruction of Jerusalem; the Sadducees, who believed not in the resurrection, being Hebrews, and the Pharisees being Kenites; and, as we suppose, the "black" Jews and the "white" Jews of our own day represent respectively the Kenites and the Hebrews, for the Kenites, though living side by side with the Hebrews, were, of the two, the subordinate people, and, as we have seen, subordination and superiority were dependent on color. All this is the theory of Mr. E. de Bunsen, who has recently published in England a very interesting and learned book—interesting, but not the easiest reading in the world —which is entitled "The Keys of St. Peter." The matter above set forth is, however, only subsidiary. The main purpose of the work—which is a continuation of the same author's "Hidden Wisdom"—is to show that the Kenites were the depositaries of religious truths discovered by primeval man, or revealed to him and handed down by secret tradition. Of this truth, which the Hindoo philosophers, and after them the Jewish priesthood, preserved, and which the Pope now possesses, the essence is, that by perfect submission and perfect obedience to the will of God a man may become spiritually perfect, like unto God, and master of the universe. This wisdom Jesus reduced to practice, but did not teach. In other words, he knew the best, but did not teach the best. However much this view of the perfect spiritual character may revolt most people, and however little they may feel inclined to accept the rest of Mr. de Bunsen's work, yet, as written by a learned and able man and relating to matters of great importance in many points of view, the book is well worth attention.

—The proposed new law of libel introduced in Parliament by Sir Colman O'Loghlen and reported on favorably by the select committee to which it was referred, absolutely exempts newspapers from prosecution for publishing libellous matter actually uttered at a public meeting, provided the answer of the person aggrieved is allowed to appear in an equally conspicuous form. *The Spectator* strongly objects to the measure and hopes the bill will be amended in the Lords, for, as it stands, an unknown person, who perhaps cannot be reached at all, may make (from spite) damaging assertions which disreputable papers may disseminate with impunity; the present law at least obliges newspapers to send respectable and discreet men to report the proceedings of public meetings. In this country, where the worship of the press is as much a "cult" as it is in England, we have no such law of libel as the one proposed. But libel suits against newspapers are proverbially unsuccessful, so that practically we live under such a law. We should say that a result of our practice is that our public men have come to disregard entirely everything that the newspapers of their political opponents say about them, and that the public in general adopts pretty much the same course, so that the evil may be said to work its own cure. That is, as far as concerns the person libelled. Of the ill effects upon the press of this impunity, every day and not every journal but very many journals furnish examples.

—Among German books recently issued we notice a little volume by Eugen Richter ("Die Consum-Vereine: ein Noth- und Hülfsbuch für deren Gründung und Einrichtung"), published in Berlin, but to be had of L. W. Schmidt, New York, which contains the history of co-operative associations in England and in Germany. The facts about the Rochdale "Pioneers" are pretty well known. We learn from this book that the co-operative societies of Germany have 350,000 members, with yearly returns of 85 millions of thalers, and a working capital of five and a half millions of thalers. There are now about two hundred societies under the presidency of Herr Schulze-Delitzsch, a member of the Prussian Chamber of Deputies, under whose direction new societies have been and are constantly being organized. How they are organized and how managed it is the author's object to set forth in the last eight of his twelve chapters, his experience in Düsseldorf, Magdeburg, and Berlin having not only made him unusually well-informed but convinced him of the need of the practical directions which he here gives.——A remarkable publication is Dr. Berghaus's "Chart of the World" (Gotha: Justus Perthes). The fourth improved edition of this excellent map shows the drifts and currents of the sea, the sounded depths, the direction of winds and magnetic currents, all international steamer, railway, and telegraph lines, and, generally, gives the most exact information of the land and sea.——Boetcher's "Manual of the Hebrew Language" (Leipsic: F. Mühlau) is an important addition to Hebrew literature, having particular reference to comparative philology.

—The Vienna *Internationale Revue*, which has for its contributors the most prominent publicists of Europe, has commenced its second year. The first number contains an essay, by Huber, on Diderot and the encyclopædists of France; by Harder, on the growth of North American law; by Block, on national economy; by Laun, on Bryant, "the American poet of landscape;" by Keferstein, on the American educational system, etc., etc.

—According to the Italian statistical bureau there are contained in the public libraries of Bavaria 1,268,500 volumes, a number which gives twenty-six and four-tenths volumes for every one hundred Bavarians, as the proportion of books to citizens, or rather of books in public libraries to citizens, which puts Bavaria at the head of European countries so far as the relative rank of nations is determinable by such a test. Bavaria is at the head; next comes Italy, who for each hundred Italians has 19.5 volumes; next France, with 11.7 volumes; next Prussia, with 11 volumes; next Belgium, with 10.4 volumes; next Austria, with 6.9 volumes; while Great Britain, with her 6 volumes for every hundred inhabitants, is nearly at the end. Only Russia is worse off: one hundred Russians have but one volume and sixth-tenths of another; and even this show of volumes is got, in part, by making out of the specifications of English patents 30,000 bound volumes; these in the British Museum make but 1,000 volumes. The bureau seems to have had no precise rule as to what should constitute a volume, and, as appears in the case of the specifications, England may have frequently been placed at a needless disadvantage. However, Great Britain, as Mr. Matthew Arnold might say, is not yet Haussmannized in this respect; in that country it is only the British Museum Library which is aided by the state, and the other public collections are small; a comparison of the whole number of books in the hands of the people of the various countries would no doubt give England a higher place than is given her by the estimate of which we speak. Another matter of interest which we observe in *The Pall Mall Gazette's* abstract of the bureau's report is the statement, quoted from M. Loua, a French statistician, that the selection of reading matter made by the Italians affords a fresh demonstration that the tendency of the age is more and more toward the positive sciences and away from studies purely scholastic: in 1863, in the 210 public libraries of Italy the whole number of books read was 988,510; of these 183,528 related to mathematics and the natural sciences, 122,496 to history and philology, 261,689 to general literature, 193,973 to jurisprudence and law, 70,537 to morals and philosophy, 54,491 were theological and sacred works, and 101,797 were cyclopædias.

—The very convincing exposure by Mr. John Bartlett, compiler of "Familiar Quotations," of the literary robbery committed on him by Mr. Hain Friswell, seems to be accepted on the other side of the water as conclusive of Mr. Friswell's guilt. Readers of Mr. Bartlett's letter in our issue of Feb. 7, of this year, are informed as to the magnitude and the unblushing impudence of Mr. Friswell's offence. It is a crime that book-makers had invented before Guttemberg invented movable types, or one would incline to the theory that the shocking example of the editors and sub-editors of newspapers had corrupted the honesty of authors.

CHANCELLORSVILLE.[*]

The two years that have elapsed since the surrender at Appomattox Court House have taught us, among other things, not to be sanguine in our expectations of value in each new book upon the war. Bad as many of the books of this kind that have been written at the North have been, those that have been written at the South have usually been worse. The normal inferiority of Southern literary efforts has been accompanied in their accounts of their doings in the late rebellion with such reckless disregard of truth and such insane boasting, that one no more thinks of placing Harry Gilmor's book, for instance, in his collection of material for the history of the war, than he does of placing "Gulliver's Travels" among his books of geography. And yet a good thing has at last come out of the peculiar Nazareth which lies below Mason and Dixon's line. A most excellent book has been written by Captain Hotchkiss and Colonel Allan, who were formerly officers of the staff of the Second Corps of the Army of Northern Virginia, in other words, the corps commanded by Stonewall Jackson till his death. This book, published under the title which is given below, is the best book of its class, and the most valuable contribution to the history of the war of which we have any knowledge. It is a monograph, as its name imports, and it is precisely the sort of book that is wanted. Summaries of the campaigns of different generals and armies and of the war are plenty enough already. What we wish for now is books that will enable us to become familiarly acquainted with each important battle. "Chancellorsville" is just such a book, and it is so thoroughly satisfactory that it is delightful to be led to believe by the form of the title that the same or equally competent hands are to illustrate the other battle-fields of Virginia.

The story of Chancellorsville is not pleasant reading for Northern men *as* Northern men. That must be admitted at the outset. All things considered, it was the most glorious battle for the South and the most disgraceful battle for the North that was fought during the war. The larger army was beaten by the smaller, the army that divided into two parts was beaten by the army that divided into three parts. The army that first placed itself on the flank of its adversary gained nothing by the brilliant manœuvre, and presently had its own flank effectively turned and crushed. As a final and crowning disgrace, "the finest army on the planet" was cooped up in its intrenchments and then driven fairly from them by a vastly less numerous body of men.

But though it is true that the story of Chancellorsville is a mortifying story for Northern men, it is no less true that it is an intensely interesting story for the student. For six days the two great armies of the North and South were in presence of each other, and often actually engaged. The stern fighting of those days was not the mere shock of one mass of brave men meeting another, like the melee in the "Gentle and Free Passage of Arms at Ashby de la Zouche." Nor was it like Fredericksburg or Gettysburg, where gallant storming columns pressed in vain on positions too strong for them to carry. Still less was it like the common run of battles in our war, where the vicious parallel order was followed, and the only question was which could bear the hard pounding longest. There is not a passage in the history of the rebellion in which more genius in conception and more energy and skill in execution were displayed than in the operations about Chancellorsville in the spring of 1863, when the Virginian forest was just bursting into leaf.

No faithful account of the campaign of Chancellorsville could be otherwise than interesting; but Captain Hotchkiss and Colonel Allan have done their work so admirably that their account is fascinating. It might have been pardoned if they had indulged in some glorification in writing on such a theme, but the tone of their book is all that could possibly be asked. Their moderation and their abstinence from fine writing are eminently creditable, and there is not a word or sentence in the book that even approaches to being offensive. The foreigners who visited their army and write about what they saw might well learn a lesson of good taste from them.

A careful examination of the principal authorities upon this campaign, and a comparison of the results derived therefrom with the contents of this book, lead directly to the conclusion that it is altogether accurate and trustworthy. No man can ever say that any account of any great series of operations is absolutely free from error; but we believe this to be one of the most faithful accounts of a great struggle that was ever written. It is written in good, simple English, and that is enough to say before passing to a more particular notice of its contents.

The action about Chancellorsville has three matters of special interest—the movement by which Hooker placed the bulk of his army on the left flank of Lee, the movement by which Jackson turned and crushed Hooker's right, and the battle of May 3, which ended in the capture of Chancellorsville by the Southern army. Of subordinate interest, but hardly less importance, was the check received by the advance of our army, near Tabernacle Church, on the 1st of May. Up to that time the tide of our success seemed to be at the flood. There and then the tide turned, and from that time the ebb was strong and its velocity rapidly increased.

From the first twenty pages of the book we learn little that we did not know before. The most noteworthy statements contained in them are the assertions that in the winter of 1862–3 the alphabet of the Federal signals was discovered by the enemy; that the staff of the Army of Northern Virginia was then made a complete organization by itself; and that the artillery of the same army was consolidated into one corps at about the same time. The authors speak of the discipline of their army at that time in higher terms than General Lee, according to some authorities, has sometimes used about it.

It has been commonly, and we think truly, charged upon Southern officers and authors, that it has been their practice to understate the number of their own troops and to overstate the number of ours. No such charge can be brought against the authors of this book. On the contrary, they give to General Hooker's army a total smaller by some ten thousand than Mr. Swinton assigns to it, while their estimate of the effective of Lee's army seems to exceed Swinton's by about seven thousand. The Northern writer makes the proportion of the two armies to be as 24 to 10, the Southern as 20 to 10. The proportion is bad enough for us at best; but the difference is material when we are counting men by ten thousands.

It is well known that General Hooker conceived a plan of considerable merit for placing his army on General Lee's left flank, and forcing him to come out of his elaborate lines about Fredericksburg, behind which (if we may accept the somewhat extravagant assertion of Messrs. Hotchkiss and Allan) "the Confederate army was as secure from attack in front as Wellington at Torres Vedras." His execution of this plan was good, and even brilliant, and the manner of it is well told in the book before us; but this is familiar matter, and we pass from it to the check which our army met with near Tabernacle Church, the immediate cessation of the advance, and the withdrawal to the lines constructed about Chancellorsville. This event of the campaign has always been matter of special wonder to those who have had any knowledge of the facts. Indeed, so mysterious has it been that Mr. Swinton seems to have felt himself reduced to the utterly unsatisfactory suggestion that General Hooker's conduct was actuated by an impulse of romantic generosity. It is not easy to believe that the fabulous "chivalrous courtesy" of the commander of the English troops at Fontenoy was imitated on an enormous scale beyond the Rappahannock, and we look with the liveliest interest to this book for an explanation of the enigma. We find in it enough to satisfy us that General Hooker, though he committed one of the most woful errors ever committed in war, was not guilty of such fatuity as is commonly supposed. He made a terrible mistake; but it is not true, as we believe is generally supposed, that his successful advance was checked by what was, comparatively speaking, a mere handful of men.

On the morning of Friday, May 1, General Hooker commenced his movement from Chancellorsville toward Fredericksburg and Lee's left flank. He moved a little less than forty thousand men, on the river road, the plank road, and the old turnpike, and he held in reserve, beside his cavalry, a force which could not have been much less than thirty thousand men, the greater part of which was disposed within a radius of one mile from Chancellorsville. His advance met with but little opposition until it approached the position taken up by the Confederates near the junction of the plank and turnpike roads with the old Mine road, about three miles east of Chancellorsville. This line, it appears from the book before us, Anderson had "busily fortified," and it also appears that there were rifle-pits on Smith's Hill—a height to the right and rear of the Confederate position. These facts are not to be lost sight of. More than this. Our authors tell us that this line was occupied by three out of the four divisions of Jackson's corps, by Anderson's division of Longstreet's corps, and by three of the four brigades of Law's division of the same corps—a force amounting in the whole to about forty thousand men, and all under the general command of Jackson. These facts are of the utmost importance. They amount to this: that about a third of the Federal army was advancing through an unknown country, under nobody in particular, against about an equal number of Confederate troops, established in a fortified position in a country perfectly familiar to them, and commanded by the most brilliant general that the war had yet developed. It was the old, old story—a fraction of the Union army, under command of subordinates, advanced against the bulk of the Southern army, under the command of a man who was little short of a magician in his control of his troops.

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[*] "Chancellorsville." By Jed. Hotchkiss, late Captain and Topographical Engineer, Second Corps, A.N.V., and William Allan, late Lieutenant-Colonel and Chief of Ordnance, Second Corps, A.N.V. New York: D. Van Nostrand. 1867.

The first result was what might have been expected. The active Jackson did not content himself with standing on the defensive, but promptly took the offensive. He did not wait for the development of the Federal advance, but took the initiative himself before the preliminary movements on our side were completed. The second result was natural enough, but not what might have been expected from "Fighting Joe Hooker." Such of our troops as were first engaged fought bravely enough, but the great flanker presently caused a brigade or so to appear on the right of our advance, and that was enough, melancholy as it may be to write the words. Instead of supporting his advance with the great mass of troops which he held in reserve, our fighting general ordered a withdrawal of his troops to the position which they had occupied in the morning. After gaining such an advantage of position as would have given assured victory to Frederick the Gerat, he caused his troops to retire, and made every man in his army feel that their forced marches had been made in vain, and took from every soldier the *élan* of successful advance. The best criticism on the soundness of his reasons for this retrograde movement, namely, that he feared that his forces might be encountered by the enemy while debouching from the woods, and before they had time to deploy, may be found in the subsequent achievements of the army of Lee.

As our authors say, as the Federal troops retreated the whole Confederate line advanced and followed them closely to their breastworks, which were only from half a mile to a mile from Chancellorsville. Here our troops took up a position which was strong both by nature and by the fortifications which they had thrown up. The line ran, for the greater portion of its length, parallel to the plank road, but the left, which was the weakest portion of it, was retired at an obtuse angle, and the extreme right of the line was bent back in a semicircular crotchet. About sixty-four thousand Union troops, besides Pleasanton's cavalry, were disposed in this position, while the main body of the Confederate army, amounting to between forty and forty-five thousand men, were concentrated in front of our left and left centre. In this position both armies passed the night of Friday, May 3.

The morning of the following day was occupied by the Confederate leaders in planning a deed of dreadful note. The Federal position was too strong to justify an attack in front. Jackson, fertile in expedients, suggested a movement of his entire command round the right of the opposing army, and an attack on Hooker's right and rear. Lee hesitated to adopt a plan which would leave him for several hours with only about sixteen thousand men in presence of the whole right wing of the Federal army. With an audacity which he had never displayed before, and which he never displayed afterward, he gave his approval to the suggestion, and the movement began early in the morning.

The distance marched by Jackson, from the point where he left the Confederate position, on the plank road east of Chancellorsville, to the limit of his westward march, a point of the old turnpike west of the Federal position, was eleven miles or more, and this distance was somewhat increased by the fact that he often left the main roads to avoid the deep mud. Every step of his movement may be followed on No. 3 of the admirable maps with which the authors have enriched their book. While he was making this long march through dense forests and over wood roads, with 26,000 men and his artillery and trains, the Federal commander lay quiet in his lines, calling up the First Corps with its 17,000 men from the neighborhood of Fredericksburg, examining his position in person, and rectifying certain details which he considered faulty. As early, at least, as nine o'clock in the morning of this eventful day, he received information of the movement of Jackson which led him to suspect its object. His suspicions might well have been confirmed by the results of a reconnoissance in force made by Sickles, the commander of the Third Corps. But he seems to have made up his mind that the enemy must be retreating, and to have inverted the information he received into evidence in support of that theory. Two years of fighting had not been sufficient to teach him that the Southern army was not wont to retreat without firing a shot; but he had not learned the lesson that he might have learned from Gaines's Mills and Thoroughfare Gap and the Antietam. The great deception practised by Frederick upon Soubise at Rosbach was here repeated upon him, and he appears to disadvantage in comparison with Soubise, for the French general was no more completely deceived, and he moved his troops with all the rapidity in his power on what he supposed was his retreating enemy, while Hooker kept his masses quiet, though the frequent demonstrations which Lee made all that day along his front proved to him that at least a rear-guard of the Southern army was near his lines.

When Jackson reached the plank road, west of Chancellorsville, he halted and inspected the Union lines from a commanding hill. He then ordered his command to move a little further to the north-west, that he might deliver his attack completely in rear as well as flank. When he reached the old turnpike he turned sharply to the right, moved eastward along that road for three-quarters of a mile, and there, at a distance of three-quarters of a mile from the right of the Federal line, he deployed his command to the right and left of the road, in three lines, covering a front of about a mile and three-eighths. Between five and six o'clock in the afternoon all was ready. Twenty-six thousand men were in order of battle within rifle-shot of the men who formed the extreme right of our army, and they, poor fellows, had stacked their arms and were eating what was to many of them their last meal. All was silence where Jackson and his men were, and it was in this lull before the storm that Hooker telegraphed to Sedgwick: "We know the enemy is flying, trying to save his trains—two of Sickles's divisions are among them." This message reached Sedgwick near Fredericksburg at 7.05 P.M., and it was just before six o'clock that Jackson gave the order to advance. What followed is but too well known; but we must find place for a few lines from the picturesque description which the authors give us of the scene that was presented as the curtain rose:

> "Just before six o'clock Jackson gave the order to advance. As swiftly as the brushwood would permit the lines moved forward. The forest was full of game, which, startled from their hiding-places by the unusual presence of man, ran in numbers to and over the Federal lines. Deer leaped over the works at Talley's and dashed into the wood behind. The Federal troops had, in most cases, their arms stacked, and were eating supper. All danger was thought to be over for the night. The startled game gave the first intimation of Jackson's approach. But so little was it respected or believed, that the suggestion was treated as a jest. Presently the bugles were heard through which orders were passed along the Confederate lines. This excited still more remark. Ere it had been long discussed, however, there came the sound of a few straggling shots from the skirmishers, then a mighty cheer, and in a moment more Jackson was upon them. A terrible volley from his line of battle was poured among the Union troops ere they could recover from their surprise. Those in line returned a scattered fire, others seized their arms and attempted to form. Officers tried to steady their men and lead them to meet the attack. All was in vain" (p. 48).

The Confederates marched straight on, killing, wounding, and capturing as they advanced, for about two miles. Then the approach of night, the gallantry with which some Federal artillery was used, and the confusion produced in their own formation by the difficulty of the country and the tumult of swift victory, combined to make them pause. It was while Jackson was reforming his front line, and preparing to achieve still more decided successes, that he received his death-wounds. The story of the manner in which he received his wounds and was carried from the field is told in a few striking words which bring the whole scene before us.

The success of Jackson had been immense from every point of view. He had inflicted upon our army an immense loss in every way. He had captured much material and many men, and he had rendered the whole Eleventh Corps a source of weakness instead of strength. He had shaken, if he had not destroyed, the confidence of our army in its leader, and he had impaired its morale, for the time, to an incalculable extent. It is needless to say how his army must have contemplated itself and its leader after such an exploit. Finally, there were comprised in the ground which he had taken some heights which overlooked the right of Hooker's line, and were the key to his position.

The death of Jackson was a terrible price for the South to pay for this or any other success; but it is not easy to believe, as he did, that if he had remained unhurt a few hours longer, he would have cut the communication of our army with the United States Ford. But into such a region of speculation it is not proper to enter here. His loss was never made good to the South. The wound which Joe Johnston received at Seven Pines was thought by many a blessing in disguise, for it placed Lee in command; but they had no such consolation in the case of Jackson. When they carried him to his grave "at Lexington, in the valley of Virginia," they parted from the man who had no equal as an executive officer among the Southern soldiers of the Great Rebellion.

We have dwelt at some length upon two portions of the history of this campaign, because the former is comparatively little understood, and much interesting information in regard to it, and correction of erroneous impressions, are contained in the book before us, and because the latter is one of the great exploits not only of our war, but of all war, and has a dramatic finish and completeness of the action in the death of the leader who devised and executed it. Of what remains we must speak very briefly.

The stubborn action of May 3, which closed with the victory of the Confederates and the capture of Chancellorsville at 10 A.M., is described by Messrs. Hotchkiss and Allan with the greatest clearness and minuteness, and in a perfectly satisfactory manner. On this day Hooker was taught, if he had not understood before, the folly which he was guilty of when he abandoned the better position near Tabernacle Church on the 1st of May, and the importance of the loss which he had suffered the day before in permitting Jackson to turn his flank and wrest the heights at Talley's from the Eleventh Corps. When the battle was over, and he had returned inglorious to his camp at Falmouth, he may have thought with bitter recollection of the way in which he had seen the crossing of a river and the attack of a flank of an army in position carried to a successful issue, less than a year before, by the same generals who had beaten him now, and blushed to think that he had refused or neglected to learn from them. A fraction of the energy and persistence displayed by Lee and Jackson at Gaines's Mills must have made the movement of Hooker on Lee's left near Fredericksburg, especially when we consider its incidental advantages in uncovering Banks's Ford, and shortening the communication with Sedgwick by twelve miles, one of direful portent for the enemy.

In discussing so interesting a subject with so thoroughly satisfactory a book at hand the pen runs away with us, and we must leave untouched the authors' equally clear and soldierly account of the movements about Fredericksburg, where the left wing of our army under Sedgwick was operating, while the main body of the army fought or listened to the sound of the fighting, which was the case with thousands of our men near Chancellorsville.

There are five maps in this book of the highest order of merit, "showing the topography of the country and the successive positions of both armies, prepared, for the most part, by the direction of General Lee immediately after the battle." They are invaluable for the study of the campaign of Chancellorsville, the operations about Fredericksburg included, and almost equally valuable for the study of Burnside's battle of Fredericksburg. Should this book pass to a second edition, as we hope it may and to many after that, the authors would do well to indicate more frequently in the text the number of the map to which they are referring as their narrative proceeds.

"Chancellorsville" is appropriately finished by a most interesting sketch of the last days of Jackson, written by Dr. Hunter McGuire, formerly the medical director of Jackson's corps, an accomplished and amiable man, whom one officer, at least, of the Union army remembers with kindness for courteous attentions shown by him to a wounded prisoner. This sketch is pronounced by the authors to be the most faithful and accurate account now in existence of the wounds and death of Stonewall Jackson.

Serpents in the Dove's Nest. By Rev. John Todd, D.D. (Boston: Lee & Shepard.)—Two articles, reprinted from *The Congregationalist*, on the crime of abortion—not simply the refuge of the vulgar, but the scarce concealed practice, even habit, of the respectable. The private experience of almost any of us can supply instances, partly of the sort which involve dishonor if a child be born, largely of matrons who dread the pains of childbirth or the cares of an increased progeny. Physicians only know the full extent of this dreadful immorality, and in their hands mainly, we are sure, lies the power to repress it, since its roots are in the general ignorance of physical laws. Unhappily, to effect an abortion one need not resort to those doctors who advertise their soulless specialty, and who, from time to time, are exposed by the death of their victims, dragged before the courts, and visited with proper reprobation by a virtuous public. Too often the "regular" practitioner, whose standing is unequivocal, is *particeps criminis*, it may be in the sacred capacity of family physician.

Just now the subject is attracting a great deal of attention; hence the natural inference that the evil is growing. It may be so, but it is not proved—not even proved, as Dr. Todd insists, that the New England ancestry "never were spotted by the blood of innocents," and "never quenched life immortal for the sake of ease or fashion." Nor is there a definite and inflexible relation of cause and effect between abortion at the present day and the (assumed) infecundity of our native population. Dr. Todd seems to hold up the minister's wife, and the Irishwoman who breeds like a rabbit, as the pattern women of the age. But is a large family always or ever proof of chastity and continence? What is certain is, that abortion in every stage is incredibly common among American women in good circumstances and of average education, and that the thought of it is not repugnant to hundreds who, for whatever reason, are never tempted to employ it. Not only is it common, but even flagrant. A correspondent of *The Medical and Surgical Reporter*, writing, if we remember, from the West, tells of seeing an instrument for abortion hanging up in plain sight, like any domestic utensil, and its purpose avowed without shame. The statistics of the immense demand from the country for the books and medicines of murderous quacks, whose headquarters are in the large cities, are enough to palsy the imagination that attempts to interpret them.

The pamphlet before us will probably increase the wholesome excitement occasioned by the articles composing it, and revive the charge of "indelicacy" against its author. We have not read the two books advertised by him and his publishers—Dr. Storer's "Why Not? A Book for Every Woman," and "The Mother and Her Offspring," by Dr. Tracy—but we believe we can confidently recommend these works to every household. The sensational title of the former, while it may invite those who are caught by quack advertisements of similar vagueness and suggestiveness, would seem to be a bar to its purchase by the soberer portion of the community, with whom, nevertheless, the book, as we have seen, may have weighty concern.

An earnest word upon this subject will be found in a pamphlet published in Portland, by E. P. Le-Prohon, M.D., entitled "Voluntary Abortion; or, Fashionable Prostitution, with some remarks upon the Operation of Craniotomy." The leading positions of this writer, who has practised for twenty-four years in this country, in three of the New England States, are, briefly, these: There is no difference (morally speaking) between feticide and infanticide; no physician is ever justified in destroying the fœtus for the sake of the mother—God, not man, being the judge of which life is the more valuable, and there being no certainty of saving the mother's life by this violence; the licentiousness of the press in publishing quack advertisements, inciting to voluntary abortion, is the immediate cause of the increase of this evil in America; the Catholic religion alone, as history proves, is capable of repressing it. No one can doubt that the point against the press is well taken; and we entreat Dr. Todd to reconsider his resolution to write no more, and to arraign first and foremost those "religious" newspapers whose prosperity is almost built on impure and utterly pernicious advertisements of the kind alluded to, such as have just been made penal in Rhode Island. Let the doctor give the names of the responsible publishers, no matter who gets "excited," and the good he may accomplish is absolutely incalculable.

The Market Assistant. By Thomas F. De Voe. (New York: Hurd & Houghton.)—The least that can be said of this book is, that it is all it purports to be. We are well aware that some, having studied the catalogue of food from the chapter on domestic animals to that on dairy and household products, may experience such a perplexing embarrassment of choice as to be ready to pronounce "assistant" a downright misnomer. But how few will find this embarrassment so objectionable as that which proceeds from confinement to a narrow range of market purchases! Is there one of the staple meats, for instance, that a never so versatile housekeeper or landlady has not some time or other loathed with all her strength? Indeed, it is not the epicure alone who sighs for new viands to devour, as Alexander for new worlds. Dyspeptic is a relative term; we are all restricted in what we eat; but the mischief is that we never learn the economy of a greater variety. This is partly, perhaps mainly, because we forget that the greater variety exists; and on this account, if on no other, Mr. De Voe has not written in vain. Recipes, with rare exceptions, he very properly leaves to the cook-books. Mrs. Putnam or Mrs. Ellis may tell how this or that article is to be served up; his business is to help you get it and not be cheated. Hence he enumerates everything that is or has within the memory of man been brought to the New York market, with some things that will perhaps be introduced hereafter. Wherever it is possible he gives their history, and culls from newspaper and other records accounts of "extraordinary specimens," the largest oyster, or fish, or turtle, the biggest haul, the mammoth cheese, and all sorts of adventures; tells you the origin of porter-house steak, explains the naming of the weak-fish, the canvas-back duck, the Rhode Island greening, mentions the use of ox-teeth in the earlier stage of dentistry—recalling what Catlin says of the mine which he unwittingly revealed to the dentists when he described the above-ground Indian cemeteries, with their circles of skulls, whose teeth were presently to do Christian service; and assigns to Dr. Franklin the credit of creating the broom corn culture, which was so marked a feature of the Connecticut River Valley before tobacco usurped its place. "A lady of Philadelphia," says his authority, the Washington *Sun* of 1837, "held an imported clothes-whisk in her hand, and, while examining it as a novelty, he found a single grain still attached to the stalk; this he planted," and we know the result.

The author makes some sensible remarks on the disadvantage of employing servants to do the marketing for their employers—a practice probably more in vogue in this city than in Boston or in Philadelphia, where the market-houses are much more conveniently distributed, and, if they cannot boast the same profusion or the same cheapness, since New York outbids them in their own stalls, are infinitely superior in cleanliness, roominess, and wholesome ventilation. In the circumstances, Mr. De Voe does all that he can for those who are doomed to thread the labyrinth of Washington or Fulton Market, and his book is emphatically the assistant of those whose means are limited. The thrifty, generally rotund mistresses who block our ferry-boats and horse-cars with their baskets every morning, coming from Harlem, Brooklyn, Hoboken, and Jersey City, will find here (as many of them as can read English) an amusing *vade mecum* for the tedious journey.

Homespun; or, Five-and-Twenty Years Ago. By Thomas Lackland. (New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1867.)—This book must have been written out of a free heart by one whose love for country life is very genuine. There is no evidence that the author's inspiration came rather from his publishers than from his theme, as is the case with many books that we are asked to read. The volume is divided into three parts, entitled Penates, Vicinage, and Bucolics. Under the first head we have brief and charming essays upon rainy days, garden-work, barn-life, huckleberryings, etc.; under the second, others just as pleasant upon the country store and school and fair, the town meeting and the poor-house; and for Bucolics we have talk of farmers' wives and sons and daughters, the hired man, etc. On first reading these essays we were almost persuaded that we had seen the book before, but as it bears no evidence of being a republication, we have come to the conclusion that our impression arose from the fact that the author was describing with remarkable fidelity things which we too had much enjoyed. The book has this advantage over most books of its class, that it is intensely human. Not content with speaking of trees and fields, of horses and cattle, it delights in men and women, and it is of them in their relations to the life of a New England farm that the author continually speaks. The book is all the better because it is written by one who knows the city quite as advisedly as the country, and so can speak of the two successfully by way of contrast and comparison. Yet while the author aims to recite the praises of country life, he never seems to feel it necessary to underrate the advantages of the city in order to achieve his end. Thomas Lackland, whoever that may be, is a person whose reading has been fortunate for his book, for it has enabled him to grace its pages with many choice quotations, well quoted to the illustration of his various themes. It is almost as good as going into the country for a few days to read his pleasant little book.

Benedicite. Illustrations of the Power, Wisdom, and Goodness of God as Manifested in his Works. By G. Chaplin Child, M.D. Two volumes in one. (New York: G. P. Putnam & Son. 1867.)—The title of this book will not at once suggest its character; but its fitness will at once appear when the author's object has been discovered. The "Benedicite" forms a part of the song of the "Three Holy Children," an apocryphal addition to the Book of Daniel, which has been incorporated with the service of the Protestant Episcopal Church. The object of this volume is to offer a series of illustrations of the power, wisdom, and goodness of God as they are suggested by the verses of the "Benedicite." These verses call upon the heavens and the earth, the showers and dew, winter and summer, frost and cold, etc., to praise the Lord. It includes in its ascriptions almost every form of organized life—vegetable, animal, and human life—together with the forces of the inanimate world, and furnishes a glorious text for a discourse on the perfection of the world. Dr. Chaplin has performed his task with a combined modesty and an enthusiasm that bespeak for him a generous perusal of his book. Making no claim to originality, it does not enter into the disputed questions of the times, and is thus saved from that *odium theologicum* which is so painfully characteristic of most books of this class. The spirit of the book throughout is excellent. It must not be thought that it is another book of natural theology, for it is not. It does not try to prove the existence of God from natural phenomena; but, taking it for granted, goes on to illustrate his attributes in many striking ways; and its author is not such a bigot that he cannot draw his illustrations from Darwin with as much confidence as if he were an accredited defender of the faith instead of an impartial seeker after truth. The author is apparently a member of the Established Church in England; but his work is not sectarian, and is calculated to afford pleasure and profit to all that read it in the spirit in which it has been written.

The Indigestions. By Thomas King Chambers, Honorary Physician to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, etc. (Philadelphia: Henry C. Lea. 1867.)—There are few treatises upon subjects purely medical which can with advantage be put into the hands of the general reader. It is desirable, of course, that all should know something about the functions of the human organism, but few laymen get any satisfaction in reading about diseases, their symptoms, treatment, etc. We are disposed to make an exception, however, in favor of the work of Dr. Chambers on "The Indigestions." The author of this charmingly written book is one of the few medical writers able to present their ideas always in an agreeable and even an attractive form, and his mode of discussing the various causes of indigestion is philosophical and in the highest degree physiological, and conveys a kind of information interesting as well as useful to all. The chapters on indigestion of different alimentary articles and upon some of the causes of indigestion, such as eating too little, eating too much, sedentary habits, abuse of alcohol, tobacco, etc., would produce much good if they were generally studied. The mass of the people have yet to learn that the condition known under the name of dyspepsia is almost always produced by some flagrant and constant violation of physiological laws, and is to be relieved by removal of its exciting and predisposing causes and not by medication. Physicians, also, have much to learn in this regard; but the rising generation is becoming quite progressive, and medical men are more and more disposed to study and treat diseases from a physiological point of view. One great advantage in Dr. Chambers's book is that his physiological ideas are well up to the present condition of the science.

Treatment of Fractures of the Lower Extremity by the Use of the Anterior Suspensory Apparatus. By N. R. Smith, M.D., Professor of Surgery in the University of Maryland. (Baltimore: Kelly & Piet. 1867.)—This volume is not intended as a complete treatise upon fractures, but, as the author states, it is rather an explanation and defense of his own peculiar views in relation to the mechanical treatment of fractures of the lower extremities. These views are not new, being essentially the same as those entertained by his distinguished father, Nathan Smith, of New Haven, and which were given to the public in a volume published in 1831. Up to this moment, however, the method of treatment recommended by these gentlemen has not been very generally accepted. Indeed, the prevailing opinion of surgeons has seemed to be that the treatment of broken thighs by "suspension" was only adapted to certain exceptional cases, and especially to certain examples of gunshot fractures. Dr. Smith has long occupied a position in which his opinions have commanded respect, and this book will be read with interest by American surgeons. To the young surgeon the speciousness of the arguments will, no doubt, often carry conviction; but to the older members of a profession so practical as surgery conviction only comes by seeing.

The Adventures of Sir Lyon Bouse. By the Author of the "New Gospel of Peace." (New York: American News Company.)—Sir Lyon Bouse is supposed to have visited this country during the civil war, and to have looked at us through the eye-glasses of a very British tourist. "I arrived in New York," he says, "on the 25th of November, 1861. Directly I landed I saw a mob. Just as I expected. They were armed with whips, and wore brass badges with numbers—signs of a secret association, I suppose. They shouted and yelled at us as we came off the ship, thus affording an evidence, before I was well ashore, of the American hatred of everything British." And so he goes on giving unprejudiced opinions of American men and manners, experiencing disgust at the lack of great and small game in Central Park, disagreeably surprised at the absence of conductors on the stages on Broadway, equally astonished and enraged at an attempt, on the part of an American sitting at the forward end of the stage, to rob him of six cents and share it with his accomplice on the box, and somewhat discontented because, though his note-book was ready, no tobacco was chewed by the Americans at the breakfast table of his hotel, and in every way disappointed and shocked. There are some sharp things in the book, which, by the way, is a small pamphlet with scarlet covers; and if any one enjoys hearing "You 're another" said to the stupid-headed critic of American follies, he may find in this trifle half an hour's enjoyment of a certain sort.

St. Twel'mo; or, The Cuneiform Cyclopædist of Chattanooga. By C. H. Webb, author of "Liffith Lank." (New York: C. H. Webb; American News Company. 1867.)—How much "St. Elmo" deserves ridicule and how hard it must have been to make an effective travesty of it sufficiently appear from this, that Mr. Webb has been able to incorporate with "St. Twel'mo" whole pages of "St. Elmo." His premeditated absurdities are so exactly in keeping with Miss Evans's unconscious silliness that only one who remembers "St. Elmo" would ever suspect in "St. Twel'mo" diversity of authorship—to use Mr. Webb's own joke, "a little Evans leaveneth the whole lump." We have not critically compared Mr. Webb's former burlesque with this one, but "St. Twel'mo" appears to us almost as amusing as "Liffith Lank;" not quite as good, for to burlesque Miss Evans's book properly there would be necessary a far more protracted course of the "jim-jims" than that described by Mr. Webb in *Harper's* the other day, and we can hardly require a humorist to make *delirium tremens* a habit, even for the sake of getting on a level with the ravings of Miss Evans. A good deal of Mr. Webb's fun is aimless, as fun ought to be, but in his serious use of it he does a service to the cause of sense in literature—a service which, if he likes, he can vastly increase—that entitles him to thanks.

Christie's Faith. (Harpers.)—A fair novel, as novels go. Scene in London, partly in middle, mainly in low life; plot constructed with considerable skill; characters in good contrast, but both false to nature in many particulars, especially, perhaps, the character of the aunt and that of Teddy; dialogue lively enough, but much of its expression is quite too fine for its grade of life; descriptions somewhat diffuse. The story will interest, however, by the incidents of its plot and the vivacity of its characters.

Recent Republications.—In "Maga Social Papers," as in the preceding volume of his Railway Classics, Mr. Putnam shows the excellence of his judgment. He has selected fifteen articles from *Putnam's Monthly*, all of which are entertaining, and few not instructive. The colored race is well treated, having assigned to it an essay on "African Proverbial Philosophy," and another on "Negro Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern." The latter has a permanent value, and we regard its resurrection as very timely. It may profitably be read in conjunction with Mr. Higginson's "Spirituals," in the June *Atlantic*.

So long as diamond print is to be used by our publishers, they can scarcely employ it better than has been done by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields in their complete edition of the "Poetical Works of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow." They are all there—the verses which have made his name house hold in England above even native poets—excepting only and of course the translation of Dante. But the five sonnets expressive of his feelings while engaged upon this life-labor are there. And last of all is placed the clattering Christmas carol called "Noël," which reminds the reader that Mr. Longfellow was once professor of modern languages and belles-lettres.

Of the various editions of Dickens which have occasioned so much controversy we cannot pretend to speak singly as each volume appears, but rather once for all. The Globe edition of Hurd & Houghton recommends itself in every respect except its bulk; the Ticknor & Fields Diamond, on the other hand, is dangerously fine in print, and ought properly to be a reference edition, rather than a pocket companion, in these days when everybody reads in the cars. The Peterson edition has a familiar look that compensates, perhaps, for its unpretending typography, and is well enough bound in green cloth to suit almost any library.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION *should be addressed to the Editor.*

HORACE GREELEY AND JEFFERSON DAVIS.

THE expressions of feeling called forth by Mr. Greeley's performances at Richmond last week have been sufficiently strong and sufficiently numerous to warrant us in saying that, whatever difference of opinion there may be as to Mr. Greeley's motives, there is none at all as to the repulsiveness and inexpediency of his conduct. The majority of the Republican papers ascribe his appearance as Davis's first bondsman to a love of notoriety which has been growing on him for some years, and which now finds expression in one way and now in another. They appear to think that, having achieved as an editor all the distinction within his reach, he sighs for the possession of some odder title to fame, and wants to connect his name with some startling political monstrosity, or "curiosity," as his friend Barnum would call it; that he has the craving for participation in any character in practical life by which so many men of eminence as thinkers and scholars have been afflicted, and not being able to secure it in the ordinary conventional channels, seeks it through the "sensational." Others explain his course by ascribing it to still loftier and more daring ambition, and support their theory by an elaborate and highly entertaining analysis of his character, which we have neither the space nor the inclination to reproduce. The examination of men's motives is a difficult and delicate task, which even the most skilful hand can hardly perform without doing injustice, and it is tolerably certain that no revelations which the chemists of any party are likely to make about Mr. Greeley's mental or moral composition shake the faith of the farmers in him. Partly owing to his long and unshaken devotion to the great principle of freedom, partly to the plainness, directness, and bluntness of his style, and partly to the innocent expression of his face, he has secured a hold upon the confidence of the agricultural population which nothing short of downright betrayal of the cause to which his life has been devoted will weaken, so that even a large proportion of those who are most disgusted by his kindness to Jefferson Davis will not ascribe it to low motives. He might do worse things than this and yet find himself popular in the "unpaved districts."

But we do not need to show that in bailing Jefferson Davis he was actuated by any purely selfish motives in order to prove him guilty of that kind of blunder which, when committed by a man in his position, deserves almost as severe punishment as if it were a piece of sheer baseness. He would and probably will defend himself by saying that the first necessity of the country at the present moment is peace and reconciliation, that Davis was no more guilty than the rest of the rebels, that the war was in reality only a rough mode of deciding between two contending principles, that no good purpose can now be served by punishing anybody, and that the sooner we can lead the South to forgive and forget, the better will it be for all parties, and that there is no better mode of doing this than having a prominent anti-slavery man like himself help to get the chief of the rebellion restored to liberty.

Now, this is a statement of just half the truth. The restoration of peace and harmony between North and South is no doubt of great importance, but the means taken to secure it is of just as great importance. If there be anything which the press, the pulpit, the prayers, the hymns, the speeches, the conversations of the North have been emphatic in affirming during the last six years, it is that the late war was not merely a contest for empire, as Earl Russell called it, not merely a struggle to settle a political difference, but a struggle between moral right and moral wrong. It was on this special ground that the invectives hurled against France and England were justified. These countries were told over and over again, that were the war simply a war for the Union we should neither ask nor expect their sympathy. It was not to be expected that they should greatly care whether the North American continent was covered by one political organization or by two. To Frenchmen and Englishmen the American flag from a purely political point of view was no more than the Brazilian or Paraguayan flag.

We took far higher than political ground. We said that the rebellion was an immoral enterprise, conceived and carried out not by mistaken men, but by bad and unscrupulous men, animated by corrupt and selfish motives, and determined to gain their ends at whatever cost or suffering to others. We said, too, that not only was the enterprise immoral, but that the means deliberately employed to ensure its success were inconceivably wicked, and involved the commission of the foulest crimes—perjury, treason, murder, and robbery. Nowhere has the deliberate villany of the Confederate leaders been more uproariously exposed than in the columns of *The Tribune*, and in fact it is this very villany which has been always used by Mr. Greeley as a reply to the statement that the South voluntarily seceded from the Union, which he has always maintained stoutly she had a right to do.

It was, therefore, not solely because the South sought to leave the Union, but because she sought to leave it by vile means, for vile ends, that we invoked the sympathy of the civilized and enlightened world for the North. We said justice and humanity and truth, and not the Union only, were at stake in our struggle, and that the place of all good men, whatever their political creed might be, was on our side. If anybody wants proof of all this, let him take up the files of *The Tribune* during the last six years, and read the leading articles. The struggle being now over, Mr. Greeley sets us the example of going to the South not to relieve the sufferings of our late enemies—for this as Christians we are bound to do; nor yet to assure them of forgiveness and peace—for of this everybody sees the wisdom; but of testifying to them, by unasked and officious politeness, by offer of aid in escaping the legal consequences of their transgressions, by, in short, the usual marks of sympathy, esteem, and respect—for this is what is meant by bailing a man out of jail when you have no personal acquaintance with him, and he neither asks nor needs your aid—that there has been nothing in their conduct to offend our consciences or lower them morally in our estimation. In other words, when Horace Greeley went down to put his name on Davis's bond, he said to all the world, "I, the most prominent representative of Northern feeling and opinion, who have had, perhaps, a larger share than any other man in bringing about the struggle which has just terminated, do hereby declare that my opinion of you, Jefferson Davis, is higher than ever it was; that I see in you simply an unfortunate enemy; that I look on your course during the past four years, your slaughterings, starvings, hangings, your spoliation, your railings and threatenings, as simply parts of the process for settling an honest difference of opinion; that you have done nothing and said nothing and sought nothing which a good and pure and high-minded man might not do and say and seek; and that the denunciations of you and your cause on moral grounds with which the Northern press, and my own paper the foremost, have been filled during the war, were all gammon, the wretched, frothy rhetoric, 'all sound and fury, signifying nothing,' which we editors make our living by producing and selling; that when Northern preachers prayed for God's blessing on our arms they prayed for the divine interposition in a game of pitch and toss, in which the right was on neither side; and that when Northern young men went out to fight, as they believed, for something nobler and holier still than either flag or country or laws, they fought and died under a sentimental delusion. You and I are too old to be humbugged in this way; as 'practical men,' we know that in cases of this kind the masses have to be kept up to the fighting by fine words, but that war is simply a means of settling the construction of legal instruments, and that when all is over nothing is more natural than that the leaders should embrace, as you and I do, over the fresh graves and amidst the ruined homes."

We have, as our readers know, opposed all forms of persecution of the South. We have objected to confiscation and to the infliction of every other penalty not clearly called for to secure peace and good order. But, then, we believe in the existence of such a thing as national dignity, national self-respect, and national conscience; and we say that a decent regard for these things makes Mr. Greeley's performances at Richmond—all except his speech, which was able and sensible—simply detestable, and calls for a more emphatic reprobation than they have yet received, although we have no doubt whatever as to the intensity of the disgust with which the public generally regards them. No man could in private life go on for years accusing another of fraud and perjury and pursuing him with the utmost rigor of the law, and then, when he had got judgment against him, invite him to his own house and treat him as a valued friend, without degrading and debasing himself—and what we need, of all things, is the application to the national conduct of the rules of honor and decorum which regulate the conduct of men in private life. None of us dare offer as an excuse for taking a criminal to our bosom the excuse which Mr. Greeley offers in effect for fraternizing with Davis, that there was more money to be made or comfort to be enjoyed in this way than by marking in our demeanor towards him our opinion of his morals. Mercy we might show him; assistance in rescuing him from suffering we might offer; but those marks of esteem and confidence which are reserved for honorable misfortune we dare not bestow on him; morality, justice, and decency would forbid it. Of the value of these feelings in the conduct of national life, in keeping alive the public conscience, in cherishing a healthy public opinion for the support of the law, the preservation of a high standard of public and private morality, of a high sense of the worth of character Mr. Greeley appears to have no conception, nor, we are sorry to say, have a very large proportion of the loudest bellowers amongst our reformers. It is this which accounts in part for the worship of such heroes as P. T. Barnum, because he happens to be an anti-slavery or temperance man, and for the practice of applying the foulest epithets to and accusing of the most disgraceful conduct men whom the revilers and accusers meet the next day and salute with as much cordiality as if nothing had happened. Nobody who knows how strong is the reflex action of language and of conduct on mind, can doubt that the prevailing tendency to treat moral offences as matters which ought not materially to affect our intercourse with those who commit them, and to treat our own denunciations of them as so much rhetoric and nothing more, helps to make our sense of right and wrong somewhat less acute, and to lower our estimate of what we owe to our own honor. It is not very long since a notorious embezzler of the public funds was entertained on his return from an exile which he had passed as a fugitive from justice, by a company which included a high officer of police and the chief-justice of a court of record. Similar examples of the same debased and debasing indifference to the effects of crime on character, and to the desirableness of supporting in our conduct the lofty doctrines which we all spout from platforms or publish in books or newspapers, may every day be witnessed; but Mr. Greeley has achieved the distinction of offering the world one of the most striking and very conspicuous of them all.

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ARMY REFORM IN ENGLAND.

The one thing certain about the English Reform Bill seems to be that it will be passed in any shape the majority of the House desires. There is apparently no amendment which Mr. Disraeli will not accept if forced upon him. For instance, he held very tenaciously to the clause exacting two years' residence as a qualification for the franchise in boroughs, and when an amendment was threatened by Mr. Gladstone some weeks ago reducing it to one year, Mr. Disraeli issued a circular to his supporters informing them that this clause was of "vital importance," and that if it were modified he could not go on with the bill. When, however, the amendment was carried, he very coolly accepted it, though after a night's consideration, and when asked how he reconciled this course with the circular treated it as a good joke. So that it is now certain that he has no policy whatever, and that the only duty which he considers himself engaged in is the formal carriage of the bill through the House. Evidently nothing in it is "vital" as far as the ministry is concerned, and the debates begin to lose a good deal of the interest when it is known that no division will affect the position of the ministry. The probabilities are that either the personal payment of the rates will be given up or all "compound householders" will be abolished, so as to remove Mr. Gladstone's strong objection as to inequality of qualification.

The public attention in England, therefore, begins every day to be more and more turned from the question of reform to the questions with which a reformed Parliament will be expected to deal, and they are now cropping up in the present Parliament with ominous frequency. Foremost amongst these is the condition of the army. Recruits are every year getting scarcer and scarcer, and it is generally acknowledged that the force is inferior to every other in Europe in every element of efficiency except courage. The rank and file are drawn from the dregs of the population, and the officers are selected from the upper classes, undergo no preliminary training, and purchase their promotion. The reformers ask first of all for the abolition of flogging, and have succeeded after a hard fight in the present Parliament in having fifty made the maximum number of lashes, and the punishment itself restricted to two or three of the worst offences. In the reformed Parliament it will probably be struck from the Mutiny act without delay.

Next comes the mode of appointing and promoting the officers, and this is a political even more than a military question. The kind of army the Liberals want is a middle-class army, like the first standing army which existed in England—that of Cromwell—an army in which the ranks were filled by young farmers, shopkeepers, and mechanics, and the officers were men who won their grades in the ordinary way, by courage or skill, or both. This was the kind of army with which the Parliament won its battles, and which the Protector brought to a degree of perfection in drill, discipline, and armament never witnessed previously in Europe except amongst the Spaniards. It was, of course, disbanded at the Restoration, and the foundation of the present military *régime* was then laid. The new army was officered by "gentlemen," country squires or their sons, and the ranks were filled by their serving men, dependents, and lewd fellows of the baser sort from the great towns; and to keep this blackguard crew in order, discipline of extraordinary severity was resorted to: flogging with "the cat," the number of lashes being left to the discretion of the courts-martial, was instituted; the drill and internal economy of the regiment were committed in a great measure to the non-commissioned officers, and a line of demarcation was drawn between the officers and men such as has never been seen in any other country. As all places in the government service were then salable, military commissions became salable too; and although William III., who was horrified by the practice, made a desperate effort to abolish it, it was too powerful for him, and has survived to this day.

At that time also, and in the foregoing circumstances, originated the idea which to this hour is the foundation of the English military system—that the army is not a profession, requiring a man's sole and undivided attention, but what may be called "a light occupation" for men of some fortune and leisure, in which they will enjoy select society of their own set, and not be required to sink their gentlemanhood in "the shop." The rate of pay and the mode of life have all been arranged in accordance with this theory, and even promotion has been made a matter of purchase, the richest men rising invariably to the highest regimental positions. That the British army has acquitted itself as well as it has done is, perhaps, one of the most wonderful proofs in existence of the great qualities of the race; but, as might be expected, its great exploits are actually cited by some of the Tory orators as proofs of the value of the purchase system, just as so many other abuses have been defended by pointing out how the nation has thriven in spite of them. To put the army still more completely into the possession of the oligarchy, too, another grand absurdity has been perpetrated, that of having it governed by a commander-in-chief, exempt from responsibility to Parliament, instead of a minister of war sitting in the House of Commons. There is a minister of war, it is true, but then the commander-in-chief is independent of him, and, within the limits of the Mutiny act, may snap his fingers at him, and the commander-in-chief is always a man of aristocratic connections and devoted to the existing system. If he showed the slightest taint of liberalism, the place would be made too hot for him, and yet not a word of it would get into the newspapers. The present incumbent is the Duke of Cambridge, who is usually referred to in the House of Commons as "the illustrious Duke." He has been in one fight, Inkermann, in which he broke down, wept, and went home soon after a sadder and somewhat wiser man. But his value is incontestable, as his rank is so high that none of the numerous military cliques can bully him.

What the reformers now want is an army like that of the Commonwealth, with the pay so good and prospects so fair and punishments of such a nature that respectable young men of the middle and working classes may be induced to enter it, dismissal from which would be, as it is now in the Life Guards and in the Irish Police, and as it was amongst the Sepoys in India, a disgrace and punishment, and in which commissions would, as in France, be divided between pupils of military schools and deserving non-commissioned officers, and in which promotion would be partly by seniority and partly by merit; in other words, a democratic army. How hard a fight they are likely to have, however, may be judged from the fact that not only has the old *régime* that mysterious but tremendous force called in England "good society" at its back—a force which can almost arrest the administration of justice when it is fully exerted—but there is a sum of nearly thirty-five million dollars invested in commissions by the actual holders of them. Yet the question is the foremost question of reform, and must now be solved. It involves not only a most important branch of internal economy, but the position of England in Europe and the future of her colonial empire. The present military system is confessedly useless for anything but a policy strictly defensive, and contains no provision for the contingency of a sudden difference with a first-class power; besides which, the army has acquired an importance it never had before, from the fact that England's maritime supremacy has disappeared before the recent changes in the instruments of naval warfare.

The military and naval force may be said to be the only instrument of government which the aristocracy did not surrender to the middle classes in 1832, and to the possession of it the former doubtless owes a large portion of its prestige. Nothing fairly killed the French aristocracy but the proofs afforded by the war of the Revolution that hostlers and linen-drapers could command regiments and win battles. Once Soult and Murat and Junot had been seen chasing the finest troops in Europe from hard-fought fields, the value of the *gentilhomme* as a soldier—the one thing on which he prided himself—was gone. So there is now in England a kind of superstition, which the upper classes do all they can to foster, that the leading of soldiers is the proper business of "gentlemen," and that there is something inherently absurd in a man of "low connections" attempting such a thing; and how much the prevalence of this feeling has to do with the political supremacy of the aristocracy has, we think, never been fairly estimated. Once destroy this feeling by showing what a democratic army, even of Englishmen, can do in the field, and the political prestige of birth and rank would receive a blow such as nothing else could give it, and such as many people, the late Mr. Cobden amongst the number, have thought it impossible for anything to give it.

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THE NEW YORK CONVENTION AND THE GOVERNMENT OF OUR GREAT CITIES.

As the government of New York City will form, we suppose we may say the most important part of the task before the coming Constitutional Convention, and as the work of this convention will furnish, as that of its predecessor did in 1846, a model to ever so many other States, we sincerely trust that its members will divest themselves at the outset of the delusion, which the Democratic press is so fond of preaching, that localities, whether cities, towns, or villages, have a "natural right" to self-government, and that the interference of the whole community in their concerns is a sort of usurpation.

No political term has been more abused than the term "municipal independence." We have inherited it from Europe, and with it some of the fallacies which in Europe have grown up about it. The history of the idea that there is, as against the state at large, something sacred about local government, would prove a most interesting and instructive study, and would, if it were in existence just now, render us a good deal of service. The earliest states in the western world were simply cities. The Greek states were all originally cities, and Grecian history is the history of the attempts of some cities to preserve their independence as against others. Rome was a city, and the spread of the empire in the ancient world consisted mainly, at least in Europe, in the absorption of cities, or rather their subjugation, for their self-government for local purposes was not touched. The city organizations survived the downfall of the empire, and they derived fresh strength and importance during the feudal times from the fact that, being surrounded by walls, they were the only spots in Europe in which life or property was tolerably secure. The rest of the country was given up to highway robbers called barons and knights. Even after the feudal aristocracy had been overthrown and the great consolidated monarchies began to be formed, the towns were the only refuge of industrial and mental activity, and the only places in which the forms of political freedom were kept alive. Not unnaturally, therefore, there grew up the feeling that the city was a sacred political unit, and was not to be meddled with, transformed, or reformed by any power outside.

At the settlement of this country local self-government was not unnaturally made the basis of the political system, but the reason was the expediency of the thing. As a general rule, localities are best governed by their own inhabitants; but, besides the expediency of the thing, Americans imported the European tradition of "natural right," and it is now preached vigorously as part and parcel of the Democratic creed, although in our state of society it is a sheer absurdity. The inalienable right of New York or Buffalo to govern itself, well or ill as it pleases, would be a very fine and invaluable doctrine if outside the city limits there was a grasping monarch or plundering aristocracy; but the pretension, when set up against the people of the State, a quiet, peace-loving, order-loving, liberty-loving body, whose interest in the prosperity and good government of the great towns is almost as great as that of the inhabitants themselves, is simply ridiculous.

Our political unit is the State. We have never had any other. The State sovereignty lies in the people of the whole State and nowhere else. It is not and cannot be parcelled out amongst towns or cities any more than among individuals. The city of New York is, before all things, a piece of State territory. Every right, privilege, and emolument it possesses is the free gift of the State, and the only good reason for bestowing it is expediency—common everyday expediency. The ninety-five thousand voters of this city have no more divine right to govern themselves than Thomas Smith has to reign supreme in his own garden. It has been found by experience that the affairs of towns are best managed in most cases by the inhabitants of them, and, *therefore*, towns are allowed to govern themselves as far as possible. If it were found, however, that local government did not work well, it would be the duty of the State to put an end to it "National right" has no more to do with the matter than the nebular hypothesis.

If the members of the convention will only clear this matter up thoroughly, lay fast hold of the principle of expediency, and clear their theories of mediæval cobwebs, they will go to their work with double chance of success. If they go to it encumbered with political superstitions and the old clap-trap and fallacies which have done duty on a thousand stumps, they will probably make a bad failure and drag us all down to destruction. It must not be forgotten that in the opinion of a great many thoughtful men we are on our last legs, and if something cannot be done to improve our political tone and brace up our system we shall come to irremediable grief. Moreover, it cannot be too often repeated that the New York convention does not sit for this State alone. It is to draw up a constitution for this State, but it will supply principles to the whole Union, because it is the first to revise and pass judgment upon the great Democratic experiment of the last twenty years. It is most important to the success of democracy everywhere that it should not be, and should not appear to be, tied up by any theory whatever, or that there is any article in its creed except the one that all power comes from the consent of the governed, and that all governments should be carried on through freely and frequently elected representatives.

We propose to say something hereafter about the various plans for dealing with the problem of municipal government.

BURNT SHIPS.

O Love, sweet Love, who came with rosy sail
And foaming prow across the misty sea ;
O Love, brave Love, whose faith was full and free
That lands of sun and gold, which could not fail,
Lay in the west—that bloom no wintry gale
Could blight, and eyes whose love thine own should be,
Called thee, with steadfast voice of prophecy,
To shores unknown :

O Love, poor Love, avail
Thee nothing now thy faiths, thy braveries ;
There is no sun, no bloom ; a cold wind strips
The bitter foam from off the wave where dips
No more thy prow ; the eyes are hostile eyes ;
The gold is hidden ; vain thy tears and cries ;
O Love, poor Love, why didst thou burn thy ships ?

THE DIGNITY OF HISTORY.

If we are to believe Mr. Carlyle, not the very Father of Lies himself could be a really first-rate historian. He, and only he of created beings, would have the necessary knowledge ; all that the family of Adam have ever been and ever done through all the generations he would know ; the sum-total of human experience he would have under his hat, as you may say, the nullities, inanities, everlasting verities and all—to put it briefly, he would be as nobody else could be, provided with the proper store of examples. The Wandering Jew whom Mr. Carlyle specifically mentions could obviously be acquainted with the doings of only a part of the race, and with them only for a matter of eighteen centuries, and he being out of the count, all mere ordinary men are *a fortiori* out of the count. But even Lucifer would probably fail of perfection as a historian when the question was of the requisite philosophy to teach properly by the examples in his possession. And though he were not to miss on this point, still he would undoubtedly come short and fail to "fill the bill" which Mr. Carlyle sends in to the ideal. For the Perfect in History to prove himself such and satisfy Mr. Carlyle must be the *can*-ning man who is able to reduce the verities to practice, who can live history for others to write, and embody his philosophy in the daily example of a perfect walk and conversation. For that business Mr. J. S. C. Abbott or anybody else is as good as Satan himself, probably better. From all which it appears that the ideal historian is a personage of very great dignity. And we may with all cheerfulness promise to give him, when he arrives, our most distinguished consideration ; plainly he will deserve it all, and the payment can probably be staved off for several generations. But the actual historian we have here among us ; he, as we know, may be Mr. Abbott, or Sir Archibald Alison, or M. Thiers, or anybody else, and it stands us in hand to be wisely incredulous and intractable when we hear him asserting the claim of his occupation and himself to superior dignity and consequent respect.

Really, the historian is a reporter. Leaving aside the matter of amusement, we do not know how the actual writer of history has been of any considerable service to his fellow-creatures except as a collector and chronicler of facts. He has always, or, at any rate, very often, attempted to be something more than this—he has been largely a fabulist ; he has dealt freely in inferences—indeed, more of his shockingly bad reputation for veracity is owing to well-meant endeavors at reasoning than is owing to his lies, pure and simple—he has philosophized ; he has been an orator and very often a rhetorician, but he has been of use to mankind solely, or almost solely, for his facts. A great part of what little value inheres in his inferences, philosophy, and what not, consists in their usefulness for purposes for which he did not intend them, as when, to make one example serve for a million, we get a fact relative to Roman superstition from the veracious tale in Livy of the clouds raining blood. So that even as a poet or a fabulist "Mr. Bos-locutus-est," as Mr. Charles Reade calls him, does duty as a reporter. For that matter ,what is Clio herself but the Proclaimer or the Reporter ?

And ages ago, when the reporter was a rare creature, it was natural enough that he should plume himself on his superiority over the non-reporting part of mankind. Even there has been in the annals of most nations a period when he might have been pardoned for feeling all the pride of the dodo ; when, for anything he knew, the species might with him become extinct. And, by-and-by, when the barbarian ceased to burn town and monastery, the period of the toga set in, and the historian discovered his pedigree and got himself a muse. But the airs of dignity which were due to the rarity of reading and writing in any language, and afterwards to the greater rarity of reading and writing in the dead languages, and to the slavish reverence with which the Ancients were regarded, are not for consideration here. They were put on by the apothecary who wrote his prescriptions in Latin, and perhaps by the divine poet who prostrated himself before Virgilius as a philosopher, and Statius as a poet, and were in no way peculiar to the historian. His claim is a claim to pre-eminence among his fellows, and has other foundations. We do not wish to speak disrespectfully of a class of writers once held in honor, and very numerous, though their best days are perhaps over, but we suppose the true theory of the historian's proverbial dignity is that which bases it on the fact that the political historian, who has stood forward as *the* historian, has for a long time been a reporter at service—a sort of a Jenkins in attendance upon kings and other great ones of the earth—whereby, as has been observed in the case of the private man's flunky, he has put on all the state of the master whom he has been serving. The historical Jenkins has so long followed kings and queens on royal progresses, and courtiers up and down the back-stairs of palaces, and ambassadors to foreign realms, and generals to the field, and has seen so much of royal births, deaths, and marriages, and of the rise of favorites and of the promulgation of statutes, of the engrossing of treaties, and a myriad other imposing things, that it is no wonder that his manners have become excessively oppressive, that he forgets our common humanity, and that he, after all, is only Jenkins, and, in his best estate, only a more or less honest and intelligent reporter.

For a great many generations he has been absurdly oblivious of his real relation to the rest of his literary brethren and to the world at large, and w suppose—and again we say that we have no desire to speak except with all due respect,—we suppose that there is something of the old spirit discernible in a letter of Mr. Bancroft's to a gentleman who wished to show him that he had committed an error of fact in his last published volume. Mr. Bancroft seemed to be taking some considerable thought for the dignity of history, and apparently holds that only sincere personal friendship for the doubter can justify the historian in lowering that dignity so far as to attend to grave doubts cast upon his statements. "Were it anybody else," he says, "but one like you, for whom I cherish a sincere regard, I might decline anything that could lead to a private discussion of questions appertaining to history."

Now, of course, there are various reasons any one of which may serve for a historian who is averse to a private discussion of his statements. If he knows them to be true he may well enough save himself the bother of private attack and rejoinder, and remit the party aggrieved to his remedy in a pamphlet. But it is an amusing proof of the tenacity with which old notions cling to life to find a historian nowadays pleading the dignity of history as an effectual bar against answering charges of inaccuracy in presenting facts, or against answering charges of any kind. History has no dignity. "Historic truth," as the Emperor Louis Napoleon says,—"historic truth ought to be no less sacred than religion" ; to which assertion it is quite probable that we give our assent. But it is instructive to recollect that the author of it immediately proceeded to write the "History of Julius Cæsar." And beginning with Herodotus and coming down to Headley and Towle, in what one of the histories is one to find the sacred historic truth ? Scattered bits of it, no doubt, he will find here and there ; a little of it in the very worst and silliest of them. The most measureless liars, as Dr. Johnson said, tell more truth than intentional falsehood ; but the most of what historic truth we have in regard to the past doings of our race, the most of what light is shed upon the path by which we have travelled from our original acorns to the civilization of to-day, the most, in short, of what we know as facts in regard to the life of man on earth, it is notorious that this has been got not from histories so called but from a thousand other less pretentious sources, from fragments of poetry, from plays, from bits of pottery, from inscriptions on broken stones, from letters of love or of trade or of friendship, from books of travels, from files of old newspapers, from records of commerce, from anything and everything, one might almost say, except what historians have seen fit to write. We would not speak of the reporter as if it were a small thing to be a reporter, for surely there is no harder thing to do and no more useful thing than to observe accurately and report with exact truth. But it is not this sort of honor which historians have most eagerly sought, and it is not upon this that they found their claim to pre-eminent dignity. If it were, could we not conceive of Mr. Bancroft, for instance, eagerly snatching at any opportunity, whether a friend offered it or an enemy, to get the least additional light on any point in his narrative ? With the true dignity of history this would have been perfectly consonant, however inconsistent it might seem with that mock dignity which once hedged the historian as well as the king in whom he delighted.

If it is true, then, that history is valuable to man for what truth it give him, for what facts in the story of man's life it tells him, and that hitherto its attempts to do more than this have been failures, then it seems clear that the sacredness and dignity of history belong not to any actual history or historian, but to the ideal historian for whom we wait, and that they may best be left unappropriated till the arrival of that faultless monster. And if what is called history could not save a historian of our day from the absurdity of arrogating to himself the judge's place, the history of historians, one would suppose, might. Our friend Livy had to wait, to be sure, about seventeen centuries for his Niebuhr; but at last Livy was reduced to his facts. Mitford and Gifford—we pretend to preserve no chronological order; any names in the whole list are serviceable as examples—vanished away before Grote, who, comparatively speaking, told the truth and was not a blind partisan; Plutarch was and is a great name, but nowadays we read him as we drink liqueurs, partly for the pleasure of taste and partly for the unnatural exaltation that follows; Gibbon has to submit to a reviewal from Guizot; Hume, Robertson, Voltaire, who regards them? Surely the saying of Mendoza ought to be the motto of the fraternity of historians. "One day," says the Spaniard, "is master of another; and whatsoever is written to-day, there will be somebody who will know more to-morrow."

It is, as we suppose, to a perception of the truth that historians have attempted vastly more than they have been able to perform that we owe the division of labor that has partly been effected, and that will yet be wholly effected, in this field of human endeavor. The tendency, getting stronger yearly, is to let the philosophy of history be extracted by philosophic minds, perhaps not particularly well fitted, and at any rate upon which it shall not be imposed, to collect facts from original sources nor to dispose them in the ordinary narration. These two branches of the work can be done by the numberless sorts of historians, pure and simple, from the historian of literature down to the historian of the cotton manufacture. This latter is the reporter, and his glory shall be to tell the truth of facts. The ornate, high-flying, pictorial, over-dignified historian, with his theories and his admirations and whims and the rest of his clatter, can do articles for magazines.

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ENGLAND.

LONDON, May 3, 1867.

THE Easter vacation is over, and the political struggle is beginning again. It is really very difficult to catch the exact meaning of the incidents of a warfare carried on with so little sincerity by a great majority of the combatants on both sides, for it is impossible to say whether any particular action is contested with *bona fides* or is a mere sham fight. Thus, the Conservatives won a triumph just before the vacation, in which they had apparently changed places with the Liberals and were going for household suffrage against a narrower franchise. Mr. Gladstone appeared in his worst character as a leader; from his love of intellectual intricacy he allowed himself to accept the issue in a form in which it was unintelligible to the country and his party; and when, as a natural result, he was beaten, he allowed himself to display the feminine sensitiveness which so often interferes with his powers of command. He wrote a letter which was intended to frighten his followers into obedience, but which might be interpreted as a resignation of his post as leader: although this interpretation seems to have been groundless, it resulted in a temporary disorganization of the party. Deprived of Mr. Gladstone's authority, they seemed to be delivered over almost helplessly to their opponents. The first division, however, of the session again turns the tables. The Liberal party voted for lowering the term of residence necessary for obtaining a vote from two years to one, and carried their proposal by a majority of no less than eighty. What the result will be remains to be seen; at present it seems doubtful whether Mr. Disraeli has not been too clever by half; he has offered the tempting name of household suffrage with the intention of neutralizing his gift by cunning restrictions; he may be caught in his own trap and compelled to allow the extension without the restrictions. The only difficulty is that many of his opponents are as insincere as himself, and would shrink from the actual concession of the gift which they affect to demand. The play of the opposite parties is not a very edifying spectacle, and I can only hope that their mutual cheating of each other may somehow turn out for the good of the public. "When rogues fall out"—but the proverb is something musty.

The vacation now ending has been marked by the appearance of two or three new newspapers in London. To start a newspaper is one of those experiments which seems to have irresistible attractions in spite of extreme risks. Feeble periodicals are constantly appearing, leading a half-starved life for a few weeks, and, after changing hands two or three times, dropping into an early grave. It is a long time, however, since any daily morning newspaper has been started in London. The abolition of the stamp duty gave an impulse to the penny papers, which at the time were languishing, and enabled them to survive and even to flourish. *The Telegraph*—the "Penny Thunderer," as it is called, from its resemblance to *The Times* on a small scale—is now a great success and has made the fortune of its proprietors. *The Standard*, the Tory organ, also pays well; and *The Star*, Mr. Bright's organ, which has the smallest circulation of the three, is also said to be beginning to be profitable. For several years it was kept alive as a party organ, but scarcely paid as a commercial speculation. These three have long had the field to themselves. They are now threatened with competition by a new rival called *The Day*. *The Day* is the organ of Lord Grosvenor and the Adullamite party, or, as it more euphoniously describes itself, of constitutional liberalism. Constitutional liberalism is to the common eye indistinguishable from ancient whiggism and is divided by exceedingly delicate shades from rank toryism; it is what Mr. Matthew Arnold would call the eminently Philistine party in politics. It finds out, as *The Times* did the other day, that the plan of purchasing commissions in the army is, "for practical purposes" (the regular Philistine dialect), the most admirable that has ever been invented; it believes in bulwarks against democracy and in the various checks and balances of our admirable constitution, and, in short, in all the enchanted whiggeries and shams and phantasms which Mr. Carlyle used to denounce. *The Day* has, as becomes its politics, plenty of money behind it, and, though not very well written, may perhaps succeed.

I do not know how it may be with you, but an English newspaper calculates for its chance of living upon attracting advertisements. *The Times*, it is commonly said, loses more the greater its circulation; that is, the threepence does not cover the expense of publication; but its enormous quantity of advertisements makes it a most valuable property, and of course, if the circulation were known to fall off, the advertisements would disappear also. Hence the question is whether *The Day* or any freshly launched journal can live through the first year or two with scanty means of floating until it can push through the early shallows into the deep waters of advertisements.[*] *The Pall Mall Gazette*, I am happy to say, seems to be accomplishing this object successfully, for it is really the best written and fairest of all our daily papers. There were many novelties about it, which made many people augur ill of its success; in fact, it was generally expected to die an early death; but its gallant proprietor, Mr. Smith (of Smith, Elder & Co.), who had already made one of the greatest successes in periodical literature by successfully starting *The Cornhill Magazine*, never despaired, and has now achieved an undoubted success. I think that his performance is a fair topic of congratulation. *The Pall Mall Gazette* is written with much talent and takes a higher tone than most newspapers, and it is, on the whole, a really liberal paper. It is true that all papers written for the higher classes of English society are apt to take the rather cynical and sceptical tone of politics which is exhibited by *The Saturday Review*. They are written for people who are very comfortable and naturally object to any change in the state of things—for why should an English gentleman of good means want to see anything altered in the universe? So far as he is personally concerned everything is so pleasant that it had much better stay as it is. Now, for good or evil, such papers as *The Times*, *The Saturday Review*, and *The Pall Mall Gazette* write for a class of society which is full of these thoroughly contented people, and they naturally suit their tone to their audience. There is often a curious contrast between the writers in these papers and the opinions expressed, which I hasten to add is not due to any actual dishonesty of the writers, though perhaps a stern moralist may consider them in some degree compromised. To take a single instance, I should guess, though I could not prove, that a decided majority of the writers in *The Saturday Review* were in favor of the Northern States during the late struggle; I am still more certain that a large majority of them incline to extremely liberal theological principles. But of course neither Northern sympathies nor free-thinking in theology would pay with the upper classes in England. Consequently such questions are committed to those writers whose way of thinking happens to coincide with that which is popular in the highest social state. *The Saturday Review* has another special cause of weakness in theological questions. Mr. Beresford Hope, the chief proprietor, is an extreme High Churchman; and as few intelligent men, and therefore few Saturday Reviewers, agree with him in this matter, the result is to neutralize the paper entirely. It sometimes sneers at the Evangelical party, and frequently sneers at religious belief generally, though in terms sufficiently covert to deceive the ordinary British public; but in most church matters it preserves an exceptional silence. *The Pall Mall Gazette* is in this respect very superior, and has had some very remarkable articles upon the theological questions of the day. Its tone in these matters is, indeed, much in advance of the ordinary English creeds, and has sometimes rather shocked the squeamish part of its constituency.

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[*] It is since dead.—ED. NATION.

I mention these details to show how far I believe it to be true that the leading newspapers represent English opinion. Undoubtedly the most common political hue of an educated Englishman is a kind of neutral tint, with a certain leaning in favor of what he believes to be genuine liberalism, but also with a very strong dread of democratic, revolutionary, and atheistic principles, which he holds to be closely connected, and to be great disturbers of proper peace and quiet. *The Times* and *The Telegraph* write for the upper and lower stratum of the great social mass in which this class of opinion flourishes, *The Times* being for those who can afford threepence and *The Telegraph* for those who can afford a penny. *The Saturday Review* and *Pall Mall Gazette*, again, write with rather more discretion for the most refined portion of the same class; and the trifling deviations from what I may call the regular platform are caused by certain individual peculiarities of the proprietors and editors of the papers. *The Times* used to be the one great English organ; it has very much declined in authority, and it is said to have declined in circulation, owing to the growth of the penny papers below and of the other papers mentioned above it. But substantially they all correspond to mere modifications of the same general body of opinion, which passes current with the great majority of Englishmen as unimpeachable political philosophy. *The Day* is an attempt to found an organ for a set of thinkers very slightly diverging from the common type, except that perhaps they have a rather greater aversion than most men to anything in the way of serious reform.

I have scarcely space to mention any of the other ventures which have been lately started. They are, indeed, of inferior interest. One to which I cannot help wishing well is *The Chronicle*, a new weekly paper, which is the organ of liberal Roman Catholics. The combination is, I fear, rather an unstable one in England; since by mere force of opposition most English Romanists are naturally driven into the Ultramontanist camp; but I am glad to see some more respectable organ of a large body of my fellow-countrymen than the virulent and, if I may say so, blackguard papers by which they have been hitherto represented. Indeed, if I were writing a history of the English press, I should have to say that our religious newspapers generally are by many degrees the most foul-mouthed, vulgar, and rancorous writings of the day. *The Record*, an evangelical organ, has an easy predominance in all these objectionable qualities; but they are all remarkable for narrow-mindedness and a total absence of Christian charity. I don't know whether these deficiencies are peculiar to English Christians, as represented by their periodical literature, or common to Christian literature all over the world, but here they are very strongly marked.

L. S.

Correspondence.

A FRENCH SKETCH OF A FRENCH GIRL.

To the Editor of The Nation:

On reading your French sketch of an American girl, it struck me that a French girl from the American point of view might make an amusing picture. Then I recollected having once read a *French* sketch of a French girl which afforded a pretty good pendent to "Miss Mary;" so I thought of telling you where it might be found. But then again it occurred to me that the work might not be accessible to many of The Nation's readers, as it is a book which (so to speak) no Puritan's library should be with. So I determined to give you a free abridgment of it from memory.

The hero, a gay young Parisian of fortune, who has been for several years doing what gay young Parisians commonly do, becomes *blasé*, and goes to visit a married sister in the country. His relations tell him he ought to marry. They have picked out a nice girl for him, a Mlle. Pelagie Quelquechose, an orphan brought up by her maiden aunt. The dower is good and the damsel is pretty. He is introduced to her at a party—tries to talk to her. Her conversation consists chiefly of "Yes, sir" and "No, sir;" indeed, she has not much more to say for herself than *Sir Oran Haut-ton*, the domesticated gorilla who figures in one of Peacock's queer novels. Nevertheless, as the dower is good and the girl is pretty, and he has nothing particular to do and everybody is worrying him to marry her, he consents. The proposal is made by his sister, and accepted by her aunt. He now sits by his betrothed at parties and dances with her, and is allowed to see her every day at home—in the presence of a third party. He attempts to get some more conversation out of her; she refers perpetually to "my aunt," who has told her not to do this or that. She moves about like an automaton, and looks no one in the face, not even her intended. "Lift up your eyes, they are too beautiful to be hidden." "My aunt tells me to look down," and so forth.

He seems to think it a serious matter to unite himself to a woman for life (there is no divorce in France) without knowing something of her tastes, inclinations, sentiments, and character, and especially her feelings towards himself; therefore he requests the female plenipotentiaries to grant him a private interview with Pelagie. Absurd! indecent!! impossible!!! He persists, however, and carries his point. But Pelagie is the same doll in private that she was in public. "You did me the honor to accept me. Why?" "Because my aunt told me to." "Then you thought nothing about me when you first saw me, or till your aunt spoke of me?" A blank look. "Suppose I had been old and ugly and stupid and fat and lame, would that have made no difference?" "Well, sir, if my aunt told me." The starling-like refrain drives him nearly crazy; still, as the dower is good, etc., etc., he marries her. But as to how this demure damsel conducts herself after marriage let us be discreetly silent, for her biographer is M. Paul de Kock.

This time I am content to let the lions be their own painters. Taking the two just as they stand, I decidedly prefer Miss Mary to Mlle. Pelagie.

Carl Benson.

POLITICS AND EDUCATION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

In *The American Freedman* of this month, in an editorial on the "Commission and its Work," I notice this expression with reference to the right of suffrage lately conferred upon the colored man:

> "But the ballot is an edge tool. Whether with it he slay his foes or himself, will depend upon his knowledge how to use it."

The truth of this declaration was strikingly illustrated yesterday at the Republican county convention held in this city. The purpose of the convention was to choose delegates to the district convention, to nominate a candidate for Congress. The meeting was largely attended, and it was perfectly clear that an overwhelming majority of the freedmen present were in favor of the nomination of Judge Lawrence, superintendent of freedmen for this county; but the comparative ignorance of the colored people, and their want of familiarity with parliamentary usage, enabled a few well-trained politicians to subvert their will, and the probability is that our next representative to Congress will be one whom the leading Democratic paper here declares to be "thoroughly committed to the conservative platform."

The fact is, unless there is a much larger effort to *educate* the freedman, to the country at large his enfranchisement will be of no benefit. The leading politicians of the South have always been accustomed to manipulating the masses to suit their own views. Unfortunately, the Republican party is saddled with many of this class, who, while their loyalty may not be questioned, are for *themselves* "first, last, and all the time."

In New England, where public schools have taught the people to think freely, the aspirant for public office must come before them with a clear record, and his party with a platform of principles. There the mere demagogue stands but little chance. Here it is very different. There "the reason why" of the schools is ever at the front. Here it is at the rear as yet, simply because the North will not see that the safety of the republic depends upon the education of the multitude "armed with the ballot." The process of reconstruction will occupy a time sufficient to enable us to educate a generation. Here lies the gist of real reconstruction; not a patched-up sort of truce, but an intelligence which shall be a *future reliance.*

I take very little interest in politics generally. The result of the convention yesterday arrested my attention, it was such a striking confirmation of the plea of the educational commissions of the North for means to "*lay broad and deep the foundation of a free-school system.*"

Yours, Wm. F. Mitchell.

Nashville, 4th Mo. 28, 1867.

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The Week.

THE leading incident of the week, and certainly the most amusing one, has been the encounter between Mr. Greeley and the Union League Club. The club undertook, or at least some of its members did, to call him to account for bailing Jefferson Davis, an act for which he was, as a public man, responsible to the public, but with which the club, as a social organization, had no more to do than with the management of his paper. This was error the first. Error the second was preparing some milk-and-water resolutions in condemnation of an offence which, if the club had any right to notice it at all, merited expulsion. Error the third was in not either passing the resolutions or voting them down after having prepared them, instead of substituting for them some feeble stuff in caucus-English about the wrong of releasing Jefferson Davis. Mr. Greeley met the attack in his best or worst style, whichever anybody pleases to call it, dropped the "Men and Brethren" manner in which he commonly discourses, and hit hard in good ringing Saxon, though blindly, as men in a rage usually hit. One's opinion of his style could not but rise on reading his letter, though one's opinion of his judgment could not but fall in just the same proportion. The public generally, we think, disapproved ot the meddling of the club, but at the same time has very little sympathy with Mr. Greeley in his present troubles. Whenever in times past the Republican party has chosen to hunt down dissenters from the prevailing creed, and let loose the party sleuth-hounds on them, Mr. Greeley has always claimed the head of the pack as the post of honor, but having a shockingly bad nose, he was never to be depended on, except in very cloudy weather, when the scent lay very heavy. Consequently the "minor editors" have rarely ventured to follow him over more than a few fields, and he has been forced to do some of the worst of the great chases alone. Many a poor heretic in his tree has listened in terror to his solitary bay, and wished he too had "an organ," and could come down and show fight on open ground.

◆

ATTORNEY-GENERAL STANBERY has furnished the President with a long opinion upon the proper interpretation of the Reconstruction Act. The substance of it is, that the disfranchising clauses are reduced to a very narrow operation by reason of their equivocal language, which Mr. Stanbery properly considers must be construed in favor of the elector. He holds that no one is excluded from voting or holding office by the fact of having held such purely civil offices as were necessary to preserve the order of society during the rebellion, or by his having committed any offence, or held any office, not clearly referred to by the oath of registration prescribed by the act. It was always obvious to us that the haste with which Mr. Shellabarger's amendment was drawn up had left many loopholes in it; and we expected that Mr. Stanbery would discover them whenever he turned his attention to the subject. It is, probably, just as well that it is so, since the policy of disfranchisement is one that cannot be adhered to, and might as well be abandoned first as last.

◆

MR. BOUTWELL is said to be the writer of the "Address of the Union Congressional Republican Committee to the People of the South," which is now going into circulation among Southern voters, both white and black. It is Governor Boutwell's, or it is somebody's who is like Governor Boutwell in being clear-headed and straightforward, a man of advanced views and of common sense—in short, a Radical with reasons. The address is of some importance aside from the good it may do among the colored people, who are now, as to a less extent they always have been since the war ended, under the influence of some of the best and purest Northern men and women in the country, and exposed, as we all know, to the influence of some of the weakest and some of the meanest men ever reared in the North. Aside from the good it may do in disabusing their minds of certain notions which it is criminal, in a very high degree, to disseminate among them, the address will do good among the Southern whites. If it does no more, it will remove from the minds of some of them the fear that confiscation still impends over them, and show that as regards such measures Mr. Stevens, Mr. Phillips, and General Butler do not speak for any important part of the Republican party or Northern people. People in the North have no need of Mr. Boutwell to tell them this; but if we may believe accounts that come from there, Mr. Stevens succeeded in frightening quite a number of Southern landholders.

◆

COLONEL SHEPHERD, commanding at Mobile, has made his report on the late riot, and we learn that the disturbance was not preconcerted, that but a few people participated in it, and that the scene of action was speedily vacated by everybody but the police. Mr. Kelley had been repeatedly interrupted by certain persons, and at last the police made one arrest, which was accompanied by a shot from somebody's pistol. Thereupon a number of shots were fired towards the platform, and by-and-by, after a momentary lull, a large number of additional shots were fired, the most of them into the air. General Swayne imputes to the police no worse fault than inefficiency, but he says that freedom of speech and public order have long been greatly outraged in Mobile by a part of the population, which presumes upon the sympathy of the police authorities with rebel sentiments. The deposition of Mayor Withers, and the temporary establishment to some extent of martial law, General Swayne seems to have ordered in accordance with the views of the loyal element of the city population, who apprehended a new outbreak consequent upon the riot. We suppose this will last no longer than till the police force is made loyal. Mayor Withers signified his acceptance of his fate in a dignified letter to Colonel Shepherd, which inclines one to believe in his loyalty to the Constitution. General Swayne, however, removed him for being inefficient, and therefore bad in his place, and in the way of something better.

For want of an audience, Pollard of Richmond's oration on the "Chivalry of the South" was not delivered in Lynchburg last week. Unavoidably a good many occurrences, in the true sense of the word insignificant, have been related to the damage of the Southern people, as proofs that they hated the negro and the Union. They ought in fairness to have the benefit of a wide dissemination of this item of Pollard's personal history—that a half-educated, noisy, Yankee-cursing, chivalrous Southern orator, writer, and martyr was, notwithstanding all these titles to the applause of the average Southern audience, compelled to put his eloquent oration back into his carpet-bag undelivered because in a town of twelve or thirteen thousand inhabitants he could not find twenty men who would listen to him. To be sure, it is possible that Pollard of Richmond had had "personal difficulties" with a majority of the citizens of Lynchburg, but we like to believe in so hopeful a sign as that the Southern people are getting disgusted with him and his kind.

◆

The Times of this city exposes an attempt on Friday of last week to revive the Fenian mania by collusive telegrams of armings and preparations in all parts of the country, which were showered that night upon the chief newspaper offices, and in some instances were accepted and printed for genuine. Such an imposition upon the public intelligence can have no other motive and no other possible effect than to plunder still more villanously the Fenian *clientèle*, consisting, it is well known, of an ignorant, humble, and poorly-paid class, mostly servants and largely servant girls, whom it is the concern of every good citizen to enlighten and protect from this organized piracy. We are free to say that we hold it culpable to so much as attach the importance of news to the sayings and doings of the ostensible "patriots," and that to employ reporters to retail the proceedings, "opinions," and "intentions" of the Fenian headquarters is to assist in deluding and spoiling the victims, and to prolong the vitality of a most deplorable anomaly in our body politic. The first duty of the press is to ignore the Fenians as much as possible, and the next to denounce them as they deserve when it is necessary to notice their lawlessness and rascality. *The Times*, as we have before remarked, is one of the few papers that observe this rule.

◆

Just before the Connecticut election we strongly reprobated the conduct of the Republican Convention of the Fourth District in nominating P. T. Barnum, and we recommended good citizens to "scratch" that gentleman's name at all hazards. To this the New York *Tribune* of March 28 replied:

> "But to this absurdity" (the advice of The Nation not to regard the "regular nominations") "something more serious is joined—the studied insult to the Republicans of the Fourth Congressional District, who chose Mr. Barnum as *their leader*. The convention which nominated him undoubtedly represented the people of the district, *and to accuse it of want of decency is also to accuse the people.*"

Mr. Barnum, however, ran behind his ticket, and was not elected. On Tuesday last this same journal, in an article on Nominating Conventions, *apropos* of the prize offered by the Philadelphia Loyal League for an essay on the best mode of selecting candidates, says:

> "Each of us is now virtually compelled to vote for candidates in whose integrity and capacity we feel no confidence. There may be a very good name at the head of our ballot, with two or three more scattered through it; but of three-fourths of those named thereon we either know nothing or no good. How shall we mend this?
>
> "Our advice, briefly, would be:
>
> "1. Let us elect by popular vote fewer officers than now, leaving more to be appointed.
>
> "2. Let us discard, for the most part, the *swindling machinery of 'Regular Nominations*,' and call by public requisition upon fit persons to stand as candidates for elective offices."

Now, we know that, as a general rule, performances of this kind only excite the laughter of the public; but we believe that few thoughtful men witness them without asking themselves what design of Providence can be answered by permitting the existence of newspapers, and more particularly why Providence permits the existence of newspapers that serve "great causes" by an open contempt for truth and honesty. If the press is ever to be raised out of its present low estate, it must be by readers insisting at all events on outward respect for their own intelligence and moral sense. They cannot make all writers for the press good men; but they can at least compel them to be decent hypocrites.

◆

It sounds incredible, but they say that our Board of Councilmen actually think they can make outsiders believe them honest. At all events, either out of fatuity or as a cynical jest quite worthy of Jonathan Wild, the Board has recently gone through the form of proving to an observant world that the lower branch of the New York City Council is honest. The late Legislature, which has not made any attempt to prove itself honest, passed a law making three years, instead of two, a councilman's term of service. The Board of Councilmen have passed a resolution censuring the corrupt Legislature for thus meddling with their constituents. It is said that the same councilmen paid to the Legislature, which they denounce for extending the term of service, $11,000 for said extension.

◆

The Cable newsmonger, according to the New York *Times*, is an American gentleman of great virtue and ability, and the same journal insists upon it that his despatches during the late war crisis in Europe were borne out by events. As this is a matter of fact, there is no use in discussing it. We refer all enquirers to *The Times's* own columns during the past three months, and they will there find, we repeat, that nearly every opinion and prediction of the agent of the Associated Press—not of the "special despatch" manufacturer only—was falsified by the news of the following week. What was true in his news was almost invariably trivial to the verge of silliness. He has, within the last week, taken to *predicting* the price of stocks on the London Stock Exchange, and, incredible as it may sound, the leading newspapers here actually publish his prophecies. He waits till ten o'clock in the morning—that is, a few minutes before the market opens—and then telegraphs across the ocean that "the market has not opened," "but that the best judges think," or "it is generally thought, that United States stocks or Eries will be so and so." Of course no shrewd business man is gulled by such stuff as this, but the unwary may be, and the publication of it by the morning papers may be set down amongst the curiosities of journalism. In *The Times* and *Herald* of last Sunday he prophesied at ten o'clock that, when the market opened, United States five-twenties would "improve" and Eries "decline;" but in his despatch sent two hours later, printed in the same column, he unblushingly reports that Eries had "advanced one-half," and that United States five-twenty bonds had "declined a quarter"!

◆

The dominion of Canada is formally in existence, to the great satisfaction of the politicians who infest the provinces, if of nobody else. Some of these gentlemen, we see, are already talking of a standing army to be counted by the hundred thousand. The people generally, we take it, are waiting to see what benefits are to be derived from the new arrangement; and while the more intensely loyal among them see in the confederation of the provinces a strengthening of the bond which ties them to the mother country, and which at any rate keeps them from drifting towards the United States, the wisest heads among them probably doubt whether the provinces as a republic, bearing the responsibilities of an independent country, will not come this way faster than if they had remained in the colonial state. This drifting is not, however, a process which there is any need of hastening; we in this country are not the losers if there is any loss in the delay. Meantime, we have on our northern border the same number of neighbors as before, something like three and a half millions, and we believe no change in our relations with them is made necessary by the change in their domestic affairs.

◆

The Mexican imbroglio is over, at least so far as Maximilian is concerned. Queretaro has been captured, and with it the "Emperor" and his chief supporters. Juarez has, it is said, refused to promise that Maximilian will be held harmless, and it is not only not impossible, but by no means improbable, that he may be shot. Everybody out of Mexico would probably, in the interest of humanity and civilization, regret this result, but it must be admitted, on the other hand, that there would be much excuse for it. The only difference between Maximilian and any ordinary filibuster was that he came to Mexico and took his seat on the throne under a recognized flag and with the aid of a regular army. This difference, however, he has clearly waived by staying behind after the French had gone, and he is now at the conqueror's mercy. Moreover, he has exposed himself to the worst by his having outlawed the Liberal forces as soon as he got possession of the city of Mexico, and treated all prisoners as brigands. Those who have read the "Contra-Guerrilla Français" papers in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* know what a shocking state of things this inhuman policy brought about. The whole story is inexpressibly sad. Maximilian is a good man, as princes go, the best of the Hapsburgs, but should he meet his fate as a filibuster, it will at least have the good effect of teaching a lesson which will not soon be forgotten in European palaces.

◆

"An Irishman who knows both sides of the Atlantic" has been writing to the Irish papers, drawing awful pictures of the demoralization of the Irish people through the importation, by the Fenian emissaries, of American ideas into Ireland about marriage, social equality, the clergy, land tenures, and what not, and says if the working of the poison cannot be stopped, something—we do not exactly know what—will happen. We are greatly afraid the writer is a pretender. The trouble with the Fenians here is that they do not seem able to get an American idea into their heads; and we are warranted in concluding that what they have not got, they do not carry over to Ireland with them. The only American commodity which, so far as we have observed, they have secured a full supply of, is what is vulgarly called "gas," but this was not entirely unknown amongst the Brotherhood before the "war" began.

◆

Mr. Ruskin has recently contributed to the English press a most dismal but withal somewhat ludicrous account of the sufferings of Thomas Carlyle from the manners of the street boys at Chelsea, who, it appears, jeer him most shamefully as he walks through the streets, so that he is obliged to take his "constitutional" after dark. This led, of course not unnaturally, to some very damaging reflections on the manners of the English lower classes as compared with those of the Italians or other Continentals—a comparison in the main just. We nevertheless felt on reading the story that the pestering of an elderly man of quiet habits must be rather too monotonous for the Chelsea populace to keep it up, unless there was something more than usually peculiar about his appeaaance. It now appears that at the bottom of the trouble is a very remarkable high-crowned hat which Mr. Carlyle persists in wearing, and which, as there is nothing of which the British mob is so intolerant as oddity in hats, brings the roughs upon him the minute he passes his door. Their conduct is scandalous, but we doubt if it would afford much of a basis for political generalization to anybody but Mr. Ruskin.

◆

In order to judge between Kossuth and Deák in their difference about the course which Hungary has adopted with Austria, it is necessary to have considered whether, after Sadowa, independence was really to be coveted by the leaders or the people of that province. Neither in patriotism nor ability does the successful statesman yield to the exiled chief, nor, we may add, in that modesty which is the essence of self-sacrifice, while he has certainly the confidence of his countrymen. We believe that he has and deserves their gratitude also; and in view, on the one hand, of the extraordinary growth of Prussia, on the other of the ever portentous magnitude of Russia and the menacing aspect of Turkish affairs, Deák acted prudently and sagaciously in strengthening Austria by Hungarian allegiance, rather than in exposing his country, by isolating her, to the perils of a general European conflagration, or to the aggrandizement of neighboring powers. At all events, when a constitution and a ministry have been wrung from Austria by the most uncompromising persistency, and the old policy of that empire has been displaced by one in accord with the progress of events, it can hardly be maintained that Hungary is weaker than before, or that the men who have brought her to this position are to blame. It is, perhaps, not to be regretted that there are still Magyars who cherish their dreams of separate autonomy, and who occasionally give signs of life. Mazzini undoubtedly aids the Liberal party in Italy by his radicalism, and a similar office may belong to Kossuth. If he makes of it a policy, we have the key to his recent letter of censure.

◆

REHABILITATION OF DEAD PERSONS.

We may almost say that a Frenchman is born polite, good-tempered, quick-witted, and a very fair prose writer. But though we can imagine Mr. Bancroft, for instance, surveying him with admiration on account of these gifts and graces, yet Mr. Bancroft ought after all to be thankful that he was not born in France. The Court of Cassation has just murdered history. It has just made a decision which even a historian not hostile to grandsons may be permitted to view with unaffected horror. It has declared, in deciding a case brought before it on appeal, that a man may maintain an action for a libel upon the memory of any one of his ancestors, and that the plaintiff in such a suit is not restricted by any statute of limitations, so that mere remoteness of relationship need prevent no one from becoming the champion of his farthest forefather's name and fame.

The Imperial Courts of Angers and Rennes have held that the law under which it was sought to bring the particular action to a successful issue before them did not include dead men in the class of "persons" who might sue for redress; before the Court of Cassation, also, this view was insisted on. It was urged that the plaintiff is bound to show that the libel has injured him personally, or was calculated to do so, and that otherwise the maxim is applicable which Voltaire offered by way of correction of the old and foolish one—*de mortuis nil, etc.*—namely, that to the living delicacy is due, to the dead truth only. To all which, and much more equally cogent, M. le Procureur replied eloquently, with what disquisitions upon the *gloire* of one's ancestors we can all imagine, and with what philosophic remarks upon the *solidarité* of families only a Frenchman can imagine, with quotations from Ulpian, and, finally, with citations of precedents which showed that in old times the law had adjudged dead men to be "persons;" that often, to appease its offended majesty, the corpses of comfortably buried men had been dug from their graves, tried, convicted, and condemned to suffer various indignities as punishment for crimes formerly committed by the souls resident in them. Readers at all curious on the subject we take pleasure in referring to the works of Mr. Thomas Wright, the Timothy Titcomb of two hundred years ago, who is very fond of proving to the hardened sinner, by the examples of bad Frenchmen, that nothing is more likely than that his mortal part will be disentombed, his skull nailed to the city gate, his right hand cut off, and the rest of him burnt to ashes. Probably numbers of M. Delangle's cited cases may be found in that author's instructive volume. The procureur's precedents and arguments took the judges along with him, and they made the astonishing decision above reported. Any French Kinglake who may have been meditating a work on the Duke de Morny, or Marshal Magnan, or Queen Hortense, or other friends and relatives of his Majesty Napoleon III., will probably find his account in pondering for awhile on this remarkable decision, which is, perhaps, the most striking illustration that has lately been vouchsafed us of the truth of Rochefoucauld's saying, that in France everything happens. What remains to happen it would be hard to say.

Of course it is the Emperor who is at the bottom of all this. To speak evil of dignities is forbidden; but on several occasions the Court of Cassation has vindicated its claims to the Imperial gratitude in such ways that no one will believe that in giving this opinion the judges gave their own opinion. But the Emperor being behind the judges, is there anybody behind the Emperor? We confess that we think there is, and as Americans we blush to say that we fear an American citizen may have advised him to this course of infamy. Has no American citizen, of historic tendencies, recently been closeted with the Emperor? Has no stern republican, in spite of his political creed, been received with marked favor by the despotic ruler of France? Have we among us no one who confesses that upon some points at any rate he favored Napoleon with advice and soothed him with sympathy? If so, there is an American to whose secret and evil counsels we owe this despotic attempt to reduce history to eulogium.

Notes.

LITERARY.

MONTESQUIEU'S great work has, we believe, been issued by American publishers, but not, we think, for many years. And of late the copies bearing Scotch or English imprints, which have been not uncommon in the second-hand bookstores, have been getting rather scarce and too dear. Soon we are to have a new edition, perhaps of all Montesquieu's works, perhaps of "The Spirit of Laws" only, which will be published by Mr. W. J. Widdleton. The edition will be under the editorial supervision of Mr. O. W. Wight, a gentleman to whom the American scholar is already under great obligations for his efforts to place before the public good editions of weighty authors. Another new book, if it can be said to deserve in any sense the name of a new book, which Mr. Widdleton is about to publish, is the "Moxon Elia"—the one containing those few words of hitherto unpublished preface and dedication which we copied the other day in a literary note. Mr. Widdleton is in the habit of publishing every year one or two small editions of Lamb's works, or such of them as there is most call for, and to an immediately forthcoming instalment of his "Elia" will prefix the matter which makes Mr. Moxon's "the only complete edition."——Mr. G. P. Putnam & Son announce for immediate publication a book entitled "What is Free Trade?" which is made up of the arguments of Bastiat, and of illustrations drawn by Emile Walter from American trade, commerce, and manufactures. "Emile Walter" calls himself "A Worker," which is all we know of him, except that he is a free-trader.——G. W. Carleton & Co. will publish in a few days two new novels by two American authoresses of some reputation, "The Cameron Pride," by Mrs. Mary J. Holmes, and "The Romance of Beauseincourt," by Mrs. Catherine Warfield, who wrote "The Household of Bouverie."——Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt announce a book of a class which ought to be engaging the attention of all who expect to serve the community in the capacities of political speakers, sociological writers or lecturers, and legislators, and which will also be read with interest by such working-men as work at handicrafts. Its title is "Co-operative Societies: Their History in England and Germany," and it is, or is to be, a translation of Eugen Richter's "Die Consum-Vereine."——Messrs. Roberts Brothers, of Boston, have in press S. Baring-Gould's "Curious Myths of the Middle Ages," a work which is, perhaps, entertaining rather than curious, and is curious rather than instructive, and which is only in part made up of myths, unless that name is to be applied loosely to all relations which are not true.——Loring, of Boston, announces "A Week in a French Country House."

—The proper folk-songs of this country should be sought, we suppose, among the aborigines, but the capacity of the Indian for music does not appear to be equal to his reputed capacity for eloquence. The negro possesses both these gifts in a high degree, and it is singular that no one up to this time has explored for preservation the wild, beautiful, and pathetic melodies of the Southern slaves. Their secular songs, or what purported to be such, have in times past made their way into all mouths; but their "spirituals"—the genuine expression of their eminently religious nature—have only recently claimed attention. We are able to announce a collection, based on the Port Royal hymnody, and including the songs of as many Southern States as are obtainable, which will be published either in the course of this year or at the beginning of the next. The words and (whenever possible) the music will be carefully reproduced, and it is the aim of the editors to make the volume complete in both respects. Any information relating to this subject will be very acceptable to them, and may be sent to Mr. W. P. Garrison, Box 6732, N. Y. Post-office.

—We learn from Mr. Boker, the secretary of the Union League Club of Philadelphia, that in offering the prizes to which we referred last week, the directors had in view simply this object: "To get at some system, *whether by a project of law or otherwise*, whereby decent people may have a voice in the nomination of the candidates of their party, and whereby this most important matter may be taken from the hands of those pothouse politicians and sordid wire-pullers who have now, at least in Pennsylvania, the almost exclusive control of all preliminary political movements." And Mr. Boker adds that it is not proposed to set any limits for the writers of essays, who may send in for competition a paper, a pamphlet, a volume, or a library, the directors promising on their parts to go faithfully through whatever is handed in by the essayists. The League deserves the thanks of the community.

—We have never absolutely said that Mr. A. M. W. Ball wrote the poem "Rock me to Sleep, Mother;" but for some time we have been strongly inclined to believe that he did, and that, as the case stood, Mrs. Akers would do well to bring forward, if she could, some evidence to rebut the evidence brought forward by Mr. Ball's friends. Were it not for one recent discovery we should still be of the same mind. Mr. Morse, who wrote a "Vindication" of Mr. Ball's claim to the authorship of the poem in question, vouched for the authenticity of letters in which various people referred to the poem as one that they had heard Mr. Ball read some years before 1860; one or two of the correspondents making casual references to it which are stronger as evidence than any direct assertions; another of them recalling the expression "backward, roll backward," as a part of the poem "Rock me to Sleep" with which he had found some fault when it was read to him. This reference to a particular verse goes a very long way towards making untenable the supposition that, in speaking of "Rock me to Sleep," the correspondent referred to a poem the same in name with Mrs. Akers's poem, but different in all important respects. We cannot go through all the evidence for and against Mr. Ball, who, as a poet, is, we should say, perfectly capable of all the thought and all the sentiment in the favorite poem which is attributed to Mrs. Akers, and almost capable of verse as good in rhythm and rhyme as Mrs. Akers's "Rock me to Sleep." He can reconcile himself to writing

"Tired of earth's mockery *and* the soul's strife;"

and she can write:

"*From* the sick soul and the world-weary brain."

We should have been still disposed to think, as we were disposed to think a week ago, that probably Mr. Ball wrote "Rock me to Sleep, Mother," and Mrs. Akers polished it and wrongfully claimed it for her own, if it were not for the fact that a writer in the New York *Times* shows that a poem, written by Mr. Ball and quoted by Mr. Morse in his "Vindication," must have been "conveyed" from Mrs. Sarah Helen Whitman, of Rhode Island. We dare say Mr. Ball wrote "Rock me to Sleep;" but we doubt if he may not as well hold his tongue hereafter. He is either a miraculously unfortunate man, or he is a literary offender of no common sort, and in either case silence is his best policy.

—Sir Archibald Alison, who is just dead in the middle of his seventy-fifth year, was a historian who had outlived the greater part of the reputation he once owned. His "History of Europe," on which his fame must rest, had the advantage when it first appeared of giving the reader in a book an account of events whose history he would have been obliged to hunt out of newspapers and magazines if Sir Archibald had not collected it for him. He was a man of very considerable attainments, of good powers of mind, and in politics was a bitter Tory. His story, then, is so prejudiced, though honest and careful in its record of facts and events, that its substantial truth is depended on by nobody but a colonial subscriber to *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, and there is now but very little in his pages to attract most readers. He was born at Kenley, Shropshire, in 1792, his father being a clergyman and the author of "Essays on Taste," which Jeffrey reviewed favorably in *The Edinburgh Review*. The historian was educated at the University of Edinburgh, adopted the law as a profession, and in 1828 put forth two books on the principles and practice of the criminal law. In 1833 he published the first volume of the "History of Europe, from the Commencement of the French Revolution," a voluminous work which before he died he had brought down to the time of the accession of Louis Napoleon. He is also known on this side of the water by a volume of his essays, which have been reprinted as one of the well-known set containing some of the contributions to periodical literature made by Carlyle, Macaulay, Sydney Smith, Sir James Stephen, T. N. Talfourd, Sir James Mackintosh, Prof. Wilson, and Lord Jeffrey. Alison loses in the comparison with almost any one of them.

He was made a baronet by the Derby-Disraeli cabinet of 1851, and would have been seventy-six years old on the 29th of December next.

—Among new books in England we see announced one which, to judge it by what can be seen of it in Miss Mill's recent able essay in *The Westminster Review*, must be valuable to sociologists everywhere. It is a translation, made by the author's wife, of "Social Reform in England, by a French Critic," and the writer was M. de Pontès. "The Moralization of the Dangerous Classes," "The History of Pauperism," and "Woman in England" are among his themes.——A novel that we are likely to see on this side of the water is "Paul's Courtship," by Hesba Stratton, the author of "Burcot Towers" and of a part of "Mugby Junction."——Another new novel is "Counting the Cost," by William Duthie, a rising man of letters who is well spoken of by some of the critics, though his Saturday Reviewer says that the novel gives one the impression that the author in writing it read "David Copperfield" and "Armadale" in alternate chapters during the day, and the next morning wrote out his dreams.——Also, beyond a doubt, we shall see Martin Farquhar Tupper, "His Opinions about Stars and Creeds and Ghosts; His Arguments for the Future of Animals; His Strictures on some Recent Critics; His National Psalms and Hymns," which are now advertised in the English papers, the whole being "Proverbial Philosophy, Third Series."——Cassell, Petter & Galpin announce an "Illustrated Book of Fables," which is to be issued serially, and of which the first four parts, now published, are devoted to "La Fontaine's Fables," translated by Walter Thornbury. Gustave Doré designs the pictures. ——Another illustrated book, which is also published in parts, is Messrs. George Routledge & Sons' "Natural History of Man,"—man of all colors and races, his dress, his habits, his weapons, utensils, etc., etc.

—American publications noticed in late English journals are books by Mr. Greene, Mr. Longfellow, S. Adams Lee, and President Felton. Mr. Lee's "Book of the Sonnet" is noticed by *The Saturday Review*, which praises the first volume—Leigh Hunt's—and entirely ignores the fact that the work is in two volumes. Mr. Greene's pamphlet against Mr. Bancroft is noticed by *The Athenæum*, which inclines to adopt the pamphleteer's view of the historian. Of Mr. Longfellow's translation of "The Inferno," except *The Pall Mall Gazette* none of the organs of British criticism have yet spoken. The reviewer in *The Gazette* declares that Mr. Longfellow uses English not like a native of the Anglo-Norman race, but gawkily like an Italian tyro; "he has attached himself to that extreme faction among translators who are distinguished by a minute and curious literalism which picks up words one by one with as little regard as possible to the natural effects of combination and association in the languages of all finite intelligences, so as mostly to distil away not only the grace and freedom of each expression, but even its emphasis and perspicuity, and to make every text appear cold and dry." The review is to be taken rather as a word from the school of translation opposite to that in which Mr. Longfellow has now enrolled himself than as anything else; certainly it is not at all a full and careful examination of this latest of the translations and a critical comparison of it with others. The writer does, however, note the fact that very often Mr. Longfellow's rendering bears a very close resemblance to that of Mr. Rossetti's.

—A *post-mortem* examination of the brain of Professor Galetti, of Gotha, ought to have revealed, we should say, a lesion of the cerebral convolutions somewhere near the phrenological "organ" of language. It must have been that there was some physical cause of such exquisite blundering as that with which he was accustomed to delight his university; the highest degree of the retired and simple-minded student's inaptitude for the task of expressing his ideas with precision is not enough to account for some of his follies. Galetti was a professor at Gotha from 1783 to 1828, and lectured to his pupils upon geography and natural history. His bulls were so many, so enormous, and so amusing, that some one took the pains of collecting quite a number of them, and, no doubt, adding a good many of his own, which were published, and of which these are examples. Once lecturing upon natural history, the professor thus spoke of the goose:

> "The goose is the most stupid of animals, because it only eats as long as it can find something."

Of Venice:

> "The Venetian Government is a mixed aristocracy out of which it is not easy to extricate one's self."

The following dialogue passed between him and a student in his audience:

> "'Some years ago a giant was here who was three and a half feet high, leaving out his head.'
> "'That was not very high.'
> "'Yes; but he was also a dwarf.'"

But unless we could remove the professor's orbitary plates we should decline to account for this speech:

> "Six thousand years have passed since the creation of the world, therefore the number of years before the birth of Christ must first be added and then subtracted."

Or this:

> "Gotha is not much farther from Erfurt than Erfurt from Gotha."

Or this:

> "Which is the right and which the left bank of a river can only be determined at its source."

Among the traditions of almost every institution of learning is the figure of some such personage as Professor Galetti, and this specimen of unconscious humor, if it was wholly unconscious, it is worth while to rescue from the works of Professor Popkins, of Cambridge; "The Dramatic Literature of the Greeks" was the lecturer's theme:

> "I am probably singular; but I never loved to be horribly delighted. I love to see everything, everybody, and every soul right and good and happy, doing well and ending well. But in this case it may be said that we should have no tragedies and scarcely any history; no trials of principle and few exercises of virtue. But, in fact, there is no danger of this sterility in the world. And since we are as we are, it is best that we should know the truth, and that it should be set before us in the most strong and striking colors, to deter us from vice and excite us to virtue. That is true, if it be true. But the same instrument which may be the minister of virtue may also be the pander of vice. As the conclusion of the whole matter, I must say that I consider the theatre as the bane of Harvard College."

It would not be so very hard, keeping in view the many learned brethren of Galetti and Popkins, for some modern patriotic Irish scholar to outshine "the judicious O'Geoghegan," and prove pretty conclusively that the birthplace and nursery and first natural seat of learning was the Green Island.

—Mme. Ratazzi, wife of the Italian premier, has published a somewhat scandalous novel called "Bicheville," written in French, and descriptive of but two possible cities in Europe—Paris or Florence. The critics beyond the Alps had no difficulty in deciding in favor of the latter capital, and the actual personages who identified themselves or were identified with the characters of the book were not unreasonably incensed at the author. The Marquis Pepoli, a former colleague of Ratazzi, and a relative of his wife, who had, nevertheless, not escaped being represented or misrepresented by her, demanded "satisfaction" of the minister; and the King espousing his cause, a jury of four, selected for each of the parties, found the demand to be just, but agreed that Ratazzi need not regard the challenge till he should cease to be president of the council of state.

EDUCATIONAL.

We are informed that the government of Harvard College is about to make some important changes in its course of instruction, which will go far towards meeting many of the objections which have been raised of late against the too great restrictions in the choice of studies imposed upon those who wished to take the regular undergraduate course. The exact nature of the changes proposed will be best understood by a brief comparison of the previous course with the one which we understand is likely to be adopted.

The studies of the freshman class remain unchanged and are all *required*.

Under the previous system the studies of the sophomore class were all *required*, and consisted, according to the catalogue of 1866–67, of Greek, Latin, mathematics, English language (Anglo-Saxon), chemistry, botany, rhetoric, and German. The average number of hours spent in recitations was three each day during the first five days of the week and one on Saturday. Under the proposed system the *required* studies of the sophomore class are chemistry and German (each two hours a week through the year), history, rhetoric, and philosophy (each two hours a week one term). The *elective* studies are Greek, Latin, pure mathematics, and applied mathematics. Of these elective studies each sophomore must take two.

Hitherto the required studies for the junior class have been (see same catalogue) during the first term physics, rhetoric, chemistry, and Latin. The *elective* studies were mathematics, Greek poetry, Greek prose, Roman history, chemistry, natural history, and German. During the second term the *required* studies were rhetoric, physics, and Latin, and the *elective* studies were the same as in the first term, with the addition of Spanish. Under the proposed system the *required* studies of the junior class are philosophy (two hours a week) and physics three hours a week. The *elective* studies are Greek, Latin, ancient history (in Greek text-books), mathematics, chemistry, natural history, the English language, and German; Spanish and Italian can also be taken under certain conditions. In each elective department, with the exception of the last two, three hours a week will be given to recitation.

The *required* studies of the senior year have been logic and philosophy, political economy, physics and history in the first term, and philosophy, history, and religious instruction in the second term. The *elective* studies were the same with those of the second term junior, with the addition of Latin and patristic Greek. Under the new system the *required* studies of the senior year will be (beginning with the year 1868–69) history, philosophy, and ethics; the *elective* will be Greek, Latin, mathematics, physics, chemical physics, history, philosophy, and modern languages. Each senior may choose *two or three* electives. The time occupied in recitation will be five hours each week for *all* required studies, and three for *each* elective. The average time hitherto spent in recitations and lectures by the same class was three hours each day except on Saturday.

This scheme will, of course, make it necessary to assign special honors at graduation to such as have passed successfully the examinations in the more difficult branches, and will induce students to attach an importance to the degrees when obtained which they have not hitherto. The most obvious defect, as it appears to us, is in depriving a student of the opportunity of taking Greek, Latin, *and* mathematics during the sophomore year. It is proposed, as we are informed, to allow two only of the three to be selected for that year. The plan seems, on the whole, a movement in the right direction, though we should have been glad if the extension of the elective system had been more complete, with its natural consequence of a regular gradation of honors. The democratic principle of giving the same degree on graduation to the highest and lowest scholars, which has so long cursed our American colleges, chilling the enthusiasm of the more ambitious scholars by depriving degrees of almost all significance, has reached, we hope, the beginning of its end.

MR. EMERSON'S POEMS.*

In the course of the twenty-one years that have passed between the publication of Mr. Emerson's first volume of poems and the issue of the volume which has just come from the press, there has been a great change in the regard of the public for their author. Mr. Emerson has had the felicity of living long enough to be assured of the gratitude of his own generation for his services to them, and of the permanence in the future of his influence and of his fame. Of hardly any other living American author can it be so confidently assumed that he will hold a place among the universal classics. The class whom he addresses and whom he directly affects through his work are the best. An idealist himself, he is the sage friend and counsellor of those who hold to the ideal as to the only absolute reality, and who, through the power which they draw from the sources of life, have virtue to lift the world, from age to age, to higher levels of thought and action.

It is in the influence of his writing upon character far more than in any direct intellectual effect that the chief worth of Mr. Emerson's teaching consists. He adds but little to the store of thought. His appeal is not so much to the understanding as to the soul of man. He regards thought as the wise man regards money; not as good in itself, but good for its uses and as a means. He seeks for absolute values, for what underlies and gives meaning to thought, for the universal of which the individual is the imperfect symbol and representative. He looks through shows and masks and illusions to the substance beneath them. He has the clear, practical judgment of the nineteenth-century American man of business, but he applies his judgment with the insight of the prophet, and he regards all things as if they were merely ideas.

In this idealistic turn of mind his nature is that of a poet, and in comparing his first and his last volume one can hardly fail to be struck with the fact that in all their most characteristic qualities they seem like contemporaneous productions. There is little in his latest volume which, so far as tone and spirit are concerned, might not belong appropriately with the poems of twenty years ago; little in his earlier volume which might not equally well find place in that of this year. His genius was mature from the start, and there is so little of the artist in his composition that time and experience and culture add no new capacity to his powers of expression. True to himself, as few men are capable of being, from the beginning, he remains true to himself to-day, and the spirit that moves him to poetry touches the same chords and works the same harmonies now as when he was a young man. The sound of the wind in the forest does not change with difference of years. Mr. Emerson's poetic genius seems as little modified by conscious will—as simply natural and inartistic—as the genius of the pine or the hemlock.

Mr. Emerson's inspiration comes from ideas rather than from actual life. There is nothing in it of a dramatical or lyrical quality. The emotions and interests of individuals do not appeal to him in such a manner as to lead him to seek to give expression to them in his poetry. None of his poems are, in a proper sense, studies of character; none of them are narrative or have to do with events and stories. They are, consequently, not poems of delight so much as poems of invigoration. It is not men but man with which they are concerned; not human nature but Nature, the mother of us all, whom the poet has studied, and whose aspects and influences he reproduces in his poems. A sentence from his own essay on Shakespeare describes his poetic sense; he knows "that a tree has another use than for apples, and corn another than for meal, and the ball of the earth than for tillage and roads; that these things bear a second and finer harvest to the mind, being emblems of its thoughts, and conveying in all their natural history a certain mute commentary on human life." Most of his finer and most characteristic poems are inspired with this feeling. Take, for example, in his first volume, the exquisite verses entitled "The Snow-Storm," or "The Humble Bee," one of the most perfect of his poems in expression, or the little piece called "Berrying;" or, from his new volume, the noble poem called "The Sea-shore." But perhaps he rises to his highest level where this sentiment of nature is most distinctly expressed in direct relation to man, as in "The Problem"—one of those poems which will always be held among the best—or as in passages from the "Wood-Notes."

Our space is too limited to permit us to cite from poems which ought to be familiar to every lover of poetry, but we must make room for a few lines from this latter poem, "Wood-Notes," which is not so well known as some of the poet's briefer pieces. The pine-tree sings to the poet:

"Only thy Americans
Can read thy line, can meet thy glance,
But the runes that I rehearse
Understands the universe;
The least breath my boughs which tossed
Brings again the Pentecost;
To every soul it soundeth clear
In a voice of solemn cheer—
'Am I not thine? Are not these thine?'
And they reply, 'For ever mine!'
My branches speak Italian,
English, German, Basque, Castilian,
Mountain speech to Highlanders,
Ocean tongues to islanders,
To Fin and Lap and swart Malay,
To each his bosom secret say.

. . . .

For Nature beats in perfect tune,
And rounds with rhyme her every rune,
Whether she work in land or sea,
Or hide underground her alchemy.
Thou canst not wave thy staff in air,
Or dip thy paddle in the lake,
But it carves the bow of beauty there,
And the ripples in rhymes the oar forsake."

It is, perhaps, due in part to the absence from Mr. Emerson's genius of any controlling æsthetic element that henot in frequently indulges himself in mysticism, and makes his verses puzzles and enigmas not only to the common reader, but even to the trained student of poetry. "Brahma," which excited so much cheap amusement and wonder when it first appeared some years ago in *The Atlantic Monthly*, was not, indeed, one of these riddles, but is plain and intelligible as an expression of Hindu Pantheism. It is a sign of the change brought about by years that there is far less of this obscurity in the new volume than in the old. But Mr. Emerson is, however, still careless about the shape in which his thought embodies itself, and fails to guard his poetry against the attacks of time by casting his poems in perfect and imperishable forms. If there be much of the Greek philosopher in his composition, there is very little of the Greek artist. Many far inferior poets have a freer gift of melody and a keener sense of harmony, order, and proportion. The music of his verse is rarely long sustained, and he does injustice to his own culture by not infrequent neglect of rhythm and of rhyme. Thus, in "May-Day" he ventures to rhyme *abroad* with *Lord*, and, still worse, *poured* and *abroad*; so, too, we find him rhyming *coats* and *spots*, *zones* and *towns*, *cavaliers* and *travellers* (where the accent is wrong as well as the rhyme). There are quatrains in the "Boston Hymn" and in "My Garden" which cannot be read musically.

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* "Poems. By R. W. Emerson." Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1846. 16mo, pp. 251.
"May-Day and other Pieces. By Ralph Waldo Emerson." Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1867. 16mo, pp. 206.

It is not to find spots on the sun that we speak of these defects; but because of our regret that poems which ought to be popular, and ought to outlast most of our contemporary poetry, are deprived by them of the chance of immortality which attends a work fashioned in perfect form. It is the form which is the seal of duration of all human works. Happily, there are some of Mr. Emerson's poems of which the form is the worthy embodiment of the thought.

Mr. Emerson's muse loves to dwell on "those clear-ethered heights" which are the resort of calm and noble thoughts, of pure fancies and generous sentiment. Of the youth to whom such poetry is dear all good may be prophesied. It will nerve him to high thinking and high living. It will make his ideals more precious and more beautiful to him. It will serve him as a test of the purposes and motives of his life. In the best sense, Mr. Emerson is a moral poet; he writes not to draw a moral, but because he is possessed with a moral sentiment which he can best express in poetry. He is the utterer of the moral ideas by which the hearts of his generation are moved. He is a poet of his times, essentially American in spirit; that is, devoted to universal ends and to the common welfare. His strength lies not in the power of his imagination and the vivacity of his fancy so much as in the dignity and breadth of his sentiment. His poetry comes from a large and pure nature, and it will always be prized most by the readers who are most in sympathy with the qualities which gain for its author the respect and the gratitude of those whose respect and gratitude are best worth having.

We must please ourselves by making two brief citations from the "May-Day" volume. The first is from "Voluntaries:"

"In an age of fops and toys,
  Wanting wisdom, void of right,
Who shall nerve heroic boys
  To hazard all in Freedom's fight,—
Break sharply off their jolly games,
  Forsake their comrades gay,
And quit proud homes and youthful dames
  For famine, toil, and fray?
Yet on the nimble air benign
  Speed nimbler messages,
That waft the breath of grace divine
  To hearts in sloth and ease.
So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
  So near is God to man,
When Duty whispers low, *Thou must*,
  The youth replies, *I can*."

DAYS.

"Damsels of Time, the hypocritic Days,
Muffled and dumb like barefoot dervishes,
And marching single in an endless file,
Bring diadems and faggots in their hands.
To each they offer gifts after his will,
Bread, kingdoms, stars, and sky that holds them all,
I, in my pleachèd garden, watched the pomp,
Forgot my morning wishes, hastily
Took a few herbs and apples, and the Day
Turned and departed silent. I, too late,
Under her solemn fillet saw the scorn."

JAMES KIRKE PAULDING.*

DR. GRISWOLD in his "Prose Writers of America" remarked upon Nathaniel Hawthorne as follows: "He controls his reader as the capricious air does the harp. The handkerchief, raised toward the eye to wipe away the blinding moisture there, is checked at the lips to suppress a smile summoned by some touch of delicate and felicitous humor." So it may seem a hard thing to say of any person that he is one of those American authors whom the world may properly leave to Dr Griswold; but we believe that is what must be said of J. K. Paulding. He does not deserve a long biography, nor elaborate criticism, nor, briefly, remembrance. And in fact he has been very well forgotten. Between 1802, when he began contributing to Peter Irving's *Morning Chronicle*, and 1858, when he wrote some verses which were probably his last literary effort, he produced something like twenty-five volumes, and Griswold says that a complete collection of his more elaborate writings would fill about thirty volumes; but except "Salmagundi," the joint production of himself and Washington Irving, nothing of all this mass of matter is now read by anybody; hardly anybody knows the titles of any two of the volumes, and "Salmagundi" is known to ten persons by its title where it is known to one by its contents.

His son, however, Mr. William I. Paulding, to whom was left the care of Mr. Paulding's literary property and literary reputation, has resolved upon discharging his duty by giving us in five volumes a life of his father and certain of his works. In so doing he is doubtless over-zealous. One compact volume, prefaced with a biographical memoir, and consisting in small part of passages from the author's poems and in great part of selected essays—for, as his son is aware, Mr. Paulding was more successful in the humorous essay than in any other department of literature—this would have been our way of trying to secure for Mr. Paulding the attention of the present and the next generation. All this, however, is rather the affair of Mr. Paulding's literary executor than of the public, which will find it as easy to leave five books unpurchased as to leave one. But as regards another point in the editor's method of doing his work, we should do wrong if we did not protest against it. He says:

"I have felt, therefore, that I was entitled to more than the ordinary latitude of an editor, and have seized upon that privilege of revision which the preoccupation or the indifference of the author allowed to escape himself. The changes are mostly in the shape of omissions of tautological matter or corrections of inaccuracies of language due to carelessness. The free substitutions of words are in a great measure mere transfers of his own expressions; though I have occasionally ventured to introduce one of my own. But I am confident that I have not in any way, or in the least, distorted or disturbed that more etherial part of the work which is the measure and figure of his mind."

We shall not attempt to show any one who does not already perceive it the absurdity of this way of editing an author's works. Richard Bentley, as editor of "Paradise Lost," tried it on the verse

"No light, but rather darkness visible,"

and was confident that he had given us Milton, and Milton bettered, in the new verse:

"No light, but rather a transpicuous gloom."

Paulding is not Milton, nor the editor of Paulding so unfit a critic of his father's works as Bentley of "Paradise Lost;" but if we want Paulding's works at all—and there is a bare chance that they may at some time be of some value to somebody as specimens of "the formative period of American literature"—we want them exactly as they were written, without the smallest change to mislead the smallest verbal critic of the twenty-first or twenty-second century. We hope, for the sake of setting a good example, if for no other reason, the editor will reconsider his determination and deal with the public in strict honesty. Unless, indeed, he is that man who can estimate precisely all the effects, *in sæcula sæculorum*, of even infinitesimal falsehoods, and can assure us that the effects of this one may be disregarded. In which case there is less to be said in reprehension of his action.

James Kirke Paulding was born in Dutchess County, New York, on the 22d of August, 1778—not, as Griswold says, in 1779. The family, which perhaps was Dutch and perhaps English—the editor is not sure about its nationality—first settled in this country in 1664. James Paulding's father, at the time of the boy's birth, was acting as a "State Commissary to the Revolutionary Forces." A nephew of his and cousin of our author was the Paulding who figured in the capture of André. And our author himself, born in the midst of war, his childhood being passed among a mixed community of Whigs and Tories, and his earliest recollections being of the atrocities of this cruel sort of fighting, took in with his milk a very bitter prejudice against England and the English. We fancy it had much to do with his liking for Goldsmith that he could call him Irish, and Swift, whom also he imitated, also, it is very likely, passed with him for an oppressed Irishman and no British tyrant. This Anglophobia was very prominent in all Mr. Paulding's literary career, perhaps is his most decided characteristic as an author; but if we remember the scenes of his youth, he will be excused for this narrowness, from which only the best and the worst Americans of his day were able to free themselves. The commissary, his father, a devoted patriot, finding difficulty at one time in meeting his engagements, pledged his entire fortune for provisions for the army, and lost it all; the State legislature, after peace came, would not reimburse him, his creditors threw him into jail, and, though soon released, his courage was broken by the scurvy treatment he had received, and he did nothing afterwards to retrieve his losses. Thus James Paulding was brought up as a very poor man's son. His boyhood was gloomy; he knew, he says, what it was to want bread.

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* "Literary Life of James K. Paulding. Compiled by his son, William I. Paulding." New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1867. 8vo, pp. 397.

His education in school, which he got in a log school-house while living with an uncle a little way out of Tarrytown, extended over but a few months, and "first and last cost about fifteen dollars, certainly quite as much as it was worth," and ended before he was thirteen years old. It was while at school that he made Goldsmith's acquaintance; he fell in with a copy of the "Citizen of the World," and to that work, which he read twenty times at least, he owed it, he says, that he had any taste or style. Going back from his uncle's house and the school in its neighborhood to Tarrytown, where his father and mother lived, he spent the time between his thirteenth and nineteenth years on the farm with his parents, doing not much work, shooting a little, fishing a little, reading what books he could lay hold of, and dreaming away many of his hours. At nineteen he had never been five miles from home.

But in 1797, his elder brother, William, found a place for him—a clerkship in the United States Loan Office—and he went to New York. Washington Irving's brother, William, had married Paulding's sister, and an acquaintance formed between the future authors soon ripened into a friendship which was never broken during life. Other members of the circle of which in those days these two were a great part were Harry Ogden, Henry Brevoort, Gouverneur Kemble, and William and Ebenezer Irving. With a spirit of fun, which nowadays seems rather mild in flavor, all of this fellowship except Washington Irving, who was probably the namer, had nicknames, as "the Patroon," "Nuncle," "the membrane," "the supercargo," "Captain Greatheart." Paulding was "Billy Taylor." The meetings of the set were perhaps somewhat literary, and no doubt not infrequently were convivial:

> "Shreds of odd stories have floated down even to the present day—how Henry Brevoort's hat, taken by mistake after a dinner-party, was recognized on the head of an individual found in the gutter in front of Trinity Church, whom the Dogberrys of the day, or rather night, bore carefully home to that gentleman's lodgings, and insisted upon the body's being his own; how Billy M. was once carried in procession by his still capable friends to his bed, and, with Mozart's requiem chanted over him, was buried under all the furniture of his room; how—but what skills it to repeat these things now? 'Alack and alack!' of all those merry blades but one survives. That one is Gouverneur Kemble, 'the Patroon,' probably so styled by way of joke in those days of great landed properties because he owned an old house and a few acres near Newark, New Jersey—the Cockloft Hall of 'Salmagundi.'"

In January, 1807, the first number of "Salmagundi" was published, and was received with great favor; but when the authors demanded of Longworth, the publisher, an equitable share in the profits, he refused to accede to the demand, and the publication came to a sudden end. Remaining, we suppose—the biographer does not tell us—in the Loan Office, Mr. Paulding employed his spare hours in writing prose not very powerful, and verse decidedly weakly, for the newspapers, and in turning out occasionally something more ambitious. In 1812 he published "The Diverting History of John Bull and Brother Jonathan," in which he imitated Swift's style; and in 1813 he attempted in "The Lay of the Scotch Fiddle" to burlesque Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel." The attempt was a very bad failure, if we may judge by the specimens which the editor places before us. We make room for one extract, and for the editor's critical comment upon it:

> "As the light vapor upward flies
> To seek its kindred of the skies,
> New objects greet the wondering view,
> Of various form and varied hue.
> A jutting point, a circling cove,
> Whose sandy beach the fishes love;
> A glen retreating from the shore,
> Down which the rushing waters pour;
> A whitewashed cottage, bowered in trees
> Scarce moving in the morning breeze;
> Each in its turn, a fair array,
> Stand cheerful in the eye of day,
> Till, at the last, a beauteous whole
> Combines to win the ravished soul,
> So, on the morning of her birth,
> From Chaos rose the smiling earth,
> And from the gloom of vapory night,
> Rushed into order, beauty, light."

"However delicious this, I fancy it rather a study from the Hudson than from Chesapeake Bay. But this by the way."

Such as it was, "The Lay," and "John Bull and Brother Jonathan," and a pamphlet entitled "The United States and England," a patriotic reply to some quarterly reviewer, attracted the attention of Mr. Madison, and in 1815 Mr. Paulding was made secretary of a Board of Navy Commissioners. In 1816-17 he wrote "Letters from the South" in two volumes, a work which relates to Virginia only, and is filled up with nature-painting and disquisition of one kind and another; in 1818 he published "The Backwoodsman," a long and very discursive poem; in 1818 he married Miss Kemble; in 1819 he published a second series of "Salmagundi," which he wrote without aid from Irving; in 1822 he published "A Sketch of Old England," which is a comparison, of course to the great disadvantage of England, drawn between that country and the United States; in 1823 "Konigsmarke the Long Finne," a sort of parody of one of Scott's novels; in 1824 he was made Navy Agent at New York; in 1825 he published "John Bull in America, or the New Munchausen," a caricature of the early British traveller; in 1831 "The Dutchman's Fireside," the best of his novels; and in 1832 "Westward Ho." It is not worth while to continue this catalogue of titles which mean nothing to the reader of to-day; Mr. Paulding was a busy writer nearly all his life, but when one has catalogued his works there is really not very much more to be said of them, and whatever more is to be said may better be said when the other volumes of this series of books come from the press. In 1838 Mr. Van Buren made Mr. Paulding Secretary of the Navy, an office which he filled with credit and from which he retired in 1841 to private life. He spent the last twelve years of his life on his farm in the county of his birth, and on the fifth of April, 1860, he died at the advanced age of eighty-one—an honorable man, a patriotic citizen, but, speaking broadly, a writer of not the least importance to any but his own generation and of no great importance to that.

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THE MAGAZINES FOR JUNE.

We have nothing new, we believe, to say about "The Guardian Angel," which, as usual, occupies the post of honor in *The Atlantic Monthly*. An occasional stroke of wit, an occasional touch of poetical feeling, an occasional proof of the truth that the physician and student of the body has an insight peculiar to himself into the diseased and the healthy movements of the mind, give the reader a pleasure not to be despised, and induce him to go on in spite of the commonplaceness of the characters, the dulness of much of the satire—satire is one-sided, and we say nothing of the truth or falsehood of it—and in spite of the atmosphere of carnality which pervades the story. This month the guardian angel appears for the first time, and seemingly is a visionary figure, suggested by a picture, of a female ancestor of Myrtle Hazard's.

In "Poor Richard," as in his other love stories, Mr. Henry James, Jr., shows his fondness for handling delicate threads of feelings and motives in the intricate web of character. We find a good example of his patience and perhaps over-refinement of thought in depicting his personages in the passage where the three men find themselves together with Miss Whittaker, and her rustic lover, a fierce and moody man, sits by while she converses with the others. Whether or not we admit it probable that Richard could have entertained a doubt as to his inferiority, we are at any rate ready to admit that in giving himself an answer to his question he reasoned closely: "Richard sat by, wondering, in splenetic amazement, whether he was an ignorant boor or whether they were only a brace of ignorant snobs. He decided correctly enough, in substance, for the former hypothesis. For it seemed to him that Gertrude's consummate accommodation (for as such he viewed it) of her tone and her manner to theirs added prodigiously (so his lover's instinct taught him) to her loveliness and dignity. How magnanimous an impulse on Richard's part was this submission for his sweetheart's sake to a fact damning to his own vanity could have been determined only by one who knew the proportions of that vanity." We may remark here, as we have named the two writers together, that in Mr. James's, as in Dr. Holmes's, treatment of women, the influence, the physical influence, of sex is very perceptible; but in Mr. James's stories it is not only refined but subtle—an aroma, as it were; while the better known novelist deals with women as if he were a materialist.

"Negro Spirituals," by Mr. Higginson, is very interesting reading. So far as we know, his paper gives us the largest collection of the songs made and sung by the American slave that has yet been put before the public, and, if our memory serves us, he has succeeded very well indeed in reproducing the Sea Islands dialect. We regret that Mr. Higginson did not also, as he might have done so well, and as is almost necessary to a tolerable appreciation of the "sperichils," describe for us the "shout." This is a ceremony which the white clergymen are inclined to discountenance, and even of the colored elders some of the more discreet try sometimes to put on a face of discouragement; and although, if pressed for Biblical warrant for the shout, they generally seem to believe "he in de Book," or "he dereda in Matchew," still, it is not considered blasphemous or improper if "de chillen" and "dem young gal" carry it on in the evening for amusement's sake, and with no well-defined intention of "praise." But the true "shout" takes place on Sundays or on "praise" nights through the week, and either in the praise-house or in some cabin in which a regular religious meeting has been held. Very likely more than half the population of the plantation is gathered together; let it be the evening, and a light-wood fire burns red before the door of the house and on the hearth. For some time one can hear, though at a good distance, the vociferous exhortation or prayer of the presiding elder or of the brother who has a gift that way and who is not "on the back seat"—a phrase the interpretation of which is, "under the censure of the church authorities for bad behavior"—and at regular intervals one hears the elder "deaconing" a hymn-book hymn, which is sung two lines at a time, and whose wailing cadences, borne on the night air, are indescribably melancholy. But the benches are pushed back to the wall when the formal meeting is over, and old and young, men and women, sprucely-dressed young men, grotesquely half-clad field-hands, the women generally with gay handkerchiefs twisted about their heads and with short skirts, boys with tattered shirts and men's trousers, young girls barefooted—all stand up in the middle of the floor, and when the "sperichil" is struck up, begin first walking and by-and-by shuffling round, one after the other, in a ring. The foot is hardly taken from the floor, and the progression is mainly due to a jerking, hitching motion, which agitates the entire shouter, and soon brings out streams of perspiration. Sometimes he dances silently, sometimes as he shuffles he sings the chorus of the spiritual, and sometimes the song itself is also sung by the dancers. But more frequently a band, composed of some of the best singers and of tired shouters, stand at the side of the room to "base" the others, singing the body of the song and clapping their hands together or on the knees. Song and dance are alike extremely energetic, and often, when the shout lasts into the middle of the night, the monotonous thud, thud of the feet prevents sleep within half a mile of the praise-house. But this will all be treated of, we hope, in the new book of spirituals which is announced in another part of our paper. Mr. Higginson, it appears, was fortunate enough not only to light upon a poet of negro minstrelsy, but also he found the poem thus repeated to him by its maker to be a genuine "fiddle-sing." For this secular poetry of the negroes we hope the compilers above referred to will keep a sharp lookout. It is so rare that some have made the mistake of doubting its existence.

Mr. Whittier celebrates the good qualities of the late Major Stearns in verses disfigured by some very unfortunate flaws. Mr. Whipple, in his "Shakespeare, the Man and the Dramatist," makes a good essay on a difficult subject for the essayist. He must feel, however, that he gives a very inadequate account of Byron when he describes that poet as a misanthrope, a representative of a class of which the highest logical development is Timon of Athens. It is true—we think it is James Hannay who points it out—that one goes through three stages in one's acquaintance with Byron. The first is the stage of which the sign and emblem is the turned-down collar and the misanthropic brow; in the second, one is ashamed of his boyish admiration, and lets Lord Macaulay teach him his estimate of his former idol; in the third, one gives great and honest admiration to the powerful intellect and powerful soul of the formidable exponent of the modern spirit who, dying at thirty-six, had written "Don Juan." Mr. Whipple seems to be still in the second stage of these three. Mr. Parton, in "The City of St. Louis," is quite as agreeable as in his glorification of Chicago. Mr. Bone, in his article relating to our Russian American possessions, deals too largely in latitudes and longitudes and other measurements to be generally interesting or intelligible. His paper must be read in connection with a map. It contains, however, much valuable information, and gives, on the whole, a highly favorable account of the new territory. The other articles, and none of them is bad, in fact none of them is not good of its kind, are "The Founders of Montreal;" "Golden Chains," which is all about the manufacture of gold chains, and is written in a very pleasant, sprightly way; "A Venetian Experience;" "The Red School-house," which is a smooth and pretty piece of poetry; "Among the Comedians," and "Reviews and Literary Notices," which consist of a good notice of three slight books, a slight notice of one good book, and a careful notice of Mr. Reed's damaging reply to Mr. Bancroft.

Of the other magazines of the month there is very little to be said. *The Catholic World* is mostly made up of selected articles from various foreign Roman Catholic magazines. From *The Month* it borrows an article on "The Mortality of Great Capitals," which is very well worth consideration, especially when it briefly considers the efficacy of a lavish supply of pure water in lowering the death-rate; from *Le Correspondant* we have a pleasant paper on ancient lecturers and orators; from *The Dublin University* an equally entertaining and instructive paper on "Libraries of the Middle Ages;" from *The Dublin Review* an article on "The Church and the Roman Empire." The only prominent original article is an able examination of M. Victor Cousin's claims to the title of philosopher. Little that is trifling finds its way into *The Catholic World*, and it perhaps makes head more successfully than most other sectarian periodicals against the constant tendency of that sort of literature to become extremely uninteresting, not to say unpleasant, reading to the general reader.

Hours at Home for June is not a strikingly good magazine. The Duke of Argyll's "Reign of the Law" is carefully and favorably reviewed by Prof. H. B. Smith, and we think Dr. Bushnell's fifth number of the "Moral Uses of Dark Things," which is entitled "The Condition of Solidarity," is perhaps the best of the series. "We exist by race, in families under laws of inheritance, circulating derivative blood, and bearing qualities bred in-and-in which as nearly amount to moral characters as they well can without our being answerable for them," and in other ways which Dr. Bushnell does not forget to mention. We are inextricably knotted into close relationship with our fellows. Thus we live in solidarity, as the French say. But Dr. Bushnell vindicates the freedom of the individual will, and for the rest shows how well it is that all this should be so by applying a form of the argument which is not unusual in dealing with the riddle of the world, and which in a general way may be described as telling the complainer that till he can make a better world he must hold his tongue and recognize the uses of all kinds of adversities. A. Jerome Faust tells us something about Esaias Tégner and his contemporary, the Swedish hymnist, John Olaf Wallin. *Hours at Home*, let us remark, ought not to borrow poetry without leave and without acknowledgment.

"Over the Plains to Colorado" is the readable thing in this month's *Harper's*. It tells us rather more about Colorado than we remember to have read before; in particular it talks very intelligibly and very intelligently about mining and the Colorado mines, and enables us to see clearly some of the folly which has made mining stock a name of fear to innumerable abused investors. "The Dodge Club" is rollicking as usual and makes one envy the obstreperous animal spirits of the writer. Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford is said to be the author of "The Marshes," a story of love and death—fleshy and bloody—which we may be permitted to call a screamer. And another well-known writer, Alice Cary, is responsible for a most absurd performance, "Jane Morrison."

The Galaxy has become a monthly instead of a fortnightly magazine, and will, we think, grow better with the change. Hitherto its strong point has apparently been its serial stories, which have generally been of more than average goodness, and, we dare say, by discarding its strong point it might itself become stronger. A magazine with two quite readable novels constantly running through it is an extraordinary magazine if the space between the novels is not in great part filled with padding. This has never been the case to a very reprehensible degree with *The Galaxy*, which, on the whole, is the second-best literary magazine in the country. Secondariness in a magazine is not so dreadful a fault as in the individual writer, for a small minority of good articles can reconcile us to a large majority of poor ones; but as for the mediocrity of men there is a dreadful saying against it. It is true, however, that *The Galaxy* has steadily improved since its first number, and we are glad of the change in its times of issue for the reason that the longer interval between numbers must tend to make the numbers better. This month, besides the two novels, Mrs. Edwards's and Mrs. Harding's, we have something about "Torturing Words;" some Alger-dilute by Mr. Eugene Benson, who talks not wisely about "Solitude and Democracy;" some talk about Bismark by C. Wyllys Elliott; and some pleasant enough talk about Déjazet, the wonderful *soubrette* of the Parisian stage; a careful criticism of "American Painters" as seen at the Academy of Design Exhibition, by Mr. Russell Sturgis, Jr.; "The German Cotillion," by Mr. G. D. Budd, a trifling article; "The Legend of Amsanctus," a well-told little story, by Mr. W. L. Alden; "A Norse Love Story," which is a synopsis of "The Frithiof's Saga," by Mr. Richard Grant White, who really talks as much about "cultivation" as if he were not in full possession of it; and, finally, "Nebulæ," a constant article, the tone of which is not always all that could be wished.

One Thousand Familiar Phrases in English and Romanized Japanese. By the Rev. John Liggins. Second edition. (New York: Hurd & Houghton.)—This beautifully printed pamphlet commends itself now to a larger circle than it did in 1860, the date of its original appearance. Others besides the natives of Japan and foreign residents and visitors in that country and in China are likely to prize it, if not to read it. For, besides Japanese jugglers whom we import, and Japanese embassies that come to us of their own the newly-established communication between Japan and California is bringing us into unexpected contact with the ingenious islanders. In default of having Mr. Liggins at his elbow, Mr. Seward, in his late interview with the Tycoon's commissioners, would have made a better figure if he had used Mr. Liggins's book. He might then have confessed in the vernacular that, linguistically speaking, it is "Difficult to carry on a large business with a small capital" (p. 58); or, turning the conversation upon Russia, have remarked impressively, "Having mutually made a treaty it is very bad to break or violate it" (p. 59).

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION *should e addressed to the Editor.*

"THE GUILT OF THE REBELLION."

MR. GREELEY, as we attempted to show last week, struck a formidable blow at the theory that there was any moral guilt in the rebellion when he volunteered to become bondsman for Jefferson Davis. The few shreds of the doctrine which were left were carefully removed on Monday last by an article in *The Tribune* showing that the rebellion was a "civil war," in all respects like the War of the Revolution, and that therefore the punishment as traitors of persons engaged in it would be cruel or improper.

During the progress of the struggle this view of the position of the Confederates—we ought now in decency to give up calling them "rebels"—was vehemently urged both by the Southerners themselves and by foreign orators and writers. When Americans, led on by *The Tribune*, filled the air with reproaches against Europe for not sympathizing with the North, our claims to this sympathy were stoutly denied, on the ground that the war was a civil war like the Revolution of 1776, that the issue was simply a political issue, and that it was impossible to tell which of the parties was in the right till the contest was brought to a close, and, therefore, the English maintained that in the meantime they were justified by every consideration in giving their sympathy and countenance to "the weaker party."

To this our reply, and the reply of our friends all over the world, was that the Southern attempt at revolution differed widely from the Revolution of 1776 in this, that the South revolted against a government under which it had voluntarily placed itself, and from which it had received no injury, and that the avowed and sole object of the revolt was not political independence simply but the perpetuation of human slavery over half the American continent; not freedom for the revolters, for that they had, but bondage for others; not, in short, the object which had made almost all preceding rebellions justifiable and glorious, but another and most detestable one—the creation of a political system based upon the doctrine that God had made the poor and weak to be the cattle of the rich, bought and sold and bred for simple gain. The Republican press, to its honor, never tired of dwelling on this distinction between this rebellion and the rebellion of 1776. It was by the aid of this distinction that we won the support of the best and purest men of European countries; it was this that supported the Lancashire operatives under their privations, and it was this, too, that comforted hundreds of thousands at the North when the tide of suffering and sorrow had risen so high that no merely political gain seemed worth the prolongation of bloodshed and devastation. *The Tribune*, too, which has all along been the great preacher of "moral ideas" during the war, rendered good service in upholding it; though often exceedingly weak as to the political value of the Union, on "the guilt of the rebellion" it never ceased dilating.

It now appears, however, that there really was no guilt in the rebellion whatever. There was no legal guilt, for there can be no treason, it appears, committed in "a civil war;" and if Davis & Co. could make a civil war without legal guilt, how could they incur moral guilt? If they had a right to make war on the United States at all, they had a right to make it for any object that seemed good to them. It is none of our business to spread our social and political theories on foreign soil at the point of the sword. We should not be justified in declaring war against Great Britain in order to rescue her agricultural laborers from degradation. The reason why we made war on the South was because the soil in which it sought to lay broad and deep the foundation of its accursed system was American soil; because the men engaged in this detestable attempt were American citizens; because the laws they broke were American laws; because the shame of their doings was our shame, and because their success would have proved to the remotest ages a hateful monument of our dishonor. We ask any honest man in the country to look back to 1862 and 1863, and think if, in those dark and trying hours, he was not supported and consoled by this consideration? if, when armies were giving way, when fleets seemed powerless, when Copperheads were joyous, when the whole civilized world was either mocking or pitying us, he did not draw confidence and courage from the consciousness that there was, after all, a moral element in the struggle, such as no other war ever had; that the rebellion was not simply a legal dispute, but a crime, and that the rebels were not simply bellicose publicists, but unscrupulous slaveholders raving for "niggers" and cotton?

The overthrow of this theory by *The Tribune* and the assimilation by it of our position to that of England in 1776, and the position of the South to that of the revolted colonies, if acquiesced in by the public, will certainly be recorded in history as the most remarkable piece of self-stultification on record. Self-stultification, too, is a very mild term to apply to it. Future generations will argue, and argue with reason, that there could not have been much moral sense left amongst a people who, after treating rebellion for four years as the blackest crime ever committed, denied when it was all over that it was any crime at all. Decency requires that we should keep up the humbug, if humbug it be, till our wounded and cripples have died off, and the files of our blattering moral newspapers have been removed out of sight. The world can stand a good deal of hypocrisy, because the hypocrite, as has often been said, at least respects virtue; but knavery which impudently avows and laughs over its own cheats and, more than that, claims for itself a place amongst the virtues, the world cannot stand.

MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT.

IF there be, as we attempted to show last week, no foundation for the theory that the municipalities have a "natural right" to govern themselves, the government of great cities, like every other question of politics, is a question of expediency. *The Evening Post* is, so far as we know, the only journal which takes for granted that the city must be governed by the majority of the voters living in it, and it consequently occupies itself entirely with the consideration of constitutional machinery. The New York *Times*, on the other hand, maintains that the majority in the city is not capable of governing it, and that no change can be a change for the better which is not a change in the constituency which elects the officers.

The theory of *The Evening Post* is probably that which will find most favor with the Convention. The Democratic party, which owes its existence in this State almost entirely to the city vote, will, of course, stoutly oppose any measure which deprives its supporters of any right or privilege they now possess. The Republicans, on the other hand, are only committed to one thing, but that thing is the extension of the suffrage, so that they are by no means likely to propose to take votes from the New York Irish while urging the complete enfranchisement of the negroes of the State. In fact, it would be almost as difficult to get the English House of Lords to admit the personal responsibility of the Queen as to get the leaders of any party among us just now to admit that universal suffrage is not good in all places and under all circumstances. In democracies as well as monarchies, people, let them be ever so practical in their temperament, are apt to get astride of a maxim or theory and ride it to death. We in New York are just now astride of the theory that the majority even of one locality cannot go wrong, and though it is tumbling us into one ditch after another, we keep telling the bystanders what a wonderful beast it is, and assuring them that the little accidents they witness are simply due to bad grooming, or bad saddling, or bad bitting.

The Evening Post proposes to set everything to rights in our large cities by concentrating as much power as possible in the hands of the mayor, leaving him, as at present, to be elected by the city vote, but giving him the appointment of most of the minor officials, and making him responsible for the proper discharge of their duties. This would, with other changes, be a change for the better, but alone it would not give us a good city government. It would make the mayoralty more than ever a prize for the class who now form the various "rings" and govern the city, as it would give him the filling of an enormous number of places. Accordingly, when an election drew near, the Citizens' Association and a large number of other "intelligent and virtuous citizens" would put their heads together, and seek out the best man for the mayoralty. They would find him without difficulty. He would be probably a merchant of great probity and great executive talent, and he would consent to serve. The leading journals would then all rally to his support. The 25,000 Republicans might be counted on for him with tolerable certainty, and so might a sprinkling of wealthy Democrats; but his vote, under the most favorable circumstances, would not get above 30,000.

In the meantime Mozart and Tammany Hall would meet to make their nomination. Warned by past defeats, they would take every pains not to divide their forces. The leaders would endeavor to arrange a compromise. There would be a great number of offices to divide—in the Police, in the Central Park, in the Tax office, in the Street Commissioner's office, in the Controller's office—in fact, the revenue of a European kingdom to distribute amongst functionaries and contractors. After much debate the various places would be parcelled out between the two factions, and then they would select somebody for the nomination who would be pliant enough to carry out the arrangement, and of course they would soon find him. He would certainly be a base man, perhaps a man of notoriously bad character. On *The Post's* theory they would not venture to offer such a man to the majority. But we *know* by experience they would, and we have every reason to believe they would elect him. This same party in 1855 nominated for the mayoralty a man who had been, a year previously, proved guilty in open court of forgery and swindling, and he was twice elected in spite of desperate opposition from the "virtuous and intelligent." Last year they nominated for Congress an ex-pugilist, street rowdy, and keeper of a gambling-hell, all in one person, and, to the great scandal of the "virtuous and intelligent," elected him without difficulty. It is fair to presume that the fears of "enlightened public opinion" would not be sharpened by the knowledge that a greater number of offices than ever before would be at the disposal of the victors.

Tammany and Mozart would not be in the least troubled by the reform artillery. Their constituents do not read the reform papers, and do not attend meetings of "the virtuous and intelligent." The men to whom offices had been promised would go quietly down to the wards, set the grog-shop-keepers to work, marshal their forces, hold one or two meetings in Union Square, at which the rich men, the Albany jobbers, and the Excise law would be denounced, guns let off, and lanterns waved, just to keep up the excitement; and on the day of election would seat their candidate in the City Hall by about 40,000 majority. The election won, the mayor would proceed to divide the spoils as per agreement, and the reform press would duly proceed to denounce him, as they did Fernando Wood; but he, well knowing that they could not harm him, and did not reach the public on which he relied, would pocket his share of the plunder and laugh.

Now, this is not a fancy picture. We dare any man, who knows anything about New York politics or the character of the voters who compose the Democratic party in this city, to deny that this is what in all probability would take place. We therefore regard *The Post's* plan of increasing the number of places at the disposal of the nominee of the majority as about as likely to put an end to corruption and misgovernment as the emptying of a barrel of petroleum on the flames to extinguish a fire.

When you have to deal with a thoroughly corrupt or ignorant constituency, all attempts to purify politics by changes in the political machinery or in the distribution of power, as long as the majority appoint the officials, whether one or many, are like attempts to change a pack of cards by shuffling them—shuffle ever so much, and the pack remains the same. There is no occult power in constitutions or charters. They depend for all their efficacy on the men who work them. The best constitution ever drawn would not make Mexico a great, free, and prosperous country. The worst constitution ever drawn would not ruin the United States. The people would meet, abolish it, and make a better one, just as they did once before. But whenever the people of the United States become vicious, degraded, cowardly, and ignorant, the days of their government are numbered. If Moses and the prophets came down and drew a constitution for them, it would be of no avail.

The plan of *The Times*, to surrender the city legislature to the payers of direct taxes, might work well. But there is little chance of its being adopted. It would look anti-democratic, and, therefore, the Democrats certainly, and the Republicans most probably, would reject it. And yet there is everything to be said in its favor. There is no such check on extravagance and corruption as the payment of direct taxes. Could the expenses of the city government be raised by a capitation tax, graduated by income, we think it would do much to make *The Post's* plan effective. But, failing this, the voting of money by the direct tax-payers only would, probably, in practice be found the best mode of stopping waste and breaking up the "rings." Of course it may be said, and Democratic orators do say, that every inhabitant of a city helps to pay the taxes—and so he does—either through his rent or the prices of his clothes and provisions; but then the poor and ignorant do not know this, and will not believe it, and the fact is, therefore, valueless for the purposes of municipal reform. The representation of direct tax-payers only might also easily be made to seem an attempt at the creation of a plutocracy, and neither party will, therefore, have the courage to touch it. The truth is, too, the rich men of New York have furnished some of the very worst swindlers of the public.

What, then, is the remedy, if there be a remedy? There are so many difficulties in our way, no matter in what direction we turn, that no candid man will feel complete confidence in any plan he may propose. The field of choice, too, is very much narrowed by the fact that so many things are excluded by party considerations. Neither the Republicans nor Democrats in the Convention can or will come to the consideration of this matter with perfectly unbiassed minds or without thinking of the possible effects of their action on Federal politics, for which reason we regard the meeting of the Convention in the present crisis as in some sense a misfortune.

But on three points we take our stand, and we know we cannot be driven from them: That the primal cause of the badness of the New York city government is the ignorance, degradation, and want of political training of the majority of the voters; that there is no immediate prospect that the character of these voters will undergo any material change; and third, as a corollary of the foregoing, that no attempt at reform which does not change the composition or character of the constituency will be successful. If a spring be muddy, the water which flows from it will be muddy, no matter what arrangement of pipes or hydrants you may make.

How can the character of the constituency of this city be changed? In two ways only. One, by improving the individuals who compose it, which for present purposes is out of the question; the other, by introducing new elements into it, or, in other words, enlarging it. In discussing this question it must not be forgotten that the problem of municipal government is not how to secure life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness—for these things every citizen must look, and has always looked, to the state—but how to secure clean streets, pure water, and a good police at the lowest possible rate. Political questions, properly so called, no more come within the province of municipal government than within that of insurance or bank corporations. Moreover, we have never acknowledged the right of localities to regulate their own concerns. The State has always reserved the right to interfere with them to almost any extent short of the total abolition of local government. So that there would now be nothing new, and nothing fundamentally unsound, in transferring to the electors of the State the appointment of the chief executive officer of the city, and giving him the appointment and control of all the minor officials. This would have the effect of raising the mayor out of the foul atmosphere of local politics, and would make him as independent of the harpies who now beset the City Hall as the governor is; and it would be essential that either he or the governor should have the appointment of the city police justices. The representative branch of the government should then be made small, and should consist of one chamber of not over half a dozen members, so that none but known men would be likely to be put on the ticket, and be elected by the whole city, discarding the ridiculous theory that each ward has separate interests to be watched over; and the duties of this body should be the voting of taxes, and little else, and the votes of taxes even should be subject to the mayor's *absolute* veto.

This plan would contain what seems to us the best feature of *The Post's* plan, the concentration of authority, and it would contain what to our mind is an essential feature of *The Times's* plan or of any good plan, the change in the constituency. It will, of course, be met by the old objection that the electors of the State "do not understand the wants of the city;" but we maintain that the city has only one want, and this is one which all men understand, namely, honest men in office. Give us this, and all other desirable things will follow.

New York is not, in the old sense of the word, a municipality. It fulfils none of the conditions of the municipalities round which all our ideas of municipal rights have grown up. Its people are not bound together by any of the ties on which real municipal feeling must rest. It is in fact simply the great market-place of the State, the *embouchure* of all its great water-courses and railroads, and there is no inhabitant of the State who is not almost if not quite as much interested in its order and prosperity as any dweller in Fifth Avenue. The objections, too, which lie to the government of the city by the Albany Legislature do not lie to the election of the mayor by the whole people of the State. The Legislature may be corrupted, the people cannot be, or if they can, why the whole experiment of popular government is a failure, and we may save ourselves the trouble of further discussion. It may be said that if you have the mayor of New York elected by the State, you must also have the mayors of other large cities. And why not? Why not ordain that all mayors of cities containing over half a million of inhabitants should be State and not local officers? We may depend upon it that we have not yet explored every hole and corner of political science, that we have much yet to learn, and we may be assured also that the democratic theory does not require us to affirm the absolute infallibility of local majorities. The minority in every city, town, and village is entitled to the benefit of all the virtue and intelligence there is in the whole community. We have stoutly denied the doctrine of complete local independence and local infallibility in the case of the Southern States. Why assert it, or allow it to be asserted, with regard to this city? The whole in politics, as in geometry, is greater than a part, but it is also wiser and better.

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A MASSACHUSETTS MANUFACTURER ON THE TARIFF.

It was proposed by Mr. Cooper, at the late Protectionist Convention in this city, that the new Industrial League and the Free Trade should jointly circulate documents containing on one side the free-trade argument and on the other the protectionist answer; but the suggestion apparently did not meet with favor. We regret this, because there is nothing more desirable than that the whole controversy should be submitted in a careful and deliberate way to the people. At present it is carried on by the party newspapers mainly as a party question, and the argument is so loaded with abuse and personal recriminations that it is rather difficult for a plain man to get at the gist of it.

The state of the case at present is simply this, that every living political economist of eminence, both here, in England, and on the Continent, except Henry C. Carey, advocates free trade, not as a system good for one country or one stage of industrial progress, but good for all countries and all stages—as, in short, scientific truth as impregnable as any proposition in Euclid, and treat protection as a mediæval fallacy destined to perish before long before the advance of knowledge. The American and Russian protectionists, on the other, maintain that, however sound the free trade theory may be, there are exceptions to it in practice, and that the case of a new country is one of them; that in this country protection sufficient to call manufactures into existence is justifiable, and likely to be efficient; and that, in point of fact, the assumption of the free traders that France and England would have reached their present manufacturing pre-eminence without protection is incapable of proof; and that America, Russia, and all the British colonies are only doing what England herself has done. To the argument drawn from the loss in money which protection may occasion at the outset, the answer is made, and there is no doubt that there is force in it, and that it is the answer which accounts for a good deal of the indifference of the Western farmers to free trade—that even if it does cost heavily to build our manufactures up, we can afford the loss, and want to have manufactures for moral and political reasons, cost what they may.

As it is becoming more and more probable that, as soon as the Reconstruction question is disposed of, the question of tariff and revenue will become the great political issue, all indications of how the current of opinion is running in the great manufacturing and financial centres are naturally of considerable importance, and one of the most important, perhaps, is Mr. Edward Atkinson's pamphlet on the "Collection of the Revenue," to which we called attention a fortnight ago. Mr. Atkinson is a Massachusetts manufacturer, largely interested in cotton-spinning, and does not approach the question of free trade as theorist simply, nor does he recommend a sudden jump into free trade without regard to the enormous interests which have grown up under the tariff, and which, we think, the country ought to consider as sacred as any other kind of property. We trust his *brochure* may be widely circulated and attentively read, and that protectionists will meet it with as able, as calm, and as courteous a statement of their own case. It is high time they dropped their epithets and insinuations, the talk of "British gold" and "British free trade," and addressed themselves pluckily to the facts and logic of the matter, because it is only by full and fair discussion that we shall ever reach a settled policy about the tariff—and a fixed policy, whether free trade or protectionist, we believe to be of the highest importance. In fact, we consider the strongest objection to protection in a country as rich as this is the constant temptation it holds out to legislative corruption, jobbing, and meddling. Acknowledge once that "interests" ought to be protected by import duties, and you open up a boundless field to political intrigue, of which the financial legislation of the last two sessions affords an excellent illustration. The great advantage of a fixed policy of free trade would be that it would leave manufacturers nothing to ask for from the legislature and the legislature nothing to bestow. But we confess, for our part, that, if the matter cannot now be settled by argument, if every question of this kind has to be settled by experiment, we are in favor of letting the protectionists have their way, say for ten years, so that their system may be fully tried.

Mr. Atkinson shows the fallaciousness of computing the wages of labor in money, and therefore the fallaciousness of supposing that whatever raises a man's nominal wages necessarily improves his condition; that all taxes are levied on production, and that a tariff is a tax; and that the accumulation of more gold in a country than it needs for a circulating medium is a folly; that international trade is, in reality, the interchange of labor. He is terribly hard on the Pennsylvania iron manufacturers, and says of Boston, his own city:

> "I think Boston to-day affords a good illustration of the evils of protection. The conditions of soil, climate, and coast indicated maritime pursuits as the province of New England men; and she engaged in them chiefly until the South forced a protective tariff upon the country. As this destroyed commerce, New England developed textile manufactures before their time, and then, becoming converted to the doctrine of protection, continued to foster them by the same process. The result is, that a large amount of the capital, and a large amount of the business capacity of Boston, which should have been applied to railroads, steamships, and commerce has gone into manufactures; consequently, Boston commerce declines, and young men emigrate. Commerce would have employed the young men at home, or in voyages ending at home; but textile manufactures employ only a few treasurers, agents, or commission merchants, and a very large force of operatives or laborers. There are too many young men for the number of places equal to their capacity, and they must migrate. I think the population of New England has not been improved by this forced establishment of textile manufactures."

JOHN BRIGHT AS AN ORATOR.

I.

The talking talent is not one of those personal gifts which Englishmen delight to honor. If in America the tendency is to overrate its merit, and to heap exaggerated rewards upon its distinguished exercise, in England there is a tendency quite as pronounced in the opposite direction. It is true that Britons find enjoyment in eloquence, for after all that can be said about them Britons are human. They are, indeed, greatly moved by eloquence and are remarkably demonstrative under its power. But when the performance is over, when the lights are out, the spell broken, and they themselves safely escaped into the cooling air, a reaction commonly sets in, and they are very much inclined to estimate the talent by which they have been so highly entertained as at best only a species of mountebank cleverness. "A mere talker," "a glib-tongue," "the gift of the gab"—these are descriptions which in England, and especially among cultivated people, are meant to be the reverse of complimentary. So much is this the case that parliamentary speakers not seldom either affect a hesitant and bungling utterance or are too conscious of the political value of its natural possession to make any effort to overcome it. There is a feeling in the land that very great sincerity must needs talk slowly, and now and then even stumble; that real thoughtfulness can never mount the swifter steeds of speech; that only shallowness and passion and hypocrisy are particularly fluent. Hence bad speaking is really an element of availability. Hence great men, placing themselves at the service of their country, will hem and haw from patriotic motives. They will inspire the reverence of their constituents by a judicious blending of coughing and stammering with their logic. They will carry an election or win the honors of a debate by the persuasive manifestation of an inability to talk. Shakespeare's *Antony* was a very good Englishman, rather than a Roman, when he tried to fasten upon *Brutus* the stigma of being eloquent: "*I am no orator—as Brutus is!*"

"Oh, he can speak!" Such was the damnatory verdict on John Bright which came with sneering accent from the curled lips of an English scholar, last November, with whom we happened to be walking out of the library of the British Museum. Nothing else that Thomas Carlyle said to the boys at the University of Edinburgh a year ago so delighted the English people as these witty sentences against talk which the greatest of living talkers put into that amusing talk, of more than two hours' length, on his inauguration as Lord Rector: "There is very great necessity, indeed, of getting a little more silent than we are. It seems to me the finest nations of the world—the English and the American—are going all away into wind and tongue. Silence is the eternal duty of a man. I must say that speech does not seem to me to have turned to any good account. If a good speaker—an eloquent speaker—is not speaking the truth, is there a more horrid kind of object in creation?" And straightway *Mr. Punch* took this last sentence, and gave it the point which all kid-gloved Britons had already applied to it, by printing it under a ludicrous cartoon representing John Bright haranguing a begrimed and gaping crowd of artisans.

Nevertheless, as we have already allowed, Britons after all are human; and the love of eloquence is a universal human instinct. Even Britons cannot in all cases with success contend against it. Natural passions are stronger than conventional ones. Thus it has happened, no doubt, that even in a country where, according to Sydney Smith, "an audience is apt to consider the man who tires them less than usual as a trifler and a charlatan," and where, according to Lord Lytton, "Hesitating, Humming, and Drawling are the Three Graces of Conversation," John Bright, by sheer force of oratory, and against the general contempt for oratory, as well as against every disadvantage of religious, educational, and social prejudice, has risen to be not only an unsurpassed personal force in England, but positively one of the institutions of England.

It must be confessed, however, that if English antipathy to oratory has in this case given way, it has done so under a provocation which all the world and succeeding ages will be likely to consider sufficient to justify so exceptional a procedure. For we believe all students of his speeches now admit that John Bright is one of the greatest examplars of a pure, manly, and commanding eloquence that any age or any language can produce.

There are some great orators whose speeches, though they may be read with delight when printed, fall heavy and dead in the actual delivery. Such an orator was Edmund Burke. On the contrary, there are orators whose speeches produce an amazing effect in the actual delivery, but furnish, when cold in type, extremely dismal reading matter to the hapless wight who may encounter them. Such an orator was Whitfield; such an orator was Lord Brougham; such an orator was Henry Clay. Indeed a great master of eloquence has by implication made this latter characteristic almost a proof of the excellence of the speech. "Does the speech read well?" said Charles James Fox, "then depend upon it, it was a poor one." But is not the perfect orator he whose speech is so fluent yet so thoughtful, so energetic in manner yet so choice in quality, so glowing with passion yet so rational, weighty, and suggestive, that while it sways the vast, throng as it leaps from the lips which first give it utterance, it still has, if fairly reported, an undying charm for the student in the closet? Such an orator was Daniel Webster; such an orator is Wendell Phillips; such an orator is that noble English statesman whose eloquence now wields the fierce democracy of England.

John Bright has a merit which is not a very common one among our own popular speakers; he uses pure English, avoiding alike the opposite vulgarisms of bombast and of slang. His style is simply perfect, racy, strong, sharp, terse, and clear, with a basis of glorious Saxon coming straight from the market and the hearth, and just enough impregnated with courtly Norman to give it elevation, nobleness, and an occasional majesty and musical pomp. This, his almost infallible taste in the choice of words, is the key to his victory over the orator-scorning fastidiousness of the educated classes of England. Whence got this Quaker demagogue that marvellous mastery of style which we university men, toiling for it through all ancient and modern lore, would now gladly give our right hands to possess? Such is the frequent and amazed enquiry of many an English scholar. "I may be nothing," said the orator modestly last year at Rochdale, "only your fellow-townsman, a man not brought up in universities or in the society of statesmen." "I have not had the same advantages which others have had," said the orator in the House of Commons a few weeks afterward, "but that fact only makes me the more value that which others have obtained." It is still common for public speakers in England, and especially in the House of Commons, to quote from the Greek and Roman classics, and such quotation is still considered to be what Dr. Johnson called it, "the watchword of literary men." John Bright never strains his mouth to utter the scholastic shibboleth. We do not remember a Latin sentence, and scarcely a Latin word, in any of his speeches, and we are sure he never spoke a Greek one. But he partly reveals the character of his favorite studies as well as the source of his exquisite English vocabulary by the snatches of English poetry which he occasionally introduces into his speeches, and always with aptness and impressive effect.

We shall not soon forget with what sweetness, in speaking of the brightening effect of a true Sunday on the toiling classes of Lancashire, he once quoted a couplet of George Herbert's:

> "The week were dark without thy light;
> Thy torch doth show the way."

We have never listened to anything finer of its kind than a passage in a very grand speech which we had the privilege of hearing him make, last August, in the town hall at Birmingham. He was describing the progress of popular liberty in the English colonies and in the United States, and then, returning to Europe, he said:

> "You will find in the republic of Switzerland, in the kingdoms of Holland and Belgium, in Norway, in Sweden, in France, and now in Germany also, a widespread exercise of the franchise hitherto unknown in our time in this country; and neither emperor nor king nor noble believes that his authority or his interest, his own greatness or the happiness of any of his countrymen, will be jeopardized by the free admission of the people to the constitutional privileges. What is it that we are come to in this country, that what is being rapidly conceded in all parts of the world is being persistently and obstinately refused here in England—the home of freedom, the mother of parliaments"—

At this point the orator paused, as if struggling for some loftier and more vivid language with which to portray the peculiar glory and, therefore, the peculiar shame of England, and then in an instant he resumed, as these fine lines seemed to flash upon his memory—

"of which one of her own poets has said,

> 'Though o'er our heads the frozen Pleiads shine,
> 'Tis Liberty that crowns Britannia's isle,
> And makes her barren rocks and her bleak mountains smile.'"

It was but an audience of working-men, yet the splendor of the quotation and its application to the argument, all the more powerful because so delicate, were fully appreciated, and the vast assemblage seemed lifted from their seats by their enthusiasm. But when the next morning that speech was laid on every aristocratic breakfast-table in England, and innumerable eyes, that could not but sparkle at literary excellence, fell upon this passage, with what a tantalized mixture of fury and delight would many a Tory squire and nobleman exclaim: "The Quaker dog! Where did he get such English? And now, see! he has broken into the very armory of our poets, has stolen their choicest weapons, and is using them to knock our brains out!"

In closing the last speech he ever made, Mr. Cobden said, "I never perorate." It may be said of his illustrious friend, Mr. Bright, that he never closes a speech without perorating. Of course we do not mean that even he perorates in the exact sense which Mr. Cobden meant—that of an elaborated strain of ostentatious rhetoric. But Mr. Bright has what Mr. Cobden had not—an oratorical temperament; and as he draws towards the conclusion of a speech his mind seems to rise to a grander and more kindling view of his theme; he sweeps over the whole a more burning glance, and, as if exulting in the amplitude of his own resources for expression, he gathers them up and pours them forth at last in his richest and most energetic sentences. An admirable instance of this habit, and one which illustrates, also, many of the best qualities of his manner, was the peroration of his magnificent speech for the Reform Bill in the House of Commons in April, 1866:

> "I have been misrepresented and condemned and denounced by honorable gentlemen opposite, and by not a few writers in their press. My conscience tells me that I have labored honestly only to destroy that which is evil, and

to build up that which is good. (Cheers.) The political aims of the last twenty-five years, as they were summed up the other night by the hon. member for Wick (Mr. Laing), are my political aims, if they can be called the aims in any degree of any living Englishman. (Loud cheers.) And if now, in all the great centres of our population—in Birmingham with its business districts, in Manchester with its encircling towns, in the population of the West Riding of Yorkshire, in Glasgow and amidst the vast industries of the West of Scotland, and in this great Babylon in which we are assembled—if we do not find ourselves surrounded by hungry and exasperated multitudes—if now, more than at any time during the last hundred years, it may be said, quoting the beautiful words of Mr. Sheridan, that

> ' Content sits basking on the cheek of toil '—

if this House and if its statesmen glory in the change, have I not as much as any living man some claim to partake of that glory? (Loud cheers.) I know, and every thoughtful man among you knows, and those gentlemen who sit on that bench and who are leading you to this enterprise, they know that the policy I have urged upon the House and upon the country, so far as it has hitherto been accepted by Parliament, is a policy conservative of the public welfare, strengthening the just authority of Parliament, and adding from day to day fresh lustre and dignity to the Crown. (Cheers.) And now, when I speak to you and ask you to pass this bill—when I plead on behalf of those who are not allowed to speak themselves in this House—if you could raise yourselves for this night, for this hour, above the region of party strife—if you could free yourselves from the pestilent atmosphere of passion and prejudice which so often surrounds us here, I feel confident that at this moment I should not plead in vain before this Imperial Parliament on behalf of the English constitution and the English people." (Loud and long-continued cheering.)

PARIS GOSSIP.

PARIS, April 3, 1867.

OUR cold and stormy spring is gradually approaching summer, the lilacs and laburnums are in full blossom, the magnolias of the Champs Elysées are "a sight worth seeing," as are also the wonderful beds of variegated wall-flowers at the Rond-point of that favorite avenue, and still we are plagued with weather worthy of a somewhat mild December. We had just such soaking weather after the grand cannonading of the Crimea, after the Franco-Italian campaign, after the enormous expenditure of powder on your side of the water; are we again undergoing an illustration of the correctness of the theory according to which your countryman, Mr. Espy, "the Storm-King," so pertinaciously protested his ability to bring down rain as the result of combustion and perturbation of the atmosphere on the surface of the earth, and paying our tribute of endurance to the Austro-Prusso-Italian pyrotechnic doings of last year?

The terror of coming war, which was hanging over Europe a fortnight ago, has pretty nearly vanished. Apparently neither France nor Prussia, at the bottom of their hearts, have the faintest desire to measure forces with each other or with anybody else; and the flood of official and private gaieties, not interrupted by the shadow that is now happily passing away, will doubtless go on increasing in body and rapidity, as is its wont, until the close of "the season" drives out of town every one who can afford to let himself be so driven.

Among wearers of crowns, or people nearly connected with wearers of that style of head-gear, now in Paris are King George of Greece; Queen Victoria's second son, Prince Alfred, recently created Duke of Edinburgh, and her cousin, the Duke of Cambridge; Prince Oscar, heir to the throne of Sweden, a great musician and a "splendid fellow" generally; the Duke of Leuchtenberg, nephew of the Czar, an amiable and accomplished young man, the most intimate friend of the late regretted Czarowitz; and his Imperial Highness Prince Lokoungooa Mimbou Tayo, brother of the temporal Emperor of Japan. Queen Christina, the Queen-dowager of Spain, is here with her ex-coachman and present husband, the Duke de Rianzares, a man who seems to have been worthy of the extraordinary stroke of "luck" which has made him the husband of one queen, the stepfather of another, and the father of six or eight fine daughters, all married to princes of high lineage and brilliant fortune. Queen Christina, like Grisi with Mario, seems to have been perfectly cured by this marriage of the roving mania of previous years, and to have led, with her last "wentur," a perfectly straightforward and edifying domestic existence ever since.

Two of the brilliant non-royal queens of the day—Patti and Nilsson—have been receiving ovations that must surely have satisfied even the appetite for that sort of excitement developed by a successful *début* on the operatic stage. The Swedish songstress—as much admired for her beauty, grace, and distinction in private life as for her artistic talent—sang with great success at the last concert at the Tuileries, had a brilliant ovation at the Pasdeloup concert, and a yet more brilliant one at her benefit a few nights afterwards, and has since had the honor of a call from Prince Oscar, who complimented her on her success, assured her that all Sweden watched her progress with interest and pride, and having talked music for some time with the gratified *artiste*, sat down at the piano and accompanied himself in one of the favorite national airs of Sweden.

As for Patti, who is the idol of Parisian opera-goers, her benefit was a continuous series of ovations, and such was the quantity of bouquets and crowns thrown to her at the close of the representation that the stage was literally covered with flowers. Not a few of these bouquets contained jewels and other magnificent trinkets, offered to the popular favorite by enthusiastic admirers. Mlle. Nilsson, who was present in one of the *baignoires*, enthusiastically applauding her friend, happened to go out by one staircase just as Mlle. Patti was coming down by the other. The two charming young women, catching sight of each other, rushed forward, threw their arms round each other, and embraced in the most affectionate style, to the great delight of the spectators of the little *tableau*. Mlle. Patti is going off to London for a six months' engagement; Mlle. Nilsson is also about to make a short absence, but will return in a few weeks, and reappear at the Grand Opera.

"The Grand Duchess of Gerolstein," Offenbach's new comic *operetta*, which is having so tremendous a run here, has just been the occasion of a serious accident to Grenier, the excellent actor who plays the part of *Prince Paul* in that charming farce, and who, in cutting one of the astonishing pirouettes with which he accompanies his songs, managed to break his leg. Surgeons declare themselves unable to imagine how such an accident could have resulted from the movements he was making; but the leg was none the less really broken. The unlucky actor was carried off the stage upon a shutter, and will be laid up, say his medical attendants, for two or three months to come. The oddest circumstance about this accident is the fact that the same actor, ten years ago, at the Odéon Theatre, suddenly broke the other leg in just such an inexplicable manner. The Emperor had been at the Variétés Theatre the night before the accident, much amused apparently by the brilliant absurdity of the piece; and the exclamation of one of the pretty and highly-dressed damsels who perform the part of "ladies of honor" to the *Grand Duchess*, on hearing of the accident, "Oh, what a pity it did not happen yesterday when the Emperor was here!" was doubtless sincerely echoed by the rest of the troupe, as, in that case, it is probable that his Majesty would have not only sent *aides-de-camp* to enquire after the state of the broken limb, but would have defrayed the expenses of its mending.

The rejoicing solemnities of Easter have been kept with much *éclat* both by the Russians and Poles resident in this city. The Polish ceremony of the "Bénit," which celebrates Easter Monday, consists in the setting out of a collation, to which all come who please. There must be upon the table a sucking-pig, roasted whole, and one or two other traditional delicacies, but the rest of the dishes are optional. The master of the house stands on one side of the door of the banqueting-room and the mistress on the other, and give half of a hard-boiled egg, a little salt, and a bit of bread to each comer that enters the room. The viands are all previously blessed by a priest; hence the name Bénit (blessed) given to this celebration. The two most splendid Bénits of this season were at the Hotel Lambert, the stately old palace of the Czartoryski family in the Ile Saint Louis, and in the elegant modern residence of Madame Sauska, between which two centres of the "Polish emigration," the Polish colony of this city divided itself.

The attacks made on M. de Lamartine, principally by the writers in the penny papers, while the decision in regard to the pecuniary aid to be given to him by the Government was still pending, seem to be subsiding, now that the matter is understood to be settled. The Government will give, it is stated, 400,000 francs, not to Lamartine himself, but to his creditors; and this sum, joined to the proceeds of the greater portion of his paternal estates, will suffice to clear off his debts. The poet's favorite residence, a small estate of no great market value, will be left in his hands during his life, and an annual sum of 30,000 francs will be paid to him during the same period by the state, so as to enable him to live comfortably for the time still left to him. This pension will cease on his death, at which period his residence, and any other property belonging to him at the time of his decease, will become the property of the state, and be sold for its benefit. M. de Lamartine had three sisters, all married, and all having daughters but no son; and the eldest daughter of the eldest sister, Mlle. de Cessiat, has just been authorized to take and to transmit to her children—should she have any—the name of the poet-statesman which has been so long, in one way or another, prominent in France.

The members of the Academy, having to fill two vacancies, have been bestirring themselves vigorously on behalf of their respective candidates. As usual, many names have been brought forward; but the Abbé Gretry and M. Jules Favre, the brilliant republican barrister, have had the greatest number of votes. Neither of these gentlemen has any special claim to the vacant arm-chairs, but personal and party motives have succeeded in securing their election. The religious world of Paris has also been agreeably excited by an unprecedented event, viz., the consecration, in the same city and on the same day, of three new bishops; that of "My Lord of Verdun" taking place at the church of the Madeleine, that of "My Lord of Nancy" at St. Eustache, and that of "My Lord of Bayeux" at St. Geneviève; and all three with such display of ecclesiastical upholstery, millinery, goldsmiths' work, music, and *tableaux* as even those fashionable fanes had not witnessed for many a day.

The Exhibition is growing from day to day, and is becoming both so vast and so magnificent that all doubt of its being a brilliant success has gone to join the years before the flood. Nothing comparable to that wondrous collection of marvels has ever been seen in this world; it is difficult to believe that just such a gathering will ever be got together again. Means for transporting to and from the Exhibition 11,000 people per hour have already been brought into play; but these being altogether insufficient, a M. Logerot has just solicited and obtained an audience of the Emperor, to set forth to his Majesty a project of his for conveying 40,000 people per hour from the centre of the town to the gates of the great show.

The eating department is going on brilliantly; the especial "rage" of the moment being the dinners at the Russian restaurant. But that all are flourishing may be inferred from the fact that a single restaurant, and not the most in favor, furnished yesterday 1,500 lunches and 5,000 dinners!

Correspondence.

WENDELL PHILLIPS AND EDUCATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

Your paragraph last week about "old abolitionists and politics," though true in its general statement, was not strictly true in its particular facts. That there has been "a remarkable reaction" among some of the old abolitionists is certainly true, and that "in bygone days they would have nothing to do with political machinery or political forces" is equally true as regards the most prominent of them; but that there ever was a time when any one of influence among them "regarded the ballot and the bullet as synonymous terms" cannot be safely asserted. It is true that they have ever been very distrustful of the ballot as a means of reform. Some of them have treated "the ballot and the bullet"—a favorite alliteration with them—as being so nearly related as to be at least cousins-german, but none of them that I ever heard of went so far as to regard the two as "synonymous."

It is true, as you say, that the movement was one of moral suasion, but it was a moral suasion that had not only the merit of "celestial purity" of doctrine which you accord to it, but that of terrestrial effectiveness of practice, of which you make no mention. Moral suasion, as held by the old abolitionists, and as it used to be illustrated on the platform of the American Anti-Slavery Society, was the faithful and impartial application of the truth to persons, parties, sects, communities, and things as occasion might seem to require.

The doctrine contained in the sentence quoted by you from a reported speech of Wendell Phillips to the "eight-hours-a-day" men—"there is no channel but politics in which your question can be settled"—is not a doctrine of the old abolitionists generally in regard to any question of reform.

In saying that Mr. Phillips "pooh-poohed book-larnin'" you have stated the case too strongly. If you meant that he did this *in effect*—as of course you did—it is a pity you had not said so to avoid misapprehension. That Mr. Phillips does undervalue education, when speaking of it in connection with the ballot, or in comparsion with the ballot as a force, is a fact which friends of his are free to admit. But the original doctrine of the old abolitionists is their doctrine still. It is this: the truth fitly spoken, faithfully applied, wisely and consistently lived up to, may be relied upon—and nothing else may—for the correction of any evil having its origin in human ignorance or wickedness. A corollary from this doctrine is that no man intelligently holding it will either occupy himself with impracticable methods of "celestial purity" or rely upon men and means controlled by the maxims of political morality. He will neither "pooh-pooh" the ballot nor education. He will not put the bullet above the ballot, as some do, nor the ballot above book-learning, as do "other some." He will adjudge to each its proper value, and rely upon neither solely as an instrumentality in any great work of humanitarian reform.

M.

[We cordially agree with "M." as to the efficacy of the truth, but the difficulty is to get hold of it. Something more is needed for this than getting on a platform.—ED. NATION.]

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Whereas, In a republican form of government it is of the highest importance that the delegates of the people, to whom the sovereign power is entrusted, should be so selected as to truly represent the body politic; and there being no provision of law whereby the people may be organized for the purpose of such selection, and all parties having recognized the necessity of such organization by the formation of voluntary associations for this purpose; and

Whereas, There are grave defects existing under the present system of voluntary organization which it is believed may be corrected by suitable provisions of law; now, therefore, be it

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The Week.

The Judiciary Committee has brought its labors to a close in the matter of impeachment. The vote stood five to four against impeachment, and seven to two in favor of severe condemnation of the President's course. This ends the matter for the present, very much as we expected. Mr. Ashley, it is reported, is chagrined, and will try and have impeachment ordered by the whole House next December, but if he does not do better than when he brought the subject before the House before, it is certainly not Mr. Johnson who will suffer by it. The whole thing has been an attempt of men who do not think much, but feel furiously, to give their passions full course at any cost to the nation, and it has been killed by the common sense of the community.

General Sheridan has put a somewhat amusing construction on one clause of the Reconstruction act. He removed, a short time ago, two rival boards of levee commissioners, one appointed by Governor Wells and one an old rebel board. Governor Wells sent a remonstrance to Washington, and obtained the reversal of the order from the President, whereupon the general removed Governor Wells himself as "an impediment to the faithful execution of the law," and denounces him as a dishonest and traitorous person. As between General Sheridan and any man who has been actively engaged the last four or five years in Louisiana politics, we should have no hesitation in taking the general's side. We feel perfectly satisfied that when he says any New Orleans politician, be he "patriot" or rebel, is a knave, a knave he is; and we desire, as long as martial law is down there the law of the land, that he may in all things have his own way; but we fear in this instance he will not have it. If the Government at Washington were to acknowledge that an appeal to them from the decisions of a district commander might be treated by the officer himself as offering an "impediment to the faithful execution of the law," and punished accordingly, the right of appeal would be, of course, destroyed, and the various generals would become absolute within the limits of their jurisdiction—a result which the act certainly did not contemplate.

General Pope's orders in regard to the riot at Mobile and Colonel Shepherd's suppression of a Mobile newspaper are very sensible documents. He explains his action in removing the authorities of the city on the general ground that the military are not sent into the South by Congress to do nothing, nor to do everything, but to see that life and property are made safe. This, in his opinion, they can best do—he, for his part, intends to do this—by supporting in all ways the civil authorities against insurrection and anarchy, and whenever the civil authorities, through weakness, stupidity, or malice, fail to protect the individual, by superseding them and putting capable men in their places. He acts under a law of Congress which declares that there is no adequate protection to life and property in the lately rebellious States; but what means of protection he finds in existence he intends to help as far as possible. As to the newspaper, he informs Colonel Shepherd that free speech is to be tolerated and encouraged, and editors and public speakers, no matter what they say, are not to be meddled with. The military are to wait for overt acts with which the civil power may be unable to deal.

The military officers on the frontier like to believe, and we suppose they do believe, that it is by the strong arm alone that the Indian can be kept in order; the civilian agent of the United States has an opportunity to steal from the Indian rather more than he gives him; the buffalo is disappearing; the white settler wants land and roads to the Atlantic and the Pacific, and he wants the Indian gone; it is the nineteenth century and America that the Indian lives in, yet he will not work. Evidently, these being the conditions, if the white man and the red man were to-day seeing each other for the first time, we might expect trouble to-morrow. But add to these natural difficulties the remembrance of years of treachery, of gross injustice, of bloody violence of every sort committed on all ages and sexes, and add that, owing to the subsidizing policy of the Government and "big talks" and military expeditions like the latest one of Custer's, which is described as "hunting ducks with a full brass band," the Indian half believes himself stronger than his Great Father in Washington. Moreover, there is no denying it, he is excessively hard to civilize. There never was, of any color or blood, a more untamable and, on the whole, worthless breed. One need not shed many tears if the Duke of Argyll's notion is correct that, by the process of natural selection, the earth is being given over to the races best qualified to make use of it, of which the Indian race is not one. A man may be excused for having no decided views upon the best policy to be adopted with this unfortunate people, who just at the present moment seem to be all in arms, but a government so strong as this Government ought at least not to have a policy at once wicked and so weak as to be worthless. The United States might, one would say, either spend money enough to keep the Indians fed or to keep them cowed.

Thaddeus Stevens has changed his ground a little about confiscation—that is, instead of confiscating for the benefit of the negroes simply, he wants to confiscate for the payment of the damage done by the Southern army in Pennsylvania and Maryland during the war. There is an air of sense about this, or rather would have been if it had been proposed two years ago. But these damages, if paid at all, ought to be paid by taxation and not confiscation. The demand, too, would not be unreasonable. The cost of the war is very frequently exacted by the victor, and after the Swiss attempt at secession in 1847 the seceding cantons were compelled to meet the expense of putting it down. But to talk of making the South pay anything now is preposterous. Mr. Stevens has heard the proverb about the difficulty of "taking the breeks off a Highlandman."

The offence of treason against the United States has finally been abolished by the New York *Tribune.* We felt, as everybody must have felt, that there was an inconsistency in retaining it after Jefferson Davis had been whitewashed, and "the guilt of the rebellion" done away with. It appears that when hostilities against the United States are carried on on a great scale by persons owing it allegiance, their act is civil war, and, therefore, not treason (*vide* Daniel Webster on the battle of Bunker Hill). But it is not at all likely that hostilities against the United States will ever be carried on on a small scale. A small rising is simply a riot. Americans are not such donkeys as to attempt to overturn this Government with a mob; therefore, let a man want to commit treason ever so much, he cannot do it; and an impossible offence cannot be said to exist; therefore there is no such crime as treason under our law. What induced the framers of the Constitution to define it nobody knows or ever will know.

◆

The Tribune announced solemnly, last week, and with a fine semi-official tone, that "President" Roberts of the Fenian Brotherhood was gone to Europe to organize alliances between the Irish Republic and the various revolutionary associations on the Continent. There are, however, now no revolutionary societies on the Continent which can do more than sustain their own existence, and the simple meaning of the announcement is that Roberts has gone abroad for a summer tour to be paid for out of the Fenian funds, and that in order to keep up, during his absence, the spirits of the poor laborers and servant-girls who supply the money, the organ of the Republican party aids him in the swindle by giving as much pompous publicity as possible to his movements.

◆

Perhaps owing to the obvious and complete failure of the eight-hour agitation and the statutes it extorted to relieve the laboring classes, there appears to be just now an incipient epidemic of co-operative associations. The primary object of most of these is to provide cheap bread, or cheap provisions, or cheap houses for their members, whose daily avocations remain as diverse as ever, but whose savings are combined to reduce that expense of living which they can least afford. It cannot be amiss to remind the movers in these enterprises that not only is success not certain nor vouchsafed to every membership, but that the highest can never be reached, no matter what their business ability, nor how careful the selection of their associates, nor how large their dividends, unless they make their own improvement a part of their scheme. The interest which attaches to the Rochdale example is due not half so much to the effect upon the imagination of the rapid multiplication of the capital, the warehouses, the factories, and the profits of the "Pioneers," as to the fruits of their educational fund—their reading-room, lecture hall, library—their added self-respect, their fixed integrity in all their dealings. We should like to perceive some indications that our associations are animated by other than purely economical motives, and have adopted in spirit the preamble of the Rochdale constitution: "The aim of this society shall be to elevate the moral and social condition of its members by receiving from them voluntary subscriptions for the purchase in common of groceries, clothing, etc."

◆

The colored voters in Washington number, we believe, about 8,300, and the white voters about 9,800. The municipal election on Monday last resulted, however, in the success of the Republican party by a majority of something like 1,500 votes. The negroes appear to have taken the greatest possible interest in the election, and there appears to have been no division of the colored vote. The negroes are said to have had the ballots distributed to them in their churches on the day before, and on the morning of election day were at the polling-places at dawn. Or rather they were as near the polling-places as they could get, for in some of the precincts the lines in which they were formed to take their turns at the boxes were several squares in length. The feeling which has so strenuously opposed the admission of negro votes into the ballot-box appears to have done its best by means of the pettiest sort of annoyances to make the negro as uncomfortable as possible while he cast it. In some precincts the arrangements for receiving the ballots were so bad that negroes in line at five o'clock in the morning deposited their ballots at three o'clock in the afternoon. And of course there were counterfeit tickets, and every sort of attempt to deceive the ignorant. These were singularly unsuccessful, for the negroes seem to have been effectually forewarned. On the whole, this second of the elections since negro suffrage was declared the law on and below Mason and Dixon's line is not different from what may be expected in all the South. We know nothing of the candidates, but certainly the behavior of the negroes while getting ready to vote and while voting ought to cheer most of our Thomases except Benjamin Franklin Perry.

◆

The Evansville *Sentinel*, a Democratic journal of Indiana, has nominated R. E. Lee for the next Presidency, and Mr. Johnson has been making a careful speech-making tour to Raleigh, and intends making another to Boston. These two facts would seem to indicate a scarcity of available candidates in the Democratic party, which is in very marked contrast with the abounding and superabounding plenty that exists among the Republicans. Mr. Johnson's chances, which we suppose are indefinitely greater than they were a year ago, he is, perhaps, not diminishing by his journey. His speeches are rather amusing here and there, but nothing like so exciting as those of 1866. They want the old energy and wild hitting, and conform more closely to the law of speeches, which is that they strongly incline to be twaddle. This is in the true vein:

> "When looking back forty years ago, and returning here to-day, I begin to enquire where are those I left behind? In the language of poetry itself,
>
> 'The friends of my childhood, where are they?'
>
> Echo answers, 'Where?' Some have emigrated and gone to other lands. Some have complied with the inexorable and irresistible call, and have passed to that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns. I again ask,
>
> 'Friends of my childhood, where are they?'" etc., etc.

Mr. Seward's performances were likewise quite judicious, and "the country is happy," though we confess—man is never content—to a wish that the Associated Press and the special reporters would be a little less particular about taking down every word for print. Still, the exact truth is best, we suppose.

◆

There has been no prediction of the price of stocks on the London market telegraphed by the Cable since Thursday last—at least none has been published by the papers here. From this we infer that the news agent has found out himself what the rest of the world knew long ago, that if he knew before the market opened what the price of stocks would be, all he had to do to make an enormous fortune was to speculate the day before and keep his information to himself instead of sending it over the Cable. He has, therefore, we trust, been operating vigorously during the past week, and, we have no doubt, is by this time able to retire from business and travel. There is something absurd in having a man of such parts engaged in making up despatches for the papers. He telegraphed three or four days ago, by-the-bye, that "there was an intense and painful feeling of anxiety throughout Europe" about the fate of the Emperor Maximilian. Now, the news agent knows as well as we do that outside the small circle of Maximilian's relatives and personal friends—that is, about 400 people out of 200,000,000—not a man, woman, or child in Europe has eaten less, laughed less, or slept less on account of Maximilian, or would feel more than a little touch of disgust even if they heard he had been burnt alive. Therefore, when the news agent telegraphed this he telegraphed what was not true; he put the newspapers to heavy expense; he tried to impose upon the public, and he neglected his legitimate business.

◆

The war on the Plate River is still continued, the allies having declined the proffered mediation of the United States. A long letter to our minister, Mr. Washburn, gives the Paraguayan version of this complicated struggle, and is, to the best of our knowledge, accurate in its general statement of causes and purposes. The Oriental Republic, better known as Uruguay, is the bone of contention, that territory offering to Brazil the supplies which her own soil, at least under her present wretched labor system, denies her, and jointly to Brazil and the Argentine Republic the control of the Plate River and its tributaries. Paraguay has espoused the cause of Uruguay not only in the interest of its own trade, but to prevent a similar absorption of itself by the same powers, for its water-courses afford the shortest and only practicable communication between Brazil and its interior province, Matto Grosso, which, as may be imagined, has annoyed not a little the government of that unwieldy empire. So far as we can foresee, the war will not end to the satisfaction of the allies.

◆

THE last incident of importance in the history of the English Reform bill is the passage, by a considerable majority, of an amendment depriving all boroughs containing less than 10,000 inhabitants of the right to representation. This is the natural consequence of the fact that everybody is now at last beginning to see that the new bill really establishes household suffrage, and household suffrage in small boroughs means universal suffrage, and universal suffrage in many, if not most, of these little constituencies has been shown by experience to mean the purchase of the borough by any man rich enough and ambitious enough to pay for it. A rule fixing a measure of population for a constituency was, therefore, absolutely necessary to the preservation of even a semblance of electoral purity.

◆

JOHN STUART MILL obtained for his motion in favor of female suffrage, in the House of Commons, probably twice the number of votes that anybody expected for it, but the jocular way in which it was treated by his opponents showed how far he still is from success. We doubt very much, too, whether the lowering of the suffrage will not diminish women's chance of sharing it. Whatever favor the doctrine of female suffrage has as yet met with in England is confined to the "thinking liberals." With the working-men it has made little if any progress, and, what is, perhaps, more remarkable, at the great conference of working-men held at Geneva a year or two ago, the feeling of the body leaned strongly even against the admission of women to full competition in various branches of industry.

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SINCE 1815 there has been no such assembling of sovereigns at Paris as is likely to be witnessed this midsummer. The Emperor Alexander arrived there on Sunday, and King William a little later; Francis Joseph will follow at his leisure. Victor Emanuel is not announced nor, we believe, expected to be a guest of Napoleon's, although it would be worth his while to learn from headquarters how to manage the *coup d'état* which the correspondents of the English press—even the best informed—are freely attributing to him *in petto*. The publicity thus given to his intention is the best reason for not believing in it, since except through a surprise how could he ever hope to subjugate the Parliament and people? Mazzini and Garibaldi, instead of being impracticable radicals, would become the necessity of the situation, while the very longest road to reconciliation with the Church, which the King is said to yearn for, is that which he proposes, or others for him, to take. The settlement of the Roman question will arrive with the first pretext for revolution.

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ON Friday the bill adopting the new constitution of the North German Confederation passed its second reading in the Prussian Lower Chamber, and its success being now assured it will for the first time be submitted to the Senate, whose action has never been doubtful. The opponents of the bill among the Deputies were chiefly those who, as members of the late Diet, had already given full expression to their dissent and had consequently very few fresh arguments to offer. There was, besides, the example of Saxony, which most of all it was feared would reject the constitution, but which was, if we mistake not, the first state to sanction it. The remainder will chime in as a matter of course, and practically that rest which the Cable reports Bismark to have craved of the King, as soon as the constitution should have been definitely established, has already begun. That his retirement from office is more than temporary no one who reflects that the Luxembourg question is rather deferred than settled, and the Eastern question is like an open wound, will believe or (may we not say?) hope.

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EVERY MAN HIS OWN VICE-PRESIDENT.

MR. PHILLIPS says he will not believe that the prejudice against the negro has disappeared until he sees a negro nominated for the vice-presidency or competing favorably with major-generals. Now, one reason why there is a prejudice against the negroes is that they have as yet as a race accomplished nothing great in war, or politics, or art, or literature. If anybody will take the trouble to listen to an ordinary lecture or speech against negro equality, he will find that it is this absence of performance and of what the French call "preuves," in the great work of civilization, which forms the basis of the whole argument. Were there one or two or three flourishing negro states built up by negro industry, honesty, skill, and valor, the negro color and conformation would go for nothing. It is the fact that there is not, and has not been in historic times, any such state which causes the negro to be reviled, persecuted, and enslaved, and which has created the current belief in his moral and intellectual inferiority. Whether this is a good foundation for such a belief, we cannot discuss here. But we must remember that all individuals of all races are judged by this self-same standard. We all owe any special respect we meet with from our fellow-men to our performances and not to our promise, or supposed capacity. In other words, everybody has a "prejudice" against the man who has achieved nothing.

Therefore we say that, now that the American negroes are free, their true friend is he who says to them: "Work, work! show that you are industrious and can get rich as white men do; obey the laws and respect your neighbor's property—that is, show that you have the political sense on which states are formed, and by which they are preserved; cultivate your minds, show that your intellectual inferiority has hitherto been accidental and not real. When you are rich and shrewd and educated and numerous you will be powerful, and power will bring you inevitably political and social honor, *and nothing else will or ought.* Peoples are great and respected when they have done the things on which greatness and respectability are founded."

Therefore the nomination of a colored man to the vice-presidency will be, whenever it comes, the sign not of the disappearance of prejudice only, but also of the things which cause the prejudice. Colored men need not, therefore, trouble their heads about it any more than about the presidency. It is not necessary either to their happiness, comfort, or respectability. It could not make them happy, comfortable, or respectable unless they had other things previously; and when they have the other things the vice-presidency is sure to follow, or even more honorable positions than the vice-presidency. When the ablest men at the bar are negroes we shall, we hope, have a negro Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court, but not, we trust, one minute sooner. Negroes are not entitled to high rewards simply for being black any more than they deserved slavery or ill-treatment for not being white. We want fair play in this matter for everybody, but we cannot have fair play if the gammon of the negro's injudicious friends cannot be checked. It is no more a hardship to the black to be excluded from high office because he does not command the confidence of his fellow-citizens than it is to the white man. If a negro has a right to be made a vice-president in order to show that people have no prejudice against him, so has everybody else in the community, and exclusion from high office is a slur. The only remedy for this sort of thing is the admission of every adult male and female, not insane, a pauper or a criminal, to the vice-presidency or some other post of honor. The thing may be done by a simple amendment to the Constitution declaring every citizen of the United States fulfilling the above conditions to be a vice-president on taking the oath of office. Whether we should be any better off when this was done would remain to be seen; but we each of us at least would have the consolation of knowing that it was no longer in the power of nominating conventions to ignore our claims. If we stood on Mr. Phillips's ground we should go further, and insist on having a negro vice-admiral. As long as this office is monopolized by a white man we should, reasoning from his premises, assert fearlessly that there can be no security for the colored race.

Notes.

LITERARY.

Business among the publishers is getting very dull, and will be duller before it is livelier. Messrs. Hurd & Houghton are going to publish very soon a volume of poems, the title of which is not yet decided upon, by Miss Phœbe Cary, a pleasant singer with some natural notes. "Conversations on Ritualism," a book of Hurd & Houghton's which we have before announced, will soon be for sale, and except these two it is quite probable that this house will put forth nothing new till fall. The firm is quite busy with its improvements at the "Riverside" establishment at Cambridge.——D. Appleton & Co. add to former announcements but one new publication, a book entitled "The Human Element in the Inspiration of the Sacred Scriptures," by J. F. Curtis, D.D.——By the mention of "Conversations on Ritualism," we are reminded that Messrs. Pott & Amory, of this city, and the Rev. Orby Shipley, who edited the essays which, as a book, are known by the title of "The Church and the World," have entered into an arrangement under which an edition of that series of essays, a presentation of the ritualistic case, will be put upon the market at a reasonably low rate. Mr. Shipley is now editing a series of semi-monthly papers, entitled "Tracts for the Day," which those interested in the new movement may get from Pott & Amory.——Messrs. Roberts Brothers, of Boston, announce a volume of poems which will be very gladly welcomed by all lovers of poetry, its author being Jean Ingelow. As we guess, the new volume will not be different in any important respect from the old. But it is not saying anything damaging or depreciatory to say this of Miss Ingelow, in whom there is not, as in most late minor poets, much of trick or mannerism soon tiring and disgusting the reader, but everything is honest, simple, and sweet. The ballad of "Winstanley," which some years ago was published in the Boston *Transcript*, if we remember right, is a part of the new volume, but by far the larger part has never yet been printed. "A Story of Doom" is the name of the book.——Messrs. Ticknor & Fields announce "The Life of Colonel Ulrich Dahlgren," by his father the Rear-Admiral; "A Lover's Diary," a poem by Miss Alice Cary; and Hawthorne's "Note-Book in America," of which we have had probably a good half in *The Atlantic Monthly*. It will be followed by his "Note-Book in England" and his "Note-Book in Italy," of which, so far as we know, the public has seen nothing. The volume of Thackeray's "Early and Late Papers" is not to be immediately succeeded, we believe, by the other volumes which the editor's preface seems to half promise us.——"Is it I?" is a little book by Dr. H. B. Storer which Lee & Shepard will publish. It is a companion for the "Why Not?" of the same author—a book to be recommended.——"Ohio during the War," which citizens of that State will read with great satisfaction, is a forthcoming book, by Mr. Whitelaw Reid, which will be published immediately by Messrs. Moore, Wilstach & Baldwin, of Cincinnati.

—An author now resident in Boston writes to us in behalf of a work which he has recently published. "What I would like," he remarks, "would be a short notice under your book-heading, saying that you would recur to this again; and then in the next week or week after examine the argument." How easy it seems as he explains the process! It is partly out of consideration for him, and not wholly from a sense of duty to the public, that we hereby decline to accede to his request.

—Mr. John Harvard Ellis is the editor of the works of Anne Bradstreet, the earliest of American female poets, who, as "A Gentlewoman of New England," published in 1650 a volume of poems which are well enough known. The volume hardly keeps the promise of its title, which announces the contents as "Several Poems compiled with great variety of wit and learning, full of delight; wherein specially is contained a complete discourse and description of the four elements, constituting, ages of man, seasons of the year, together with an exact epitome of the three first monarchies, viz., the Assyrian, Persian, Grecian, and Roman commonwealths from the beginning to the end of their last king, with divers other serious and pleasant poems." To the poems are now prefixed seventy-six pages of Mrs. Bradstreet's other writings in prose and verse, now for the first time published; also, a biographical introduction and notes from the hand of Mr. Ellis. The book will contain a portrait, on India paper, of Governor Bradstreet, and a woodcut of the old Bradstreet house in North Andover, from the hand of Mr. Henry Marsh, a remarkable engraver, whose work—what of it we have seen—would add value to any book of which it should form a part. The volume, which is from the press of John Wilson & Son, is sold only to subscribers. A small edition is published by Mr. Abram E. Cutter, of Charlestown, Mass., who, if this venture proves successful, will publish, in the same expensive and beautiful style, the works of Michael Wigglesworth and other early poets of the country.

—The Rev. N. S. Folsom, formerly of Meadville, Pa., now of Concord, Mass., has been for years engaged in translating Tischendorf's text of the Four Gospels, and has been intending to publish the four immediately after the publication in Germany of the eighth edition, on which Tischendorf is at present laboring. The work goes on but slowly, however, in the hands of the great German, who has as yet advanced no further than into the first chapters of Mark. Mr. Folsom has therefore determined, in case there is much more delay, to publish separately next autumn his translation of Matthew according to Tischendorf's last edition. This rendering will be an attempt at the most literal exactness. The notes will always give the literal rendering if the text departs from it, and for the rest will extend not much beyond the explanation and support of deviations from the common versions. The various readings of Griesbach, Lachmann, Tischendorf, Meyer, and others, so far as the difference from the common version can be made to appear by translation, will also be given, together with the manuscript authorities on which the more important various readings depend.

—Mr. Armand, a pseudonymous German novelist, gives a chapter of American history in his recent "Friedrichsburg: die Colonie des deutschen Fürsten-Vereins in Texas" (Leipzig, 1867). It appears that some philanthropic German princes, having heard of the swindling to which German immigrants were exposed in this country, decided, in 1830, to buy land in America, and to offer it to such of their subjects as desired to remove. Deeming Texas a fit territory for their purpose, they sent thither several emissaries to report on the land. Two German gentlemen, named Fischer and Müller, residing at that time in Texas, got wind of the intended purchase, and obtained of the Mexican Congress that part of the plateau of Texas extending from the Rio Llano north to the bend of the Colorado from east to west, on condition that they should within a fixed period people the grant with a certain number of colonists. The German princes now came forward and bought of these speculators their title for the snug sum of $200,000, and straightway advertised their paradise throughout Germany. Prince Carl Sohns zu Braunfels, who, the next year, first essayed a settlement with two shiploads of emigrants, found the new purchase to be far distant from the sea-coast and from the American colonies, and as the path to it lay through the "howling wilderness," wisely abandoned all idea of seeking it. He bought a new tract of land at the mouth of the Guadalupe River, and having founded New Braunfels, shortly afterwards himself departed for Germany. All was flourishing till the arrival, some months later, of 8,000 immigrants, which caused at once the greatest scarcity of food and the most disastrous epidemics. In consequence, fifty families were despatched one hundred miles north to the Piedernales River, and there founded Friedrichsburg, not far from the Rio Llano and the Fischer-Müller grant. With such a basis a taking historical romance for Germans who look with longing eyes towards America could hardly be difficult to construct.

—In 1862 the Governor-in-Chief of the Windward Islands sent to the British Colonial Secretary a despatch in which he stated that the disease of leprosy was increasing in Barbadoes and the other islands within his jurisdiction, and in view of this fact and the fact that the disease was popularly believed to be incurable, and therefore, to the great misery of the lepers, was at once feared and neglected, the governor suggested that the secretary should call on all governors of British colonies for a report on the disease, its proper treatment, etc., etc. The Royal College of Physicians, at the secretary's request, prepared a list of questions to be answered by the governors, and promised to collate the documentary evidence which should be collected. They did so, and have just published a report which embraces a very complete account of the lepers of the British Empire from the French of Tracadie in New Brunswick to the lepers of India and Hong Kong. A brief essay on the Scriptural leprosy is among the contents of the book, which altogether is interesting not to the physician alone but even to the general reader, the leprosy being of all diseases to which men are subject the one which most forcibly addresses itself to the imagination. The book is among the latest importations of Messrs. Scribner, Welford & Co.——Other new works received by the same firm are Mr. McCulloch's "Treatise on Metallic and Paper Money and Banks," "Essays on Reform," "Questions for a Reform Parliament,"—including several questions of importance in any free government,—Edward Freeman's "History of the Norman Conquest of England," and a "Manual of Moral Philosophy," by William Fleming, D.D.

—A volume of memoirs, so very interesting that we had thought of urging their translation and republication in this country, turns out to be a literary forgery of a very inexcusable kind. Forgeries in the interest of a faith, or for money for the forger's pocket, or for mystification, are susceptible of some palliation or slight excuse. This recent one, however, seems to have been nearly objectless. The title of the book is "Anne-Paule-Dominique de Noailles, Marquise de Montagu," and it was published by the children of that lady, and under the sanction of the House of Noailles, the editor being a M. Auguste Callet. The facts and details, it was stated, were all taken from Madame de Montagu's journal and correspondence, which, it was said, furnished in abundance materials of the most trustworthy character. Callet has since asserted and proved in a court of justice—the Tribunal Civil de la Seine—that many of the most affecting and striking incidents in the book he invented; that the journal above-mentioned was not in existence when he composed and wrote the "Memoirs;" that fragments of an imperfect copy were all of it that was extant, and that, in doing his work as editor, he was compelled to betake himself to his imagination. He brought suit against the Duc de Noailles to recover additional payments which he claimed. He failed; for the court held that he had been sufficiently paid for his labor, and that his suit was an inequitable attempt to extort more money than he had earned by making the fraud known.

—The exclusive right to publish the works of the late Alfred de Musset, which has hitherto vested in the house of Charpentier, expires next month, and the property in them reverts to his brother Paul and a female relative. The net income from their sale amounting to sixty thousand francs yearly, the publisher has not viewed without alarm the termination of his monopoly—nor without precautions. Hundreds of thousands of copies, it is said, he has manufactured in advance of the demand, expecting for some time longer to discourage competition, and reap his abundant reward. But the heirs are not disposed to endure this attempt upon their rightful revenue—lawful revenue, perhaps, but this is what the *Société des gens de lettres*, to which M. Paul Musset belongs, is about to establish, if it can, by judicial process. The question is an interesting one, in a literary as well as in a legal point of view, and however it may be decided, there will probably be very little admiration for the sharp practice of the defendant.

—Among recent French books we notice two—a memoir of Prince Eugene de Beauharnais, by M. Fourmestraux, which is said to excel rather in its superb typography than in the novelty or the completeness of its contents; and *Les Postes en* 1848, by the veteran journalist, M. Etienne Arago. In narrating his installation at the head of the post-office bureau, in the name of the Republic, he tells how he was obliged to depose his predecessor by writing his dismissal on the spot. Reading over his hasty scrawl, he remarked that he had committed a grammatical error, which, for a man of letters, was no light matter. But, he added, one may be permitted to write bad French (*en mauvais français*) when one has fought like a good Frenchman (*en bon Français*). The joke was capital, but M. Dejean probably failed to appreciate it.

EDUCATIONAL.

The Massachusetts Institute of Technology, one of the earliest institutions which has brought into service the national land-grant, has just issued its second annual catalogue, showing a corps of sixteen professors and a company of one hundred and thirty-seven students, who are thus grouped: In the first year of instruction, 64; in the second year, 24; in the third year, 22; and in special courses, 27. The course of studies extends through four years, and during the first two years is preliminary and disciplinary, while in the last two it is professional and technical. Six special courses are open to the choice of students after completing the prescribed instructions of the first two years, namely: 1. Mechanical engineering; 2. Civil and topographical engineering; 3. Practical chemistry; 4. Geology and mining; 5. Building and architecture; 6. Science and literature. The degrees which are to be conferred will correspond with these six departments of the school. The institute now occupies the spacious and beautiful edifice erected for it on the Back Bay lands in Boston, adjacent to the equally fine edifice of the Boston Society of Natural History. Furnished with an able and enterprising corps of instructors, and situated in the centre of the manufacturing and industrial life of the Eastern States, near to the manifold libraries and collections of Boston, this scientific school is unquestionably destined to exert a most powerful influence in promoting a knowledge of the practical sciences, and in training with thoroughness the inventive, investigating, and constructive powers of New England young men.

—The building erected for the Yale School of the Fine Arts, by the liberality of Mr. A. R. Street, of New Haven, at a cost of $175,000, has just been thrown open to the students and the public. The well-known collection of Colonel Trumbull's historical paintings has been transferred to the new rooms, together with some other works of art belonging to Yale College, including Allston's "Jeremiah," lately presented by Professor S. F. B. Morse, and a marble statue of "Ruth," by G. B. Lombardi, lately given by W. Thompson, Esq., an American gentleman resident in France. One of the most interesting pictures of the collection is the picture by Smybert representing "Bishop Berkeley and his Family," generally admitted to be the earliest picture embracing more than one figure ever painted in this country. This additional circumstance is worth mentioning: Smybert came over from England with Dean Berkeley to be the head of a department or school of the fine arts which was to constitute a part of the dean's proposed university. The scheme for founding a new institution having failed, the library of Yale College soon became the possessor of a fine collection of books, presented by the "Dean's bounty;" and now the Yale Art School counts among its historical art-treasures a portrait of the philosopher, painted by the professor elect for the dean's proposed "art school."

—The "New Jersey School Law" recently enacted by the Legislature of the State—a re-casting of the school system of the commonwealth—deserves to be carefully studied by all the administrators of public instruction. It is now one of the most compact school laws in the country. Among its good features may be mentioned the power bestowed on the State Board of Education; the organization of State, county, and city examiners to determine the qualifications of teachers; the assessment of a town-tax, not less than two nor more than four dollars, for every child in the commonwealth. On the other hand, the district system is still maintained, and corporal punishment is by law prohibited. The Annual Report on Public Instruction in New Jersey for 1866 has also just been published.

—While the State of New Jersey is prohibiting by law the infliction of corporal punishment in schools, a committee in Cambridge, Massachusetts, of which Prof. W. P. Atkinson is chairman, have come to an opposite conclusion. They advise that the power to punish remain as heretofore in the hands of the teacher, with the exception that corporal punishment shall not be inflicted on girls over twelve years of age. It is said with great truth that if the power to punish is taken away from the teacher his authority is seriously impaired, and the school discipline is weakened. On the other hand, teachers must be held responsible for the abuse of the power by judicious oversight of the school committee, and it is certain that in many places the schools would be greatly improved by diminishing the whipping. All over the country the theory and practice of school punishment are now under discussion.

THE JESUITS IN NORTH AMERICA.*

Mr. Parkman gives in the present volume the second part of his history of the short-lived French dominion in North America. His first volume described the abortive attempt of the Huguenots to establish themselves in Florida, the cruel destruction of their colony by the Spaniards, and the vengeance wrought upon them in turn by the Frenchman de Jourgue, together with a narrative of the gallant and useful career of Samuel de Champlain, the founder of Quebec. His third volume is to be devoted to that French exploration of the Valley of the Mississippi of which the memory still subsists in so many mispronounced names, from the Gulf of Mexico to Lake Superior. But whatever may be the interest of these narratives, and the importance of the facts on which they rest, it is certain that this touching story of the Jesuit missions in Canada is no less dramatic and instructive. It has peculiar and picturesque interest from the fact that the enterprise was, in a great measure, a delusion and a failure—a delusion consecrated by the most earnest conviction and the most heroic effort, a failure redeemed by the endurance of incalculable suffering. The Jesuit undertaking as it stands described in Mr. Parkman's pages has an indefinably factitious look—an expression intensely *subjective,* as we call it nowadays. Its final results were null, and its success at no time such as to gratify the reason of the missionaries. Nevertheless they persisted through unprecedented hardship and danger, baptizing, preaching, rebuking, exploring, and hoping. Their faith, patience, and courage form a very interesting chapter in the history of the human mind, and it is to our perception more as contributions to that history than as a stage of the process of our American civilization that their labors are valuable. It is very true that these labors were not without a certain permanent and wholesome effect. The missionaries aimed at the sky, and their missiles reached the tree-tops. Their example and exhortations, if they failed to elevate the Indians to the practice of even the simpler virtues, or to make them good Catholics, made them to a certain extent bad heathens, and softened their most characteristic usages. But, on the whole, we repeat it is when regarded as a portion of the history of the Church and the ecclesiastical spirit that their exploits are most interesting. It is our impression that they share this character with most of the various Jesuit missions—certainly with those of the great Xavier. When the human mind wishes to contemplate itself at its greatest tension—its greatest desire for action, for influence and dominion—when it wishes to be reminded of how much it is capable in the direction of conscious hope and naked endurance, it cannot do better than read the story of the early Jesuit adventurers.

Mr. Parkman's narrative is founded chiefly on the reports regularly transmitted to France by the active members of the order, and from which, frequent as are his citations, we cannot help wishing that he had given more copious extracts. These reports were minute, frequent, and rigorously truthful—that is, if the writers told of miracles and portents they told of none but such as they themselves believed. The *relations* are marked apparently by great simplicity of tone, great credulity, and very great discrimination with regard to the Indian character. The missionaries were keen observers of the manners and impulses of the savages, as, indeed, it was of vital importance to their own personal safety that they should be. The Indians were the most unpromising material for conversion. Generally they were obstinate, intractable, and utterly averse to the reception of light; occasionally, however, they would consent to become Christians; but on such a basis! Their piety was more discouraging than their obduracy. Mr. Parkman gives a very vivid picture of the state of the savage populations at the time of the early settlements—a picture beside which the old-fashioned portrait of the magnanimous and rhetorical red man is a piece of very false coloring. Mr. Parkman knows his subject, and he mentions no single trait of intelligence, of fancy, or of character by which the Indian should have a hold on our respect or his fate a claim to our regret. The cruelty of the Canadian tribes is beyond description. They had no imagination in their religion; they confined what little they possessed to the science of torture. A prominent feature of this science was their voracious cannibalism, for in the enthusiasm of the practice they frequently neglected to await the death of their victim. When perchance they did, they danced about him as he stood in the stocks, shouting into his ears who would eat this morsel and who the other. Add to this their incredible squalor, their ignorance of any rule of decency, however elastic, the utterly graceless and sterile character of their legends and traditions, and finally the dismal severity of the climate in which they managed to support existence—their ceaseless struggle with winter, famine, and pestilence—and we have a conception as accurate as it is painful of the life of our aboriginal predecessors, and of the civilization which flourished on this continent during the long black ages in which Europe lay basking in light—such as it was. Let us not despair of our literature. During the lifetime of those great writers and adventurers about whom French and English critics write the brilliant articles which occasionally minister to our discouragement, Hurons and Iroquois were biting off each other's finger-ends on the shores of the St. Lawrence, and Mohawks, in the beautiful valley which perpetuates their virtues, were laying open the skulls of pious Frenchmen.

We have no space to trace in detail the various incidents and vicissitudes of the Jesuit mission. It lasted for forty years; and during this period was made illustrious by every form of heroism and martyrdom. Its failure was the result of several causes—of the purely religious character of the French establishments, of the superficial and mechanical nature of the conversions, and of the ceaseless internecine warfare of the different tribes, terminating in the supremacy of the Iroquois, the most cruel and intractable of all, and the extirpation of the Hurons, among whom the Jesuits had found their best proselytes. Quebec and Montreal were wholly priest-governed—the latter, indeed, priest-settled. The emigrations from France were under ecclesiastical auspices, and entirely wanting in any desire to turn the material resources of the country to account. On the contrary, all excessive prosperity, all superfluous comfort, were discouraged and prohibited. The motive of emigration was a strictly sentimental one, and the enterprise undertaken only for the greater glory of God. The interests of this life were consulted at most only in so far as to secure proper defence from attack. Agriculture was neglected, trade restricted, and the neophytes were instructed only in the Catechism. An Ursuline convent was founded at Quebec, and a number of enthusiastic volunteers were recruited among the ladies of France. To the female members of the mission Mr. Parkman has devoted a vividly-written chapter. The reader will readily understand that among those grim celibates in those snow-choked pine forests the interests of population were left to take care of themselves; and he will transfer a glance of approval down the map to the latitudes where prolific Dutch farmers and Puritan divines were building up the State of New York and the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. In 1650 Gabriel Druilletes, one of the Jesuit brothers, made an expedition across the country from Quebec to Boston, where he had occasion to be forcibly struck with the difference in the character of the French and English settlements.

> "He says," writes Mr. Parkman, "that Boston (meaning Massachusetts) could alone furnish four thousand fighting men, and that the four united colonies could furnish forty thousand souls. His numbers may be challenged; but, at all events, the contrast was striking with the attenuated and suffering bands of priests, nuns, and fur-traders on the St. Lawrence. About forty thousand persons had come from Old to New England with the resolve of making it their home; and, though this immigration had virtually ceased, the natural increase had been great. The necessity, or the strong desire, of escaping from persecution had given the impulse to Puritan colonization; while, on the other hand, none but good Catholics, the favored class of France, were tolerated in Canada. These had no motive for exchanging the comforts of home and the smiles of fortune for a starving wilderness and the scalping-knives of the Iroquois. The Huguenots would have emigrated in swarms, but they were rigidly forbidden. The zeal of propagandism and the fur trade were, as we have seen, the vital forces of New France. Of her feeble population, the best part was bound to perpetual chastity, while the fur-traders rarely brought their wives to the wilderness. . . . . To the mind of the Puritan heaven was God's throne; but no less was the earth his footstool. . . . He held it a duty to labor and to multiply, and, building quite as much on the Old Testament as on the New, thought that a reward on earth as well as in heaven waited on those who were faithful to the law. . . . On the other hand, those who shaped the character and, in great measure, the destiny of New France, had always on their lips the nothingness and the vanity of human life."

In heaven alone, then, they found their reward. Their story is far more romantic and touching than that of their Protestant neighbors; it is written in those rich and mellow colors in which the Catholic Church inscribes her records; but it leaves the mind profoundly unsatisfied. Like all sad stories, it carries a moral. What is this moral? However well disinterestedness and self-immolation may work for individuals, they work but ill for communities, however small. The Puritans were frank self-seekers. They withdrew from persecution at home and they practised it here. They have left, accordingly, a vast, indelible trace of their passage through history. The Jesuits worked on a prepared field, in an artificial atmosphere, and it was, therefore, easy for them to be sublime. However they, as a group—a very small group—might embrace suffering and martyrdom, the paternal Church courted only prosperity and dominion. The Church was well aware of the truth at which we just hinted—that collective bodies find but small account in self-sacrifice; and it carefully superintended and directed the fervent passion of the Jesuits. The record of these latter in Canada is unstained by persecution, for the simple reason that French Protestants were not allowed to enter their circle. In this circle they freely burned themselves out. The Church could afford it on the part of the Catholic world at large, and as for individuals each had but his own case to manage. Of how well each performed his task, Mr. Parkman's pages are an excellent record. They furnish us, too, with a second inference, more gratifying to human vanity than the other, and that is, that religion, in spite of the commonplace, intellectual form which it has recently grown to assume in many quarters, is essentially bound up with miracles. Only the miracles are a tribute of man to God, and not of God to man. It may be fairly said of the Jesuit missionaries that, in the firmness of their endurance of horrible sufferings, they fairly broke the laws of nature. They broke at least those of their own temperaments. The timid man hourly outfaced impending torture, and the weak outlasted it. When one can boast of such miracles as these, what is the use of insisting on diseases cured by the touch of saintly bones, or of enthusiasts visibly transported in the arms of angels?

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* "The Jesuits in North America in the Seventeenth Century. By Francis Parkman." Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1867.

DECLINE OF THE ROMAN REPUBLIC.*

Mr. Merivale has done a good thing in publishing a new edition of his history of "The Last Century of the Roman Republic," no doubt the most compact, accurate, and readable account of this period in the English language. We wish that his plan had permitted him to recast it so far as to make it strictly an introduction to his great work, the chief defect in the plan of which is that it begins at a date (the death of Sulla) which was not an epoch, or the beginning of an historical period, and that it needs, therefore, a more elaborate introduction than he has provided. But, after all, to have done this would have been to write a new work, and it is easy, if one desires, to use the first five chapters of the smaller work as an introduction to the larger. The rest of the volume covers the same ground as the first three volumes of the "Roman Empire." It is, however, by no means an abridgment, but an independent work, written earlier, complete in itself, and fuller in many points than the larger history.

The five chapters which we have mentioned present a rare combination of compression without meagreness, correctness without detail. The statement of the various political questions upon which parties were divided is all that could be desired for a common reader, while those most familiar with the subject can hardly fail to gain in clearness and vividness of notion by their aid. Probably the best of these discussions is that upon the Municipia and Italian Allies, chap. 3; but that upon the Agrarian Laws, chap. 1, is also excellent.

We are surprised to find two or three inaccuracies which one would have thought a careful revision of the work could hardly have failed to detect. Page 9, among the friends of Tiberius Gracchus are mentioned Publius Mucius Scaevola (the consul) and "Lucius Licinius Crassus, the most renowned orator of the forum and the senate." But the orator Crassus, being born B.C. 140, was only seven years old at the time of the tribunate of Tiberius Gracchus, B.C. 133; his first political act was the impeachment of Carbo in 119. Mr. Merivale has here confounded him with Publius Mucius Mucianus, brother of the consul Scaevola, but adopted into the family of the Crassi, and, like all members of the family from which he sprung, distinguished alike for a profound knowledge of law and a broad and liberal statesmanship. A similar mistake is made on page 104, where the tribune whose bold radicalism struck the spark that kindled the flames of the first civil war is called Sulpicius Galba instead of Sulpicius Rufus—a natural enough mistake, perhaps, inasmuch as he is generally known as *Sulpicius*, and the Galbas are the best known family of the Sulpician *gens*. We think Mr. Merivale hardly does justice to this brilliant and ardent young reformer in saying that "under the pressure of debt he was ready to sell his services to a patron who could hold out to him at least a distant prospect of sharing the spoils of Mithridates;" and that, "taking Saturninus as his model, he studied only to surpass him in audacity." This is the view commonly taken of Sulpicius; and it is true that he was fiery and headstrong—influenced too much by his passions, it may be. And he had some reason to be—he who had seen his friend Drusus murdered, and his friend Cotta driven into exile by the oligarchy, and whose honest opposition to the illegal candidacy of his friend Caius Cæsar had brought upon him the violent animosity of the powerful family of the Cæsars. But we cannot believe that the intimate and trusted friend of Drusus, Cotta, Lucius Crassus, and the Scaevolas was the villain that Plutarch paints him. If he had been, we may be very sure that the aristocratically-minded Cicero would never have drawn so attractive a picture of him as that in the "De Oratore," or let him pass without rebuke in the "Brutus."

Another mistake, even more surprising, we find on page 63, as to the office of the *pontifex maximus*. "This engine of government," he says, "could still be handled only by patricians." On the contrary, the plebeians had more weight in the pontifical college than the patricians. A certain number of places in the college were necessarily filled by plebeians; the other places were open to both orders indifferently, so that some members must be, and all might be, plebeians. Mr. Merivale is surely familiar with the memorable canvass for the chief pontificate, B.C. 63, in which the young Cæsar, a patrician, defeated the venerable Catulus, a member of an illustrious plebeian family.

We find on page 8 some instructive remarks upon the social tendencies which Gracchus strove to resist, and which Mr. Merivale regards as at once less harmful and more irresistible than is commonly maintained. There was, it is certain, a rapid centralization taking place in landed property—the same absorption of small freeholds in great estates which is observable in England at the present day; further, the same abandonment of other industries and conversion of immense tracts of land into pasturage which is observable in Scotland. "This has been traced," says Mr. Merivale, "to natural causes, and no legislation could have effectually controlled it." After describing the peculiar adaptedness of Italy to grazing, he adds: "As soon as political restrictions were got rid of (in the subjection of all Italy under one government), properties became enlarged, and embraced tracts of both hill and plain together. Then first these countries began to reap the fruit of their natural capabilities. Proprietors found it their interest to breed cattle in greater numbers, and to reduce in the same proportion their cultivation of grain. An attempt to check by violent means the course of this natural process could hardly fail to be attended with disastrous consequences." To a certain extent this is all true; but in describing this "natural process" Mr. Merivale overlooks two considerations of great importance. What made it possible for Roman nobles and capitalists to raise less grain and turn their broad domains into pastures? What but the fact that the whole civilized world was plundered of grain to supply the Roman market? And what made it possible to buy out and crowd out all the small proprietors, until there was hardly a vestige left at last of the old Italian yeomanry? What but the existence of slavery—the fact that free labor cannot subsist by the side of unpaid labor? One can hardly talk of natural movements, of the laws of supply and demand, in such a state of things as this.

For this very reason, however, that the source of evil lay so far back—behind the fundamental principles on which the Roman polity was based, and which Tiberius Gracchus believed in as religiously as Scipio Nasica—no remedy could have more than a temporary and superficial effect. It may or may not be possible to check the centralization of labor and property in England; at any rate, it has not its origin there in the same causes as in ancient Italy. The modern parallel is not England, but our Southern States; our "poor white trash" owes its existence to the same cause that annihilated the Italian yeomanry. For a class of independent small farmers cannot exist side by side with slave labor in its developed form—that is, owned and worked by capital as an investment. So long as slavery was patriarchal, the slave a member of his master's family, it was probably not inconsistent with the best social relations possible in that rude age. But when *familia* came to mean *gang*, when estates came to be worked like rice and sugar plantations, solely for the profit of absentee proprietors, there was an end of honorable free labor. It is true, the social tendencies which the Gracchi tried to check were irresistible, but only because slavery was in the way—because Roman political economy did not teach that slavery was a blunder, and heathen morality did not teach that it was a sin.

The lessons of Roman history are full of instruction for us Americans, and we know no book better calculated for general readers to learn the facts upon which they rest than that before us. We hope that some publisher will think it worth his while to bring it before the American public.

MARTIN VAN BUREN ON AMERICAN POLITICS.*

The observations of an old and shrewd politician upon the parties and public men of his time, when made without the restraint to which every man in the possession or pursuit of office is naturally subject, could scarcely fail to be interesting to a people so much occupied with politics as are our own. If made in a spirit of perfect candor, and without any reserve except that which a sense of propriety would dictate, such confidences would be delightful reading. But such freedom cannot reasonably be expected from one who has spent two-thirds of his life in training himself to reticence, evasion, and extreme caution. And certainly no one will find such confidences in this volume, and no one who is familiar with the character of its author will be surprised that such is the case. Nevertheless, in so far as the author has given expression to his opinions, he has evidently done so with a desire to be sincere in his statements and candid in his judgments.

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* "The Fall of the Roman Republic. A Short History of the last Century of the Commonwealth. By Charles Merivale, B.D." London: Longman, Green, Longman, Roberts & Green. 1865.

* "Political Parties in the United States. By Martin Van Buren, Ex-President of the United States." New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1867.

The opening of the book—the initial proposition upon which all its arguments are based, and which gives tone to the whole—is so pre-eminently characteristic of Mr. Van Buren, that we can scarcely conceive of its being written by any other man. Yet it has something in it so ludicrous, so suggestive of the mere politician as distinguished from the statesman, that we wonder to see it allowed by the author's friends to appear in print. What do our readers suppose was, to the mind of Mr. Van Buren, the cardinal distinction between the Democratic and the Federal or Whig party? Was it their difference of opinion as to the sphere or mode of government, the relative rights of the State and Federal governments, the proper relations of the executive, legislative, and judicial departments, or even questions of banks, tariffs, or the like? Not at all. The great difference between the rival parties which seems to have impressed Mr. Van Buren, and which he makes the text for his entire disquisition upon the political history of the country, is, that the Democratic party prospers when the caucus system is faithfully carried out, and that its opponents do not! Those who suspect us of exaggeration may satisfy themselves of the correctness of this statement by reading the first half-dozen pages of the book.

Having delivered his mind of this conviction, however, Mr. Van Buren does not recur to the subject again; but, like many other preachers, delivers a sermon which has no discoverable connection with his text. He reviews the whole theory and policy of Alexander Hamilton in a manner that will meet the cordial approval of every old-fashioned Democrat, while we do not see how its spirit can be considered unfair, even by those who most heartily sympathize with Hamilton; for, though they may not be willing to admit that Hamilton's doctrines of government were precisely such as Mr. Van Buren attributes to him, they cannot reasonably expect any Jeffersonian Democrat to agree with them upon that point. Mr. Van Buren very frankly confesses the injustice which he, in common with his whole party, had done to Hamilton, in imputing to the latter a desire to bring about a war with France, and fully clears him from that charge. But he maintains that Hamilton was essentially a monarchist, and that his advocacy of protection, a national bank, a funding system, etc., was induced less by a belief of their immediate benefit to the nation, than by a conviction that the patronage thus created, and the interests thus bound up with the Federal Government, were necessary to give that government an overshadowing influence, and to furnish it with those means of corruption which, according to authorities upon which Mr. Van Buren relies, Hamilton deemed to be essential to the working of a popular government.

Among the most interesting and instructive chapters of this work are those which review the claims of the Federal judiciary to lay down a rule of interpretation of the Constitution which shall bind all other departments of the Government. On this subject Mr. Van Buren held to the last the doctrines of Jefferson and Jackson, nor was he moved from them by the prospect of decisions favorable to his party. He dissects the claims put forward on behalf of the Dred Scott decision as keenly as he does the case of Marbury and Madison, in which the Supreme Court for the first time attempted to dictate to the executive department. The two cases have an important point in common with each other, and with the case of the *mandamus* against Governor Dennison, of Ohio, in 1860, in which it was sought to compel him to surrender a person guilty of an act punishable by the black-laws of Kentucky, but not criminal under the laws of Ohio. In all these cases the court gave a long expression to its views upon the merits, and concluded with deciding that it had no jurisdiction of the controversies. The Ohio case had not been decided when Mr. Van Buren wrote; but he clearly sets forth the impropriety of this mode of treating the subject as illustrated by the other cases. Nor can he resist the temptation to point out the fact that the chief-justice who delivered the Dred Scott decision, and the President who referred to it as conclusive upon all departments of the Government, were both old Federalists, who imported the heresy into the Democratic party. The evils which would result from the admission of such supremacy in the courts are forcibly stated by Mr. Van Buren; and this part of his book deserves the study of every one who desires to form sound views upon the theory of politics.

The writer becomes less ingenuous as he approaches the period of his own active participation in public life. He could not bring himself to admit the unfairness of the manner in which his party dealt with John Quincy Adams and Henry Clay from 1825 to 1829, nor the general lapse of the Democratic party from its original doctrines in respect to protection. He endeavors to account for Henry Clay's advocacy of a high tariff by imputing it to a desire to secure the favor of the disbanded Federalists; but it is difficult to reconcile this theory with the notorious fact that New England, which was the stronghold of Federalism, was almost unanimous in its opposition to the protectionist tariffs of 1816 and 1824. It would have been more generous and, we think, more just to give the same credit for sincerity to Clay that the writer freely gives to Hamilton.

Mr. Van Buren did not live to see the destruction of slavery, and evidently wrote at a period in which that result was looked for only in far distant ages. He almost ignores the subject; it may be because he had no profound convictions in relation to it, or it may be merely because he did not live to complete his review of political history. The brief allusions which he makes to the contests arising out of the "domestic institution" create a painful impression of his insincerity in 1848, and betray throughout the politician rather than the statesman. This, however, is no more than was to be expected.

The work, as a whole, has much interested us; and we are glad to learn that it is to be followed by a biography of its author, to be prepared by Mr. Charles H. Hunt from materials left by Mr. Van Buren himself. The ex-President was not a model statesman, and was obliged by his ambition to use some tools of doubtful character; but he was not so bad or so unwise as his political opponents believed while he was in power. Yet he introduced a system of political management which has inflicted great evils on the country, and his name will probably never cease to be associated with the deterioration of politics which has inevitably followed the pursuit of office for the sake of profit, rather than from a desire to serve the public good.

THE PUBLIC DEBT.*

IT is unfortunate for the country that its attention is so much occupied on financial questions by men wholly uneducated in political economy. We use the term education, in its properly limited sense, as that mental training and discipline which enable the individual to think clearly and correctly. An educated political economist is not one who has thoroughly learned the banking business, but one who can reason correctly, or, at least, is sure not to reason falsely, on financial subjects, and who, where he lacks knowledge, is fully conscious of his own ignorance. This education must be had before the mind is absorbed by the active business of life or never. If he begins at the desk he will be, in finance, what the commercial college book-keeper is in mercantile life.

Such is clearly the case with Mr. Gibbons. He exhibits all that narrowness of view, that adhesion to pet notions, and that inability to see things from more than one standpoint which mark the so-called practical man, and distinguish him from the man of thought and education. Like most such men, he thinks that the entire social system is kept in motion by the particular operation in which he has been engaged. Loans, deposits, circulation, and specie are the four elements which make up his universe. Of the subjects of his book he knows no more than an intelligent Illinois farmer. Practically, he knows less; for, if the farmer had been called on to write a book on the liquidation of the national debt, the effect of taxation on the industry of the country, and the management of the Treasury, he would, conscious of his ignorance, have first sought to understand the subject. Wanting this consciousness, Mr. Gibbons does not inform himself, but rushes into print, thinking he knows all about it. He is, indeed, intimately acquainted with financial operations at the great moneyed centre, but is ignorant of all else. He talks and thinks "shop" throughout. "Currency," he says, "is capital; and the currency of a country is the most important part of its capital. The New York Clearing House stepped to the rescue, saved the nation, and moved the rebellion out of its way." We fancy that if Messrs. Maynard & Noyes have felt a proper pride in the reflection that the stirring General War Order No. 1 was written by the President with their ink, they will contest this claim put forth for the Clearing House. How would our armies ever have been organized and our troops disciplined without the general orders of the War Department? And how, they will triumphantly ask, would the general orders ever have been written if they had not furnished the ink?

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* "The Public Debt of the United States. By J. S. Gibbons, author of 'The Banks of New York.'" New York: C. Scribner & Co. 8vo.

"The Financial Economy of the United States Illustrated and Some of the Causes which retard the Growth of California Demonstrated. By John Alexander Ferris." New York: W. J. Widdleton. 12mo.

Mr. Gibbons's financial speculations being on a par with those which are continually poured forth by the daily press, are worth criticising only where they chance to run with the current of popular opinion. Such are his views of the payment of our debt. He sees the money raised by taxation paid into the Treasury, and seems to think that is the last of it, so far as its effect upon the prosperity of the country is concerned. He therefore exclaims: "The true meaning of taxation is—*the withdrawal of capital from labor and commerce.*" The facts that as fast as the national debt is paid off the bondholders must, either directly, or indirectly by loans to others, employ all the money they receive in building houses, mills, railroads, or other forms of productive capital; that they can do this only by employing bricklayers, carpenters, joiners, and machinists to build; and that, consequently, for every dollar of money applied to the payment of the debt there is a demand for one dollar's worth of skilled labor; that, in other words, the money is simply transferred from one person to another, he does not see at all. The truth of these propositions, and the falsity of the doctrines opposed to them, are so strikingly illustrated by notorious contemporary facts, that it is wonderful everybody does not see them. We have been raising unprecedented sums by taxation, paying some 300 millions, principal and interest, of our debt in a year, in the midst of lamentations about the terrible effect of so great a burden upon the labor of the country, and yet never before has there been such a demand for skilled labor, and never before were the laboring classes so nearly masters of the situation. What, pathetically asks Mr. Gibbon, is to become of the carpenters, caulkers, and joiners if we cease to build ships? But when a good mechanic can get for building houses as much pay as some of the State governors got before the war, is it wonderful that we cannot compete with our neighbors in shipbuilding? This whole will-o'-the-wisp resolves itself into this: that our joiners, caulkers, and glaziers are not going to build ships at three dollars per day when they can get four or five dollars in other employments.

If we want any further demonstration of the puerility of the popular fears which our author seeks to aggravate, let us see what the debt really amounts to when divided among the producing classes. Roughly, it amounts to sixty dollars for each inhabitant. It is due from those who do not hold bonds to those who do. The former are debtors, and the latter creditors, and neither in their relations nor in the conditions and effects of payment does the case differ from that of a private debt. Let us take as a representative of the debtor class John Smith, carpenter, who owns no bonds at all and supports himself entirely by his daily labor. Making allowance, on the one hand, for his comparative poverty, in consequence of which he pays less than the average of taxes, and, on the other hand, for his wife and three children, whose share of the debt he must assume, it will be a liberal estimate to say that he owes $180. The annual interest will be $10 80. Earning $3 to $4 per day, the interest costs him three days' labor. An annual payment of $11 55 will, according to Mr. Gibbons's tables, cancel the whole debt in forty-seven years. The payment, it must be remembered, is made entirely in labor instead of money, because Mr. Smith gets all his money back again in payment for the barn he helps to build for his neighbor, the bondholder. Now, imagine Mr. Gladstone congratulating John Smith on his energy in devoting $20 of his income to the payment of his debt, several hundred writers proclaiming that if the creditor calls on Mr. Smith for more than twelve dollars in any one year he will paralyze his industry instead of making him work all the harder so as to earn the money, and Mr. Gibbons arguing that you must give him a century and a half to pay up, and the reader has a picture of the case as it stands.

It fortunately happens that the views of the Indian herb doctors of our financial system are so diversified that, like a combination of poisons, they may prove comparatively harmless. Thus, Mr. Gibbons has his antidote in Mr. Ferris, a writer showing all of Mr. Gibbons's ignorance of political economy, without his extensive knowledge of the office of bank-notes. As a California bullionist, his financial views are diametrically opposed to those of Mr. Gibbons. We advise all who read one to read the other also; but we must say to those in doubt about reading either, that two more profitless books do not often appear on so grave a subject.

Terra Mariæ. Threads of Maryland Colonial History. By Edward D. Neill. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.)—The author offers these gleanings from the Congressional Library as supplemental to the contents of previous more or less general histories, and as suggestive of new researches to those who have a care for the past of Maryland. They are loosely connected in chapters of chronological sequence, and are often as unsatisfactory as a lost trail in the wilderness; but nevertheless they furnish agreeable reading, and the chapter on the several Lords Baltimore, the proprietaries of Maryland, is not lacking in chronological precision or completeness, at least there is no lack for which Mr. Neill is responsible. Chapter vii. is perhaps the most entertaining—"Society during the Eighteenth Century, and Causes which led to Union with other Colonies in a Declaration of Independence."

Altogether, one learns how far the religious toleration commonly attributed to the Catholic founders of the colony was real, sincere, or merely prudential, and how little attention was given to education, seeing that among the paupers and convicts that were shipped to Maryland, as to Virginia and South Carolina, were schoolmasters that were sold like any mechanic for indentured servants, and who sometimes had to be advertised as runaways. Pretty extended and pleasantly minute accounts are given of the Jesuit missions, the Quakers, the Labadists, who resemble the Quakers not slightly, and the Methodists, who have so outgrown the disciples of what was once the State religion that in 1860 there were counted 541 Methodist to 158 Episcopal churches. Thomas Paul, of the Friends, and Jonathan Boucher, of the Church of England, spoke manly words against slavery, and wise prophecies of material and moral ruin. Asbury and Coke, Methodists, would have petitioned the Assembly for the emancipation of the negroes, and tried to obtain the signature of Washington. "He did not see it proper," say they, "to sign the petition," though "he informed us that he was of our sentiments, and had signified his thoughts on the subject to most of the great men of the State." To these protestants the eloquent voice of William Pinkney was added; and all were needed, though ineffectual, to destroy a system for which such laws had been enacted as denounced the scruple that the baptism of negro slaves was synonymous with manumission, and enslaved the white wife of a negro and the offspring of the connection, and in which slave-breeding began to be very early a lucrative pursuit on all the large plantations. In recording all these facts about the now extinct "institution," Mr. Neill shows a sympathy for freedom that is perhaps to be thought creditable in a secretary of the President.

The names of individuals preserved in this book have a special interest for the three contiguous States which Mason and Dixon's Line divides. The chapter on boundary disputes does not allude to that famous survey in which William Penn showed such dexterous diplomacy, though his prolonged contest with Charles Baltimore is described under this head.

The American Fruit Culturist, etc. By John J. Thomas. (New York: William Wood & Co. 1867.)—This work is, in fact, a revised and enlarged form of the "Fruit Culturist," a standard work that has passed through many editions during the last twenty years. It is a convenient manual of about 500 pages, excellently adapted to the wants of a very large class who wish a concise and, at the same time, explicit and reliable work on fruit culture. About one-third of the work is devoted to "general principles and practice," the remainder to a more detailed description of special kinds of fruits. In the first part the general principles of the growth are considered, the preparation of soil, transplanting, pruning, grafting, cultivation, preparation of fruits for market, preserving, canning, mishaps, profits and losses, and so on, plainly considered from a practical rather than a theoretical point of view. In the second part, after giving general directions regarding the distinct species of fruits treated of, there is a technical description of the more desirable and standard varieties. The work is illustrated by 481 cuts, the most of which are very good. There are a few minor faults which do not materially mar the usefulness of this truly admirable work; but we notice one error which may put some of its readers to trouble, especially as it relates to a subject quite generally misunderstood. In the directions given for sending scions, cuttings, etc., by mail, the author, after giving excellent directions as to how they should be packed, states (p. 37) "the *names should be written* with pencil on the ends, and no paper used for this purpose wrapped around them, as it absorbs the moisture," etc. He illustrates this further by two cuts.

Now this is just what Congress, perhaps, *intended* to allow when it passed the act allowing cuttings, seeds, etc., to be sent by mail at special rates of postage; but the interpretation of the law is different. The Department has officially decided that *no writing whatever*, nor printing—not even a number placed upon the specimens—can be allowed in such a package without violating the law and subjecting the whole to letter postage. "A card, printed or impressed upon the wrapper" of such package, is allowed, nothing more. We are aware that this law is habitually violated through ignorance, and that this strict interpretation very nearly destroys its usefulness; nevertheless thus it stands, and not infrequently postmasters carry it out to the letter (as all are instructed to do), to the serious annoyance of the recipient of such packages. We suggest that the author unite with the farmers and fruit-growers of the country, and have Congress so amend the act that the directions given in this work shall be allowed; every individual concerned will be a gainer and the Government will not be a loser.

Weights and Measures according to the Decimal System. By B. F. Craig, M.D. (New York: D. Van Nostrand.)—The most lucid, accurate, and useful of all the hand-books on this subject that we have yet seen. It gives forty-seven tables of comparison between the English and French denominations of length, area, capacity, weight, and the centigrade and Fahrenheit thermometers, with clear instructions how to use them; and to this practical portion, which helps to make the transition as easy as possible, is prefixed a scientific explanation of the errors in the metric system, and how they may be corrected in the laboratory. The book deserves the special attention of teachers.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION *should be addressed to the Editor.*

ANOTHER SOUTHERN CHEVALIER.

EX-GOVERNOR PERRY, of South Carolina, is writing letters in the papers of his State loudly conjuring his fellow-citizens to vote against the constitutional convention called under the Reconstruction act, and singing the superiority of military government over any species of government in which negroes are allowed to share, and in fact talking in the wild, senseless, and usually unpractical way with which Southern statesmen have made the world so familiar. His last letter is an unusually good specimen of his style. After discussing the duties of Southern men from the "honorable" point of view, and showing that negroes must not be allowed to vote in South Carolina because the English commonwealth of "1640," the French republics of 1792 and of 1848, and the Mexican republic of our own day had all proved failures, he characteristically winds up with quoting a "spontaneous effusion of a spirited and patriotic heart" in the shape of a letter "from a noble lady of South Carolina." This is the letter, and the whole of it:

> "I believe I speak the feeling of at least every *woman* in South Carolina when I say we heartily endorse your views, and each and every sentiment you express in your recently published letters. We pray you to continue your efforts to save us from such dishonor and such degradation, to which the pain of twenty violent deaths were preferable, and may Heaven aid you in recalling the manhood of our State to a sense of what is due at least their race."

It will be seen that there is not much in it. In fact, there is nothing in it, except the assertion of one woman of South Carolina that all the other women agree with Governor Perry in his "views," and wish he would keep on expressing them. Nevertheless, it is quite evident that Mr. Perry believes that this stuff may be made not only to do duty as an argument, but as a vindication of himself and his later performances; for, says he, "such patriotic and spirited sentiments from one lovely woman fully compensate me for all the criticism and abuse which have been heaped upon me." Now, this little touch, revealing the delight of a middle-aged politician at having some rather extravagant talk of his on a most momentous question approved in a rather silly letter by "one lovely woman," is the kind of thing which makes good and moderate men at the North and elsewhere feel discouraged about the future of the Southern whites. With the best wish in the world to let bygones be bygones, one is puzzled to know how to deal with men to whom politics is so much an affair of sentiment and so little an affair of hard common sense as it seems and has always seemed to be to the bulk of the Southern planters. We suppose it would be difficult to overestimate the extent to which they were seduced into ranting and railing in defence of slavery by the picturesque view of slave society, or the extent to which they were seduced into going to war by the notion that they were "cavaliers," and that it would be pretty to see "cavaliers" with long hair on horseback fighting Puritans on foot. There can hardly be a doubt that thousands of simpletons, old and young, were driven to the field by a thoroughly mediæval sensitiveness to feminine censure or applause. But it caps the climax to find a grave, elderly man, when the fighting is all over, supporting an argument in defence of submission for an indefinite period to military government by quoting a little outburst of admiration of himself and his doings from "one lovely woman."

When a man discusses politics in this frame of mind, it is very difficult to know how to take him or the community which he represents. The ordinary arguments used in political discussions are of little use in dealing with them. There is no use in talking of expediency to gentlemen who are striving to win female smiles, and whom "lovely women" are exhorting "to die twenty violent deaths" sooner than follow the commonplace, sensible course which you recommend to them, and yet expediency is, or ought to be, the weightiest of all considerations in politics. There is no earthly way of making reconstruction pleasant to the South; there is no way of arranging the admission of negroes to political life that will prevent its being a bitter pill for nearly every Southern white. Nobody expects it to be pleasant; but then it is unavoidable. It has to be swallowed. The alternative of such Southerners as do not like it is expatriation or suicide. To sit down as Governor Perry is doing, and whine and bellow against it, with the "lovely women" at his back, is not only not manly—it is silly.

We could understand Southern men seeking to avoid action under the Reconstruction act, and especially in South Carolina, where the negroes are in the majority, if there was the smallest chance that delay would change the situation. It is true that the act prescribes the retention of the Southern States under military government until the qualified majority choose to act; but, then, supposing the other States act, as they are likely to do, no sensible man can suppose that South Carolina would be allowed by Congress to stay out in the cold for an indefinite period. Nothing can be surer than that, if the majority persisted in refusing to bring her in, the minority would be at last allowed to do so. The spectacle of a State governed permanently by military force is one which the people of the North would not long endure.

But Mr. Perry acknowledges now that the majority in South Carolina is against him. He says the negro votes in all districts except one outnumber the whites, and his only hope of defeating the convention lies, he confesses, in the ignorance of the blacks. Many negroes in the interior, he thinks, will not have heard of the convention or know anything about it, and others will vote with their employers. But this is a defence which time, and a very short time, too, is sure to remove. Let the convention be defeated now through negro ignorance or subserviency, and we may be sure the Radicals, both black and white, would double their efforts to enlighten them, so that in a very few months the issue would have to be tried over again, and the result would probably be very different. Mr. Perry and his friends would then find themselves dragged into the Union by the negroes, just as they now fear they may be, but the delay would have irritated everybody whose irritation is of any consequence, both blacks and whites. It would have confirmed the negroes in their growing hostility to their old masters, and would have justified the doubts and denunciations with which the extreme Radicals of the North are now assailing the latter, so that Mr. Perry would be forced sorrowfully to confess that his last end was worse than his first.

We deprecate as much as anybody can do the course which Messrs. Stevens, Phillips, and others are pursuing at this moment. It would be difficult to find words strong enough to characterize the performances of those who are trying to persuade the blacks that it is office or confiscation they are to seek through their votes, and not protection for the fruits of their industry. A more detestable sight than an educated orator preaching this lesson, and preaching nothing else, to this unfortunate race on their very entrance to freedom and civilization, we cannot well conceive of. We do not doubt that it is exercising a most injurious influence on the negroes, and on their account every good man ought to set his face against it.

But it is on their account alone that it is to be feared. Mr. Perry knows, and every Southern man of sense knows, that the plan of taking away white men's farms to give them to negroes finds no favor in Congress or out of it amongst any sensible or influential portion of the community. There is about as much real danger to Southern property from negro voting as there is from an invasion of St. Dominicans. If Mr. Perry and others like him would sit down and do a little thinking instead of basking in the smiles of "lovely woman," he would see this as plainly as we farther North, to whom "noble ladies" never say a word of approval. A wholesale or even very extensive confiscation of property by the majority in any State is never likely to take place, because the public sentiment of the other parts of the Union would forbid it, and would find means, we may be sure, of making itself felt. The one thing which is least likely to happen in our politics is the introduction or toleration anywhere of any practice shaking the security of property. Even in the wildest of our border communities a man may commit as many murders as he pleases, but if he takes to horse-stealing the people rise upon him. In fact, over-sensitiveness on this point is one of the great weaknesses of the Anglo-Saxon race.

Moreover, the negro population of the South will have always to rely on its natural increase for its growth, while the white population is swollen every year by an enormous immigration. Let it appear that political tranquillity is once restored in the South, and we may be sure that, slavery being gone, the great and advancing tide, which is now eating every year farther and farther into the heart of the Western wilderness, will begin to steal very rapidly into the Southern forests, and to swamp the black vote everywhere. There is not the ghost of a chance that in ten years there will in any Southern State be a black majority, and that the ballot will be of any use to the negro except to defend the fruits of his own toil. There is danger just now, however, that the negro may be led astray, and that his education in civilization may, by bad counsels, be made bitterer and harder than it need be. But there is no danger that Southern whites will have to pass through any heavier ordeal than they ought to expect and than they really deserve. What the South needs now is common sense, and the suppression of "cavaliers" and blustering orators, and—we regret to say, too—of "lovely women." A more malignant political influence than these same "lovely women" are now exercising all over the South is not to be found on the continent, but it is to be hoped that Southern men will get free from it. Politics, they must learn, is not a "tournament." The great problems of the science are not solved by tilting at rings under the eyes of Queens of Love and Beauty, but by the diligent study and right use of the common facts of life. The South is not an enchanted land; the negro is not a dusky giant in a big castle, seizing white men, babies, and tender ladies, and making ragouts of them. So we have no longer any need of knights-errant, and the old Southern armor, the lance of vituperation, the shield of bombast, the helmet of rant, may be put into the local museums.

STATE AND MUNICIPAL TAXATION.

TAXES are burdensome even when lightest, and unequal in their operation even when most fairly assessed. But the system of taxation which exists in the United States, and in most of the several States, is one of the most unequal and unjust in the civilized world, and, contrary to all theories about democracy, the inequalities of the various methods of taxation which are in use favor the minority and oppress the majority of the electoral class.

We shall not say anything in this place of the taxes imposed by the Federal Government, as that subject will receive our consideration separately at some other time, and has, moreover, received able treatment at the hands of Commissioner Wells, Mr. Edward Atkinson, and others. But in the State of New York, at any rate, the local taxes are heavy enough to make the mode of their levying a question of great importance, and yet the subject has received comparatively little attention. A few years ago the Board of State Assessors made a somewhat elaborate report, setting forth with much earnestness the injustice of the present system and proposing a change, which, however, did not reach the root of the trouble, and would have accomplished nothing if it had been adopted. The Legislature discussed the matter during part of one session, but the war and the taxation necessitated by it entirely diverted the public mind from such local questions. It is time that the subject should again be taken up, and the great increase of taxation has made it more than ever necessary that it should be levied upon equitable principles.

The method at present in use in the State of New York is as simple as it is unjust. With the exception of an insignificant sum raised from licenses, etc., the whole amount is levied upon accumulated property, and three-fourths of the burden falls upon real estate. Much more than half the personal property that is actually assessed is situated in the city of New York, and an immense proportion of it consists of the property of corporations, but for the existence of which scarcely any personal property would be reached by the tax-collector. Their annual exhibits of affairs and their desire to exaggerate the amount of their capital make them the easy prey of the assessor. But every one knows that vast amounts of personal property in the hands of individuals escape taxation altogether. It is the general opinion of statisticians that the value of personal property in every civilized nation largely exceeds the value of all its real estate. But even if we suppose the two kinds of property to be of only equal value in this State, it results that land bears fifty per cent. more than its proper share of the taxes.

The disproportionate taxation of land, however, is not now so unjust as it once was, because the Federal Government raises an amount of imposts larger than those of the States combined, and levies them almost exclusively upon personal property. Yet it would be desirable, upon every ground of economy and political purity, that the General Government should be able to resign the collection of its taxes to the States, and it never can do this until the States have adopted an equal system of taxation.

For the present, however, a more important point for consideration is the total exemption from direct taxation of all who spend as much as they earn, or nearly as much—a class which includes a vast majority of the electors in cities, though not a majority in the rest of the State. The inevitable result of such a system is to make this large class indifferent to the duty of economy in public affairs. It is undoubtedly true that they are ultimately reached by the operation of natural laws, and compelled to pay some share of the public expenses through their landlords, tailors, grocers, and the like; but this is not realized by one in a hundred of those who have heard the fact stated, and has not even been heard of by most of the class referred to. The rent does not rise and fall in precise harmony with the taxes, nor can the wisest of men tell precisely how much has been added to it on that account. How can ignorant and careless men be expected to trouble themselves with such a question? We all know that they do not, and that two-thirds of the voters in New York city have not the least idea that, by voting for an extravagant or corrupt alderman, they are voting a penny out of their own pockets.

A change upon this point seems to us an indispensable condition of reform in the affairs of all great cities. In some way or other at least three-fourths of the electors should be compelled to pay direct taxes, rising and falling in exact conformity with the expenses of government. A mere poll-tax, such as is levied in several States, never varying in amount, would not answer the purpose; for no degree of economy in public affairs would diminish the tax. The amount necessary to be raised should be divided in certain fixed proportions; one part to be levied upon real estate, another on personal estate, another on incomes not arising from accumulated property, and another on the male residents twenty-one years of age. Every demand of taxes should be made by means of a paper, on which should be printed a brief statement of the amount of taxes levied for the city and State respectively, with a comparison of the amounts levied during the year or two previous. No one should be allowed to vote without having paid his personal tax, though we would not have any one allowed to escape the tax by omitting to vote.

The injustice of putting all the burdens of government upon accumulated property—in other words, upon the thrifty and economical—is palpable. Every man, however poor or however extravagant he may be, derives some benefit from good government, although undoubtedly the property-owner derives more. Let the property-owner pay *most*, but not *all* of the expense incurred for the common welfare. But, as we have said, we are more concerned for the effect upon the government of allowing a large class of voters to suppose that they have no interest in good government than even for the injustice suffered by individuals.

It might be possible to devise some plan by which tenants should be encouraged to pay their landlords' taxes or some part of them. In England every householder pays taxes in person. Every owner of chattels worth over $250 might be required to pay a direct tax on his property. We do not urge these, or any other points of detail, because we desire at present to fix upon the minds of our readers the single proposition that universal taxation is the legitimate and necessary companion of universal suffrage. We would not restrict the right of suffrage, but we would most decidedly extend the round of the tax-gatherer.

PERSONAL BEAUTY AS A POLITICAL FORCE.

A MAN can no more help it if he has great personal attractions than the Spice Islands can help being sweet or Pennsylvania can help having anthracite coal. They must be put in precisely the same category with the things which in the case of countries the political economists denominate natural wealth; and we should like to be shown a reason, if it must be held right for a community to use to the fullest extent all its stores of natural wealth, why it must be held wrong for the individuals composing the community to do the same thing. Indeed, we may go further, and say that no one but a trades-union man will long maintain—in fact, the trades-union man will not maintain it long—that it is anything but extremely immoral in a man to refuse to employ as fully and as energetically as he can all gifts of whatsoever kind which by divine allotment are his. It is, of course, his duty to see that the ends he aims at are justifiable, but having once convinced himself of that, he needs be under not the slightest apprehension that he disobeys the Golden Rule if habitually he, so to speak, "looks his prettiest" and does likewise. We do not care, however, to go into the moral casuistry of what is practically a plain enough question; we wish only to point out that Mr. Horace Greeley, even as a political economist alone, is abundantly provided with an answer to some recent fault-finding on the part of the Springfield *Republican* and the New York *Times*.

These journals, which are quite apt to oppose any of what may be called Mr. Greeley's politico-personal acts, have animadverted with some severity on his latest move, that of sowing his portraits broadcast, to use a rural metaphor, over the rural districts. A man's laboriously acquired learning, these journals say, his painful industry, his practised ability in business, his accumulated pecuniary capital, his improved and cultivated intellectual powers, he may be allowed to use in the struggle for political honors or for success and profit in the conduct of a newspaper. But they maintain that for a man to seek advancement by means of his personal beauty is wrong; that it is unfair to his competitors that gifts and graces of feature, of shape, of movement, of complexion, got without cost and without merit, should be used to promote the aggrandizement of their lucky possessor. So they would have Mr. Greeley stop the distribution of his portrait. To this modest demand we have been daily expecting a reply from Mr. Greeley in the columns of his organ. As yet he has made none; but that this is not because there is no sufficient reply to be made we have already shown, and we have looked at the absurdity of it from but a single point of view.

Whether it is right or wrong to employ for political purposes this natural endowment, "the student of the historic page," as Mr. Everett and some others call him, will, at any rate, think it almost impossible to overestimate its political value. The books of the Hebrew prophet show him how the personal advantages of a young profligate drew the hearts of the men of Israel away from the man after God's own heart; the newspaper of the day before yesterday tells him of a coachman made husband to a queen of bluest blood. And, between the days of Absalom and the days of the Duke de Rianzanares, what ready reckoner will count up for the student before mentioned the names which are to be put in the same list of men whom their hair or their legs or their faces or their stature has made changers of dynasties and arbiters of the fate of nations? He will read of the marvellous face of Alcibiades, which beguiled the soul of the wisest of the heathens and took captive Tissaphernes the barbarian no less than Socrates; which charmed all Athens first and then charmed all Sparta and enslaved Thrace, taking away the glory of "the face that launched a thousand ships;" he will read of Sulla, of whom the Chalcidian soothsayer, observing attentively the turn of his form, the motions of his body, and the beauty of his aspect, predicted that he must infallibly one day be the greatest of men; and not only among the chosen people, among the austere Romans, among the intellectual Greeks, will he find these men whose faces have been their fortunes, but in the annals of all ages and of every realm, from the smallest island in the Pacific to the wide empire of Trajan, and from the Cornewaile of romance to the Scotland of fact. So it has been since the oldest times, when might was right, and human nature was reddest in tooth and claw; so it will be when this age of photographs and illustrated newspapers with portraits of "self-made men" has long given place to the coming age when the fairer half of creation shall pass judgment on the claims of rival candidates for Congress. Mr. Greeley is as amply justified by the testimony of history as by the voice of his favorite science.

And speaking of the coming age of female suffrage, of course it becomes a question—too interesting, alas! to most of us—whether, when the days of prediction are actually upon us, the female estimate of manly beauty will vary sensibly from the standard which is now set up; and if so, how it will vary. That it will change is a thing to be expected; when and how no man can tell. If we take as indices of the present drift of female opinion on this point the words of the women who may be presumed authorized to speak for the sex, we all know how fatal to Mr. Greeley's claims would be the conclusions to which we should be compelled. The ideal of the female novelists for a number of years has been a short man with a dark complexion—and, by the way, a man with a light complexion does not take so well in a photograph as we could wish—with deep-set eyes, blazing sometimes like carbuncles, and at other times reminding one of the tremulous lustre of the star of evening. Then, too, the hero has a voice of great strength and compass, now like the clarion, now like the clarionet. As the special correspondents say, he is "grave of feature, corrugated of brow, indomitable of chin, resolute and sagacious of nose;" one of his legs is a trifle shorter than the other, though you would hardly observe it when he walks; he has a good deal of hard muscle on his jaws; he has an arm like Heenan's, and a hand like Maud's, and a chest like two soldiers on parade, or thirteen inches from breast to back; his lips writhe like earth-worms under the flowers of sulphur of his rhetoric, and set like a vice when he locks the door and relates to the young woman the story of his life; his complexion is pallid; the chances are that he has double teeth all round. The hero is not solicitous to follow the fashions in his dress; indeed, he might, without shocking our notions of verisimilitude, be depicted stealing into an alley-way for the purpose of tucking one leg of his trousers into the leg of one of his boots and mashing in his hat with his fist; for we must say that as we read about him the fair writers leave on our mind the impression that he is the least bit in the world of a humbug. There he is, however; and unless we do wrong to think that female novelists, who are women writing mainly for women, do not know what women like, we are afraid Mr. Greeley and none of the rest of us who are his "even Christian" in the matter of beauty, or who, without being just that, are of the same general type of beauty, can hope to do much in the political way after the ballot-box is open for the votes of the sex.

To be sure the tide may turn completely, though we confess we do not see that if it does there is much more hope for Mr. Greeley and for most leading politicians than there will be if it runs as now. Certainly we have no desire to see the old types of heroes coming into fashion again. Few of us can wear a Spanish mantle any more than Mr. Greeley, or, for that matter, the editors of *The Times* and *The Republican;* few of us have curly hair or clustering hair or rolling eyes or drooping moustaches. Thaddeus of Warsaw would beat us out and out for a senatorship or the presidency. Nor, on the other hand, have many of us chestnut-brown hair falling to our waist, which we wear without powder, nor cheeks blended of the lily and the rose on which the down of youthful manhood is just beginning to appear. When women vote we drop our aspirations. In that day how shall he run for the White House who wears overshoes and a bad hat and has the asthma slightly and carries an umbrella? Old stagers may then as well consider themselves razed from the book of honors, and look on photographs as a vain expense.

HOW SHALL WE SPELL?

NO. III.

WE have established, as we think, in our former articles the true reason why we adhere so stoutly to our present modes of spelling, showing that it is a pure and simple conservatism which by no means founds itself upon useful principles, historical or other, but only in certain cases hides itself behind them. We may next enquire what reasons we have for finding fault with this conservatism and its results, and for wishing and attempting to overthrow them.

In the first place, English orthography violates the true ideal of the re lation of written language to spoken, and of an alphabetic mode of writing. To those who have never looked into the subject it may seem that a phonetic spelling, giving one sign to every sound and one sound to every sign, is a rude and simple device which an enlightened ingenuity might well enough be tempted to enrich and adorn by mixing it with elements of higher significance. But the student of language knows that the case is far otherwise; that an alphabet is the final result of centuries, even ages, of education and practice in the use of written characters. As a historical fact, writing began not with representing spoken language, but with trying to do over again what language does—to put occurrences and ideas directly before the mind by intelligible symbols. Only later, and by an indirect process, were men brought to see that, having already produced one system of means, namely, words, for bodying forth thought and knowledge, it was needless to devise another and independent one for the same purpose; that their written tongue might best undertake simply to place before the eye their spoken tongue. The great step toward the perfection of writing was taken when it was fully subordinated to speech, and made to represent the names of things instead of things themselves. But even this only brought it out of the purely pictorial into a hieroglyphic stage, where it long continued, awkward and unmanageable; and another difficult and protracted process of development was necessary, in order to impart to it a phonetic character, so that it should signify words no longer by simple indivisible symbols, but by characters representing sounds. Our best illustration of the whole history is furnished in the Egyptian monuments, where we see signs of every kind—purely didactic pictures, figures of objects representing those objects themselves, other figures standing for the names of the objects they depict; others, for some part, as the consonants of those names; others, at last, as single letters for the initial sound of their names—all mingled together and exchanging with one another, making up a system of writing not less inconsistent than the English and infinitely more intricate and troublesome. The Egyptians were too conservative to seize upon the one practically valuable principle which their system contained, and carry it out consistently, casting aside its inherited encumbrances. But what they could not do was within the power of another people. Every one knows that our own alphabet goes back, through the Latin and Greek, to the Phenician; and it is at least exceedingly probable, though far from admitting of demonstration, that the Phenicians learned to write of the Egyptians. Either of the Egyptian or of some other analogous history of alphabetic development the Phenicians inherited the results, and their alphabet was a simple scheme of twenty-two characters, the names of which (*aleph*, "bull," *beth*, "house," etc.; whence the Greek *alpha*, *beta*, etc.) began respectively with the sound which each represented. Yet this system, while it discarded everything but the purely phonetic part of the Egyptian, was no complete phonetic alphabet; it wrote the consonants alone, leaving the vowels to be supplied by the reader. It received its full perfection only upon passing into the keeping of the Greeks; they converted some of its superfluous characters into vowel-signs, added others, and produced at last an instrumentality which could and did set faithfully before the sight the whole structure of spoken speech. Among all the alphabets of the world, ancient and modern, there are few, excepting the Greek and its derivatives, which have attained this completeness, to which there does not cleave some taint of a pictorial or a syllabic character.

The Latin alphabet, taken from the Greek, fully accepted and carried out the phonetic principle, rejecting some of the Greek signs and devising new, so as to make an exact adaptation of its modes of writing to its modes of utterance. Nor have its descendants, in their turn, meant to do otherwise. But it is very difficult to maintain the principle in perfect purity, because the spoken forms of words change more insidiously than the written; all tongues which have had a long written history have become more or less "historic" in their spelling, change of orthography lagging ever behind the heels of change of pronunciation. And peculiarly unfavorable circumstances, which in no small part can be distinctly pointed out, have suffered to grow up a greater discordance between the written and the spoken speech among us than in any other community of equal enlightenment. This is the whole truth, and any attempt to make it appear otherwise savors only of the wisdom of the noted fox who lost his brush in a trap, and wanted to persuade himself and the world that the curtailment was a benefit and a decoration. Every departure from the rule that writing is the handmaid of speech is a dereliction of principle, and an abandonment of advantages which seemed to have been long ago assured to us by the protracted labors of many generations of the most gifted races known to history. The handmaid has no right to set up to be wiser and better than her mistress in a single particular. That the written word in any case deviates from the spoken is a fault which may, indeed, admit of palliation, even amounting to excuse, but which it is an offence against all true science and sound sense to extol as a merit.

We have, of course, no intention of bringing forward the unfaithfulness of our orthography to the highest ideal of a mode of writing as a sufficient reason for an orthographic revolution. A grand practical question, which touches so nearly the interests of so many millions of writers and speakers, is not to be settled by sentimental considerations—by this which we have adduced upon the one side, any more than, upon the other, by the gratification of the small class of curious heads who may delight themselves with seeing Greek and Latin and Old English utterances dimly reflected in our modern spelling. But it was desirable, and even necessary, to draw out the exposition, in order to show that the phonetists have the advantage upon their side, not less in regard to the principle involved in the cause they are defending than in regard to the convenience and enlightenment of the historical student of language.

It is upon practical grounds that our final judgment of the value of English orthography must mainly rest. The written language is a universal possession, an instrument of communication for the whole immense community of English speakers, and anything which impairs its convenience and manageableness as an instrument is such a defect as demands active measures for removal. Now, no one can question that the practical use of our tongue is rendered more difficult by the anomalies of its written form. We do not, indeed, easily realize how much of the learning time of each rising generation is taken up with mastering orthographical intricacies; how much harder it is for us to learn to read at all, and to read and write readily and correctly, than it would be if we wrote as we speak. We accomplished the task so long ago, most of us, that we have forgotten its severity, and decline to see any reason why others should ask to be relieved from it. Teachers, however, know what it is, as do those who for want of a sufficiently severe early drilling, or from defect of native capacity, continue all their lives to be inaccurate spellers. Such may fairly plead that their orthographical sins are to be imputed, in great part, not to themselves but to the community which has established and sustains an institution so unnecessarily cumbrous. We may see yet more clearly the nature of the burden it imposes by considering what it is to foreigners. Our language, from the simplicity of its grammatical structure, would be one of the easiest in the world to learn if it were not loaded with its anomalous orthography. As the matter stands, a stranger may acquire the spoken tongue by training of mouth and ear, or the written by help of grammar and dictionary, and in either case the other tongue will be nearly as strange to him as if it belonged to an unknown race. It is doubtless within bounds to say that the difficulty of his task is thus doubled. And this item must count for not a little in determining the currency which the English shall win as a world-language—a destiny for which it seems more decidedly marked out than any other cultivated speech. In view of what we expect and wish it to become, we have hardly the right to hand it down to posterity with such a millstone about its neck as its present orthography.

It is, moreover, to be noted that a phonetic spelling, far from contributing, as its enemies claim, to the alteration and decay of the language, would exercise an appreciable conserving influence, and make for uniformity and fixedness of pronunciation. So loose and indefinite is now the tie between writing and utterance, that existing differences of utterance hide themselves under cover of an orthography which fits them all equally well, while others spring up unchecked. No small part of the conservative force expends itself upon the visible form alone, whereas if the visible and audible form were more strictly accordant, it would have its effect upon the latter also. The establishment of a phonetic orthography would imply the establishment and maintenance of a single authoritative and intelligible standard of pronunciation, the removal of the more marked differences of usage between the cultivated speakers of different localities, and the reduction of those of less account; and it would hold in check—though nothing can wholly restrain—those slow and insidious changes which creep unawares into the utterance of every tongue.

One thing more is worthy of at least a brief reference, namely, that a consistent spelling would awaken and educate the phonetic sense of the community. As things are now, the English speaker comes to the study of a foreign written language, and to the examination of phonetic questions generally, at a disadvantage when compared with those to whom other tongues are native. He has been accustomed to regard it as only natural and proper that any given sound should be written in a variety of different ways, that any given sign should possess a number of different values; and it requires a special education to give him an inkling of the truth that every letter of our alphabet had originally, and still preserves in the main, outside of his own language, a single unvarying sound. His ideas of the relations of the vowels are hopelessly awry; he sees nothing strange in the designation of the vowel sounds of *pin* and *pine*, or of *pat* and *pate*, or of *pun* and *pure*, as corresponding short and long, although we might as well assert that *dog* and *cat*, or that *sun* and *moon*, are corresponding male and female. And he reads off his Latin and Greek in tones that would have driven frantic any Roman or Athenian who suspected it to be his own tongue that was so murdered, with unsuspecting complacency, even flattering himself that he appreciates their rhythm and melody. It is not the least telling of the indications he furnishes of a sense for the fitness of things debauched by a vicious training that he is capable of regarding a historical spelling as preferable to a phonetic—that is to say, of thinking it better to write our words as we imagine that some one else pronounced them a long time ago than as we pronounce them ourselves. A thoroughly consistent spelling would be a far more valuable means of philological education than such a one as we now follow, were the latter twice as full as it is of etymological suggestiveness.

We are, then, clearly of opinion that a phonetic orthography is, of itself, in all respects desirable, and that there is no good reason against introducing it save the inconvenience of so great a change. Every theoretical and practical consideration makes in its favor. At the same time, our hope of a reform is exceedingly faint. No reform is possible until the community at large—or at least the greater body of the learned and highly educated—shall see clearly that the advantage to be gained by it is worth the trouble it will entail; and whether and when they will be brought to do so is very doubtful. At present the public mind is in a most unnaturally sensitive condition upon the subject; it will listen to no suggestion of a change from any quarter in any word or class of words. The great need now is to enlighten it, to show that its action is the result of a blind prejudice alone, and really founded on none of the reasons which are alleged in its support; that there is nothing sacred in the written word, that language is speech, not spelling, and that practical convenience is the only true test of the value of an orthographic system. Until this work is accomplished all reformers will be likely to meet the fate of Noah Webster, one of the best-abused men of his generation, and for one of the most creditable of his deeds, the attempt to amend in a few particulars our English spelling—an attempt for which (however fragmentary it may have been, and ill-judged in some of its parts) we ourselves feel inclined to forgive him many of his false etymologies and defective definitions. We have read in the story-books that a certain Prince Nosey was condemned by a malevolent fairy to wear a portentously long nose until he should himself become convinced that it was too long, which salutary but unpalatable truth was kept indefinitely concealed from him by the flattery of his courtiers. The English-speaking people are in somewhat the same case; and though fairy days are now over, and we can no longer hope that our superfluous nasal inches will drop off the moment we recognize their superfluity, we know that at any rate we shall not lose them sooner because we shall not sooner be willing to set about the work of ridding ourselves of them. Of course our words would look very oddly to us now in a phonetic dress, but that is merely because we are used to them in another. So our friends the ladies, if they should suddenly appear before our sight in the head-gear which they are going to wear year after next, would shock us and provoke the cut direct; yet we shall by that time be looking back to the bonnets of this season as the height of absurdity. If once brought to the adoption of a consistent orthography, we should soon begin to regard with aversion our present idiographs and historiographs, and wonder that we could ever have preferred, or even tolerated them. It is easy now to raise a general laugh against the man who writes *news* "*nuz*;" but so the Englishman can count upon an admiring and sympathizing audience among his own countrymen when he turns against the Frenchman that crushing question, "What can you think of aman who calls a *hat* a '*shappo*'*?*"—and the appeal is really to the same narrow prejudice and vulgar ignorance in the one case as in the other.

The future is a very long period, and a great deal is possible in the course of it. There is no telling, spite of present appearances, that the public temper may not come to admit, some time, the introduction of improvements of one kind and another into our orthography, which shall prepare the way for a more thorough reform. Meanwhile we look with interest and respect upon the effort of every one who is laboring toward that end, since however little he may seem to accomplish, he is at least contributing his mite toward the arousing of public attention to the subject, and helping perhaps to inaugurate a change of feeling.

Respecting the farther difficulties—many and serious, and only partially apprehended by the greater part of those who undertake the making of phonetic systems—which beset the labors of the orthographic reformer, and render his success doubtful, even supposing the preliminary obstacle of which we have been treating to be cleared away, we have left ourselves no room to speak, nor is this, perhaps, the proper place to discuss them.

ENGLAND.

LONDON, May 17, 1867.

THE most amusing, if not the most important, event of the last fortnight has been the Reform meeting in Hyde Park. When I last wrote to you it was expected not without anxiety. Ominous paragraphs were appearing in the newspapers. The police, it was said, were being assembled in force. Troops were being massed in London. Nay, there were mysterious hints at Armstrong guns and grapeshot, as though we had been on the verge of another French revolution. This excitement was partly due to the extremely unsatisfactory tone taken by the Government in the House of Commons. Mr. Walpole is member for Cambridge University, and is the very ideal of what a university member should be; that is to say, he is an absolute incarnation of respectability, a model of deportment, and a man of naturally commanding presence. He spoke with such solemnity, and at the same time with such vagueness, that only three points seemed to be clear; first, that the Government apprehended considerable danger; secondly, that they meant to do something very awful; and, thirdly, that they did not quite know what the awful thing was to be. The terrible Monday morning came, and the respectable West-End population rather expected to go to bed with its throats cut. On looking at *The Times* its fears were dissipated. Mr. Walpole had found out—nay, had known all along, but had at last announced—that he had no legal right whatever to stop the meeting. All his pomposities had been mere vague bluster, just as in England old-fashioned people sometimes put up a notice to trespassers that spring-guns are set on their premises, though spring-guns are a legend of the past. It was, in short, a game of brag between Mr. Walpole and the Reform League, and the Reform League won. The prohibition being thus removed, the meeting lost all its spice. It was not to be suppressed, and nobody much cared to go. However, it was a fine evening, and forty or fifty thousand persons collected and listened in perfect good humor to a little stump-speaking, whilst the ragged edges of the crowd amused themselves partly by chaffing a special constable or two, and partly, also, by affording occupation for some strolling card-sharpers, and chiefly in simple "loafing" and enjoyment of the summer weather. Next day Mr. Walpole resigned his office, entirely on account of his health. In fact, as Mr. Disraeli carefully explained, he had wished to resign for the same reason two months ago. It is a pity he did n't!

The artificial excitement caused by the extreme folly of the Government has completely died away; and I must say that, in spite of public meetings and writing in newspapers, I do not think that Reform anywhere excites a very strong feeling. This is partly due to the confused nature of the issues now before the House of Commons. Mr. Disraeli's tactics have met with a success which, I confess, has surprised me, but which is much more creditable to his ingenuity than to the sincerity of any part of the House. To the Tory party, he says, I offer household suffrage in name, but I fence it round with so many safeguards that it will be practically innocuous, and we shall thus steal a march upon professed reformers. To the Radicals, he says, the safeguards I offer are really so small that for practical purposes you will have household suffrage. The Tories follow because Tories are good at following, of which, perhaps, the ultimate cause is that assigned by Mr. Mill, namely, that Tories are stupid. Radicals follow because they hope that even if Mr. Disraeli's restrictions are carried, they will work too badly to stand; and thus that Mr. Disraeli will have outwitted himself. And, finally, Mr. Disraeli has one argument far more convincing than any other with the half-hearted of all sides. If you do n't vote for me, he says, I will dissolve. Now, a dissolution means that every member will have to meet another election; or, in other words, to spend sums varying from some hundreds up to many thousands of pounds. And this argument generally clinches the discussion. The moderate Liberals who wish for an open and above-board extension of the franchise, but not so far as household suffrage, are more perplexed than any party, for Mr. Disraeli has fairly taken the wind out of their sails. The chances still are that the bill will pass; but no human being can say, until the new registration of voters, what its operation will be, nor whether we shall have really made a large stride or merely stepped forward with one leg and back with the other.

Meanwhile the Liberal party has been to a large extent demoralized. Mr. Gladstone, however, has apparently recovered his self-command, and has shown several symptoms of taking a more decided liberal course than heretofore. His weak point has always been his disposition towards High

Church views, which are naturally associated with Toryism in politics. He has, however, this session gone against church-rates, in favor of the opening of the universities to all sects, and has lately pronounced strongly against that iniquitous institution, the Established Church in Ireland. After a long sleep, this question, which excited violent debates after the first Reform bill, seems to be again awakening, and a very lively discussion took place upon it the other day. The state support of a religion which is in a trifling minority is, of course, totally impossible on any rational grounds, and Mr. Gladstone put the obvious arguments against it with his usual logical force. The main reason for its continued support, beyond the fatality which seems to beset all our Irish legislation, consists in the sense that there is a much larger question in the background. The Irish Church is a kind of outpost or bulwark of the Church of England. No one can doubt that an effective measure of reform in one case would increase the party—at present a very small one—which is hostile to the Establishment in the other; and symptoms are not wanting which show that we may before long have a more vigorous contest than has hitherto been waged as to the rights and position of the English Church. Thus Lord Shaftesbury brought forward a measure in the House of Lords the other night which indicates the rapid growth of a very dangerous element. He proposed some legislation with the view of restricting the garments—I beg their pardon, vestments—at present used by the English clergy. It was decided very properly that it would be better to wait until a commission should have settled what was the present state of the law. At first sight there is something childish in a solemn parliamentary debate as to whether a clergyman may wear a green robe or a white one—a lively discussion upon matters which might be better left to a milliner. Still the ritualistic movement has really become of very serious importance. It is said that there are two thousand churches in England which have lighted candles flaming upon their "altars" instead of unlighted candles standing on their communion-tables; and a flaming candle is equivalent in Protestant eyes to the mark of the beast. A book has been published called the "Directorium Anglicanum," which has the highest authority among the party. It contains such regulations as these: That the priest is never to take the chalice at one draught, lest by reason of the impetus he should unintentionally cough; that before "mass" he is not to wash his mouth or teeth, but only his lips, with his mouth shut, lest the taste of water should be intermingled with his saliva; that, as it puts it, "if a fly or a spider should fall into the chalice after consecration, it should be warily taken out, ofttimes diligently washed between the fingers, and then burned, and the ablution and ashes must be preserved near the altar." Again, we are informed that "if any one by accident should vomit up the Eucharist, the vomit is to be burned, and the ashes preserved near the altar. And if he be clerical or monk or deacon, he must do penance forty days; if a bishop, seventy days; if a layman, thirty days." Now, in one sense, this tomfoolery is certainly beneath contempt. In another, as implying an approximation to the Romish theory of sacerdotalism, it is more serious. In any case, if the gentlemen who play at it want the real thing, they ought to go to Rome, and the sooner they get there, the better for their own consciences and the reputation of Englishmen for common sense; and, as far as they are concerned, there is little else to be said except that a man in a transition state between two extremes generally occupies a very ridiculous position. Unluckily, these ritualists play their antics in parish churches. In London it matters little. People who like what their supporters call æsthetic services, and their opponents religious pantomimes, may, of course, go to their churches, and those who dislike them may go elsewhere. But in the country, where the parish church is the only provision for religious services, the case is very different. If there is anything fixed in the heart of the middle-class Englishman it is his Protestantism; the higher classes have of late years shown a decided tendency in other directions; the strong-minded are almost universally more or less sceptical, and the weaker vessels show a hankering after the refinement and "repose" of Rome or semi-Romish creeds. But the true British tradesman or farmer is a dogged Protestant; he hates the Pope and things savoring of Popery; his chief intellectual enjoyment is listening to a good Low Church sermon, and Mr. Spurgeon is the orator who most precisely corresponds to his taste. In country districts it is very common for the people to go to the church in the morning because it is respectable, and because the squire and the parson go there and consider that the regular attendants have a certain claim upon their liberality and patronage; in the afternoon the same people go to the Wesleyan or Independent chapel because they really like it. It is, indeed, their only approach to intellectual employment during the week. In many parts of the country—in Wales, for example, and in the eastern counties—dissent is undoubtedly the favorite creed of the great mass, although they may nominally, and for the purposes of respectability, be Churchmen. Consequently there is a large body of the population which hangs, so to speak, loosely upon the Church, and might always, by a little extra pressure, be driven into the opposite camp. Ritualism seems to be going some way towards supplying this pressure; it is alienating a considerable body of laymen more decidedly than before from the Establishment, and giving an additional lever to those who object to the union between church and state. The Wesleyan Methodists, for example, have always been on friendly terms with the Church, and have co-operated with a large party within it, but they are beginning to doubt whether it is not, after all, a mere "rag of Popery." That these feelings will produce any tangible result or cause any serious legislation is highly improbable. It has always been a condition of the very existence of the Church of England that it should embrace as many extremes as possible; if one party were excluded, the result would simply be an addition to the number of external enemies, under which the position of the Establishment would become precarious. I only wish to point out that the process of keeping the extremes together is daily involving more difficult tinkering. To ride six horses at once is always a difficult feat, and when the outsiders begin resolutely to diverge there is a chance that some one will get a fall.

CRETE.

Canea, Crete, April 23, 1867.

Affairs here drift slowly. Omar Pasha has gone out with a large army, uniting in several attacks 16,000 men and 12 guns. His declared policy is one of extermination for all armed resistance, but the Cretans have replied only by rising *en masse* and assuming the offensive. Even the women of Sphakia are arming, and the people are blocking all the roads and in every possible way destroying the communications.

Omar Pasha has and deserves a high reputation as a soldier, but he is an old man now, and he comes to a country where strategy is difficult and tactics impossible, where he must take to bush-fighting and rock-scaling, and his suite do not seem very confident of success.*

I must confess that he made on me a most favorable impression, and seemed a man strongly to attach his subordinates to him. Rigorous and hard in discipline, and quite awake to the necessity of observing the laws of civilized warfare, he will exhaust the offensive means of his Government, and at the same time spare us the horrors the Albanian administration of Mustapha Pasha introduced here. Already the country within the lines begins to show a degree of security and quiet that it has not had for a long time. Irregularities are promptly put down, and with the exception of having hundreds of rough Mussulmans, into whose hands rifled muskets are put for the first time, banging away like boys on Fourth of July all over the country, ignorant of range or penetration, we are in a measure assured of tranquillity and safety. The Pasha assured us that in a month he would have things in a way of settlement, but others who have seen him since say that he is not so confident now; and one distinguished member of his staff openly expressed to the commandant of a foreign man-of-war his doubt of accomplishing anything decisive. The Cretans feel that the Porte is playing its last card, and they have only to trump it and the war is over. This will make fighting obstinate, and we may expect to hear of the heaviest carnage yet known in the island. The army, once 46,000 men, now is, with reinforcements of three or four thousand, not much above 20,000. The Cretans are estimated at 40,000 in all the island.

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* This is the only kind of fighting of which Omar Pasha has had any experience. His really active service has been against the Bosnians and Montenegrins. On the Danube he did nothing except wait.

Correspondence.

VISION AND VAPORS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

When good fortune vouchsafes to the veteran editor of *The Tribune* a clear glimpse of men and things as they are, through some rift in the vaporous whims that encompass him, his vision seems to be excellent. For example, in his issue of the 28th inst. is an editorial classification of the several grades of loyalty and disloyalty in the South which is certainly discriminating as a *qualitative* if necessarily imperfect as a *quantitative* analysis. The editor distributes the population of the late rebel States into five classes, thus: "1, White Unionists who never faltered. 2, Black ditto. 3, Original Unionists who became rebels. 4, Original Secessionists now loyal.

5, Implacable rebels." His estimate of the number of people represented by each class is appended to each. The figures I omit as not possessing special value, and as irrelevant to the point I have in mind. That point is the singular relation subsisting between the editor's comments on class No. 5 and his pet whim of "Universal amnesty and impartial suffrage." Of the "implacable rebels"—whereof he assumes the existence of 2,000,000—he talks after this vigorous fashion :

> "This body of malignants are as ready to-day to burn negro school-houses, insult the female teachers therein, and assault negro camp-meetings as they ever were. They are the instigators of New Orleans massacres and Mobile riots. *The country can have no solid peace till they are suppressed or driven out.* They *cannot be won over to loyalty*, no matter by what means ; but they *may be isolated*, and so exposed to discipline or reduced to insignificance."

To unanointed eyes, unilluminated by any other than the light of average common sense, it is difficult to see how "universal amnesty" is going to accomplish these tolerably radical preliminaries to a "solid peace"—or any one of them. How will it placate the implacable? How will it suppress, drive out, isolate, or expose to discipline the aforesaid body of malignants?. And how does Mr. Greeley manage to hold in one brain, albeit a large one, such comical diversities of sentiment, such an incongruous jumble of opposites, and yet preserve that "innocent expression of face" that some writer talks about? D. T.

May 30, 1867.

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UNION LEAGUE HOUSE,
May 15, 1867.

AT a meeting of the Board of Directors of the UNION LEAGUE OF PHILADELPHIA, held March 12, 1867, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted :

Whereas, In a republican form of government it is of the highest importance that the delegates of the people, to whom the sovereign power is entrusted, should be so selected as to truly represent the body politic ; and there being no provision of law whereby the people may be organized for the purpose of such selection, and all parties having recognized the necessity of such organization by the formation of voluntary associations for this purpose; and

Whereas, There are grave defects existing under the present system of voluntary organization which it is believed may be corrected by suitable provisions of law; now, therefore, be it

Resolved, By the Board of Directors of the UNION LEAGUE OF PHILADELPHIA, That the Secretary be and is hereby directed to offer eleven hundred dollars in prizes for essays on the legal organization of the people to select candidates for office, the prizes to be as follows, viz.:

The sum of five hundred dollars for that essay which, in the judgment of the Board, shall be first in the order of merit;

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Second. Accompanying every competing essay, the author must enclose his name and address within a sealed envelope, addressed to the Secretary of the Union League. After the awards have been made, the envelopes accompanying the enccessful essays shall be opened, and the authors notified of the result.

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The Week.

THE President returned to Washington on Saturday after a short, and perhaps dull, but perfectly inoffensive tour. He has not said a word in public during the whole of it that was not perfectly harmless. If he could only have shown similar self-restraint last summer, he would stand higher not only as a statesman but as a rhetorician than he does now. His speeches on the way to the tomb of his lamented father were not very finished specimens of oratory, nor yet very full of thought, but they far surpass anything we had the pleasure of hearing from him at the North a year ago.

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GOVERNOR WELLS having declined to comply with General Sheridan's request to vacate his office, was informed by the latter that he would, if necessary, be expelled "by force," whereupon the governor, to use his own eloquent and expressive language, "surrendered to the sword"—this being a figurative and gubernatorial way of saying that he surrendered in order to save Brigadier-General Forsyth the necessity of taking him by the collar of an ordinary black broadcloth coat, and dragging him out of the governor's room. General Sheridan has written a letter to Secretary Stanton, justifying his action and giving an account of Mr. Wells's official career which is anything but flattering. As we have said before, we think the country will heartily approve of General Sheridan's course, and will readily believe his account of any Louisiana politician. The only question was whether the Government at Washington would feel justified in sustaining what at first appeared to be the removal of an officer simply for having appealed from the military commander's decision; but General Sheridan now explains that Mr. Wells's deposition has been due to his general character and that of his administration. We believe it is the testimony of every honest man who has set foot in New Orleans—since General Butler left it, at least—that a more corrupt, self-seeking set than many of the leading Unionist politicians of that city there does not exist, and worse record of knavery than a strict investigation of the affairs of the First National Bank would reveal it would be hard to find, as it was through this establishment that they carried on their operations. That an honest soldier like Sheridan should have at last got his hand on them, as well as on their rebel neighbors, and should as thoroughly understand their character, will give hearty satisfaction to everybody who believes, as we do, that no political opinions, however "sound," can make knaves and charlatans anything but a curse to the community.

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WENDELL PHILLIPS has paid his respects to Horace Greeley on the subject of Jefferson Davis's release, and the charge of inconsistency brought against himself, in a letter which, though plausible, could not bear the test of dates, as Mr. Greeley convincingly showed in his rejoinder. "T. W." has of late shown such languor in debate that we were beginning to fear "H. G." was about to have the field in which he has achieved so many triumphs all to himself, when Mr. Phillips appeared on the scene, and at once closed with the Champion. "May the best man win!" as they say in the P.R. In Mr. Phillips's letter, which appears in *The Anti-Slavery Standard*, he maintains that Davis deserved hanging if Wirz did, which is certainly true. Mr. Phillips's doctrine about trial by jury is, however, novel. He says "he would no more honor Davis with a jury trial than he would an adder," from which it appears that trial by jury is a kind of privilege intended for good men, or at all events only for the slightly bad. For the very wicked, we presume, courts-martial are good enough—a theory which reminds us of the story of the Irish priest, who, complaining of the bad behavior of his flock, whom he had scolded in vain, and being advised to try the Gospel upon them, replied scornfully that "he was n't going to waste the Gospel on the likes o' them."

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ACCORDING to all accounts that we get, Judge Busteed's behavior on the bench (we say nothing of his behavior when not on the bench) is perfectly adapted to make the judicious grieve and the vulgar laugh, and both with excellent reason. His latest and most widely notorious performance is in the epistolary way. A correspondence between him and an ex-Governor Watts, who practises in his court, is published in the Alabama papers, in which the judge of the United States District Court of the Southern District of Alabama lies down while Mr. Watts puts his foot on his neck, to the great delight of all citizens of Alabama, as well those who are as those who are not fond of the United States Government. Judge Busteed had addressed rude and insulting language to Mr. Watts during the trial of a case in which the latter was of counsel, whereupon Watts withdrew from the court-room. That the judge's manner is habitually insulting and farcically consequential does not rest on the testimony of Mr. Watts alone. People go to his court-room for the amusement of watching his behavior. On the morning after Watts's withdrawal the judge sent him a note, which begins with "My dear Watts," informing the lawyer that "your usually genial manners and your professional learning make your companionship very desirable," and requesting him to revoke his intention of giving up his practice in the District Court. Mr. Watts replied in a note that would have been excellent but for a bit of brag—which, however, he could hardly help; they are born so in those places—to the effect that "it would ill comport with the candor and sincerity of my nature," etc., etc. Judge Busteed will never forgive him for the neat snubs in it, which are severe enough, one would think, even for Busteed.

We have a good deal to say about the competitive plans for the new post-office in this city which have been on exhibition for some days, but are prevented saying it this week for want of space. One expression of opinion, however, it will not do to delay, and that is that all but two or three of the plans are wretchedly poor, and that the award is likely to prove a complete farce. Nominally, the commissioners are kept in ignorance of the names of the competitors; in reality, they know them as well as the owners know them. During the exhibition the canvassing for the different candidates was going on as loudly as if the room were the lobby of a caucus, and in fact a very large number of the worthy citizens who have attended the exhibition have no more idea of its being a trial of simple merit than of its being a rowing match. It is to be hoped that even if the award is made, the Government will not allow any action to be taken under it, as the whole affair has been and is likely to be very discreditable to the city and to the country at large. None, or next to none, of the leading architects have sent in designs.

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Mr. Greeley's "upright jurist," Judge Underwood, of the Virginia District, lately, while sitting in admiralty, convicted a man of treason without a jury, and decreed the confiscation of his property. This sounds like a joke, but so did the judge's "charge" to the grand jury a month ago; but it is literal truth. The Supreme Court reversed the decision with appropriate comments. We have tried in vain to think of an illustration that will make the absurdity of this performance thoroughly plain to those who know nothing of legal proceedings. The nearest we can come to a perfect illustration is the case of a rear-admiral trying a man for heresy, and putting him in irons for unsoundness on the question of the federal headship of Adam. Judge "Dick" Busteed, who, as a lawyer, is a worthy compeer of the illustrious Underwood, is apparently doing what he can to surpass him in the strangeness of his doctrine. It is not long since he charged the grand jury in Mobile that indictments might be found againt people for "ingratitude" to the Federal Government. He has since, it is alleged, done worse things than talk nonsense, and we sincerely trust that when Congress meets it will, "all business and excuses being laid aside," devise some means for relegating these two gentlemen to private life. Judge Underwood is, we believe, a worthy man, who in his present position is the victim of other people's carelessness, and could probably be induced to vacate for a consideration; but we greatly fear the Honorable Richard Busteed is impeachable; and we hope that if so, something will be done in December to bring him at once to justice. They are both a terrible disgrace to the country, and especially to the North, for they were appointed during the war.

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The Chicago *Tribune* announces a revival of Fenianism in that city, as well as in other parts of the Northwest, and pronounces the organization to be unusually well equipped and ready for action. The Brotherhood are very anxious that no information should get abroad as to their plans, but still they have no objection to its being known in the United States that they intend shortly to invade Canada. We are able to fix the exact date of the invasion, owing to the fact that President Roberts left full particulars with the New York *Tribune* previous to his departure on his European tour, which that paper published for the information of American citizens exclusively. We are, therefore, not guilty of any indiscretion in mentioning that this important movement will take place in the month of August, and it is confidently anticipated that it will take the Canadians completely by surprise. "Prominent Fenians" say that it will be extraordinarily bloody.

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The New York *Times*, defending itself against the charge of bad political economy, in objecting to Mr. Greeley's distribution of his portrait amongst the subscribers to *The Tribune*, invites us, as the French say, to express our opinion as to the propriety of offering two portraits—one of Jefferson Davis and the other of Horace Greeley—as an inducement to persons to subscribe to *The Times*. Everybody, of course, knows his own business best, and we feel some reluctance about offering any advice on a point of this sort. But we need have no delicacy about saying that, whatever influence the distribution of two such portraits would have on the circulation of *The Times*, to the community at large it could not but be productive of good. We recommend, however, that for the sake of the moral effect the two portraits be contained in one picture, or at least in one passe-partout, and that they be presented in the character of the American Ahriman and Ormuzd; or, if it be deemed undesirable to give them a mythological character, as the embodiments of the False, the "Ornary," and the Wily, and the True, the Beautiful, and the Confiding, respectively—the lineaments of Jefferson Davis furnishing the type of the one and those of Mr. Greeley of the other. We should anticipate the happiest results on the minds of the young from the presence of such a work of art in the parlors of the subscribers to any respectable periodical.

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A "personal difficulty" of the kind that makes the South so agreeable a country for a civilized man to live in occurred last week at Natchitoches, Louisiana. The chief surviving actors in it were a couple of nephews of Governor Wells, and the fact that one of them, besides being his nephew, was by his appointment a judge of the Supreme Court of the State, will do something to reconcile many people to General Sheridan's view of Wells's character—a view, by the way, which is held to the full, whatever some politicians may pretend, by every honest Radical in the State of Louisiana. The Supreme Court judge was R. B. Jones, and of his two brothers one was a doctor and one, a lawyer we presume, is described as a partner of C. W. Stauffer. Stauffer not only quarrelled with his partner but drew down on himself the enmity of the Joneses by being a candidate, and a popular candidate, for the State Convention. In the time-honored fashion he was notified that he might leave town or be shot on sight. On Monday week Stauffer, while on his way to a justice's to have the Jones brothers bound over to keep the peace, was attacked by the judge and the doctor. He was defending himself as well as he could when John Jones came up with a double-barrelled shot-gun and killed him on the spot. The stage of civilization which Natchitoches has reached may be estimated by the fact that, having murdered his man, Jones rode round to Mrs. Stauffer's, called her to the door, and told her that he had killed her husband. He then made his way out of town, and his brothers successfully resisted an attempt made by the sheriff to arrest them, that functionary being wounded in the head and his assistant in the arm. It was not good as a political measure; it was expensive; it never was at any time systematically carried out; but so far as keeping down the native barbarism of the region and giving a man a chance to live and enjoy the fruits of his labor, we suppose the military occupation was the best form of government the Southwest has ever been under.

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The present fitness of the South for maintaining the administration of justice, even apart from cases involving color or political sentiments, is shown very strongly by what happened at a principal town in North Carolina the other day. The testamentary capacity of a wealthy citizen of Chowan County, deceased, was before a jury of white men not one of whom could read or write. The trial lasted a fortnight, and very conclusive testimony was offered in behalf of the contestant by a distinguished expert in insanity, of this city. The jurors deliberated three days upon the evidence and upon the charge of the judge to find that the testator was not of sound mind, and the will in question accordingly not his last. Nevertheless, the verdict was in favor of the will. To complain that so recondite a problem as what constitutes legal insanity ought never to have been committed to such uninstructed men, is really to find fault with the institution of the jury, and the case may well afford an argument against what we are pleased to consider one of our fundamental liberties. What deserves attention is the reason that seemed to be chiefly assigned by this particular jury for their contrary decision: A man who could buy land and niggers could n't be insane! One could tell with his eyes shut that it was a "poor-white" panel.

There is little news from England. The Opposition in the House of Commons have everything their own way, and the Reform bill bids fair to be passed without containing a vestige of Mr. Disraeli's original plan. It is, however, not at all unlikely that the House of Lords may throw it out at the close of the session. This would excite intense popular agitation, and lead to great trouble during the autumn, and prudent men would therefore avoid it; but, in the matter of reform, peers are not prudent men. They are, however, getting lazier and lazier, and less and less willing to risk their ease for any object whatever.

Owing to the determined remonstrance of the English Liberals, headed by Mr. Mill, the Ministry gave way at the last moment, and consented to reprieve Burke, who alone of the Irish Fenians was marked out for execution. Burke's health is in such a condition that he does not seem likely to gain much in length of life by the commutation of his sentence. All those who have been tried have behaved admirably during the proceedings, and have met their fate with great manliness and fortitude. A tithe of the courage which they have shown in court would, if displayed in the field, have saved the rebellion of 1867 from being utterly ridiculous. Nobody has made a better appearance in court than Burke, and yet he and his followers ran away, after firing one volley, from a foe not one-twentieth part of their own number, and he was found hiding ingloriously in the first ditch he came to. Mr. Mill's argument against the infliction of the death penalty was that it was unnecessary, that it would disgrace the English Government, and that he did not despair of seeing the day when Fenianism would die of Irish prosperity, and all Fenian convicts be amnestied.

The collector of the Cable news in London has been unusually brilliant this week, having gone, as we fully expected he would as soon as we found he was able to predict the price of stocks, into sporting and fashionable life. His accounts of the Derby and of the Ascot races have been remarkably fine. Of Ascot he tells us that "the company was more select than that in attendance on the Derby. The ladies appeared in gay costume. White and blue and white and lilac were colors much worn by the ladies present." He also mentions that "the day was fine, and *the usual scenes were witnessed on the road.*" This delightful man has a brother apparently in Paris who gets up Cable despatches there, and we think must be a person of a still finer vein of sentiment and loftier ideas. The attempt to assassinate the Emperor of Russia occurring on the same day with the great review drew from him, we are glad to say, the remarkable prediction "that the Czar would receive universal congratulations." He also informs us "that the entire press of Paris united in condemning the assassination." This information is very valuable as showing the extraordinary improvement which has taken place in the morals of the Paris editors. How short a time it seems since they used to shout with barbarous joy whenever an attempt was made to murder a monarch, and load the assassin with eulogies! The sourest sceptic as to the moral and political value of the Cable must surely be shaken when he reads the messages that these two worthy gentlemen furnish to our "great dailies."

It appears that it is not "those conditions of him"—namely, his personal cleanliness and his advanced age—as Mr. Ruskin says it is, nor yet is it his gigantic and portentous hat, a cross between an umbrella and a beehive, which draws down upon Mr. Carlyle, "whene'er he takes his walks abroad," those injurious cries from the cabmen, those dancings and howlings from the street boys, those volleys of half-bricks, those enquiries as to his mother's ignorance or knowledge of her son's whereabouts. In fact, there are no howlings or gibes or other insults. Mr. Carlyle, with every appearance of scorn, stigmatizes Mr. Ruskin's late jeremiad as "a paragraph altogether erroneous, misfounded, superfluous, and even absurd." "Permit me to say," he writes to the newspapers, "in reference to a newspaper paragraph now idly circulating," etc., etc., "that it is an untrue paragraph." This must cover with shame the face of Ruskin, who leapt like a tiger on the poor British plasterer, cabby, bill-sticker, and other working-class persons, and who now may retire abashed. Idle talk about Mr. Carlyle's hat, about his "tumbies," about the length of his pilgrimage "in this wale," are henceforth equally out of order. We are glad to believe that if he were to play hop-scotch in the Chelsea thoroughfares with a second-hand grenadier shako on his head, "those conditions of him" would subject him to no more personal inconvenience in the neighborhood of London than if he were at Mentone or Nice.

All fear as well as all prospects of a war in Europe seems to have passed away. Nearly as many monarchs are collected in Paris as the elder Napoleon had round him in the theatre at Ulm, and there is even talk of disarmament, but no sovereign is likely to be willing to begin. Moreover, the value of disarmament in any particular state, as an indication of pacific intentions, depends greatly on the organization of the military force. In Prussia the reduction of the regular military force would mean very little; in France it would mean a great deal; and as no rule is likely to be provided for the reduction of all to the same real level, disarmament will hardly take place. The attempt to assassinate the Emperor of Russia in Paris, and the expressions of feeling it has called forth from the French, will very likely lead to greater cordiality between the two powers than has prevailed since the Crimean war. The success of the Exposition and the assemblage of so many crowned heads in Paris unquestionably more than compensates the French public for their check in the Luxembourg affair, and may do much to wipe out the memory of the Mexican failure. Martial as the French are, they like glory without war better than glory with it, and Paris being the centre of Europe, are not very particular as to how it becomes so. The political centre it can hardly be said to be any longer; but then the present festivities of which it is the theatre, are evidently helping to hide this fact from the people. The expressions of opinion called forth by the late threats of war, in all but the Opposition literary circles of Paris, showed clearly how rapidly the French are losing their bellicose temper, and becoming comfortable and pacific and commercial. When a provincial journalist declared the other day that it was better to be a Swiss or a Belgian than a Russian or a Turk, he expressed, in an exaggerated form, the feeling of increasing dislike of mere martial glory and increasing love of industry and political freedom, which is now spreading in France. There are serious rumors afloat as to the condition of the Prince Imperial's health, but they are probably set a-going by Legitimists, although they are not without foundation.

The only question which now remains to vex the souls of first-class potentates in Europe is the Eastern question. Omer Pasha has confessedly failed in Crete. He holds the plains, but can apparently make no impression on the mountains, in which the main body of the insurgents is securely lodged. He is old, and failing in energy, and although his only experience of warfare is of mountain warfare, his fire and enterprise seem gone. Moreover, reinforcements in Turkey are not easily had; and the contest will probably drag on till the European Powers interfere through their weariness of the spectacle. The Sultan, who apparently knows what the salvation of the empire is better than either of his predecessors, and has suffered less from harem life, has, it is said, determined on visiting Paris. He will be the first Sultan who has ever left his own dominions except at the head of an army engaged in hostilities, and the first since Mohammed II. who has ever visited a Christian city out of Hungary. What the effect on him of a few weeks in Paris will be, it is impossible to say; but it is not at all improbable that it may overwhelm him with despair, and lead to the dissolution of the Ottoman empire sooner than it is now looked for.

It is not likely that the attempt to assassinate the Emperor of Russia was the result of conspiracy or combination. If there had been cool heads to plan it, a better opportunity would have been chosen for the execution of the scheme. We observe that the New York *Herald* boldly insinuates that it knew beforehand that something of the kind was brewing, which puts the editor—inasmuch as he sent no telegram to Paris—very much in the position of an accessory before the fact.

Notes.

LITERARY.

We announced, a week or so ago, a book in preparation by Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt, based upon a recent German book written by Eugen Richter and entitled "Die Consum-Vereine." "Co-operative Store Societies: Their History, Organization, and Management," is the title which the book bears in its English dress, and it is to be shortly followed by two others, "Co-operative Labor Societies" and "Co-operative Credit Societies." The literature of this subject, though hardly an echo of it has reached this country heretofore, and though it makes no great figure in English catalogues, is large in French and in German. Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt intend to give the American student the gist of the works of Schultze-Delitzsch, Batbie, Véron, Poulet, Horn, Le Marchant, Tidd Pratt, Holyoake, and others, and to the "Co-operative Labor Societies" will add "a carefully prepared history of the movement in the United States." To this end members of co-operative societies may efficiently contribute, and it seems very desirable that they should contribute, by forwarding copies of their charters, by-laws, and kindred documents in which their history may be discoverable.——W. A. Townsend & Adams announce "The American Stud-Book," which will give pedigrees of all American and imported blood-horses, and in a supplement a history of all horses and mares that have ever trotted in public. The work is said to be the result of ten years of labor on the part of Mr. J. H. Wallace. It will be sold to subscribers only, as also will be Mr. S. D. Bruce's enlarged and revised, in fact re-written, edition of Frank Forrester's "Horse and Horsemanship." Other newly-revised and enlarged works, to be published by the same house, are Mrs. E. F. Ellet's "Practical Housekeeper" and S. B. Brittan's "Man and his Relations." Books entirely new which Townsend & Adams announce are, besides the stud-book above-mentioned, a complete treatise on the use of the muzzle-loading and breech-loading rifle, written by Mr. Edward C. Barber and entitled "The Crack Shot," and a book by Mr. Joseph Cairn Simpson on breeding, rearing, and training trotting horses, called "Horse Portraiture."——Messrs. Hurd & Houghton will publish this summer a story in verse, "One Wife Too Many," by Edward Hopper, who is the author of one or two other volumes of rhyme.——Mr. M. Doolady's next volume of the "Diamond Thackeray" will be "The Newcomes," which will have the benefit of Mr. W. L. Alden's editing, an advantage which will be shared by all the forthcoming volumes of this edition, though "Pendennis" did not have it, and was in some small particulars the worse for not having it. "The Newcomes" is to have twelve illustrations and is announced for the 15th of June.——Robert Clark & Co., of Cincinnati, have in press "Vineyard Culture Improved and Cheapened," by A. Du Breuil, Professor of Viticulture and Arboriculture in the Royal School of Arts and Trades, Paris, translated by E. and C. Parker, of Longworth's Wine House, with notes and adaptations to American culture, by John A. Warder.

—For almost a quarter of a century Mr. W. A. Townsend has been concerned in the republication in this country of Dr. William Braithwaite's *Retrospect of Medicine and Surgery*, a magazine of which the outside world knows little or nothing, but for which American physicians, to the number of some seven or eight thousand, are steady subscribers. Mr. Townsend, who has just formed a copartnership with Mr. F. W. Adams, of Boston, and who is about to extend quite largely his business operations, now proposes to reprint the London *Chemical News*, a periodical whose second title explains better its scope, for it is also a *Journal of Physical Science*. *The Chemical News* already has something of a circulation in this country, but its high price has put it a little out of the reach of many who are interested in its subject matter. The price of the reprint will be but two dollars and a half a year, while that of the original work is twelve dollars. The reprint will be an exact one in every particular, but the numbers instead of being issued weekly will be issued monthly, the first one in the first week of next month. As we believe Mr. Townsend has always paid Dr. Braithwaite and his son a certain share in the profits of their *Retrospect*, we suppose an equitable arrangement has been or will be made with the English proprietors of *The Chemical News*. Besides these two reprints, the firm of W. A. Townsend & Adams intend to keep for sale a complete stock of standard works and new works on medicine and surgery, and on the physical sciences in all their branches. The list of the house already includes a variety of such books as those of the unfortunate Herbert, who, as "Frank Forrester," wrote the best works on American field sports that we have.

—The Fourth of July orator is becoming so much a thing of the past that most people will hesitate to believe that so late as July 4, 1859, no further west and south than in Rome, Tennessee, a human being did actually speak as in the passage following. Prayer was offered, says the printed account of the anniversary services, by the Rev. Ira W. King, the Declaration of Independence was read by the Hon. Alfred L. Bains, and then the oration of the day was delivered by an "attorney-at-law of Nashville," whose name we will not mention. We recommend the pamphlet, which was published at the place of delivery, to Mr. W. Gilmore Simms, who has preserved for us so much verse that helps us to understand the Southern country. Let us remark that the oration is all alike, no part better and no part worse than this:

> "Secondly, our national dangers and prospects should be accurately realized. Danger is the concomitant of power, the damper of enthusiasm, and the attendant of vicissitude. Preachers work with it, statesmen and politicians feel of it, rogues and rascals tamper with it; fancy is its workshop; the passions are its playhouse; steel, lead, coffins, and gunpowder are its nicknacks. To hierarchies it is safe and vitalizing; to principalities it is ruthless and nauseating; but to democracy, lurking and desultory, it spawns politicians like tadpoles, and mounted with their regimentals, sly and slippery, it lubricates sensibilities with pity, braces despondency with enthusiasm, pays despair with hope, bridging gulleys with alternatives all big with disunion, and when the last lonely lane of expediency is travelled and the last drawbridge of desperation cut, floundering on the brink of agony, *sinewless* and *beaten*, croaking a nation's death-knell, it rivets its doom on type and stump, rips from anarchy its grave-clothes, sews them with muscles of liberty, but to swap regimentals for the tomb.
>
> "'There riots the blood-crested worm on its dead,
> And the yellow skull serves the foul toad for its bed,
> And snakes in the nettle-weeds hiss.'"

—From the railway station at Scrooby, in Nottinghamshire, on the borders of Yorkshire, can be seen the outline of the moat of the old manor house in which Pastor Robinson, Elder Brewster, Mr. Bradford, afterwards Governor Bradford, and their little company of Separatist or Brownist fellow-worshippers, used to meet for Divine service. These men were "the leaders of the Pilgrim band, the founders of the civil and religious liberties of America." In a lecture delivered at the Friends' Institute, London, in January last, by Mr. Benjamin Scott, chamberlain of the City of London, the lecturer threw out a suggestion that Americans and Englishmen, who already have united in erecting a memorial building in honor of Penry, "a Separatist martyr," should unite in setting up a monument on the site of the old manor-house, to which Americans might make pilgrimage as reverential as to the tomb at Mount Vernon or to the grave of Lincoln. It was Mr. Scott's purpose in his lecture to defend this thesis: "The 'Pilgrim Fathers' were not Puritans but Separatists (who were the first advocates of perfect freedom of conscience at the Reformation)—they did not, as has been reported of them by some writers, persecute for conscience' sake either Roger Williams, the Friends, or any person." The lecture, which opens, by the way, with an anecdote that very strongly reminds one of the well-known story in which Raleigh sets forth the value of historical records, is well worth reading, for it gives much New England history in a very brief compass, and it brings clearly before the reader a distinction often lost sight of—namely, that between the Separatists who landed at Plymouth and the Puritans who founded Boston. We find in the lecture this story, which, so far as we know, has not before been printed: Lord Macaulay and Earl Stanhope (Lord Mahon), as commissioners for decorating historically the House of Lords, were appealed to respecting an erroneous inscription which had been placed under Mr. Cope's picture of the Pilgrim Fathers landing in New England. The inscription, which apparently had more defects than the one alleged against it by Mr. Scott, stood thus: "Departure of a *Puritan* Family for New England." After hearing Mr. Cope and examining the proofs of incorrectness submitted to them, the commissioners, Mr. Scott says, ordered the words "*Puritan* Family" to be removed, and the words "Pilgrim Fathers" substituted. Mr. Scott does not tell us who the objectors were. The lecture, which will be read throughout with pleasure, may be found in the May number of *The Historical Magazine.*

—The audacious speculation of some American acrobats who have imported their circus into Paris, as if in posturing and riding and balancing on the tight rope they could astonish the countrymen of Blondin, has caused a decided sensation in advance by the "magnifiques affiches" which announced the first performance. These placards—we know what they are, but it seems that they almost startle the walls which Haussmannism has spared. Mural literature, in fact, has suffered a decline in France since the 2d of December. The bill-sticker has become "suspect," and even the Quartier Latin has to resort to sidewalk showers of loose papers when Rogeard or some other revolutionist wants a hearing.

—About the first of May there died in Paris an octogenarian, Count d'Ourche, who for the latter part of his long life was a solitary and a reputed sorcerer. Remarkable stories are told by those who sometimes dined with him, of invisible hands performing admirably the service of valets or playing tricks with the guests at table. He was the medium who presided at the first manifestation of table-tipping in Paris, and by his help some who placed papers on the tombstones of the dead got, as they believed, direct communications in writing. Neither this nor other eccentricities which preceded and followed it, his aversion to the bald and passion for long hair, or his making a pet of a tame lioness, would entitle him to mention here. But he had, on the authority of M. H. de Pène, a formidable library, of which the world has no second, composed exclusively of the works of all ages and in all languages relating to magic, oracles, sorcerers. Voluminous it was, yet he never would arrange it, saying that the spirits were his librarians. The tombstone correspondence brought also and perhaps chiefly into notoriety the Baron de Guldenstubbe, concerning whom and his sister one may consult Mr. Robert Dale Owen's "Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World," and, by way of a corrective, "The Invisibles," a remarkable work just published by Lippincott.

—In the *Berlinische Zeitung* of the 12th and 19th of May appeared a communication from Consul J. J. Sturz, a most worthy and enlightened gentleman and ardent friend of America, replying generally to a large number of his correspondents who desired to learn the present state of this country. Mr. Sturz has recently returned from the United States, after traversing the eastern half of the continent pretty thoroughly, and as he had visited the same parts for the first time nearly forty years ago, he was able to depict in forcible terms the contrast between then and now. He narrates his fruitless endeavors in this interval to break up the land monopoly of Brazil in order to open that magnificent country to German immigration, and then holds up the policy of our Government to the admiration of his readers. Unceasing attention to the progress of these States for so long a period has rendered Mr. Sturz probably the best informed student of the Union—statistically speaking, at least—in Europe, and perhaps we may say even better informed than any one among us, who do not take such pains to study our own institutions. He accurately compares the attractiveness of the new West and the old, and devotes himself chiefly to Missouri as the most desirable home for his countrymen, especially in connection with the adjacent mining territory and the future Pacific Railroad. He warns them, however, against colonizing the South until every vestige of inequality and caste oppressiveness has been obliterated, and until its educational advantages are similar to those of the North; and as his words are potent in Germany with the people and the Government, we wish the South could profit by them and offer through its emigrant aid societies something better than cheap lands, minerals, and water-power.

—The twelfth volume of Wagner's report on the progress of chemical technology ("Jahresbericht über die Leistungen der chemischen Technologie für 1866") has just been published at Leipzig. This work is, according to Prof. A. W. Hofmann, unrivalled for precision and completeness, and should be in the hands of every industrial chemist. It contains the latest acquisitions to chemical technology during the year, as described in books, pamphlets, and in all the European periodicals.——Under the title "Deutsche Abende" ("German Evenings"), Berthold Auerbach, one of the first German novelists, perhaps best known by his novel "On the Heights," has edited a new series of lectures and essays on literary subjects. The book is dedicated to the Crown Princess Helene of Russia, and contains, besides others, essays on Goethe, Schiller, Uhland, Fichte, Hebel, and on the "Weltschmerz," (the discontentedness of the new school of German poets, Heine, Lenau, etc., with the world). Auerbach's style is acknowledged to be the best in Germany.——The history of the Jews in Portugal ("Geschichte der Juden in Portugal"), written by Dr. M. Kayserling, brings to light some interesting facts. We learn from the book that in Portugal, as in other countries, commerce in mediæval times was almost entirely in the hands of Jews. Their specialty here was the trade in Moorish slaves. If a Moor bought and imported by Jews went over to Christianity, he was, according to law, to be sold within two months after having been baptized; after that term, he became, if unsold, property of the crown. All Jews were by law compelled to wear six-cornered pieces of red cloth on their garments in order to be easily recognized. They were of course under severe restrictions relative to intercourse with Christians.

EDUCATIONAL.

A PAMPHLET has lately been published by Hon. A. D. White, of Syracuse, chancellor elect of the "Cornell University," proposing a scheme for the organization of the institution which has recently been founded at Ithaca. Our readers are aware that, by a fortunate combination of the national land-grant with the munificent gift of a single wealthy and enlightened gentleman, an immense fund, rivalling, if not surpassing, the endowment of either Harvard or Yale, has been secured for the establishment of a new university. The acknowledged ability of the chancellor elect, his love of true learning, and his freedom from mere conventional or traditional restraints, give great value to his announcement of a proposed organization, and his pamphlet becomes in consequence a very interesting contribution to the university discussions which are now so much in vogue.

We shall endeavor, in a very few words, to point out some of the projected features. The new institution is not to be "a college" in the usual acceptation of the phrase in New England nor in Old England, nor is it to be a "university" in the French or German sense. It is rather a place where young men at the ordinary "college age" (say from sixteen upwards) may be admitted to the university variety and freedom of instruction. Many different "combinations of studies" have accordingly been contrived to meet the wants of different minds, and, of course, the old theory of the New England college and the German gymnasium and the English public school, that all educated young men require a similar fundamental preparation for professional life, is abandoned, and the choice of special courses is given to the student at a much earlier period than has heretofore been deemed the best. Two fundamental divisions of the university are proposed, the first including nine "special" courses, and the second including five "general" courses. Young men, as we understand it, may enter the "special" courses after pursuing a "general" course, or without any such preliminary training. The nine special courses (not exactly corresponding to the ancient muses) are as follows: Agriculture, mechanics, engineering, commerce, mining, medicine, law, jurisprudence and history, education. Theology, philology, natural history, astronomy, physics, etc., are not recognized as constituting separate departments. Evidently the "practical" side of learning has chiefly been kept in mind. In fact, these special courses are those of a polytechnic or scientific school. The five "general" courses include a classical course like that of the older colleges, two courses in which modern languages wholly or partly supplant the ancient, a select scientific course, and an optional course, to be made for himself by any student. Twenty-six professorships are proposed. The cast of the institution may be seen in the proposal to have at the outset but one professorship of ancient languages and none of comparative philology. There are, on the other hand, four chairs of history, municipal law, constitutional law, and political economy, and three for agriculture, agricultural chemistry, and zoötechny.

In addition to this scheme of the professorships, the pamphlet lays down the principles which should guide the trustees in electing the faculty. Most of the views presented on this subject are eminently sensible. So, too, are the suggestions which are made in respect to the relations of the officers to one another and to the students. Obviously routine and buckram will not thrive under Chancellor White's administration. The tuition will be at a very low price. The salaries of the professors will also range low, from $1,000 to $2,250. Dormitories will be provided by the college; board will not. Physical culture will receive especial attention, and manual labor will be encouraged. No specific creed or sect will be favored in the institution. The report shows great familiarity with the practical working of several of the foremost colleges of the land, and the glimpses behind the scenes which it sometimes affords are quite fresh and instructive.

THE REIGN OF LAW.*

We think that it would be a profitable enterprise for some American publisher to reprint this book. It is one of the best of its class published in recent times. Popular treatises on natural theology and the theological bearings of modern scientific ideas have degenerated to such merely sermonical discourses, or else into partisan treatments of scientific questions (which seek to gain support from religious ideas rather than to give support to them), that a genuinely philosophical work of the olden stamp—showing power of thought and an earnest purpose, at least—has a peculiar claim to respect, even if it be not entirely successful in removing the difficulties which religious philosophy has encountered in the changed aspects of modern science.

That these difficulties are great it would be prejudice to deny. The idea of the "supernatural," which is still the prevailing one, as a power of operating independently of orderly or natural causes—as one which interferes with them or sets them aside—such a supernatural power finds little favor with thinkers most advanced in scientific culture. To such thinkers the willingness to believe in an arbitrary exercise of creative power appears to indicate not so much the ripest discipline of faith as a defective discipline in science; and though miracles are not thereby excluded from a scientific conception of nature, yet their definition demands amendment. Miracles, as conceived by our author, involve not less than natural events the operation of natural causes, the use of natural means, and an observance of natural laws. To make an event miraculous it should involve, he thinks, a *supermaterial* instrumentality—that is, it should involve a special design or thought or have a purpose—and it should be superhuman either in its designs or in its command of means, though this command is not manifested by changing the laws of the means employed. It consists rather in a power which is not in its nature superhuman, a power to combine causes and make them means to an end through an observance of their laws. Interfering with laws thus signifies, according to this view, the power to convert them to use by combining them and turning their courses instead of arresting their operations. This implies, however, the existence of free causes which can so turn to use the forces of nature. But the human will is not, according to our author, a pure type of such a power, though the higher sentiments of the human heart appear to him to present such types. By the freedom of the will he does not mean freedom from motives. The reign of law which extends throughout nature, which requires that creation itself should be by means and according to the laws of already existing things, extends also over the "realm of mind." "By freedom," the author says, "we do not mean that any of the phenomena of mind, any more than any of the phenomena of matter, can arise without 'an antecedent,'" and he expresses his idea of the manner in which man is subject to the law of causation by these words from Mill's "Examination" of Hamilton: "That his (man's) volitions are not self-caused, but determined by spiritual antecedents in such sort that when the antecedents are the same the volitions will always be the same." "But," the author adds, "this word 'antecedent' is one of the many vain words in which metaphysicians delight. The highest antecedents which we can trace as determining conduct are to be found in the constitution of the mind itself. Love is an antecedent; so is reverence, so is gratitude, so is the hunger after knowledge, so is the desire of truth. Higher than these—further up the chain of cause and effect—we cannot go" (p. 341).

This passage discloses one of the most curious of the misunderstandings which are so common between the two great schools of philosophy. Our author obviously understands the words "spiritual antecedents" as if synonymous with the "spiritual*ly* antecedent"—that is, higher up in the hierarchy of moral worth and power—an interpretation natural enough to one versed in the conceptions of the ancient metaphysics. But if our author had been equally familiar with the tenets of positivism, he would hardly have chosen Mr. Mill's words as expressing his idea of law in the "realm of mind," for from the context and the general tenor of Mr. Mill's writings it would have been evident to him that by spiritual antecedent Mr. Mill meant that state of the spirit—that is, of the mind and the character—which is immediately antecedent *in time* to an act of volition. The vagueness of the expression is not so much in Mr. Mill's use of the word antecedent as in our author's understanding of the word spiritual. He would also have known that the sentiments of love, reverence, gratitude are regarded by this school as also effects, the effects of inheritance, education, and the circumstances of life, and that the chain of cause and effect which this school contemplates reaches backwards and forwards *in time* indefinitely, not upwards and downward in the "spiritual" hierarchy.

This want of familiarity with the doctrines of the modern scientific philosophy has led our author into other still more curious misunderstandings in his criticisms of Mill and Comte, which we have not space to notice. We have commended his book in spite, therefore, of many serious blunders, because in this respect he is not much inferior to the best of the writers of his school, and because in freshness, liberality, and originality his book surpasses most similar recent treatises.

He allows to Mr. Darwin's "Law of Natural Selection" some share in the origination of the adaptations in the organic world—a power, at least, to preserve and perfect the adaptations and contrivances of designing skill. He is also cautious not to ascribe intentions to nature in the sense of final causes or *ultimate* intentions. He contends, nevertheless, that *immediate* intention is shown in the structures and functions of organic beings, in contrivances and adaptations, which he appears, however, to ascribe to nature as a whole, rather than to the mental or tentative and contriving powers in the lives of the several races of animals and plants which these contrivances benefit.

With our author, as with all writers on natural theology, the natural evidences are read in the light of a metaphysical tenet, namely, that design is (or involves) a free power, is something more than taking advantage of circumstances in their empirical combinations. It is supposed to involve the power of making the combinations in the first instance, and independently of an empirical knowledge of causes or of acquired powers of combination in thought. And it is upon this tenet rather than upon the facts of natural science that the issue of the debate really turns; and the debate, it should be borne in mind, is not upon the tenableness of the positions meant to be established by these arguments, but rather on the validity of the proofs adduced.

Of the scientific merits of the book, we have but a word to say. The author contributes to the illustrations of design in nature an interesting discussion of the "machinery of flight" in the wings of birds, and by this and other scientific matters makes his book a very readable one.

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* "The Reign of Law. By the Duke of Argyll. Fifth Edition." Alexander Strahan London. 1867. 8vo, pp. 425.

A NOVEL FROM RUSSIA.*

What a novel should have this novel does not lack. Rather it possesses, in large measure, several of the requisites of a really excellent novel, and we feel sure of its taking an honorable place among the more valued contemporary works of fiction. There can, at any rate, be no doubt that novel readers will thank Mr. Schuyler for a most readable addition to their stock of stories; it is a great deal to say nowadays for a novel of any length, but, after beginning "Fathers and Sons," it will be found easier to go on to the end than to stop. And if it be the end of novels that they be readable, as of comedies, according to Dr. Johnson, that they make people laugh—and certainly a tale that cannot be told seems to want the main thing—then this that we have already said is praise enough. But "Fathers and Sons" is not wholly dependent for its interest upon its plot, upon its freshness of incident, the strangeness of the manners depicted, the rapidity of movement, the dramatic situations, the careful and sometimes poetical painting of natural scenery, the humor, the pathos—though these are among its characteristics; still less is it wholly dependent upon the glimpses it gives us of the working of various social forces which are now operating upon Russia—though these also it offers us. The author is successful in the novelist's highest labor—in conceiving and delineating his characters. He does not paint with elaboration, but he sketches with a vigorous and accurate pencil;

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* "Fathers and Sons: a Novel. By Ivan Serghelevitch Turgenef. Translated from the Russian, with the approval of the author, by Eugene Schuyler, Ph.D." New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 1867. 16mo, pp. 248.

and in Bazarof, Arcadi, Paul Petrovitch, Nicholas Petrovitch, Katia, best of all in poor old Vasili Ivanovitch and his wife, he has given us real men and real women.

The central figure is Eugene Bazarof, the nihilist. "You, then, believe in science only?" Paul Petrovitch says to him; and for answer to the aristocratic elderly ex-dandy, the doctor's son says, as brutally as he can: "I have already had the honor of telling you that I believe in nothing." Not only that; but he is not so much a questioner of old authority as a hater of all authority; it is not that he searches after truth with dispassionate mind, but he revolts against the shadow of a curb and seeks the mastery for himself. Religion, filial piety, the tenderness due to age, the respect given to woman, the consideration owed to weakness, he scoffs at. He is by nature a materialist; all that which he calls "the romantic," as love, poetry, justice between man and man, offends him, and without well knowing what is meant by the ideal and the spiritual, he gibes at them bitterly. What he is in politics may be imagined; there are, perhaps, more like him in Siberia, bad a republican as he would make, than in any other part of the empire; but the author is discreetly silent on political questions, and that Russia has an autocrat, a political, social, and religious life in which "nihilism" must grow rank, one would not discover from reading this book. Bazarof's self-conceit, ambition, and courage are boundless, his intellect powerful, his passions not weak. For the rest, he is a young man, the son of a military surgeon, his own profession is the medical, his means are small, and his personal appearance is not prepossessing: "Unbuttoning the collar of his coat, he let Nicholas Petrovitch see him full in the face. He had a long and thin face, with a broad forehead, a nose thick above and sharper towards the end, large, greenish eyes, and long, drooping moustaches of a sandy hue; a quiet smile played on his lips, his whole physiognomy expressed intelligence and confidence in himself."

This young man his friend Arcadi, who, like most other friends of Bazarof, is the nihilist's disciple, takes down into the country to the house where his father Nicholas and his uncle Paul are residing. Arcadi is an ordinary youth of good intentions, easily influenced, naturally a little sentimental. His father and his uncle stand as representatives of the old order of things in Russia. The time of the story is in the year 1858; the serfs are in the transition state between serfdom and freedom. Nicholas Petrovitch, whose estates are large, who is a kind-hearted, unassuming man, somewhat scholarly, a little dreamy, accepts the new ideas without fully understanding them and without being at all able to carry them into practical effect. Ill-health and sorrow have made him old before his time. Paul Petrovitch, bred a soldier, and in his youth gay and dissipated, after rising to the grade of captain, left the service. He was infatuated with a lady of high rank, of frivolous life and not of irreproachable behavior, who yet had in her character enough that was beyond the comprehension of the captain in the guards to keep him her slave till she died. Then, with polished manners, with aristocratic habits of mind, without any mental resources of importance, prematurely old, he retires to the country and lives there with his brother, brooding over his past life, never escaping from his memories of the woman, taking no part in the management of the farm business, reading French novels and English reviews. With these gentlemen Mr. Bazarof does not get on in the very best manner possible. They do not and cannot understand him wholly, nor do they like at all what they do understand; and as for him, he is constitutionally incapable of understanding what is best in them. What is not best is patent and gets no mercy from him.

When the story first leaves the country house of the two brothers it departs from the strict line of its development. "Fathers and Sons" ceases to be an appropriate title; it is no longer occupied with the contrast between two generations of Russians, the conflict between opposing ideas. We have a long episode, in which, to be sure, we get an amusing sketch or two of some Russian progressives, of poor Sitnikof, of silly little Madame Kukshin, who is illuminated to a high degree, and refers among other foreign authors to Proudhon, Bunsen, Macaulay, Cooper, and Emerson; but in all this part of the book the author has pretty effectually lost sight of his theory, and really has given us in a most dramatic episode Bazarof in love. A characteristic sort of love it is. He succumbs to Madame Odintsof, "a very fine woman," as the English say, an able woman, and a personage whose character is portrayed with perhaps greater carefulness than that bestowed on any other of the author's figures. Neither Bazarof nor Arcadi is man enough to be master of her, though the nihilist makes a great impression at first, and though what she takes to be the devotion of young Arcadi seems at the last to have touched her more than she had thought. But both are too raw, and she is an experienced woman of the world. The scenes at Nikolskoia, however, though fine, are episodical, and without delaying we go on to see our "Fathers and Sons" again, to see the young men at the little farm of Bazarof's father and mother—a dove-cot, or rather a rabbit-hutch, which our young bird of prey wonderfully flutters, first with joy, afterwards with grief, and again with the deepest grief. The mother the author has given us in a set description, which, however, is by no means his best or most used way of putting his characters before our eyes, and in this instance is rather to be credited to his theory in this novel than attributed to his theory of novel-writing in general:

> "Arina Vlassievna was a true type of the lesser Russian nobility of the old *régime;* she ought to have come into the world two hundred years earlier, in the time of the grand dukes of Moscow. Very impressible and of great piety, she believed in every possible omen, in divinations, in witchcraft, in dreams; she believed in the 'Yourodivi,' in familiar spirits, in wood spirits, in evil conjunctions, in the evil eye, in popular remedies, in the virtues of salt placed on the altar on Holy Thursday, in the approaching end of the world; she believed that if the tapers of the midnight mass at Easter were not extinguished, the buckwheat harvest would be good, and that the mushrooms do not grow after a human eye has looked on them; she believed that the devil likes places where there is water, and that all Jews have a blood-stain on their breasts; she was afraid of mice, of adders, of frogs, of sparrows, leeches, thunder, of cold water, draughts of air, horses, gnats, red-haired men, and black cats, and considered crickets and dogs impure creatures; she ate neither veal, nor pigeons, nor crabs, nor cheese, nor asparagus, nor artichokes, nor hares, nor water-melons (because a cut melon recalls the cut head of St. John the Baptist); and the mere thought of oysters, which she did not even know by sight, made her shudder; she liked to eat, and fasted rigorously; she slept ten hours a day, and did not go to bed at all if Vasili Ivanovitch complained of a headache. The only book which she had read was entitled *Alexis, or the Cottage in the Forest;* she wrote, at the most, but one or two letters a year, and was admirably skilled in sweatmeats and preserves, although she did not put her hand to anything, and did not usually like to stir from her place.
>
> "Arina Vlassievna was besides very good, and not wanting in a certain common sense. She knew that there existed in the world masters to command and men of the people to obey, and that was why she found no fault with the obsequiousness of inferiors, and with their grovelling salutations; but she treated them with great gentleness, never let a beggar pass without giving him alms, and criticised nobody, although she was not an enemy to gossip. In her youth she had an agreeable face, played on a harpsichord and spoke French a little. But during the long journeys of her husband, whom she had married against her will, she had grown fat and forgotten the music and French. While she adored her son, she was very much afraid of him; it was Vasili Ivanovitch who administered her estate, and in that respect she left him full liberty; she sighed, fanned herself with her handkerchief, and lifted her eyebrows with fear when her old husband began to talk to her of reforms in process of execution and of his own plans. She was distrustful, continually on the watch for some great misfortune, and began to weep as soon as she happened to remember anything sad. Women of this sort are beginning to become rare; God knows whether we ought to rejoice at it!"

Poor old Vasili Ivanovitch appears plainly enough in these two extracts:

> "As soon as he arose the next morning Arcadi opened the window, and the first object that met his eye was Vasili Ivanovitch in a Tartar dressing gown, with a pocket handkerchief for a girdle, working in the kitchen garden. Noticing his young guest, he leaned on his spade and called to him:
>
> "'Good morning! How have you passed the night?'
>
> "'Very well,' replied Arcadi.
>
> "'You see before you a sort of 'Cincinnatus,' replied the old man, 'I am preparing a bed for the autumn radishes. We live now in a time, God be praised for it, when every one is obliged to support himself with his own hands; one cannot depend on others; we must work for ourselves. Whatever may have been said to the contrary, Jean Jacques Rousseau was right. Half an hour ago, my dear sir, you would have surprised me in a very different position from that in which you see me. A peasant came to consult me about a case of dysentery; I—how shall I say it?—I gave him an injection of opium; I drew a tooth for another. I proposed to the latter to take ether, but she would not consent to it. All this I do gratis—*en amateur*. For the rest, I have nothing to blush for; I am a plebeian, *homo novus;* I have no coat of arms, like my beloved wife. But would it not be agreeable to you to come here in the shade, to breathe the morning freshness before breakfast?'
>
> "Arcadi went out to join him."

The young man and the old talk for a little while in the garden, and by and-by the old man says:

> "I will say to you without a compliment, the friendship which exists, according to what I see, between you and my son delights me very much. I have just left him; he has risen very early, according to his habit, which you ought to know, and is walking about the neighborhood. Permit me to ask a question: Have you been long acquainted with my son?'
>
> "'We became acquainted last winter.'
>
> "'Indeed? Let me ask one more question. But we might sit down. Permit me to ask you as a father, with all frankness, what you think of my Eugene?'
>
> "'Your son is one of the most remarkable men I have ever met,' responded Arcadi with animation.
>
> "The eyes of Vasili Ivanovitch opened suddenly, and a slight flush colored his cheeks. He dropped the spade which he had been holding.
>
> "'You think so?' he began.

“‘I am certain,’ continued Arcadi, ‘that a great future awaits your son; he will make your name illustrious. I was convinced of it at our first meeting.’

“‘How—how so?’ said Vasili Ivanovitch with an effort. An ecstatic smile played upon his large lips, and did not leave them.

“‘Would you like to know how we became acquainted?’

“‘Yes; and generally’——

“Arcadi began to speak of Bazarof with even more animation than on the evening when he danced a mazurka with Madame Odintsof. Vasili Ivanovitch listened to him, blew his nose, gathered his handkerchief up into both hands, coughed, tossed back his hair, and at last, no longer able to contain himself, he leaned towards Arcadi and kissed his shoulder.

“‘You have made me the happiest of men,’ said he, without ceasing to smile. ‘I must confide to you that I—that I idolize my son! I do not speak of my poor wife; she is a mother, and she has the feelings of one. But for myself, I dare not let my son know how much I love him; it would displease him. He cannot endure effusions of that kind. Many persons even reproach him for this firmness of character, and attribute it to pride or insensibility; but men like him ought not to be measured by the same standard with common mortals—do n't you agree with me? For instance, any one else in his place would have made demands on the paternal purse. Well, he has never asked us for a kopeck too much, God knows.’

“‘He is a disinterested, honorable man,’ said Arcadi.

“‘A model of disinterestedness. As for me, Arcadi Nikolaïtch, I am not contented with idolizing him—I am proud of him, and what flatters my pride the most is the thought that some day the following lines will be read in his biography: ‘The son of a simple regimental surgeon, who, however, early understood him, and neglected nothing for his instruction.’ . . . The old man's voice was choked.

“Arcadi pressed his hand.

“‘What do you think?’ asked Vasili Ivanovitch, after a moment of silence; ‘it is not in the medical career that he will arrive at the celebrity which you predict for him?’

“‘No; but, doubtless, even in that he may be destined to take his place among the most learned.’

“‘What, then, is the career which’——

“‘That is hard to tell now; but he will be celebrated.’

“‘He will be celebrated,’ repeated the old man, and fell into a profound reverie.

“‘Arina Vlassievna asks you to come to tea,’ said Anfisushka, who was passing by with a dish of raspberries.

But it is not our intention to tell the story. No one, we will say in conclusion, need take it up with the expectation of finding it a work of art without obvious imperfections, nor with the expectation of finding in it more about Russia than will just whet his curiosity to learn more. It must be remembered that the book was written for Russians, and it must be remembered, too, that a Russian novelist writes, as you may say, in chains. But it is a very good novel indeed, and makes us wish for translations of others of Turgenef's works. We hope, let us say here, that if Mr. Schuyler should confer that favor on the public, he will allow himself a little more freedom of expression. His first pages, very noticeably his first sentences, are forbiddingly stiff; but as he goes on, this fault in great part, indeed almost wholly, disappears. And no doubt it would be an improvement if in the introduction to the next edition the right pronunciation of the proper names were indicated. We say in the next edition, because we are pretty confident that Turgenef will go upon our shelves along with Ruffini, Auerbach, d'Azeglio, and other foreign novelists of our day who, having been naturalized, have become favorites among us.

ONE PHASE OF OUR SCHOOL SYSTEM.[*]

THE seven educational journals named below are but a part of those which reach us more or less regularly, as well as of those which we only know by repute. Rhode Island, Pennsylvania, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, California, all have monthly journals supported by the teachers of these States respectively. Vermont and Connecticut, somewhat remarkably, have allowed theirs to die, to the benefit of Massachusetts, and perhaps of New York. The only one on our list not strictly local is *The American Educational Monthly*, which probably owes to its name its extensive circulation at the South. For the rest, we have no means of judging how much they are taken outside the State limits; from the transmigrations of teachers some little interchange may be inferred. Believing that these represent very fairly together the intelligence and the zeal of the best portion of our professional instructors, and individually the vital condition of the people of each State in regard to education, we have compared their contents for the month of April, making, for the sake of the *coup d'œil*, no account of their accidental variation from their average merit.

We find, then, of miscellaneous essays the following: On judging of educational methods by their effects, in favor of liberal education, in favor of a State university (*Ohio*), on unconscious influence, on Anglo-Saxon as a common-school classic (*Kansas*), on the uncertainty of school-district boundaries; together with “Notes Orthoepical, Orthographical, Etymological, and Syntactical” (*Ohio*, W. D. Henkle), the pre-Columbian discovery of America, the biography of Pestalozzi, a serial educational novel (*Am. Ed. Monthly*), a school dialogue. Of contributions that may be classified, we have, on teaching in general: Report of an object lesson on the expansion and contraction of water, “my school,” absurdities of teaching, school management; together with an account of a certain examination of teachers, and articles on the duties of principals and the condition of primary schools. On the practice of teaching: the proper mode of studying Latin grammar (*Mass.*, Geo. B. Emerson), language *versus* grammar, the teaching of definitions and etymology, of reading as an art and by the word-method, of geography, of map-drawing, on drawing as an aid to observation; together with an illustration of a peculiar analysis of numbers. Of official reports and documents we have: Extracts from the annual reports of State superintendents, of a normal-school superintendent, of the Boston superintendent (*Ohio*), rules for the government of schools in Waukesha County (*Wis.*); with extracts from the catalogue of the University of Kansas, the State geologist's report, and the constitution of the Kansas Historical Society. Other selections do not need to be enumerated, a good deal being done in the way of “padding.”

So much for the body of the journal. In the editor's department we may expect to meet the best reflections on current events within the province of the journal, mixed with a *pot-pourri* the most readable and often the most suggestive of all the contents. Here naturally find a place practical suggestions to teachers, often in response to enquiries; personal intelligence, obituary, etc.; reports and other school documents, and a general conspectus of State, United States, and foreign educational news, correspondence, book notices, and again selected articles in great variety. *The American Educational Monthly* devotes some attention also to science and art. The latitude of the editorial department is shown by its admitting the sayings of Josh Billings, and the discussion of a license law for liquor-dealers (Kansas). One subject only is twice treated of in these April numbers—corporal punishment—and in each instance it is extenuated if not defended. *The Massachusetts Teacher* contains the ludicrous manifesto of the sub-masters of the Boston schools apropos of Parton's Webster, with Prof. Atkinson's forbearing reply; and illustrates the confusion that reigns in our English grammar by comparing twenty-four different definitions of an adjective obtained from forty-three distinct text-books. The majority of the contributions being signed simply with the initials of the writers, it is impossible to say in how many instances they are the productions of women. Miss Frances H. Turner's excellent paper on the primary school system is reprinted with commendation in *The Massachusetts Teacher*; but we can mention no other woman's name as the author of any article in the six remaining journals. In one of these a school dialogue ridicules “woman's rights,” and “strong-minded women” who are foolish enough to think they want the suffrage and ought to have it, and who send a petition to Congress to say as much for themselves.

We imagine that all would agree in awarding the palm for ability, perhaps also for typographical clearness and beauty, to *The Massachusetts Teacher*, the oldest of all; to *The Michigan Teacher*, the youngest, for superior vitality and systematic arrangement. The two States thus coupled together reveal their consanguinity better than at any other point of contact; and if, as it bids fair to do, the child outstrip the mother, it will be because it has her blood, her instincts, her faith, her experience, and is not bound by her traditions—has a reputation to make, and not to rest satisfied with, and has possibilities of physical expansion which are denied to her. For we cannot help thinking that the very excellence attained by the common schools in New England has affected the teachers in a way which is hostile to progress, and has diminished to an unfortunate degree their interest in journals conducted by and for their profession. It is thus we account largely for the decadence of journals once established, in the conduct of which it probably became evident to the editors that they must either fill their pages with borrowed matter, or with matter of their own and zeal of their own; or, in default of leisure for such exertion, must abandon the publication. No intelligent educator would be satisfied with borrowing, and only one enough in earnest to be thought a *doctrinaire* would consent to fill all gaps caused by the indifference of his associates. In the West, we apprehend, there is more of interest felt by the teachers in their work, and in having a medium for the interchange of opinion and experience. The editors attend chiefly to their especial department, appearing less frequently in the ranks of contributors. Not that they lack ideas and theories, and do not lead the sentiment of their profession—far from it. *The Ohio Educational Monthly* (at least in the specimen before us) has a larger number of original communications than has any of its fellows, while its honorable editor may be congratulated on having draughted the memorial that inspired the act establishing a national bureau of education.

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[*] “The Massachusetts Teacher: A Journal of School and Home Education.” April, 1867. Boston: Mass. Teachers' Association. Pp. 34.

“American Educational Monthly. Devoted to Popular Instruction and Literature.” April, 1867. New York: J. W. Schermerhorn & Co. Pp. 40.

“The New York Teacher: Organ of the New York State Teachers' Association, and of the Department of Public Instruction.” April, 1867. Albany: J. Munsell. Pp. 29.

“Ohio Educational Monthly: the Organ of the Ohio Teachers' Association.” April, 1867. Columbus: E. E. White. Pp. 41.

“The Michigan Teacher: Organ of the State Teachers' Association, and of the Department of Public Instruction.” April, 1867. Ypsilanti: Payne, Whitney & Goodison. Pp. 34.

“Wisconsin Journal of Education: Devoted to the Educational Interests of the State.” April, 1867. Mineral Point: Herron & Peck. Pp. 23.

“The Kansas Educational Journal: the Organ of the State Teachers' Association.” April, 1867. Topeka. Pp. 22.

Judging merely from the relation of the teachers of a State to their official mouthpiece—as to whether it is really used by them, or is but the mouthpiece of its editor—we should anticipate greater things from the West than from the East. The question of the education of women, for example, is likely to be settled sooner on the prairies than on the seaboard. But we do not forget the causes which have detracted from the importance of these journals, and which forbid too hasty an inference of the sort we have been making. Their peculiar value is and must ever be their fostering a spirit of fraternity and emulation among teachers, such as is, perhaps, nowhere so well and so naturally exhibited as among the instructors of the freedmen. This spirit will grow as the profession increases in respectability. The profession will be most respected when it is adopted as a life-long pursuit, and not as a temporary living, which will be when teachers are paid not according to the competition for places, but to the immense responsibility which devolves on the instructors of youth. In that day teachers will be able to support their own journals handsomely with money and with thoughts, will even consider them indispensable. At present, with a just appreciation that not alone is that education which assumes the name, but all that goes to discipline and inform the mind, they are driven to select the best of the cheap literature of the day ; and "cheap" in this connection does not mean what it did twenty or ten years ago, notwithstanding the high price of paper. A dollar and a quarter or a dollar and a half for an educational journal may be dearer than four dollars for *The Atlantic Monthly* or two dollars for *The Weekly Tribune ;* and some must choose.

There are, then, these obstacles to the prosperity and right development of the journals under consideration: First, the poverty of their *clientèle*, owing to the inadequate compensation which is given to teachers ; Second, the instability of the profession, due to the low estimate of its importance by the multitude that resort to it, and the scanty livelihood it affords ; Third, the consequent want of means to pay good salaries to editors and to be independent of voluntary contributions ; Fourth, the rivalry of more popular, miscellaneous, and able periodicals, that teem with purchased articles and illustrations, and are the channels of the news, the most agreeable fiction, and the best thinking of the current hour. Against these we have only the *esprit du corps*, unequal in Vermont, unequal in Connecticut—the weaker as we approach the centres of intellectual life and literary production ; nevertheless destined, we hope and would fain believe, to prevail at last. We desire earnestly that these journals should be and should thrive in every State of the Union, and to that end we shall not cease to enlighten the people as to what truly constitutes education, and what sacrifices and expenditures they ought to make to advance and extend it.

PROFESSOR HOPPIN'S TOUR IN ENGLAND.*

WHOEVER would see England through the eyes of an American scholar of cultivated judgment, able to admire and yet able to discriminate, will read with a relish Professor Hoppin's newest recollections of English travel. They are written, as the author explains in the preface, "with the freedom which an American is accustomed to exercise upon all subjects, and yet in no spirit of bitterness or hostility, but, on the contrary, in a spirit of reverence and love for the great land of our fathers." This kindly filial spirit is conveyed in the very title, "Old England ;" and the promise of the title is much better verified than was true in the case of Mr. Hawthorne's caustic observations upon "Our Old Home." Professor Hoppin does not discuss, excepting incidentally, the political institutions of England. He turns his eye upon other parts of England and English life, upon the picturesque scenery, the stately cathedrals, the places memorable in history, the haunts of the poets, and upon the phases of society that present themselves to a traveller's notice. On all these topics he discourses thoughtfully, and now and then with a spontaneous eloquence. Since the day of Silliman's Travels, or even of Irving's Sketches, England is supposed to have become familiar to Americans. It is common to hear Englishmen rallied for their ignorance of our geography. But how many educated Americans can make a map of the counties of England ? A vast majority of our people who go abroad see only a few of the great towns of England which lie on the principal railways. Few undertake to explore the country or make a study of its physical and social characteristics. Professor Hoppin expresses the hope that he may do something to turn the current of travel into the ways which he has traversed himself with so much pleasure. Among the most interesting passages in his volume are the criticisms upon English art. He has a higher opinion than is generally entertained of the value of the collections of paintings which are found in England, as compared with the galleries of the Continent. His interest in the old cathedrals, the grand monuments of mediæval religion, is an enthusiasm. His remarks upon them and upon architectural monuments generally, show the trained eye of the connoisseur. Graphic descriptions of natural scenery are interspersed throughout the volume. We may instance the chapters upon the lake country and the vivid account of a terrific storm at Land's End—"the prow of England, where she plunges into the Atlantic." Professor Hoppin's familiarity with English authors gives a classic flavor to his description of places, especially such as have been commemorated in verse. As might be expected, he lingers long at the universities, dwelling upon the historic memories of these venerable establishments. The criticisms upon public men are uniformly candid. The author notices in particular the distinguished preachers, from Maurice and Melville to Spurgeon and Cumming, some of whom he met in private ; but he pours out his warmest tribute of admiration at the grave of Frederic W. Robertson, of Brighton. It proves how the power of self-sacrifice and earnestness is able to subdue all hearts, that, with the exception of a few insignificant sectaries, men of all creeds utter words of heartfelt respect for this youthful preacher. The truly Christian and catholic tone of Professor Hoppin's volume is indicative of wide culture. After expressing his want of sympathy with ritualism, he adds (p. 423): "I must confess that the few 'High Church' clergymen in whose society I happened to be thrown, though I could not agree with them at all in their views, were personally by far the most scholar-like, refined, and interesting men of all the English clergymen whom I met." In another place (p. 482) he writes: "I have had the privilege of joining in prayer and praise with all kinds of Christians, with High and Low Churchmen, with German Lutherans, with Moravians and 'Plymouth Brethren,' with American Methodists, with Independents and Baptists, with Irvingites and those who look for the second coming of Christ, with Quakers and Roman Catholics, with Greek and Armenian Christians, with men of many different languages and races, with Copts and Syrians, with some whom I consider in the main errorists, and I may say that, with much of human vanity and error in them all, I have found in all that in which I could heartily unite, and more real piety and faith than I was worthy to participate in ; and I will enjoy the thought, that there is more of the spirit of Christ on earth than many good men think ; more of the truth of the one living Lord sown deep in the sorrowful hearts of men, which shall at some time spring up in immortal light from the dark earth. Let us at least so hope."

The Hand-Book of History and Chronology, etc., European and American, for the XVIth, XVIIth, XVIIIth, and XIXth centuries. Rev. John M. Gregory, LL.D. (Chicago : Adams, Blackmer & Lyon.)—There are three features which render this manual superior, for school purposes, to the histories commonly in use : 1st, The selection of a limited portion of modern time connected immediately with the present age, and embracing the most important movements and achievements of the human race ; 2d, The comparison, by centuries, of events in all the leading countries in Europe and in America ; 3d, The constant reference to authorities from which the outline of dates may be filled in by the teacher or pupil at pleasure. In aid of this plan a chart has been devised by the author, to be used in connection with his book, which by a simple arrangement of squares represents every year of each of the four centuries treated, and with varied lettering and national coloring tells at a glance the time, place, and relative significance of each occurrence. Other charts of wider scope, perhaps, we have seen occasionally, but we do not remember one so comprehensible as this, while some are overwhelmingly minute in their details. The publishers are prepared, should this venture prove successful, to fill out the Christian era in four similar charts of four centuries each. We hope they may do so ; but, as the author remarks in his preface, in discussing the proper mode of studying history, from any given epoch one can take a departure which will land him presently in China or in the garden of Eden ; and therefore we advise most students (and most teachers, for that matter) not to wait till the series is completed, but rather to explore at once the field already mapped out. Whoever shall attempt to master one century, or even one decade, will confess that life is fleeting, and will also probably learn that history is of quite as much value in fragments as in the whole that the human mind can grasp.

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* "Old England : Its Scenery, Art, and People. By James M. Hoppin, Professor in Yale College." New York : Hurd & Houghton. 1867.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION *should be addressed to the Editor.*

MR. McCULLOCH'S LAST LETTER.

ON the 30th of April last, forty-three "merchants, manufacturers, and professional men of Boston" cordially invited Secretary McCulloch to meet them at dinner and give them an opportunity to express their appreciation of his ability and integrity.

Mr. McCulloch's answer is dated May 22—a severe trial, no doubt, to the patience of the forty-three—and is, like everything that Mr. McCulloch writes, full of wisdom. Though nominally addressed to forty-three private, though distinguished, "men of Boston," it is really an official declaration of the views entertained by the Secretary at that time on the condition and prospects of the national finances, and hence it can scarcely be on account of its private character or from regard for the feelings of the forty-three inviters that the letter has received so little notice from the public press. The indifference, whatever cause it may arise from, is certainly not warranted. It is true the letter is long without containing any very striking novelty of statement, idea, or expression, but there are a great many good, old, sound conservative ideas in it that cannot be repeated too often, and that in this progressive age we are too apt to lose sight of. To these Mr. McCulloch clings with steady perseverance and a faith utterly regardless of consequences; and in addition to the old-time wisdom there is sufficient new wisdom in it to justify us in giving this last letter of our Secretary's a hearty consideration.

We, and all public men with us, have to thank the Secretary for furnishing us with another striking and warning example of the danger of writing letters instead of making speeches. Mr. McCulloch's off-hand remarks after a Boston dinner with weighty "merchants, manufacturers, and professional men" could be made light of by those who disagree with him, while even his friends and supporters would scarce dare to appeal to them in seriousness. But when the Secretary, in the Treasury at Washington, after three weeks' delay, sets forth his views in writing, his staunchest opponents are compelled to listen, while his friends know precisely what to rely upon. Thus, when he assures the forty-three that he will administer the Treasury so as to merit their confidence, we may laugh at doubting Europe, that values our "promises to pay" at 73 cents on the dollar, and repose upon our greenbacks as upon gold and silver bars. When he assures them that they must not expect the next debt statement to show a decrease of debt, but even that a temporary increase is unavoidable, our first thought is to measure the possible increase. When he assures us that he has not for some months past reduced the circulation of United States notes, we naturally turn to rebuke our Wall Street friends for their constant clamor against contraction, which they pretend is the cause of the tight money market; and when, on the 29th day of May, seven days after being written, this important document is published in the New York papers, and gold and stocks begin to advance thereupon, we dare not rebuke the heartless men, Wall Street speculators and gold gamblers, who insinuate that it was a nice thing for the forty-three Bostonians to have known the Secretary's views in advance of the outside public.

If it were not lamentable, however, it would be laughable to see the contrast between Mr. McCulloch's letter, dated May 22, and the statement of the Secretary of the Treasury to the people of the United States dated June 1. The *increase* in the debt, which on May 22 was unavoidable, has on June 1 become a *decrease* of $5,171,000; the contraction which on May 22 had for some months past, and for four excellent reasons, been suspended, has on June 1 resulted in a withdrawal of currency amounting to the enormous figure of $39,000,000, and the faith of the forty-three in Mr. McCulloch's ability to administer the Treasury so as to merit their and their fellow-citizens' confidence is somewhat rudely shaken.

The fact is, that Mr. McCulloch and all future Secretaries of the Treasury had better confine themselves in their after-dinner remarks or their ante-dinner letters to simple facts, and not indulge in prophecy. The present Secretary has scarcely ever made a public statement relating ever so remotely to the future which has not been completely contradicted by himself or falsified by events within a very short time, and each time the result has been more and more mischievous. In the present instance we can only wonder at the mysteries of the Treasury accounts which could have kept the Secretary himself so entirely in the dark. We do, seriously and sincerely, believe in Mr. McCulloch's integrity of purpose; but we also believe that he is controlled in many things, against his will or without his knowledge, by unprincipled underlings and a vicious system, both inherited from the time of Mr. Chase, both symbolized by Mr. Chase's "private memoranda," both demonstrated by Mr. Fessenden's unwillingness to put his name to any important paper emanating from the Treasury, both bearing fruit in the present condition of the Government balances in the national banks—to which we refer below—and both lending color to the rumors current in Wall Street that the statement has been made to look favorable by the intentional withholding of requisitions and other measures well known to the initiated.

It is not, however, for the sake of pointing out Mr. McCulloch's minor errors, or in order to warn him against the dangers of prophecy, that we refer to this remarkable letter. Our main object is to protest against Mr. McCulloch's interpretation of the duties to which he is assigned. The Secretary of the Treasury is appointed to obey the laws made and provided for the collection and disbursement of the public revenues. When he seeks to make laws, when he undertakes, in imitation of the sumptuary enactments of bygone ages of ignorance and barbarism, to force the people of the United States, at his bidding, to increase their production, to cease their speculation, to diminish their extravagance, he only renders himself ridiculous. Mr. McCulloch wants to check speculation by contracting the currency. Does he forget that there are bears in Wall Street as well as bulls—men as ready to speculate for a fall as for a rise? Is he ignorant that his letter has done more to induce speculation than any one event of the last three months?

Mr. McCulloch wants to increase production by contracting the currency and lowering prices. Does he not know that men hesitate to produce on a declining market, and that the stoppage of production is more than half due to his foolish and persistent threats of that contraction and return to specie payments which never comes? Mr. McCulloch wants to restore to the American people their former habits of economy, all by the magic wand of currency contraction. The American people are quite competent to judge of the wisdom of their expenditures. They began to economize, as many a pinched face and threadbare coat will prove, long before Mr. McCulloch undertook the care of their individual pockets. Whatever remnant of extravagance may have remained is rapidly disappearing before a more impressive teacher than contraction—the tax-gatherer. The law authorizes Mr. McCulloch to contract four millions a month. He preaches contraction on all occasions, but "for some months past has not reduced the circulation." "He is as much persuaded as ever of the importance of contraction," but he fails to contract mainly in order that contraction may not be accused of causing some existing financial evils. On May 22 he writes page after page to make this clear to all men's minds, and on June 1 shows that he has virtually contracted thirty-nine millions during the month.

We have directed Mr. McCulloch's attention to the national balances in the national banks for the following reason: At the close of March it was commonly reported in Wall Street that the Treasury was very short of currency, and no little surprise was expressed on the appearance of the April debt statement showing a currency balance in the Treasury of over thirty-four millions. The surprise diminished, however, when the subsequent quarterly bank statement showed that the Treasury had over twenty-seven of the thirty-four millions on deposit with national banks throughout the country—of course free of interest. Now, it is a remarkable fact that for the last six months the amount thus deposited has varied very little, and certainly has not fallen, as far as the public is aware, below twenty-seven millions, looking very much as though these twenty-seven millions were on a sort of *permanent* deposit, or could not be entirely relied upon to be forthcoming if wanted suddenly. It is also rumored that even in Mr. Chase's time of abundance certain Treasury drafts on banks in this city were not promptly met, and many people are inclined to think that a good part of the twenty-seven millions referred to would meet the same fate if urgently called for. Here are important topics for Mr. McCulloch's next letter.

THE RIGHTS OF "THE PEOPLE."

In discussing the subject of municipal government a fortnight ago we spoke of the prevailing tendency to ride political theories to death, having in our minds *The Evening Post's* doctrine that the local majority in this city has almost if not quite as much right to do as it pleases as the majority of the whole State. That journal furnished on Friday last a much better illustration of the truth of what we had been saying on this subject than we had ever expected to see in its columns. It appears that anybody who believes that the majority of voters on this island are not fit to elect the municipal officers and levy the taxes distrusts "the people," does not believe "the people" are fit for self-government, and is, in fact, an enemy of democracy. Nor is this all. Anybody who advocates less frequent elections and longer terms of office also distrusts "the people;" so that, in fact, unless you are in favor of electing the mayor by universal suffrage, and giving him the appointment of every other official, and abandoning all claim to State interference under any circumstances, you hate or fear "the people." In short, if you suggest any departure from the great Cæsarist plan of universal suffrage and "one-man power," you are, before you know it, the foe of "the people." It seems to us that in giving the mayor the right to appoint officers instead of having them all elected *The Post* also betrays a distrust of "the people." If "the people" can elect a mayor, they can elect everybody else, and to propose to take away from them the power of doing so seems to us clear proof of covert doubts of "the people's" capacity, which, however, as we ourselves sympathize with the plan, we promise not to expose.

What follows, however, is more serious. *The Post* says:

> "But all discussion of this subject returns at last to the point that the people here, if they were entrusted with the management of their local affairs, would mismanage them. In the first place, this is a mere assumption, which has no proper place in a grave argument. It is not susceptible of proof, for the people here have not had a trial. But even if it were true, we reply the people have a right to mismanage their own affairs, and no class or set has a right to take them out of their hands."

The plan of hiding the real nature of propositions under a cover of fine words or of words of doubtful meaning, is as old as the art of dialectics. There could hardly be a better example of the way the thing is done than the foregoing. The assertion that "the people has a right to mismanage its affairs if it pleases" will probably seem to a large number of *The Post's* readers simply a strong statement of sound democratic doctrine. In reality it is an assertion of the superiority of the majority to the moral law. When some expounders and defenders of democracy use the word "people," they generally use it as a kind of dumfoundering formula, like the "de par le roi" of Louis Fourteenth's Exempts, and expect all dissenters to sink into awe-stricken silence; but when such doctrines as we have quoted above are gravely put forward by a paper of *The Post's* standing and with *The Post's* real claims to respect, especially in a State in which the constitution is under revision, it behooves us not to be frightened by fine phrases, but to state exactly, in plain English, what this talk of "the right of the people to mismanage its affairs" really means.

"People," we need hardly say, always means majority. It sounds finer and more impressive than majority, but then this is really all it comes to. Therefore, when any one says, as *The Post* says, that "the people has a right to mismanage its affairs," he means that the majority has a right to govern badly. Now, "governing badly" means taking other people's money in taxes and making no return for it, but putting it—drawn as it is from the pockets of the poor and industrious—into the pockets of the idle and the vicious, and thus encouraging them in their idleness and vice, and demoralizing the young by the spectacle of their behavior. It means the denial of justice to the poor and oppressed, the bad treatment of prisoners and captives, the corruption of judges, the breaking of contracts, and general weakening of man's faith in his fellows, and the paralysis of industry by the spread of insecurity. In great towns it means, in addition to all these things, plague and pestilence and famine, the degradation of men and women to the level of beasts through their exposure to the unchecked greed and villany of rich and unscrupulous scoundrels; it means foul water, foul air, foul streets, foul houses—everything, in short, that tends to debase humanity both physically and morally. When, therefore, you say that "the people" has a right to mismanage its affairs, you say in a roundabout and sonorous way that if two hundred men and women are left on an island, fifty-one of the men have a right to rob the other one hundred and forty-nine persons of the fruits of their industry, and to spend it in riotous living, to make their abodes hateful, the air they breathe pestiferous, and to debauch the minds of their children by the spectacle of unpunished fraud, corruption, and licentiousness.

We need hardly say that no such doctrine has ever found a resting-place in any Anglo-Saxon community. When the rule of the majority was established in America, it was not an irresponsible rule. "The people" has no more "divine right to govern wrong" than kings have. Majorities act in subjection to the moral law just as much as individuals. *The Evening Post* admires, and justly admires, the New England towns, and refers to them and their origin as admirable examples of democratic principles embodied in fit and beautiful political machinery, and recommends a close imitation of them in the government of this city. We beg to remind *The Post*, however, that the democracy of New England, whether in town or State, has never claimed absolute power. If there be one feature in its rule more marked than another, it is the emphasis and persistence with which it has acknowledged its subordination to the great principles of morality, its obligation to legislate "in the fear of God," and with an ever-present consciousness that the rule of the majority, like all other rules, was a trust and not a "right." A man may have a right to waste his own money, to submit to the exactions of thieves and peculators, or share their plunder with them, but the doctrine that any two men have a right to force a third to submit to such a régime is, of course, as absurd as it is monstrous, and has never received the smallest recognition in any political community in America, and, we sincerely trust, never will.

We protest, too, most emphatically against the notion that the majority, even if they are blackguards, drunkards, gamblers, or swindlers, have "a right" to send men of their stamp to legislate for them and the decent, industrious, or intelligent minority—to vote away their money, regulate their schools and their courts of justice. The power, they may but ought not to have; the right, never. In no plan of government fit for any community but a band of brigands ought such a doctrine to find any place. Its very appearance here shows how the representative theory has run to seed in the fat and nasty political soil of this city. When the majority elect a ruffian or swindler or a cheat to discharge a public trust, they are guilty of just the same moral offence as a bad monarch or president who, in like manner, should abuse his appointing power. It seems less heinous, perhaps, but only because the guilt is divided amongst a greater number of people. If Louis Fifteenth had made a pimp prime minister, the pimp's being a fair representative of his master would not have made the appointment justifiable; and when the Sixth Ward sends a ruffian to the Common Council or to Congress, the ruffianism of the constituency does not alter the character of the transaction. The majority has simply abused its trust.

We believe most firmly in the government of the majority. We think there is no government so likely to consult the general interest, and act for it. But we do not believe in its supreme wisdom or holiness. We believe it is sometimes wrong and sometimes mistaken. We believe it is often guilty of wickedness and injustice and folly, like all other human beings or collections of human beings armed with absolute power. But from its decisions there is no appeal in this world except to its better reason, its nobler impulses; and it is the duty of journalists and preachers and moralists and statesmen who have the privilege of living under the rule of the majority of an enlightened community to keep its conscience alive by constantly reminding it of its frailty and liability to error. A worse service no man can render "the people" than to assure it of its exemption from moral responsibility.

Finally, let us repeat, the majority to which, under our present political system, all citizens of this State owe allegiance in all matters not of national concern, and from which the minority everywhere in all counties and towns has a right to claim protection for purse, health, and liberty, is the majority of the people of the State of New York, and not the majority who in this or that city elect the mayors and common councilmen. It is with the State of New York the dwellers in this city have cast in their lot, and not with the Island of Manhattan. It is on the intelligence, sense of justice, and patriotism of the people of the State that decent men who fix their abode in this city, and bring their children up in it, have to rely; and we trust the Constitutional Convention will remember that the State cannot get rid of its responsibility to the minority here under cover of any theory of the rights of "the people." "The people" is not to be found either in the Sixth Ward or on this island, but over the whole State. The doctrine of the omnipotence or infallibility of every little knot of men which squats on a patch of soil which happens to be called a "ward" or a "town" or a "county" is anarchical in its very nature.

WOMEN AND JURIES.

It appears to be a settled principle of jury-made law that offences against chastity may be punished with death by the woman's nearest male relative, or, in default of a male relative, by herself, and that no warning need be given to the culprit nor explanation asked of him. Moreover, it is no longer necessary that he be taken *flagrante delicto* in order to warrant his killing, or that the evidence against him be at all conclusive. A simple statement of a woman that a man has insulted or seduced her is now regarded by juries as sufficient to justify his being slain unawares, with all his imperfections upon his head. We might fill a column with illustrations of what we are here asserting, in the shape of stories of cowardly murders perpetrated by women, or friends of women, which juries were asked in vain to punish.

The last case of this kind is one of which everybody in this State is now talking—the murder of Mr. Hiscock, a member of the Constitutional Convention at Albany. He is shot suddenly by one of his friends, a General Cole, and in defense of his crime the murderer tells three different stories—first, that Hiscock had violated his wife; secondly, that he had seduced her; and thirdly, that he had simply insulted her—all of them resting on the statement of the wife herself, who, it appeared, did not discontinue her intercourse with Hiscock in consequence of anything that had happened. The only bit of corroborative evidence drawn from the husband's observation consisted, it seems, of the highly suspicious circumstance that the murdered man asked him one day, "when was he going away?" So that if Cole should be acquitted we shall have fresh support for the theory that any woman who has a jealous or crackbrained husband, and little regard for her own reputation, may have any man shot or knifed by reporting him as having behaved unhandsomely to her. In fact, a bad woman who had tried to seduce a man and failed, might in this way gratify her rage and desire of revenge by having him incontinently "taken off;" and if juries allowed this doctrine to take root and flourish, the best and most proper man in the community would hold his life at the mercy of any worthless couple who happened to have an acquaintance with him and might for any reason desire his destruction.

The law, we believe, forgives the slaying by a husband of a man taken in adultery; but it does so not because it approves of the practice of avenging one's own injuries, but because it supposes some injuries to be too great for ordinary mortals to submit to them in cold blood. In other words, it is presumed that a man who witnessed his own dishonor would be sure to lose all self-control. But there is in this no sanction whatever for the modern doctrine that if A. hears or suspects that B. has been ruining his domestic peace, he may go in search of him with deadly weapons, and whenever he meets him, be it days or months afterwards, kill him on the spot. In fact, a good many of these moral murders are now committed not only in cold blood, but by gentlemen and ladies who are not much troubled at all by the loss of their "honor," and sleep just as soundly as if they still had it in their keeping. They kill "seducers" simply because it is "the thing" to do, and the public expects it of them; or because they think it will procure them a little pleasing notoriety. Nothing could better prove the debauched condition of public opinion, as expressed by juries, than the fact that some of the murderers whose wrongs have excited most sympathy have been themselves rakes and adulterers of the worst kind, and, after polluting other people's homes for years, have been supposed —poor fellows—to be incapable of enduring the pollution of their own.

We all know the way in which these beautiful justifications of the uncontrollable indignation of the injured husband or the betrayed woman are got up. The murder is generally committed in some public place, so that there may be plenty of witnesses. As soon as it is done, the murderer, though pale, becomes perfectly calm, and surrenders without difficulty, and after giving some slight signs of intended but easy-to-be-foiled suicide is conducted to prison, where he is the object of marked attention on the part of the jailer or his wife, and is waited on soon after by some of the liveliest and most graphic members of the "reportorial corps." Then come the most delicious moments of the whole drama. The murderer gives his own version of his wrongs, with the delightful consciousness that he cannot be contradicted, the only person who could contradict him being dead. He tells of his agonies, of "the fire in his brain," his sleepless nights, his horrible misgivings, his early happiness, his passionate love, his wonderful sacrifices for "the frail being" for whose sake he has assassinated; and down it all goes on paper, and soon appears in print. And while the tale is fresh the newspapers are never weary of making additions to it, and the hero enjoys more notoriety than ever he hoped in his wildest dreams. When the day of trial comes on it is a grand day. The court is crowded; the audience and the jury lay in extra pocket handkerchiefs; the prisoner is dressed simply, but with care, and wears an interesting and melancholy air. The leading masters of balderdash at the bar are engaged for the defence, and the defence consists mainly of fulsome praise of the assassin and abuse of his victim. All that fustian can do is done to make woman appear a kind of pretty animal without sense, or discretion, or conscience, whom any naughty man can seduce, and whom naughty men must, therefore, let alone on pain of death. Then comes the description of the husband's agonies, if the husband be the murderer. He is presented to the jury as a mad bull, whom the mere sight of "the destroyer of his peace" rouses into uncontrollable fury, and who has to go about trying to kill him by a law of his being, just as tigers have to prowl and spring and tear in order to satisfy their hunger.

Now, we think the better portion of the public has reached the conclusion that we have had enough of this sort of thing; that it is high time that the old doctrine that premeditated killing, no matter what the provocation may be, is murder, and deserves, in the interest of society, to be punished as murder, ought to be reasserted. The only possible excuse that can be put forward for the conduct of juries in refusing to convict "injured husbands" for killing seducers in cold blood, is that the honor of wives cannot be preserved in any other way; but this excuse we imagine very few men would be willing to accept as valid if presented to them in its naked simplicity. If wives need any legal assistance in preserving their virtue, it ought to be supplied in the regular way, by making adultery a criminal offence; so that when a man is accused of destroying anybody's peace, he will at least get a hearing for his version of the affair; and even if he is to be put to death on conviction, will be put to death with decent human formalities instead of being shot like a mad dog. But pending the provision of legal punishment for these offences, wives and husbands must be left to take care of their own honor, and must find other means of taking care of it than the use of deadly weapons against anybody the wife chooses to point out as her "betrayer." We think that, however opinions may differ as to woman's fitness for the suffrage, very few people will be found to deny that, in her present state of mental and moral development, married women, at least, ought to be able to take care of their own chastity, and ought to be made to do it, and be punished, if anybody is punished, when it is lost. Their whole training from childhood up is concentrated on their preparation for this one duty, and society and the church have surrounded the discharge of it with the most terrible sanctions. Married women, too, have what young unmarried women have not, the knowledge and experience necessary to warn them of their danger; and there is something false and ridiculous in the popular theory that when they fall they are the innocent victims, the men the real criminals. Women, to be sure, are proverbially "frail," but so are men; and in the existing state of opinion a woman brings to the violation of the marriage vow a much stronger and more deep-rooted sense of the sin of it than a man does, and is therefore, on any sound theory of accountability, by far the guiltier of the two. The theory of woman's character and position on which blame, in cases of adultery, is now distributed, and on which the murder of seducers is justified, is really very little superior to that set out in the laws of Menu. She is so helpless, so conscienceless, so ready to fall, that to throw temptation in her way is considered the foulest act a man can commit, and it is so hard to keep her from falling that public sentiment authorizes the husband to assassinate his best friends in broad daylight for the protection of her purity.

The case of young, unmarried women is, we admit, different. Whether rightly or wrongly, they are so educated that they neither know when they are running risks nor how to guard against them, and as long as this system of education is or has to be continued, fathers and brothers must be armed with summary powers for protecting them or the legal penalties of seduction must be made vastly heavier than they are now. But, as a matter of fact, the women who take the law into their own hands and kill their faithless lovers and secure impunity from juries, are hardly ever youthful innocents. They are generally tolerably mature spinsters, who know perfectly well what they are about, both when they are lavishing their affections on the unworthy object, and when they are pistolling him for running away, and there is probably no more repulsive spectacle to be witnessed than the mock trials of offences of this kind by which our courts are sometimes disgraced. In fact, side by side with the agitation in one portion of the community for woman's admission to greater social freedom, is growing up a tendency, in another portion, to release her more and more from both legal and moral responsibility. There is strong reluctance abroad to convict a good-looking woman of any offence whatever. We even doubt whether Bridget Dergan, who killed her mistress the other day in New Jersey, would, though not good-looking, have been convicted had she simply killed her master. But when it is made to appear that love is at the bottom of a young woman's crimes, juries become deaf to the claims of order and law and morality. As soon as the tender side of the tragedy begins to show itself in the evidence the jurymen wipe their eyes, the court blows its nose, the counsel's voice grows husky, and the "poor young thing" is dismissed with the deepest emotion, and the friends of the dead man sneak to their desolate homes amidst the frowns of the indignant and virtuous crowd.

JOHN BRIGHT AS AN ORATOR.

II.

THE only living Englishman who can be spoken of as a rival in eloquence of John Bright is that admirable scholar, that ornate, diffuse, Ciceronian orator, that high-minded statesman, Mr. Gladstone. Upon the question, so often discussed abroad, of their comparative merits Louis Blanc has given an opinion which very characteristically is both a verdict and an epigram: "Mr. Gladstone would be the first orator in England were there no Mr. Bright, and although there is a Mr. Bright, Mr. Gladstone is unquestionably the first orator in the House of Commons." In thus awarding the palm to Mr. Gladstone for parliamentary eloquence and to Mr. Bright for that sort of eloquence which is most effective with popular assemblages, the brilliant exile has no doubt expressed the general conclusion of English society, though we incline to think it is a conclusion which will not be confirmed by the next generation.

But aside from any comparison between the two men, if we take a critical inventory of Mr. Bright's stock of faculties as contributing to his success in oratory, we shall not get far without being struck by the observation that his very greatest faculty is the faculty of keeping all his other faculties in poise. He has imagination; he has enthusiasm; he has courage; he has fluency; he has wit, humor, sarcasm, the gift of invective; he has the power of statement, both for facts and for arguments; but far more serviceable than any one of these gifts is the gift of preventing any one of them from running away with him. In other words, Mr. Bright seems to have that very uncommon thing, common sense.

We are aware that the charge most frequently made against Mr. Bright by cold, timid, and conservative critics in England, is that he lacks precisely this balance of mental power. But it may be suspected whether, after all, this criticism does not come from people who themselves lack the very balance which they accuse him of wanting. Is it not legitimate to remind them that the warmth of emotion and the occasional vehemence of speech which Mr. Bright exhibits in the popular cause may, under the circumstances, be a proof of a well-regulated mind; and that their own insensibility to the moral force and the pathos of the popular claims, instead of indicating a philosophical nature, may rather mark an ill-regulated and a deformed one? Unless philosophers are to be defined as human beings not allowed to keep a conscience or a heart, is it not true that the argument for a great people's redress may at last become so urgent that even a philosopher shall have the right to employ Dr. Young's stern assurance:

"On such a theme 't were impious to be calm;
Passion is reason, transport temper here?"

At all events, it is natural that politicians who are nearly frozen to death with social selfishness, or nearly frightened to death at the ominous advance of liberalism, should look upon the democratic ardor, the faith in man, and the courage of John Bright as madness; just as Coleridge's fellow-students at the university, who, carousing till two or three o'clock in the morning, voted him drunk, for the very excellent reason that, having been studying Greek all the evening instead of drinking champagne, in their opinion he looked "so very queer."

A delightful chapter might be written on the wit of John Bright; and this gift of wit is one of his most effective weapons of success as an orator. It not only illumines and relieves the weightier passages of his speech, but it mows down prejudice and carries rout and dismay where serious argument would be simply swamped in stupidity. Not even Disraeli can punish an opponent so severely; for the wit of Disraeli, though keener and more subtile, is absolutely without humor: it is neither so hearty as Bright's nor backed by so genial a power of reasoning. Mr. Bright's wit is thoroughly human; it is broad, spontaneous, and sympathetic; and even when it seizes its victim and binds him to the whipping-post, and lays on without counting the lashes, it does so with such a genuine and magnetic glee that even the poor devil himself who keeps account of the strokes must break into laughter in the midst of his yells.

When, in the Reform struggle of 1866, Mr. Lowe and Mr. Horsman seceded from the Liberals, and began to put on airs, and to have much to say about their new party, John Bright made infinite fun of "this party of two," as he called it, by comparing it to a Scotch terrier, "which was so covered with hair that you could not tell which was the head and which the tail." The roars of mirth with which both sides of the House shook that night reverberated through England, and thenceforward for many months. At all the political meetings somebody was sure, at the fitting time in the evening, to rouse again the merry shouts of the people by elevating upon the platform a huge print of this hirsute and bicephalous beast, images of which were in demand in all parts of the kingdom. It was in the same speech that Mr. Bright produced even greater effects, both in the House and in the country, by speaking of the bench on which the new party was sitting as "the cave of Adullam, where were to resort every one that was in distress, and every one that was in debt, and every one that was discontented;" and thus the ridiculous nickname of "Adullamites" was born into the vocabulary of English politics—a jest which did more service in checking treason to the Liberal cause than all the grave orations that had been made within twelve months.

But Mr. Bright's wit, even when it does not flash out in these great epochal displays, whereby a joke of his has sometimes changed the face of English politics and upset or confirmed a cabinet, may be constantly observed dancing and gleaming along the edge of all his utterances. Replying to a conservative speech of Bulwer Lytton's last spring, he said:

"The right honorable baronet comes down once or twice during the session, and makes a speech which gives great satisfaction to the House, provided you do not pay the least attention to what there is in it. I mean that in tone, manner, and imagery we are pleased; but I am grieved when I find to what side he gives his great influence. In his speech last night he used generous words of the working-men, and told us how there was a tie not only of interest, but of respect and affection, between the rich and the laboring poor. But to give them compliments of this kind and flattery of this nature, and not votes, seems to me to be a thing which will go down very ill with the great body of the people, who are asking that at least some of them may be admitted to a representation in this House. It reminds me very much of that couplet, which I am sure the right honorable gentleman will remember, from Shenstone:

'He kicked them down stairs with such a sweet grace,
They may think he is handing them up.'"

There seems a sort of irony in that appointment by which such a man as John Bright was to find himself born among a sect distinguished by the tenets of meekness and non-resistance. In how facetious a mood Destiny must have been when it arranged that the most renowned of living Quakers should be the most pugnacious of living politicians! Appreciating to the full the English love of fair play, of pluck, manliness, and magnanimity, the hereditary follower of George Fox has the spirit of a knight-errant; he ranges over the field of politics as if for the very joy of combat, to rout monsters from their caves and despots from their castles, breaking a lance with every defiant horseman, and eager to rescue all weak mortals that suffer under wrong. Jousts, skirmishes, battles, seem to be his native element. There are persons whose creeds are written upon their faces, and the catechism they swear by is recited in their gait. No one reads "Quaker" in the features or the bearing of John Bright. Of the middle height, broad-shouldered, thick-set, with a smooth, open English face—none the less English that it retains just a tinge of the national attribute of haughtiness—with small gray eyes, raying out a discriminative sort of kindness, before which folly, meanness, and insincerity must stand very uncomfortable; with a mouth compressed, imperious, and eloquent, and that kind of firm, strong, combative chin, which those men have of whom it is usually said that "they will not stand any nonsense"—he moves along the stands or fronts the Tory benches with an air rather more than resigned to any little disturbance that his intimate enemies may feel inclined to precipitate upon him. We do not suppose that Cobden fell behind Bright in saying severe things, not only of but to the privileged classes across the broad aisle of the House of Commons; but it was always evident that Cobden said these things reluctantly. It is quite possible that Mr. Bright feels a similar reluctance, but no one, from Mr. Bright's manner, would be likely to accuse him of it.

There is a story told of the two friends which illustrates this point of contrast between them. It is said that they were once driving down to the House of Commons together, upon occasion of a great debate in which they were to take part. Cobden, as usual before speaking, was anxious and depressed. Bright, on the contrary, was full of the *gaudium certaminis*, anticipating the proud rapture of the coming fray and of their own inevitable victory. "I know *you* can enjoy it all," said Cobden, "and perhaps it is so best. But I hate having to beard in this way hundreds of well-meaning, wrong-headed people, and to face the look of rage and loathing with which they regard me. I had a thousand times rather not have to do it; but it must be done."

We have directed attention to the extraordinary prominence of combativeness in Mr. Bright's nature, because it enables us to indicate an equally prominent quality in his oratory. That oratory being the unaffected effluence of the man himself, is steeped through and through with this combative element. His sentences are braced up and muscular with the spirit of warfare. They are constituted of noble English; they are permeated by wit; they rear a very solid structure of fact and argument, but their form and hue and moving life are contributed by his moral and passionate nature. His rhetoric is the rhetoric of strife. The words of John Bright have the Luther-like ring; they are half-battles. Each sentence smites like the blow of an old warrior's axe. He seems to go into a speech as a ship-of-war does into battle, clearing the decks and sending all non-combatants below. He has carried to perfection what William Wirt referred to as "the *feliciter audax*, both in manner and expression." Kinglake, the historian, has wittily accounted for Mr. Bright's power as an aggressive orator by noting the inseparable connection between his heart and tongue. "Besides that, he was honest and fearless; besides that, with a ringing voice, he had all the clearness and force that resulted from his one-sided method of thinking, he had the advantage of generally being able to speak in a state of sincere anger." It seems that Mr. Bright would largely sympathize with the idea of preaching held by John Knox, who used to refer to his successors in the ministry as "the faithful men that God of his mercie shall appoint to *fight* after me." It is a confirmation of what we have been saying that during Mr. Bright's whole career, early and late, the descriptions of his oratory one meets with commonly fall into the imagery of strife. Said Henry Colman, twenty-one years ago:

> "Bright is a sort of Quaker, plain-spoken, fearless, denunciatory, and excessively bitter, because he has been often baited both in and out of Parliament, and scents the hounds before they get upon his track; and so far from flying seems to delight in turning round and holding them at bay, occasionally stopping the yelping of a cur by the slap of his tail, or tossing a fierce mastiff upon his horns high in the air."

Said Louis Blanc, not long ago:

> "John Bright's sentences sound to the charge, ringing like the blast of a bugle."

To state the impression which the rising of Mr. Bright in Parliament makes upon an observer, it would perhaps be accurate to say, under favor of the amiable gentlemen of the P. R., that he always looks as if he "meant business." The vast majority of speakers there do not so impress you. They appear to have risen to test the acoustic qualities of the chamber, or to get a little elocutionary practice, or because they know that their constituents will be expecting a speech from them, or to obtain the proud satisfaction of seeing their names the next day in *The Times*, or even, as a waggish member, Mr. John Hardy, once confessed, "in pure self-defence, just as one is compelled to smoke on entering a room filled with smokers." Accordingly, in much of the speaking of the House of Commons there is an indirectness, an incertitude, a rambling and shambling method of getting to the point, even an indifference about ever getting there at all; a lack of positive conviction; an absence of earnestness; an abject loitering in commonplace, unredeemed even by the unctuous bluster, the innocent and jubilant rhodomontade, of an American Congressman; and finally, timidity—that last infirmity of ignoble minds—a timidity that cowers before the puerilities of conventionalism with an abasement deadening to every spark of original thought or feeling. Mr. Bright differs from most other speakers in the House of Commons just as a man with an animating and a grand purpose differs from a man without any particular purpose at all. This is indeed the tonic of his eloquence. Then, too, Mr. Bright early learned that whosoever in this world has anything worthy to do or say must rid his soul of the fear of man—if, indeed, as in Mr. Bright's case seems unlikely, he ever had such a thing as the fear of man in his soul. Thus, with something to say, and perfect courage to say it; with a sense of justice, a tenderness of heart, and an excitability that flame into insupportable indignation over wrong perpetrated by the strong; with an utterance grave, powerful, fluent; with a love of details in narrative or statistical argument sufficient to give body to the aspiring soul of his eloquence; with an imagination kindling over his theme and giving to it both warmth and unity, yet saved by his logical sense and his humor from that fault of Curran's whereby "his flights of eloquence were commonly flights from the cause of his client;" with his theoretical notions of right tempered by a knowledge of the practical difficulties in the way of reducing these notions to reality; he is the master of a diction at once terse, copious, splendid, and effective; of an

"Eloquence that charms and burns,
Maddens, soothes, and wins by turns."

It is painful to be obliged to mention that though Mr. Bright is but fifty-six years of age, the physical power requisite to popular oratory is failing him. His mental conditions were never so perfect as now. He is fully ripe. His intellectual touch along the keys of expression is now firm, precise, full, confident. All his later utterances have those precious qualities which only years and the best fruition of years can give—breadth, solidity, compactness, a balanced and calm wisdom, the stormy enthusiasm of an earlier day mellowed by the generous lessons of sorrow. Now more than ever has Mr. Bright the spiritual fitness to be a great political teacher for England and the world. But the living voice is the only vehicle of expression he has ever employed, and his voice has lost its endurance. He seems to have a seated bronchial disease. The last time we heard him, in August, 1866, he spoke with an appearance of difficulty and pain. It was only by great moderation, by frequently pausing, and especially by soothing his throat with wine at almost every sentence, that he was able to get through at all. And this has been his experience ever since.

PARIS GOSSIP.

Paris, June 1, 1867.

Rossini's last party was one of the most brilliant he has ever given. Nearly all the leading musical artists of the day lent their talents on the occasion, producing an effect not to be rivalled by any ordinary concert. Carlotta Patti, encouraged by the ovations she has been receiving in her tour through the French provinces, has at last consented "to produce herself" in this city, and has conquered, on her first appearance, a place in the foremost rank of living singers. Her voice is of a different *timbre* from that of her sister, but equally beautiful and equally flexible; her artistic training has been the same, and equally successful. Though, perhaps, a handsomer woman than the admired Adelina, Carlotta is slightly lame, and therefore refuses to appear on the stage, confining herself to concert-singing, in which walk she seems destined to a career as triumphant as that of her sister upon the stage. Madame Persiani, formerly a musical star of the first magnitude, but wise enough to retire from the operatic firmament before its lustre had begun to wane, has just departed this life, to the regret of the musical world and of a large circle of friends. This lady, on whose name the charming anagram *sine pari* (without equal) was composed by an enthusiastic admirer, had resided for many years in Italy, where she had made a brilliant and happy marriage.

The literary world, rather given to getting up of rows about anything and everything susceptible of being made a pretext for squabbling, after venting its indignation on the municipal authorities for not having put up a new flag at the Théâtre Français in honor of the Exhibition; on a well-known *feuilletoniste* for stating that it was Fiorentino who had the honor of devising, with Alexander Dumas, the plot of "Monte Cristo," whereas that honor is angrily claimed by Auguste Maquet, documents in hand; on the London Tailors' Union for sending funds to aid their Paris brethren in their present strike, "obviously with a view to getting the Paris trade transferred to London;" on the strike of the journeymen hair-dressers, which threatens to interfere with the perfection of Parisian toilets; and finally upon Victor Hugo, whose principal works are being revived at the Français, because this revival keeps out newer authors who want to get in, and because Paris generally withdraws its sympathy from the absent, and after pouring contempt upon Lamartine for being willing to accept the pecuniary reward, in regard to which the Government has sent in a plan for the consideration of the Senate, has been chuckling over the neat little rap on the knuckles given to Garnier-Pages by the *maire* of one of the *arrondissements* of Paris, has been growling over the stupidity of a subordinate in another of the *mairies*, called on to register the birth of the baby who has raised Alexander Dumas, senior, to the dignity of grandfather, and has been blowing all its horns and beating all its drums over the election of the Abbé Gratry and M. Jules Favre to the academic chairs left vacant by the decease of M. Cousin and M. Barante.

All who have ever met M. Garnier-Pages will remember the unflagging perseverance with which he remembers, and causes all about him to remember, that he was raised to the dignity of Minister of Finance by the short-lived Republic of 1848. A Frenchman's ideal, in nine cases out of ten, is to be a minister, and the gentleman in question is no exception to the rule. Though a democrat of the most pronounced type, as far as regards unwillingness to admit the existence of a superior, M. Garnier-Pages still is, and always will be, in spirit and feeling, the occupant of the dignified and influential post he formerly held; and whenever he goes into society he gets himself into an arm-chair in the corner of a room, never stirs from it until he leaves, and there, getting round him a little court of friends and admirers, he holds forth on the events of the late Republic, constantly interspersing his reminiscences with "When I held the portfolio of finance," or, "When I had to defend, in the Chamber, the project which as Minister of Finance I felt it my duty," etc. This gentleman having to serve as witness to a civil marriage a short time ago, was much amazed on reaching the *mairie* at finding twelve couples already waiting there, thus causing a long delay to the couple to whose party he belonged, and threatening to keep the ex-Finance Minister absent from his place in the Legislative Assembly until the close of a certain debate in which he was to take part. "How very inconvenient," he whispered to the *maire*, who was putting on his scarf preparatory to calling up couple No. 1; "I was hoping to get back quickly to the Chamber."

The functionary addressed, defining the unexpressed wish in the mind of the ex-minister, replied, with a sly smile, "The delay is indeed annoying; but I could never venture, in presence of so stern an advocate of equality as yourself, to favor later arrivals at the expense of parties who, having arrived earlier, have a right to take their turn before them!" Whereupon M. Garnier-Pages, feeling himself caught, bit his lips, but said nothing.

The registration absurdity was perpetrated in this wise. Dumas, Jr., who, two years ago, married a Russian lady, Princess Narishkine, has just been presented by that lady with a daughter, and, as the weather was bad, the delighted father went off to the *mairie* next day to have the child registered, leaving the baby at home, but taking with him the witnesses required by law; but the clerk refused to make the registration unless the father brought a certificate from the doctor. Armed with this document, Dumas, Jr., presented himself next day; but the clerk, learning that the child was to be named *Jeannine*, and not finding that name in the calendar, again refused to register. Dumas, Jr., went off to get an authorization from the *maire*, but, on returning to the office, found it closed for the day. Next day, when Dumas, Jr., went back to the office, the clerk refused to register the child unless he saw the deeds attesting the name, rank, etc., of the mother. Dumas hastened back to his house, procured the documents, and returned with them to the office, when the clerk declared that the legal delay (twenty-four hours) having expired, he could not make the registration. But Dumas, fairly out of patience, insisted so energetically in his demand that the clerk at last consented to make the necessary entry; but only on condition that the birth should be after-dated by twenty-four hours, so as to shield himself from the charge of having registered the child after the period assigned by the Code. Finding remonstrance useless, Dumas consented to this change of date; but, as soon as the registration was completed, brought the batteries of his eloquence to bear upon the vexatious official, insisting with such abundance of demonstration on the enormity of the crime of "falsification" he had committed, and drawing so frightful a picture of its possible consequences, that the clerk, ashamed, subdued, and terrified nearly out of his wits, became as pale as death, and at length burst into tears. Having brought his persecutor to this point, and satisfied with this avenging of his wrongs, Dumas then withdrew, leaving the unhappy clerk to his reflections. And thus it has come to pass that Mlle. Jeannine Dumas will always be, *de par la loi*, one day younger than her real age.

The admission of the two new members to the Academy is looked forward to with the utmost eagerness, the many *piquantes* anecdotes that have been circulating in regard to the candidateship of the two members having raised to the highest point the curiosity already stimulated by their contrasting antecedents and convictions. When Count de Falloux, director of the Academy, waited on the Emperor to submit the double election as usual to the Imperial sanction, his Majesty replied, "I very willingly ratify a double election in which the Academy has given a great proof of evangelical charity by uniting two men whom so many reasons seemed to keep apart." To which ingenious utterance, delivered with the quiet half-smile peculiar to him, his ex-minister, with an answering expression of countenance, replied, "I think, sire, that the Academy has been inspired less by evangelic charity than by the spirit of its mission. It has remembered that it is the republic of letters, and that as such its duty is to welcome the various representatives of French genius in its brilliance and its independence. Under Louis XIV. it chose its elect among the Fronde, and under Louis XV. it elected philosophers." This little dialogue, in which the Emperor while ratifying the new elections with the best possible grace, so cleverly abstained from mentioning the names of either, and in which the distinguished orator of the brilliant aristo-democratic Utopia of Neo-Catholic Ultramontanism contrived to hint so many things in so few and simple-seeming words, has been intensely enjoyed from one end of Paris to the other. But what will excite yet more keenly the curiosity of Paris is the interview that (in accordance with the custom which makes it incumbent on each new member after his admission to pay his respects to the sovereign in a solemn audience at the Tuileries) will bring the eminent republican barrister face to face with the Emperor of whom, ever since the establishment of the Empire, he has been so bitter, persistent, and systematic an opponent.

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The Week.

IT is not often that we meet with so scathing an exposure of the results of carelessness and haste in the transaction of important business as is to be found in Mr. Stanbery's "opinion" on the power of the military commanders at the South. The Reconstruction Act was undoubtedly intended by Congress to make the military officers supreme in their districts, but it was framed in such a way that no machinery was provided for carrying on the reconstruction process at all. This was remedied by a supplemental act, and now the two having been submitted to an acute lawyer, he drives a coach-and-six through them; shows that the State governments which the act was intended to displace are still in existence and in full vigor, and that the military commanders, who were selected with so much care, are simply peace officers subject to the civil power Mr. Stevens now calls for a meeting of Congress to amend the bill, but we should think he and some of his colleagues would be heartily ashamed of their work. They appeared to think during the session that the great duty of loyal men was to drive bills through the House without letting the Democrats debate them. We wonder if what has happened will teach them that the "previous question" is a two-edged sword, and that freedom of debate is just as likely to serve the promoters as opponents of measures. Had the Reconstruction Act been thoroughly discussed, there is hardly a doubt that its glaring defects would have sooner or later attracted the attention of some lawyer on one side or other, and that, let party spirit have been ever so strong, self-love would have tempted him to expose them.

◆

THE District Attorney's challenge to the array in the case of Surratt was successful, Judge Fisher ruling that the law requires that the city registrar of Washington, the city clerk of Georgetown, and the clerk of the Levy Court, should, in making the lists of persons qualified as jurors, act separately; but in selecting jurors' names from the lists, should act conjointly. In this case they never acted conjointly. The law passed in 1862 was designed by Congress to take out of the hands of one man—the marshal—the unlimited power of making up juries, and lodge it, where there would be less danger of its being corruptly used, in the hands of three men. The trial, which was long in getting under way, seems to be now moving forward with reasonable speed. The Government expects to prove that the prisoner was present at the murder, aiding and abetting; that the plot to murder was not a hasty scheme of Booth's concocting, but long premeditated; that on the 10th of April the prisoner was recalled by Booth from Montreal to Washington; that on the 14th of April he was in Washington, and two hours before the murder purchased disguises to be used by the assassins; also the places of his concealment in Montreal will be shown, and that on his way to England he confessed his connection with the conspiracy. So far, the strongest testimony against the prisoner is that of Sergeant Dye, who swears, as he swore in the trial of Payne, Mrs. Surratt, and the others, that a few minutes before the murder he saw two men, one of them Booth, talking in front of Ford's theatre, and afterwards heard the one whom he did not know call out to Booth three times, telling him the hour, which he read on the clock in the vestibule. Dye now recognizes Surratt as the "neatly dressed man" who was with Booth on that occasion.

◆

THE nomination of candidates for the next Presidency has begun in earnest. A great many of the country papers, and even some of "the great dailies," are conducting it with the utmost seriousness, and apparently with strong faith in the value of their own predictions. General Grant is a very general favorite with them, and this is really the only strong ground which has yet presented itself for believing that he has no chance. We notice, too, expressions of impatience from political managers now and then touching the general's extreme reticence. This is very comical, inasmuch as outspokenness would certainly ruin him in the estimation of these very men. Wendell Phillips is Grant's leading opponent, as he has concluded, from an accurate comparison of Grant with the Duke of Wellington, that Grant is a knave, and a cowardly knave to boot. Chief-Justice Chase comes next, and his enemies of course, by way of making the canvass pleasant for him, accuse him of diffusing devoted agents through the country in the shape of bankruptcy commissioners. Horace Greeley, we are glad to say, has been nominated by the *Blue Earth Southwest*, a Minnesota journal. Mr. Greeley deserves this, and we trust the *Blue Earth Southwest* will not let his claims be forgotten. The design of Providence in permitting the existence of "minor editors," by which Mr. Greeley was so much puzzled, is now made plain. Senator Wade is also a candidate for the "chief magistracy." *The Independent* speaks of him as "one of our grandest public men," which is almost a nomination, and several other journals and special correspondents speak of him as "Old Ben Wade," a kind of appellation which, when often repeated, is fully equivalent to a nomination. In truth, the possession of a good, popular nickname may be said to be an essential preliminary to a good newspaper nomination for the Presidency—a fact of which Birdofredum Sawin was aware when he requested his friends to keep calling him in the columns of their journals "The One-eyed Slarterer." "Old Ben" himself does not, however, rely on his nickname, as he is out in Kansas preaching confiscation, which is what our milliners would call the "latest novelty." Mr. Phillips says it is a French fashion, but we have shown elsewhere that Mr. Phillips is mistaken. There are other candidates, but either their modesty or their merits leave us little to say about them at present.

◆

We beg *The Evening Post* to understand that when we say we believe the rule of the majority to be the best rule, and a rule from which there is no appeal except to the better sense and nobler impulses of the majority,—we mean the majority of the whole political community and not the majority of each of the arbitrary divisions into which the community may see fit to cut up its territory. We have said this already as clearly as we know how to say it. If the majority of the State of New York should prove incapable of managing its affairs, we should conclude that republican government in this State had proved a failure; but when the majority of the Sixth Ward proves unable to manage its affairs, we simply conclude that the greater portion of its inhabitants are an ignorant and degraded set, and we appeal to the intelligence of the community at large to protect us against their bad behavior. *The Post's* claim of divine rights for all clusters of squatters would, if sound and generally acknowledged, have prevented the reform of the London Alsatia, and would certainly convert some districts here into dens of thieves. Even if it were true that all towns or districts could be elevated and educated by the practice of local government, the constant accession of foreigners to the population of New York would prevent the success of the process in this city. No amount of municipal independence here will make the Irish peasant fit the minute he lands to vote away the property of New York merchants and mechanics, and this, notwithstanding *The Post's* foolish fond belief to the contrary, is one of the first public acts of most Irish immigrants who settle here.

◆

A singular, and we believe novel, form of lottery has been resorted to by a tobacco dealer in this city. He puts a hundred-dollar bill in one of the many hundred tinfoil packages of chewing tobacco which he sends out every day, so that every purchaser gets not only a package of tobacco, but a chance of one hundred dollars. The scheme has been so successful that rival dealers have been entirely driven out of the field. This plan of pushing sales is applicable to many other kinds of business. It might, for instance, be adopted by publishers of popular periodicals. Why not, instead of loading every half-dozen subscribers with a sewing-machine, or a tea-service, slip a fifty-dollar bill into one of every thousand or ten thousand copies put up in wrappers? Think of the joy of the mother and the children when, on cutting the leaves to get at the poetry, or that repertory of wisdom, "The Family Column," a new fresh greenback dropped out. How the anecdotes and the moral paragraphs would be seasoned by such a windfall!

◆

The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain was a thankless, dissatisfied grumbler when compared with Mr. John Ennis, or Mr. John Reid, of this city. Those gentlemen are more thankful for nothing than any persons we have ever heard of. They are out in a letter felicitating the trade organizations of New York and vicinity on the fact that, "after years of patient and persevering work," this State has passed an eight-hour law. Mr. Ennis and Mr. Reid ought to telegraph words of joy to the men and brethren in Connecticut, where we hear that Democrats and Republicans are uniting cordially in putting an eight-hour law through the Legislature—a performance which is infinitely disgraceful to both parties, that is, to the whole community, for it shows how long and how successfully the politicians have fooled the people that they have the impudence to offer it so transparent a humbug as the present bill. It is in all respects like every other one of these measures; it ordains that eight hours shall be considered a working day; and it adds a proviso that employer and employed may agree upon the length of a working day. As Mr. Ennis truly remarks, "We have not yet harvested what we have planted, watered, and grown with so much care and anxiety;" and why he should think he has harvested anything is a question which an extremely small child might ask, and which it would confound an aged philosopher to answer. The Working-men's Union calls a convention, to meet, we believe, on the 27th instant, and there seems to be in the language of the call a promise of moderation which will, we think, be kept by the action of the delegates. Strikes, as the experience of Chicago has recently shown, are out of the question for the present, and each day more is known and more is thought about co-operation.

◆

What proportion of negro blood will prevent a man's being a white male citizen in Kansas has recently been decided by Judge Brewer, of the First District Court in that State. J. H. Morres, a citizen of Leavenworth, of whose parents one was white and one a mulatto, tried to vote at the late election, and was denied the privilege on the ground that he was a man of color. This he denied, and afterwards sued the judges of election. Judge Brewer said, no man with any negro blood had ever been allowed to vote in Kansas; but as the question had never before come up in the State courts, it should be decided in the light of authority and reason. The clause of the State constitution which excludes from the polls all but white male citizens is avowedly borrowed, he said, from the constitution of Ohio. Repeated decrees in Ohio have declared that a man is not a member of the negro race when more than half his blood is derived from other than negro sources. So much for the authorities. As for the light cast on the matter by reason, the court was of opinion that the theory of our Government being universal suffrage, that construction of laws which best consists with the natural theory should be adopted; 2d, that to put a man in a position of inferiority is not humane; 3d, that the words of description apply not to color—if they did they would keep many white men, so called, away from the polls, and admit many lighter-colored "colored men," so called—but to race, and there seems no good reason for saying that a man who is more Caucasian by blood than he is negro should be set down as a negro. The plaintiff got nominal damages; and the question, which is an important one, will, it is likely, go to the Supreme Court. We hope, at all events, that it will not be the fault of our colored fellow-citizens if it does not.

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We venture to conjecture that the Anti-Catholic riots at Birmingham, of which the Cable brings us the news, are in reality Anti-Irish riots, bred by the Fenian movement. The Fenians, who are in considerable force in all the manufacturing towns in England, have for some months threatened outbreaks, in the Confederate style, by way of a diversion, and in Leeds and Bradford preparations for such an emergency were actually made by the authorities during the disturbances in Ireland. The feeling between the Irish laborers and the English mechanics, never very cordial, has probably by this time become one of intense hostility, and ended in violence. The danger of this has long been foreseen by everybody but the unconscionable knaves who head the Fenian Brotherhood, and who, by such attempts as that on Chester, did all they could to rouse the feeling of the English masses against them. The most radical Englishman, no matter how much he may sympathize with Irish wrongs, is apt to become a bit of a tiger at the prospect of seeing an Irish mob let loose in his streets. We cannot help hoping, however, that we are mistaken in all this, and that the interpretation put on the matter by *The Times* and *Tribune* is the correct one. There is a strong anti-ritualistic feeling amongst the English lower classes, and an anti-ritualistic riot, bad as it would be, would certainly not be so mischievous in its effects as an Anti-Irish one. *The Tribune* mentions some recent occurrences at Birmingham which strongly support its theory.

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The betting at the last Derby has proved so disastrous to a great many people that the whole moral aspects of horse-racing are receiving an amount of attention in England, as will be seen by our correspondent's letter, such as they have hardly ever received before. Goldwin Smith writes to *The Manchester Examiner*, attributing the prevailing absorption in this form of gambling, at least on the part of the upper classes, "to the absence of any worthy object of interest or desire;" and he predicts that it would disappear, or be greatly abated, "if England had a Parliament capable of being the organ of national inspiration and effort, and if great questions were once more handled in earnest by great men." We are afraid the evil lies deeper than he seems to think. By some men betting on horse-races is, no doubt, pursued simply because it furnishes an agreeable kind of excitement; but nine-tenths of the betters pursue it simply for the chance of making money without labor. The rage to get rich rapidly is to-day at the bottom of the gambling mania in all civilized countries, whether it takes the form of betting on horses or selling stocks on time; and the rage to get rich rapidly is due to the fact that the growth of science and the opening up of new countries have, within the last forty years, enormously increased the facilities for making fortunes in legitimate trade. The lucky strokes made by investors in industrial enterprises, in our time, are such as in the last century only fell to the lot of very fortunate gamblers, and the result is that the popular mind is everywhere unsettled by them; and the vast crowd who writhe under the contrast between others' wealth and their own poverty fly to the course, or the stock exchange, with an avidity and recklessness of which the public does not know one half.

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The French are slowly progressing with their new plan of army organization. The Chambers have come to a compromise with the Government by assenting as to the strength of the disposable force, while reserving to themselves the power of authorizing the calling out of the reserves. Beyond this there is little worthy of note in French politics. Everybody in Paris is absorbed in the royal visitors and in the Exhibition, of which our own daily papers are full *usque ad nauseam.* Our readers may remember that during the war alarm of April and May we maintained that most of the fear was caused by rumors for which it was not possible those who were most active in spreading them could *know* of any basis, and that the military preparations which were observed in France had no connection with the actual crisis. We find a confirmation of this view by M. Eugène Forçade in the last number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, which we may be excused for quoting:

> "The Luxembourg affair . . . had also its comic side. The blind alarm which it caused for some days was a singular phenomenon. This feeling had a character of idiotic fatalism. There were a great many people who declared war inevitable with a sort of stupid obstinacy, as if they had received a communication from the prophetic pages which the divine children deliver to Michael Angelo's sibyls. According to them, the King of Prussia wanted war, M. de Bismark wanted war, and the French Government wanted war. The military precautions taken in France, and which were the natural and regular preparation which the war department ought to have begun long before, and which would have been made under any circumstances however peaceful, were represented as immense and precipitate arming. One had to be proof against ridicule to be bold enough to avow a belief that peace was still possible."

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We have mentioned M. Simon's studies on the French population elsewhere. It is engaging attention as a military question, however, still more than as a humanitarian one. It appears that the population of France increases less rapidly than that of any other European state, except some of the old Italian principalities; and that in France the ratio of increase even is steadily diminishing, so that had the population gone on increasing at the regular rate during the last thirty-four years, over four millions more children would have been born than have been born, and the adult population would have been about two millions and a half greater than it is. In fact, unless figures lie greatly, the reproductive force of the nation is declining; and should no change occur in the rate of increase, France will fifty years hence have only 47,000,000 to oppose to the 67,000,000 of inhabitants which Prussia will boast. This is a grave matter, and the French economists are getting more and more uneasy about it, and trying to get the military men and the court to look at it seriously. The decline is not due to a decrease in the number of marriages, for this number is proportionately as great in France as in England, but in the main to the lateness and unproductiveness of marriages. It appears that the number of persons condemned to perpetual celibacy in France is already very large, and is increasing. There are 42,527 Catholic priests paid by the state, and 53,829 chaplains attached to factories, or drawing their support from other private institutions, besides deacons and sub-deacons, and 90,343 nuns, making in all 204,477 celibates of both sexes—the population of a large town. Then there are generally about 500,000 men in the army, between the ages of twenty and twenty-seven, composed of the very flower of the population, who are forbidden to marry, and who rarely do marry for two or three years after they leave the service, so that nearly a million of persons are either prevented from marrying at all or from marrying early, and the obstacles, both moral and physiological, to productiveness in late marriages are well known. M. Le Fort, who discusses the matter in the last number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, is satisfied that in these two facts, the celibacy of the clergy and of the soldiers, he has found the cause of the decrease of population; but we doubt if they are fully adequate to account for it. Most Frenchmen, civilians as well as soldiers, marry late, and the small number of children to a family in all classes of French society has been often remarked, and is probably due to a high standard of living, to the absence of commercial enterprise, and to the Frenchman's ingrained habit of looking to small savings, and not to push or hard work, as the means of making a provision for his family and his old age.

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For many months there has been only one question in Italian politics of any moment, and that is the question of finance, and the only decision that has been reached as yet as to the best means of meeting the deficit, which is now a regular feature in the financial system of the kingdom, is the sale of 600,000,000 francs worth of Church property. Arrangements for this purpose had been made with some Paris capitalist—Rothschild, some say, Erlanger, others say—but at the last moment these gentlemen, whoever they were, refused to carry out their agreement unless the Italian Government came to an amicable understanding with the Church, and the affair, at the last accounts, hangs in uncertainty. The influence which caused the failure of the first attempt is believed to have emanated from what is called in court jargon "the highest quarter," which being put into English probably means the Empress, who, in all that concerns the Church, is not only a Spaniard, but a Spaniard of the eleventh century. That influence of this kind should succeed in breaking off negotiations, or rather an agreement, for a government loan, would be difficult of belief if we did not know that wealth forms only half the stake for which a European financier plays; "social position" forms the other half, and this is one of the few things which monarchs still have in their gift. The south of Italy is in an awful condition with brigandage; and so are the Papal States. The Pope's brigands are birds of his own hatching, as he encouraged them while they were supposed to be fighting for the King of Naples, and it is almost treachery for him now to turn on them and try to catch and kill them. The difficulty about the brigands all over Italy is neither their numbers—though this is great—nor the nature of the country—though this renders it easy for them to elude the troops—but the almost total destruction of the moral portion of the social bond by centuries of bad government. The interest of individuals in public order and prosperity has probably never been so low in any European country since the Middle Ages as it is in Southern Italy, and it will take a generation or two of good courts, good police, good roads, and general prosperity to restore it.

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The Jews of Jassy, in Moldavia, were last month the victims of a revived mediæval persecution, contrived for them by the Roumanian minister of the interior, Bratiano. They had suffered not long before from a popular outbreak, but this official went so far as to eject them summarily from their homes and fixed property, and then ordered his police to proceed against them as vagabonds. Without regard to age or quality, and without a show of trial, large numbers of them were arrested, chained, and dragged into exile. An appeal to the Great Powers received sympathy from France and Austria, and the iniquitous measures were speedily revoked. It is not to be supposed that Prince Charles connived at their passage, and the occurrence only shows the mental condition of his subjects and counsellors. It is curious to note that at the same time the Government was preparing to adopt the monetary convention concluded between France, Italy, Switzerland, and Belgium, and, by thus admitting as legal tender the coin of those countries, was taking one step forward towards the western civilization. Bratiano is an old liberal—or rather republican—and was even a good deal of "a red" in his early days, which makes his performance all the more extraordinary.

Notes.

LITERARY.

Artemus Ward once remarked to Mr. Carleton, the publisher, that when he next wrote a book he 'd let Mr. Carleton write it. It did not, however, take the showman long to become quite reconciled to the publisher's editorial supervision, which, as everybody knows, is seldom more needed than in the case of wits who live by their wit, and, of course, make for money many a most melancholy joke. Mr. Carleton has in his hands materials for at least two new volumes of selections from "A. Ward's" writings, both the earlier and the latest, and will soon issue one of them. It is to be made up of his letters to *Punch*, several other pieces which he wrote while in England, and some early letters. The illustrations, in respect to which the other volumes of A. Ward were not at all admirable, will be from a new hand, and are spoken of highly. We have not seen them. They are from designs by Mr. J. H. Howard. A life of the author is reserved for a future volume. Another humorous writer, whose writings G. W. Carleton & Co. will before very long put into book form, is Mr. J. Stanton. He is known in Brooklyn, where his popularity is considerable, by letters written in George Arnold's "McArone" style, and published under the signature of "Corry O'Lanus.——Messrs. Hurd & Houghton announce a book entitled "The Turk and the Greek; or, Creeds, Races, Society, and Scenery in Turkey, Greece, and the Isles of Greece." Its author is Mr. S. G. W. Benjamin, who, the other day, wrote an article entitled "Crete" for *Harper's Monthly*, and, we believe, a part of his book has already appeared in that magazine, in *The Springfield Republican*, and in other periodicals. Mr. Benjamin, the son of an American missionary, was born in the East, and, though educated in this country, has repeatedly visited Greece and Turkey, and may be supposed very familiar with those regions. The Hon. F. Hassaurek, formerly United States Minister to the Republic of Ecuador, is the author of "Four Years among Spanish Americans," which also is announced by Hurd & Houghton—a book that ought to be instructive and entertaining; not many Americans, except American ministers and officers in the naval service, know much about the Pacific side of South America, and if Mr. Hassaurek has made good use of his opportunities his book will be fresh.——Leypoldt & Holt are ready to furnish owners of the Tauchnitz Thackeray with "Denis Duval," and will soon be ready to supply also "The Roundabout Papers."——A new publishing house just established is that of A. Simpson & Co., who will publish the following named periodicals: The N. Y. *Medical Journal*, of which Dr. William A. Hammond and Dr. E. S. Dunster are editors; *The Quarterly Journal of Psychological Medicine and Medical Jurisprudence*, edited by Dr. Hammond; *The Philobiblion*, a work that will have to be taken by all bibliophilists, whether by that name we mean lovers of books or of bibliography. It will be in the excellent editorial hands of Mr. George P. Philes. A. Simpson & Co. will also act as publishers of the publications of the Agathynian Club, a learned sodality which did not begin its work exceedingly well when it issued the "Advice to the Officers of the British Army" as its first book, but which goes on as well as could be desired with its black-letter "Proverbs of Erasmus" and its promised "Works of the Famous Antiquary, Polydore Vergil," which will be its third issue. Messrs. Simpson & Co. put forth a list of works in general science, in medical science, and in general literature, to which we will refer hereafter.

—Mr. Hinton Rowan Helper has, within a day or two, published a very singular book with the absurd title "Nojoque." Readers of the famous "Impending Conflict" will remember that, although that work was anything but a slaveholder's book, it yet was written in the interest of "the white man," and their surprise will be less than that of persons who know Mr. Helper and his book from hearsay only when they are told—we use the author's own language—that "the primary object of this work is to write the negro out of America, and that the secondary object is to write him (and manifold millions of other black and bi-colored caitiffs little better than himself) out of existence." "And thou, too, Ethiopia!" the author says on his title-page, quoting the prophet Zephaniah, "against thee, also, will I unsheathe my sword." So far as we can judge from a hasty examination of the book, which we expect to consider more carefully at some future time, it is one of the most striking examples existing in our literature of the insane lengths to which a man may be carried by the operation of a single idea dominating a nature marked by even more than an average Southerner's deficiency of humor.

—It is among the small secrets of the literary world that a great part of the remarkable success of *The Pall Mall Gazette* dates from its publication, in its early days, of Mr. James Greenwood's "Amateur Casual" paper. It had, and is still having, very many echoes, none of which are particularly good even as imitations, and none of which have a tithe of the success of the original. The latest we have seen is among the best. It is published in the same journal, and tells how the author, disguised as a tailor, went to see for himself whether the tailors on strike in London use intimidation to prevent a journeyman's doing work if he so chooses. Perhaps the cases constantly reported in the English papers leave very little doubt that intimidation is sometimes used, but the writer wished to convince himself beyond a doubt and to discover the mode of procedure employed. The "picket" on duty near the shop where the pretended "knobstick" got his parcel duly followed him, and when a conversation was brought on by the amateur tailor, took the latter to a small public house, where several men on strike argued the question with the "knobstick," and finally induced him to go with one of their number and have his name put on the books by one of the officials of the league; he did so, and "descended the stairs in the full glory of a trades-unionist and a pound a week." According to the writer's own account, it would seem that in his desire to make sure whether or not "knobsticks" are threatened and beaten, he showed an expectation of violence, and, perhaps, a fear of it, which may have been the reason why it was not employed. Still, it appears also that the men into whose company he fell were reasonable and respectable people, and not of the intimidating kind. This, it seems, may pass as the outward form and semblance of the British tailor: "My costume was a pair of threadbare black trowsers, very tight about the hips, a long, gray waistcoat coming close to the chin, an old scarf rolled twice around the neck, with, of course, no collar, a rusty dress-coat, short in the sleeves, and to crown the edifice one of the most shocking bad hats that ever was seen."

—In 1701 the standard height of the French drummer was 1.624 metres; in 1803 it had been found necessary to reduce it to 1.598 metres; in 1818, which, to be sure, was at the end of many bloody and destructive wars, the standard height was only 1.576 metres; but in 1860, after forty years of comparative peace, the standard was still descending, and a drummer was only 1.560 metres high; and out of the 325,000 young Frenchmen who annually reach the age of twenty-one 18,000 are too short to be admitted into the army—that is, they are less than five feet and an inch in height. Besides these 18,000, there are no less than 91,000 others who by reason of disease or deformity are excused from military service, or, in other words, no less than one-third of the entire youth of military age in France are found to be too sickly or too small to be soldiers. These things are true, if we may depend upon the facts given by M. Jules Simon in his "L'Ouvrier de Huit Ans," a work called forth by the Government project of reorganizing the army. M. Simon is an opponent of this scheme, which practically doubles the severity of the conscription. He asserts that the French race is degenerating physically, and that the population of France is increasing very slowly; that if compared with the population of other European countries (except, perhaps, Spain) it is relatively diminishing from year to year. The population of England, for example, doubled within the half century between 1800 and 1850; France against this 100 per cent. of increase has but 30 per cent. to show. The causes of this state of things, according to M. Simon, are these three: 1. The conscription takes into the army the largest and healthiest of the youth of France, and makes marriage impossible to them for nine or twelve of their best years, and sometimes for their lives, while the feeble and unsound marry and have children; 2. The urban population increases at the expense of the country population, which goes more and more into the towns to engage in manufacturing employments—moreover, the discharged soldier prefers the town to the country; 3. Women and small children are employed in the manufacturing business of the towns, and the offspring of the women, badly cared for at the best, are far less likely to grow up to maturity in the crowded city than in the country. It is said that of the children of the artisan class who are put out to nurse in the country no less than 95 per cent. die before they are a year old. It is difficult to believe that this mortality is not desired and brought about purposely, and we have heard this asseverated by other observers. Even in Lyons, of the children who are kept in the city, the mortality among those of the lower classes under one year old reaches only 53 per cent.

DR. BIGELOW'S MODERN ENQUIRIES.*

NOT only in the title of Dr. Bigelow's book, but in the dedication, in the preface, and in divers other places, is strikingly apparent the feeling of comfort and self-satisfaction which he derives from the thought that he is sailing down the stream of progress at a rate which keeps him in general quite abreast of all the other craft engaged upon that exhilarating voyage. It is dedicated to a friend whom he evidently thinks he has left far up the stream in his wake; and it is heralded by a minute and circumstantial announcement of sundry errors in the log-books of the learned laggers, by the due correction of which the author hopes to ensure them a more rapid and comfortable passage. It was but a short time since, we are told, that "the great changes effected in European civilization about four centuries ago were ascribed to the revival of classical learning, and not to their true cause, the discoveries made in physical sciences and arts." Now, we do not remember having seen, either in Mr. Mill's "Logic" or in any other treatise on scientific method which we happen to have read, any inductive canon for ascertaining the relation of a presumed effect to a presumed cause which chronologically succeeds the effect. And we think that if Dr. Bigelow had taken the trouble to study a little more closely those retrospective sciences which he would fain see condemned as unprofitable, he would have hesitated somewhat before ascribing effects which took place four centuries ago to causes which came into existence less than three centuries ago. We have all heard of the writer who, with more zeal than caution, attributed the literary activity of Italy in Petrarch's time to the recent invention of printing; and we all know that Dr. Draper in his "Intellectual Development of Europe" supposes the imaginary institutions of that interesting etymological myth, Numa Pompilius, to have been due to the mystical instructions of Pythagoras. We know not whether Dr. Bigelow had those wholesome examples before his eyes; but he has at any rate committed an anachronism equally gross. Modern physical science can hardly by any license of phrase be said to have begun earlier than the time of Galileo and Bacon, at which epoch the Renaissance had already been vigorously going on for a century and a half. Might we not, then, reverse matters, and say that it was the Classic Renaissance which gave the original impulse to physical discovery?

The thesis is one which we do not intend to argue here, our business being not to expound our own opinions, but to call attention to Dr. Bigelow's. Our author is betrayed into a similar disregard of chronological probability when he tells us that the first three centuries of the Christian era, with all ancient literature before them, went steadily from bad to worse; while modern times, with modern literature and science before them, have been going steadily from good to better. Dr. Mommsen and Mr. Merivale are, as we retrograde classical students think, excellent, nay, incomparable authorities on Roman history, and they will be found to differ from Dr. Bigelow's opinion that the three centuries after Christ went steadily from bad to worse. And as for modern times, how long, pray, have they had modern literature and science before their eyes? Where was modern literature when the modern career of progress commenced? How much of it had Dante, Chaucer, or even Shakespeare to feed on? How much of modern science was instilled into the youthful minds of Leibnitz, Spinosa, Descartes, and Bacon? Those gigantic intellects were nurtured upon the strong diet of ancient speculation. Modern literature is the effect, not the cause, of modern progress, and it is to the fruitful intercourse of the modern with the ancient mind that our progress, as manifested alike in science, philosophy, and literature, is primarily due. One cannot help thinking that Dr. Bigelow's acquaintance with the studies which he derides has not reached to an intimacy with Scaliger's "De Emendatione" or with Ideler's "Handbuch." Nor can any one be astonished, after traversing such a chaos of crudities, at meeting this opinion, that our only cause for wonder is that the human race after remaining stationary for so many thousand years should ever have advanced at all in civilization! Doubtless, if we suppose that ancient civilization was on the whole a failure, that the early Christian centuries went steadily from bad to worse, that mediæval scholasticism, metaphysical enquiries, everything, in short, save the purely utilitarian sciences of recent days, is to be held little better than worthless—doubtless, if in the very teeth of history and common sense we believe all this, we shall have great cause for astonishment at the civilized condition we are now in.

To him, however, who is by long habit accustomed to look upon human history as a whole—who, by dint of pursuing those classical studies of which Dr. Bigelow grudgingly admits that they may possibly refine the fancy and improve the style, has arisen to some appreciation of the mental, moral, and social characteristics of bygone ages, the subject of human progress with all its manifold complications and its endless suggestions will present nothing astonishing or inexplicable. To any such appreciation of the life of ancient times Dr. Bigelow has most certainly never attained. We know of few things in recent literature more idle and frivolous than his remarks on the Homeric poems. Evidently for him all human history might be expunged save that which concerns the last three centuries, and that hitherto unsuspected epoch when the physical discoveries were made which ushered in the Renaissance, without making any very lamentable gap in the scheme of the universe. If the stream of progress cannot be followed without bringing us to such a maelstrom of ungrateful irreverence for the worthy achievement of the past, we should beg for our part to be allowed to steer our little bark up the quiet waters of some sylvan tributary or to run it abruptly ashore on some convenient sandbank, that whatever else we lost by so doing we might at least retain our sympathy with the feelings and speculations, the glorious deeds, and even the errors, of those great societies of men who lived long ago, and but for whom very much of our boasted civilization would never have been attained. But the stream of progress leads to no such fatal whirlpool. Dr. Bigelow's views concerning education are not in advance of the age, but behind it. So far from classical scholarship declining as other branches of study advance, it was never so ardently or so successfully pursued as in our own day and generation. Bentley and Scaliger were no doubt giants of scholarship greater than any we now behold. But they might well have given half their grammatical and critical learning for a tithe of the living knowledge of antiquity possessed by a Grote, a Bréal, or a Donaldson. Contempt for antiquity, exclusive devotion to physical studies, were characteristics of the eighteenth century rather than the nineteenth, which is marked above all else by its enlightened respect for antiquity, and by its brilliant achievements in philology and history. Dr. Bigelow's views upon education might rather have come from the century which produced a Rousseau than from the century which has produced a Grimm and a Müller.

When Dr. Bigelow restricts himself to dissertation upon subjects lying within his peculiar sphere of investigation, he is far more satisfactory. His paper on the contagiousness of cholera is a good specimen of scientific reasoning. The essay on self-limited diseases is an admirable thing; and with his trenchant criticisms on the old "heroic" or "Sangrado" practice no student of natural science can help sympathizing. His papers on the war, at the end of the volume, were hardly worth reprinting.

MR. BANCROFT, JOSEPH REED, AND BENJAMIN RUSH.*

THE publication of the ninth volume of Mr. Bancroft's history has been followed already, within the year, by a series of critical and acrimonious pamphlets which together exceed it in bulk, though relating only to the contents of a very few of his paragraphs. To say nothing of his ability, the compass and fulness of his investigations, the deliberateness with which he issues instalments of the fruits of his toil, and the emphatic and unsparing way in which he announces his own judgment or opinions, all favor the impression that he has established a formidable, if not a final, tribunal. The decision which will slowly be reached upon the issues raised between him and his many challengers will decide whether the results of his long labors are, or are not, to secure him permanent reputation and authority. Reference has already been made in these columns to the pamphlet by Mr. Wm. B. Reed, in which that gentleman addressed himself to meet what he regarded as the aspersions cast by Mr. Bancroft alike upon the private and public character of his grandfather, Joseph Reed, President of Pennsylvania. Since Mr. Bancroft's critics have given him so much work to do, aside from the completion of the task of his lifetime, he has led the public to understand that not only the severest judgments he has pronounced upon some high military officials in the Revolutionary war are softened within the terms which facts would justify, but also that he has in reserve a vast mass of materials of prime authenticity and of a character damaging to individuals which provocation may induce him to draw upon. Let his critics and oppugners be cautiously mindful of these reserved resources; Mr. Bancroft's research has been keen and inquisitive; the severest critics of his style and of his character as a historian never have denied that he is a man of really great acquisitions.

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* "Modern Enquiries: Classical, Professional, and Miscellaneous. By Jacob Bigelow, M.D." Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1867.

* "Joseph Reed: A Historical Essay. By George Bancroft." New York: W. J. Widdleton. 1867.

"A Criticism of Mr. W. B. Reed's Aspersions on the Character of Dr. Benjamin Rush, with an Incidental Consideration of General Joseph Reed's Character. By a Member of the Philadelphia Bar." Philadelphia: Collins, Printer. 1867.

It is remarkable that the issues thus far opened between him and his critics relate to no impersonal public matter, no charge of bias, partiality, or perverseness in the proportions of treatment or importance assigned to incidents in the progress of the war, but wholly to alleged slanders or depreciatory judgments upon individuals. These individuals so assailed have, in every case, found either a grandson or a grand-nephew to come to their defence against Mr. Bancroft.

If we look for the prompting or justification for himself which has led Mr. Bancroft to pursue his unrelenting scrutiny into the character of Joseph Reed, we shall probably find it in these sentences in his pamphlet: "No book that I have ever read contains such libels on Washington's conduct and ability as the biography of Joseph Reed by his grandson. The wrong is concealed under occasional words of praise, and under statements and language that wear the aspect of innocence and good intentions; but if the narrative is severely examined and truly weighed, William B. Reed will be found to charge Washington with imbecility, in order to make room for the ridiculously false pretension that much of what was done best in the war of the Revolution was done by the Joseph Reed whose character, career, and estimation among his fellow-men" are investigated in the pages before us. Mr. Bancroft, therefore, sets himself to prove that Joseph Reed was "shuffling, pusillanimous, and irresolute; that he was governed by selfish considerations, and, in moments of crisis, was of no significance; that his character was tainted by duplicity; and that, as a vacillating trimmer who, in 1774 and 1775, was not heartily in the cause of his country, he, near the end of 1776, meditated defection." Mr. Bancroft affirms that he shall treat his subject as one fit for scientific investigation, by producing from his note-books a chronological statement of authenticated facts. He distributes his matter into three parts: "I will first trace the unsteady career of the 'President' to the close of 1776; I will next consider if his subsequent general character is such as to rebut the testimony respecting his previous infidelity; and I will lastly explain why it was proper and necessary for the ends of history to hold him up in the light of truth."

The elaborate and exhaustive method and the intensity of feeling which Mr. Bancroft has spent upon this subject show how thoroughly he is convinced of the impersonal and praiseworthy motives which prompt his labor. Possibly what proves his sincerity also brings under question his fairness, moderation, and judicial impartiality in the case. So severe and unsparing is the development of his argument, through the cumulative character of the evidence and the running comment upon it, that he would have been wise on his own side to have reduced or balanced its severity by some allowances. Thus some genial concession might have been made on the score of filial partiality in a biographer; and this, too, not only on the ground of natural feeling, but as justified by regard to facts, for a grandson in an intelligent family, holding converse with the world, receives by tradition and through domestic confidences information and impressions which explain, clear up, palliate, and justify some perplexities, infelicities, and cross-workings of things of which the outside world has no knowledge. Of these explanatory or palliatory constructions a man in public life has an especial need, and ought to have the generous benefit. Such a biographer, and his readers and his critics, may do well to keep in mind the sweet charity for which good Bishop Jeremy Taylor pleads so delightfully when he reads our human nature with so full and mild a glance:

> "Every man hath his indiscretions and infirmities, his arrests and sudden incursions, his neighborhoods and semblances of sin, his little violences to reason and peevish melancholy and humorous fantastic discourses, his fondness to judge favorably in his own cases, little deceptions, and voluntary and involuntary cozenages, ignorances, and inadvertencies, careless hours, and unwatchful seasons."

Again, so far as the charges against Reed of timidity, pusillanimity, backward-looking, questions about composition with the enemy, and half-heartedness in the cause may be referred for their symptoms and manifestations to occasions of despondency, the integrity of his character is not thereby brought under distrust. Who was there in the early years of the war, in public or private life, that did not feel and yield to that despondency? Only a large, deep, irresistible influx of it, and not any lack of manliness or patriotism, was the mastering agency which induced an actual majority of the professional men in most of the colonies to remain "loyal" or neutral. We may gather from the confidential letters of every patriot, including those of Washington himself, dark forebodings almost of despair. We can afford now to speak the fair truth—that it was the French alliance, not Washington nor Congress nor our own armies, that secured our independence.

Nor even does anything which we have seen on the record in black or white, as coming from the pen of Reed, expressive of distrust or impatience or misgiving as to the qualities or the competency of the great chief himself, substantiate the charge of unfriendliness, still less of malignity, towards him on the part of one who came so near to him. Reed, Lee, and Greene were not the only high military officers who, in their restlessness or anxiety or calm judgment, felt and expressed such distrust. We have no doubt that the occurrence of expressions of that tenor has led to the quiet destruction of many a contemporaneous record and letter which contained critical, querulous, and slanderous reflections that were put to shame by the glorious results which approved the competency of Washington. But he was not then, he could not be, we do not hesitate to say that he ought not to have been even to the members of his military family, what he is to us to-day. Mr. Sparks used to tell a pleasant story, which, as we heard it more than once from his lips and not in privacy, we will venture to put in print. He was spending the day with old John Adams in his retirement at Quincy. As the two were about passing from the parlor to the dining-room, Mr. Sparks lingered to look upon a portrait of Washington, hung on the wall, which caught his eye. Mr. Adams, as if impatient of his delay, took hold of his arm and moved him along, saying with infinite *nonchalance*, "A pretty good likeness. That old woodenhead got a good deal of his reputation by knowing how to hold his tongue."

The matters for allowance to which we have referred would have reduced or qualified the scorching severity of Mr. Bancroft's invectives against Joseph Reed. But even then an ugly inventory of charges would remain to be relieved only, if they can be relieved at all, by a counter ransacking and traversing of evidence by his grandson. The most damaging specification of all is that involved in a letter of Reed's to Charles Lee, published (we know not how he came by it) by Mr. George H. Moore, in his choice monograph, "The Treason of Charles Lee," etc. This letter—an ill-omened and a sadly sepulchral document—drew forth a reply from Lee which, by a strange contingency, fell into the hands and passed under the eye of Washington. Washington would have been astounded if he had seen the letter of Reed, which he never did. But he would have been something more than astounded if it had been submitted to his perusal after the writer's own account of its tenor or contents—so unlike to the truth—had been confidingly received by him and accepted as a preliminary to the restoration of kindly feelings between them. Compared with this humiliating exposure—which we sincerely hope, for the credit of human nature, Mr. W. B. Reed will be able to parry or relieve—all else in Mr. Bancroft's pamphlet, though some of it is damaging to the subject of it, is of reduced importance.

The second pamphlet whose title we have given professes to have been written by a volunteer who, having been informed that the descendants of Dr. Rush did not intend to come to his defence against the treatment he had received from Mr. W. B. Reed, takes up the matter as an American in the interest of patriotism and historic truth. Besides making some general and particular references to most of the specifications dealt with by Mr. Bancroft, the writer of this pamphlet devotes himself especially to asserting the integrity of Dr. Rush on the points at which Mr. Reed had impugned it, and to a renewed argument in support of the charge originally alleged against Joseph Reed by that eminent physician. When the famous "Cadwalader Pamphlet" appeared, some eighty-four years ago, putting into sharply defined and aggravated form the reflections on President Reed's patriotism and integrity which had been circulating in private, and with more or less of vagueness, the subject of these reflections supposed he had reason to regard Dr. Rush as the anonymous originator and virtual author, under the name of "Brutus," of these severe charges. Dr. Rush's friends maintain his own allegation that he had no further agency in the matter than that of giving his testimony on one very important point when he was summoned to do so by a gentleman whose statements had been challenged as false.

The burden of the imputation cast upon President Reed, first circulated in private conversation, and then allowed by him to pass without notice, but afterwards flatly and boldly endorsed in print by General Cadwalader, was that Reed had contemplated treachery to the American cause in December, 1776. This imputation was further enforced by the allegation of Major Lennox that Reed had even consummated that treachery. The writer before us restricts himself to dealing with the imputation in the form alleged by Cadwalader. Among the witnesses on whose testimony the general relied was Rush, whose evidence went no further than the showing that Reed in conversation with him had palliated or justified defection to the American cause in the case of others, and had thus implied self-justification if he himself should see fit to follow their example. The doctor testified that the conversation occurred as he was riding with Joseph Reed a few days before the battle of Trenton, on the 26th of December, 1776, from Bristol to headquarters, near New Town. General Cadwalader alleged that about the same date Reed expressed the same feelings to him so strongly as to indicate a meditated purpose. The efforts of Mr. Reed's grandson to meet and nullify this testimony are the occasion which the "Member of the Philadelphia Bar" finds for taking part in this embittered strife. It is not for us to enter as umpires or arbitrators between the disputants, dead or living. The revival of the controversy suggests to us a thought which presented itself with our first reading on the subject, though singularly enough it does not seem to have occurred to the writers on either side. It is this: Was it not strange that those patriotic men to whom Reed confided what they afterwards regarded as a purpose of treachery did not at once expose and disable him, instead of allowing him to assume new and important public trusts? Did not their apathy or inaction indicate that, at the time, his words passed with them only as an expression of impatience, vacillation, or despondency?

MISS RAVENEL'S CONVERSION.*

MR. DE FOREST, who has written other books, but whose acquaintance we make for the first time in this novel, is a very lively writer. He is hardly to be called a young man, but as he appears in this story one would take him to be a man just at the end of his youth, tolerably well satisfied with himself, tolerably well satisfied, therefore, with the world, courageous, clear-headed, bright-minded, witty, yet whose wit, if analyzed, would not seldom appear to be of the order of Lord Dalgarno's—which, says Scott, was sometimes levity and sometimes the play of abundant animal spirits—a quick-eyed observer, and, to describe him briefly, a man, so far as concerns his habits of thought, his opinions, his culture, who is the natural product of an excellent New England town. As a novelist, we may add that, so far as concerns the more striking characteristics of his style, a not injudicious but decided admiration for Charles Reade has had something to do with his production.

All this is talk about the author and is not in strictness reviewing his book. But the book is full of Mr. De Forest. We say so not meaning the words to be understood in their bad sense. But Mr. De Forest's plan of writing, like Mr. Reade's, admits of the constant presence of the author upon the stage as manipulator of the figures; like Mr. Reade, he is constantly favoring the reader with his own reflections and comments upon the action as it goes on, button-holing him, so to speak, and taking him into his confidence—a practice of which the tendency is sometimes in the other direction, but most frequently, we believe, tends to make the figures seem puppets; finally—and here is his weakest point as a novelist—he certainly fails to give his personages so much life and separate individuality as to make us accept them for real and forget the writer. So, after reading the story, we find ourselves pleased with Mr. De Forest, willingly ascribing praise to him, and thinking of him rather than of his characters, Dr. Ravenel and Miss Ravenel and the captain in love with her—we really have to reopen the book to get his name—Captain Edward Colburne.

One exception we make to this assertion regarding the personages of the story. Carter is well depicted; daguerreotyped from nature. We all have seen just such men, and all can recognize Mr. De Forest's accurate and spirited portraiture. He is a Virginian, a graduate of the school at West Point, a good soldier, not well furnished with brains originally, and somewhat demoralized in intellect and more demoralized in character by the stupid dissipations into which our army officers were so often driven by the dull life in frontier forts and Southern arsenals. We all remember how, in the beginning of the war, such men were gladly taken by our Northern governors for colonels of volunteer regiments; how they were apt to McClellanize; how, in spite of an aversion to negroes and a weakness for whiskey, they became, by dint of knowing their business and by hard fighting, first brigadiers and then major-generals, and how occasionally some of them as well as some volunteers were suspected of worse faults than cursing the Radicals, too courteously entreating "true Southern gentlemen," and indulging a weakness for wine and women. A good specimen of this class, with its mingled virtues and faults—chief of the latter being the misfortune of having been born a fool—Mr. De Forest has given us in his John T. Carter, colonel, and by-and-by brigadier-general of volunteers. The character is not one abounding in subtleties, enough of its traits can be painted from the surface indications, but, such as it is, Mr. De Forest has set it before us vividly.

This handsome officer with his thirty-five years, his ruddy-bronze complexion, his audacious eye, his mighty mustachios, his easy assurance, his manners not unlike those of her native Louisiana, captivates Miss Lillie Ravenel. She is a small, female secessionist, eighteen or nineteen years old, whose father, a staunch Unionist, has been forced to fly from New Orleans at the very beginning of the troubles, and has "refugeed," as they used to say, in the city of New Boston, which is in the New England State of Barataria—a city and State which some people believe to be New Haven and Connecticut. Miss Ravenel, for her part, makes prize of the heart, not so case-hardened as the colonel's, of a good young man, Edward Colburne, a graduate of the college at New Boston, an attorney not yet in good practice, a good fellow as well as a good man, but a little colorless, commonplace, young, and, on the whole, of no consequence, though like many another such youth he turns out to be a valiant and enduring soldier. After Bull Run the governor of Barataria commissions Carter as a colonel and Colburne as a captain, their regiment being the 10th Barataria, and the two men say good-bye to the Ravenels and put to sea under sealed orders which consign them to Butler's expedition against New Orleans. The city is taken, and the doctor and his daughter go back to their old home, where at once Miss Ravenel's conversion from secession to loyalty takes place. It consists in this simply: that an empty-headed young lady, who had liked the secessionists partly because she was born empty-headed and partly because she was born in Louisiana, undergoes a change of feeling when she discovers that her father's Unionism makes him and herself odious to their former acquaintances. The book is ill named, from a circumstance which is in itself trifling, and which is in no way of the least importance to the story. The Ravenels, of course, continue their acquaintance with the colonel and the captain; the young lady, a good deal against the wishes of her father, who likes Colburne, marries Carter; her husband is by-and-by led into temptation by a creole lady—a Frenchwoman of Louisiana—and falls; she discovers his faithlessness, and, while he is away campaigning, goes back to New Boston; he is by-and-by killed in battle, and the widow of course marries Colburne.

The plot, then, is of the simplest; as we have said, the characters we find not interesting, and with one exception not well drawn—in fact, it would be saying too little not to say that they are, for the most part, the old familiar figures; yet the book is a readable book, and the author is, on the whole, to be congratulated on his success. So much nowadays is packed into a novel that it is possible for us to say all this, and not be inconsistent with ourselves. These are some of the things that will make the book liked, and on account of which we have read it with some pleasure, and recommend its perusal to our readers: First of all, the author is a lively and quite agreeable companion. Then there is, in the first chapters, a rather good satirical description of the society which supports existence in our better sort of college towns. We hear it whispered by the way that New Haven is not well pleased with this part of the new novel, but, we suppose, several other towns in more than one other State of the Union have an equal right with New Haven to be offended. Perhaps this passage may serve as well as any for a specimen of this portion of the book:

> "The Whitewood house was of an architecture so common in New Boston that in describing it I run no risk of identifying it to the curious. Exteriorly it was a square box of brick, stuccoed to represent granite; interiorly it consisted of four rooms on each floor, divided by a hall up and down the centre. This was the original construction, to which had been added a greenhouse, into which you passed through the parlor, carefully balanced by a study, into which you passed through the library. Trim, regular, geometrical, one half of the structure weighing to an ounce just as much as the other half, and the whole perhaps forming some exact fraction of the entire avoirdupois of the globe, the very furniture distributed at measured distances, it was precisely such a building as the New Boston soul would naturally create for itself. Miss Ravenel noticed this with a quickness of perception as to the relations of mind and matter which astonished and amused Mr. Colburne.
>
> "'If I should be transported on Aladdin's carpet,' she said, 'fast asleep, to some unknown country, and should wake up and find myself in such a house as this, I should know that I was in New Boston. How the professor must enjoy himself here! This room is exactly twenty feet one way by twenty feet the other. Then the hall is just ten feet across by just forty in length. The professor can look at it and say, Four times ten is forty. Then the greenhouse and the study balance each other like the paddle-boxes of a steamer. Why will you all be so square?'"

Then there is some interesting reading descriptive of the days when Butler and Banks ruled and reigned in New Orleans, and not a little peculating and debauchery went on there. The account of Chief-Quartermaster Carter's cotton "speculation," and his purchase of steamboats, will help people to understand what the Department of the Gulf was in the days of military rule. We quote with pleasure—part of which only is due to the Cracker story—this little picture of a major-general in New Orleans. The time of the occurrence is after the removal of General Butler, and the picture is very good so far as it goes:

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* "Miss Ravenel's Conversion from Secession to Loyalty. By J. W. De Forest." New York: Harper & Brothers. 1867.

"'Is the major-general pleasant?' asked Lillie with an inconsequence which was somewhat characteristic of her. She was more interested in learning how a great dignitary looked and behaved than in hearing what were his opinions on the subject of freemen's labor.

"'I do n't know that a major-general is obliged to be pleasant, at least not in war time,' answered the doctor, a little annoyed at the interruption to the train of his ideas. 'Yes, he is pleasant enough; in fact something too much of deportment. He put me in mind of one of my adventures among the Georgia Crackers. I had to put up for the night in one of those miserable up-country log shanties where you can study astronomy all night through the chinks in the roof, and where the man and wife sleep one side of you and the children and dogs on the other. The family, it seems, had had a quarrel with a neighboring family of superior pretensions, which had not yet culminated in gouging or shooting. The eldest daughter, a ragged girl of seventeen, described to me with great gusto an encounter which had taken place between her mother and the female chieftain of the hostile tribe. Said she, 'Miss Jones, she tried to come the dignerfied over mar. But thar she found her beater. My mar is hell on dignerty.'—Well, the major-general runs rather too luxuriantly to dignity. But his ideas on the subject of reorganizing labor are excellent, and have my earnest respect and approbation. I believe that under his administration the negroes will be allowed and encouraged to take their first certain step toward civilization. They are to receive some remuneration—not for the bygone centuries of forced labor and oppression—but for what they will do hereafter.'"

We get also some satire upon the custom which prevailed among our Northern governors of dispensing military patronage not with an eye single to the advantages of military service, but with a side glance, necessary we suppose, to the exigencies of politics. And finally, to put the best last, there is some excellent description of campaigning in the terrible swamps and forests of Louisiana and in the trenches at Port Hudson. We would gladly quote in proof of the justice of this praise the account of the first assault on Port Hudson and the repulse, and the stirring battle-piece where we witness the brave death of Carter. It is as a picture of the military service in the Department of the Gulf, "a novel of the war," that we think best of the book. So considered, it deserves more praise, we think, than any of its numerous rivals for popular favor, and is so well worth reading that, though we are constrained to pronounce the work a poor novel, we are quite willing to say that it is a poor novel with a deal of good in it.

This first edition contains a great many typographical errors, some of them so gross as only to be accounted for by supposing gross carelessness in the proof-reader.

MR. LONGFELLOW'S TRANSLATION OF THE DIVINE COMEDY.

IN our first article on this translation we half promised ourselves the pleasure of comparing the different versions of certain passages with that of Mr. Longfellow; but we intended this to be rather in witness of the fidelity than of the beauty of Mr. Longfellow's work. The sense of this beauty must be left to the English reader; if he does not find the work pleasing in itself as an English poem, he cannot be expected to like it, and he could not be blamed if he preferred the fidelity of an interlinear, literal prose translation before all that Mr. Longfellow has achieved. The difficult problem which our translator proposed himself remains unsolved if, with his perfect loyalty to his original, he has not united poetic perceptions and sympathies far transcending the scholar's faculty. We believe he has done this, and we accept the result of his labors as a solution of the problem. We think his translation incomparably the best that has been made. Whether it is the best that can be made, remains for proof. Man is so constituted that probably every one of Mr. Longfellow's Italian-reading critics will feel that he could better it if he would, and will probably reserve his effort for that moment of leisure when mortals purpose to amend themselves.

There is abroad, together with the schoolmaster who half educates the popular mind, a shrewd doubt whether a poet of Mr. Longfellow's supposed essential gentleness and sweetness could possibly translate a poet of Dante's supposed essential ruggedness and fierceness. Somehow, people have been taught to look upon Dante as a monster of extraordinary force and activity, who is for ever doing prodigies of vigor; like a statue of the worst Renaissance period all tense with muscular action, whatever mood it represents. We need not pause to combat this notion, or the doubt born of it, further than to explain that in passages of peculiar force Mr. Longfellow's task must have been simplified, for he had there merely to give the exact equivalent of the Italian in a language of superior directness and compactness. It is probable that the translator's patient and exquisite art was as severely tasked to render lines of narrative, of description, and of argument as the fiercest outburst of his author's wrath or scorn. There is also quite as much of scholarly skill and poetic sympathy demanded by the softer and more lyrical moods of Dante as by his dramatic strokes. In the nineteenth canto of the "Purgatorio" is that song of the siren to translate which, as Mr. Longfellow has translated it, must be, as we think, a costlier triumph than any six of the "strongest" lines in the "Inferno:"

> "'Io son,' cantava, 'Io son dolce Sirena,
> 'I am,' she sang, 'I am the siren sweet,
> Che i marinari in mezzo il mar dismago,
> Who mariners amid the main unman,
> Tanto son di piacere a sentir piena.
> So full am I of pleasantness to hear.
> Io trassi Ulisse del suo cammin vago
> I drew Ulysses from his wandering way
> Al canto mio; e qual meco s' ausa
> Unto my song, and he who dwells with me,
> Rado sen parte, sì tutto l'appago.
> Seldom departs, so wholly I content him.'"

A siren's song, indeed, and a perfect echo of the meaning and the music of the Italian! Is it not amusing after this to read it in Cary's translation?

> "'I,' thus she sang,
> 'I am the Siren, she whom mariners
> On the wide sea are wildered when they hear:
> Such fulness of delight the listener feels.
> I from his course Ulysses by my lay
> Enchanted drew. Whoe'er frequents me once
> Parts seldom; so I charm him, and his heart
> Contented knows no void.'"

How Mr. Longfellow meets the complex difficulties of his work will be seen, we think, in an extract from the episode of Ugolino, where there is a fusion of the qualities of picturesqueness and drama which form so great a part of Dante's genius. The reader recalls how Ugolino, relating to the poet his imprisonment in the Tower of Famine, breaks forth:

> "Cruel, indeed, art thou, if yet thou grieve not,
> Thinking of what my heart foreboded me,
> And weep'st thou not, what art thou wont to weep at?
> They were awake now, and the hour drew nigh
> At which our food used to be brought to us,
> And through his dream was each one apprehensive;
> And I heard locking up the under door
> Of the horrible tower; whereat, without a word,
> I gazed into the faces of my sons.
> I wept not, I within so turned to stone;
> They wept; and darling little Anselm mine
> Said, 'Thou dost gaze so, father, what doth ail thee?'
> Still not a tear I shed, nor answer made
> All of that day, nor yet the night thereafter,
> Until another sun rose on the world.
> As now a little glimmer made its way
> Into the dolorous prison, and I saw
> Upon four faces my own very aspect,
> Both of my hands in agony I bit;
> And, thinking that I did it from desire
> Of eating, on a sudden they uprose,
> And said they: 'Father, much less pain 't will give us
> If thou do eat of us; thyself didst clothe us
> With this poor flesh, and do thou strip it off.'
> I calmed me then, not to make them more sad;
> That day we all were silent, and the next.
> Ah! obdurate earth, wherefore didst thou not open?
> When we had come unto the fourth day, Gaddo
> Threw himself down outstretched before my feet,
> Saying, 'My father, why dost thou not help me?'
> And there he died; and, as thou seest me,
> I saw the three fall one by one, between
> The fifth day and the sixth; whence I betook me,
> Already blind, to groping over each,
> And three days called them after they were dead;
> Then hunger did what sorrow could not do."

Turning from this to the different English versions of the same lines, it is hard to see where any in any part equals it, while in their entirety it is quite idle to compare them. The last terzines:

> "Quivi morì, e come tu mi vedi
> Vid' io cascar li tre ad uno ad uno
> Tra 'l quinto dì e 'l sesto; ond' io mi diedi
> Già cieco a brancolar sovra ciascuno,
> E tre dì gli chiamai, poich' e' fur morti:
> Poscia più che'l dolor potè il digiuno,"

are thus translated by Cary:

> "There he died; and e'en
> Plainly as thou seest me saw I the three
> Fall one by one 'twixt the fifth day and the sixth:
> Whence I betook me, now grown blind, to grope
> Over them all, and for three days aloud
> Called on them who were dead. Then fasting got
> The mastery of grief."

Mr. Ford, who has rendered this episode well and with a due sense of its beauties, must say for his rhyme's sake,

> "I did not weep, turned marble in my woe;"

> "Frantic with grief I bit my hands, and they
> Deeming that hunger made me furious grow;"

> "Then hunger, more than sorrow, finished all;"

missing in each line, and throughout the whole, some delicate meaning and subtle grace which Mr. Longfellow gives us.

> "Three days upon the dead my cries resound,
> Then grief no longer could with hunger cope,"

sings Mr. Brooksbank, who seems to have here an eye rather to the title of Dante's whole work than his local meaning.

Mr. Cayley is brought by his *terza rima*, if nothing worse, to the horrible pass below:

"Then did I both my hands for fury gnaw.
But they perceiving me, rose up amain,
Believing I had done so for my maw."

The version of this episode by Mrs. Ramsay is one of the most pleasing of the rhymed translations, and is rather faithful, but the strong figure,

"Tu ne vestisti
"Queste misere carni e tu ne spoglia,"

is paraphrased,

"From thee we had
These wretched bodies; take them back again;"

and throughout the version there is sacrifice of light and delicate meanings in which there is much Dante lost.

Mr. Wright's translation is bad, almost of course—so bad that we must give the whole of it if we would give a full sense of its absurdity. Happily this is not necessary.

"Thou gav'st us birth,"

say the children, in language suited to their delirious state, and otherwise his translation is weakened, inflated, and distorted.

Not one of these translators, however free with the original, has won a grace beyond the reach of Mr. Longfellow's fidelity; but all fall as far below him in beauty of diction and poetic dignity as they do in loyalty to Dante. On comparing the version of our translator with that of Mr. Rossetti, who has proceeded upon the same principle of perfect literality and line-for-line rendering, it is very remarkable that in the whole thirty-six verses cited only one verse should be found the same in both versions. Mr. Longfellow is uniformly more faithful than Mr. Rossetti, and that he is more artistic and spirited, we suppose no one will deny who looks at the work of both. We do not quote Mr. Rossetti's version of this passage; but we can equally well exhibit the difference between his performance and that of Mr. Longfellow in the episode of Francesca:

LONGFELLOW.

"'Sitteth the city, wherein I was born,
Upon the sea-shore where the Po descends
To rest in peace with all his retinue.
Love, that on gentle heart doth swiftly seize,
Seized this man for the person beautiful
That was ta'en from me, and still the mode offends me.
Love, that exempts no one beloved from loving,
Seized me with pleasure of this man so strongly
That, as thou seest, it doth not yet desert me;
Love has conducted us unto one death;
Caïna waiteth him who quenched our life!'
These words were borne along from them to us.
As soon as I had heard those souls tormented,
I bowed my face, and so long held it down
Until the Poet said to me, 'What thinkest?'
When I made answer, I began: 'Alas!
How many pleasant thoughts, how much desire,
Conducted these unto the dolorous pass!'
Then unto them I turned me, and I spake,
And I began: 'Thine agonies, Francesca,
Sad and compassionate to weeping make me.
But tell me, at the time of those sweet sighs,
By what and in what manner Love conceded,
That you should know your dubious desires?'
And she to me, 'There is no greater sorrow
Than to be mindful of the happy time
In misery, and that thy Teacher knows.
But, if to recognize the earliest root
Of love in us thou hast so great desire,
I will do even as he who weeps and speaks.
One day we reading were for our delight
Of Launcelot, how Love did him enthrall.
Alone we were and without any fear.
Full many a time our eyes together drew
That reading, and drove the color from our faces;
But one point only was it that o'ercame us.
When, as we read of the much-longed for smile
Being by such a noble lover kissed,
This one, who ne'er from me shall be divided,
Kissed me upon the mouth, all palpitating.
Galeotto was the book and he who wrote it.
That day no farther did we read therein.'
And all the while one spirit uttered this,
The other one did weep so that, for pity,
I swooned away as if I had been dying,
And fell, even as a dead body falls."

ROSSETTI.

"'The territory I was born in sits
Upon the shore whereat the Po descends,
To be at peace, he and his followers.
Love, which takes quickly to the gentle heart,
Took *him* for the fair person which was reft
From me, and still the mode offendeth me.
Love, which excuses no beloved from love,
Took me so strongly of the cheer of him
That, as thou seest, yet it leaves me not.
Love brought us unto one the self-same death:
Him who in life destroyed us Caïna waits.'

These words were proffered unto us by them.

When I had hearkened those offended souls,
I bent my face, and held it down so long
As till the Poet said to me, 'What think'st?'

'Alas!' when I responded, I began,
'How many tender thoughts, how much desire,
Brought these along unto the woful pass!'
Then I turned round to them, and spoke myself,
And I began: 'Francesca, these thy pains
Make me to weep, mournful and pitying.
But tell me,—at the time of the sweet sighs,
Whereat and in what way did love concede
That you your dubious longings recognized?'

And she to me: 'There is no greater grief
Than to remember one of happy time
In misery: and this thy tutor knows.
But, if thou hast desire so powerful
To be acquainted of our love's first root,
Like him will I do who doth weep and speak.
Reading we were one day, for our delight,
Of Lancelot, how love constrained him:
We were alone, with no suspiciousness.
More than one time that reading struck our eyes
Together, and discolored us in face:
But it was only one point conquered us.
When as we read about the longed-for smile,
How by so great a lover it was kissed,
This one who from me ne'er shall be disjoined,
Trembling all over kissed me on the mouth.
A Galahalt was the book, and he that writ:
Further that day we read in it no more.'

Meantime, as the one soul was saying this,
The other wept so that, for pitying,
I failed at heart, as though I should have died;
And down I fell as a dead body falls."

The sincerity of Mr. Rossetti's wish to accurately reproduce Dante is not less questionable than his failure to do so, and it appears to us that his version wants metrical grace in the same degree that it wants literality. After allowing him all the praise that can justly be given him, the need of such a version as Mr. Longfellow's, which preserves in a strong and perfectly coherent poetic feeling all Dante's meaning, is undeniable. Mr. Rossetti sometimes mistranslates, but his chief disqualification is that he is no poet—has not even a good ear for rhythm.

At first glance the reader feels a certain dissatisfaction with Mr. Longfellow's translation of the inscription on the gate of hell; and after many readings we confess that we cannot escape the unpleasant impression of the phrase "city dolent," though we perceive the advantage of preserving the musical change from dolent to dole and dolorous in succeeding lines. Let the reader, however, take these lines and compare them with the original, and then with the wild and sometimes ludicrous versions of others, and he will discern their exceeding skilfulness and their unquestionable superiority:

LONGFELLOW.

"Through me the way is to the city dolent;
Through me the way is to eternal dole;
Through me the way among the people lost.
Justice incited my sublime Creator,
Created me divine Omnipotence,
The highest Wisdom and the primal Love.
Before me there were no created things,
Only eterne, and I eternal last.
All hope abandon, ye who enter in."

ROSSETTI.

"Through me you pass into the grieving realm;
Through me you pass into the eternal grief;
Through me you pass among the kin that 's lost.
Justice impelled my Maker, the All-High;
The Puissance Divine created me,
The supreme Wisdom and the primal Love.
Before myself created things were not,
Unless eternal—I eternal last.
Leave off all hope, all ye who enter in."

FORD.

"By me is reached the city doomed to grieve;
By me the grief that must eternal prove;
By me the people lost beyond reprieve.
Justice my mighty Maker first did move;
Omnipotence Divine my structure rear,
The supreme Wisdom and the primal Love.
Save things eternal none created were
Prior to me: eternal I remain:
Despair for ever, ye who enter here."

WRIGHT.

"Through me ye enter the abode of woe;
Through me to endless sorrow are ye brought:
Through me amidst the souls accurst ye go.
Justice did first my mighty Maker move;
By power Almighty was my fabric wrought,
By highest Wisdom and by primal Love.
Ere I was formed no things created were
Save those eternal—I eternal last:
All hope abandon, ye who enter here."

CAYLEY

"Through me ye pass into the city of woe;
Through me ye pass eternal woes to prove;
Through me among the blasted race ye go.
'Twas Justice did my most high Maker move,
And I have been the work of power Divine,
Of supreme Wisdom and of primal Love.
No creature has an elder date than mine
Unless eternal, and I have no end.
O ye that enter me, all hope resign."

It is not worth while to give the versions of Mrs. Ramsay, of Thomas, and of Brooksbank, or to comment upon the quality of the different versions above, further than to note the exceeding badness of Mr. Rossetti's, which is no more literal than some of the rhymed versions, and yet has all the awkwardness of mere literality.

We are sensible of the injustice of criticism which compares part with part, for it necessarily fails of conveying an idea of the whole in either case; but it is the only means of comparative criticism possible in the limited space of a newspaper, and Mr. Longfellow suffers equally with the rest. We must do a kindred injustice to our translator when we attempt to represent, by means of extracts, the absolute value of his work. The best to be said of it is that it is certainly Dante. After that, every one must acknowledge that it has a delightful music, and a fresh original quality in the English so resolutely faithful to the Italian. There is remarkably little inversion, and not one inversion that need obscure the sense for a moment, though the sense is often hard in itself, or at other times is so simple that the reader's own unwillingness to accept the plainest purport of the words as Dante's meaning makes difficulty for which he is tempted to blame the translator. There is in Mr. Longfellow's work an occasional excess of literality, as in the line,

"If were the King of the Universe our friend,"

and the diction is now and then disagreeably characterized by the use of words like *antelucan* and *serotine*, which translate Dante into the English dictionary rather than the English language. But these are blemishes extremely rare in a performance that wins greater liking and honor the more closely it is studied and examined. To whatever part of the poem we turn, it seems to us that the translator has been equal to his most difficult task, and we should hardly know which part of his version to praise most. We have already let it praise itself, so far as quotation can go, in the passages quoted from the "Inferno;" but we think neither of these is finer than the description of the Wood of Thorns, or the story of Ulysses, or the scenes of grotesque horror about the lake of pitch, or the canto telling of Cavalcanti and Farinata.

The present version of the "Purgatorio" is exquisitely responsive to the spirit of the original; less sombre than that of the "Inferno," but not less beautifully solemn and grand. The sublime picturesqueness of the poem is felt as in the Italian itself, and we perceive how, in such a passage as this describing the approach of the celestial pilot, the translator has shared the exaltation of his original:

"And lo! as when, upon the approach of morning,
Through the gross vapors Mars grows fiery red
Down in the West upon the ocean floor,
Appeared to me—may I again behold it!—
A light along the sea so swiftly coming,
Its motion by no flight of wing is equalled;
From which, when I a little had withdrawn
Mine eyes, that I might question my Conductor,
Again I saw it brighter grown and larger.
Then on each side of it appeared to me
I knew not what of white, and underneath it
Little by little there came forth another.
My master yet had uttered not a word
While the first whiteness into wings unfolded;
But when he clearly recognized the pilot,
He cried, 'Make haste, make haste to bow the knee!
Behold the Angel of God! fold thou thy hands!
Henceforward shalt thou see such officers!
See how he scorneth human arguments,
So that nor oar he wants, nor other sail
Than his own wings between so distant shores.
See how he holds them pointed up to heaven,
Fanning the air with the eternal pinions
That do not moult themselves like mortal hair!'
Then as still nearer and more near us came
The Bird Divine, more radiant he appeared,
So that near by the eye could not endure him,
But down I cast it: and he came to shore
With a small vessel, very swift and light,
So that the water swallowed naught thereof.
Upon the stern stood the Celestial Pilot;
Beatitude seemed written in his face,
And more than a hundred spirits sat within."

Then, how charmingly all the quaintness and tenderness of that description of Dante's meeting with the Countess Matilda beside Lethe is given us, so that the scene affects us like some lovely painting painted when art was a soul and not a mere intelligence:

"And lo! my further course a stream cut off,
Which, tow'rd the left hand with its little waves
Bent down the grass that on its margin sprang.
All waters that on earth most limpid are
Would seem to have within themselves some mixture
Compared with that which nothing doth conceal,
Although it moves on with a brown, brown current
Under the shade perpetual, that never
Ray of the sun lets in, nor of the moon.
With feet I stayed, and with mine eyes I passed
Beyond the rivulet, to look upon
The great variety of the fresh May.
And there appeared to me (even as appears
Suddenly something that doth turn aside
Through very wonder every other thought)
A lady all alone, who went along
Singing and culling floweret after floweret,
With which her pathway was all painted over.
'Ah, beauteous lady, who in rays of love
Dost warm thyself, if I may trust to looks,
Which the heart's witnesses are wont to be,
May the desire come unto thee to draw
Near to this river's bank,' I said to her,
'So much that I may hear what thou art singing,
Thou makest me remember where and what
Proserpina that moment was when lost
Her mother her, and she herself the Spring.'
As turns herself with feet together pressed
And to the ground, a lady who is dancing,
And hardly puts one foot before the other,
On the vermilion and the yellow flowerets
She turned towards me, not in other wise
Than maiden who her modest eyes casts down;
And my entreaties made to be content,
So near approaching, that the dulcet sound
Came unto me together with its meaning.
As soon as she was where the grasses are
Bathed by the waters of the beauteous river
To lift her eyes she granted me the boon.
I do not think there shone so great a light
Under the lids of Venus, when transfixed
By her own son beyond his usual custom!
Erect upon the other bank she smiled,
Bearing full many colors in her hands."

The beautiful mysticism of the ensuing canto, delighting with every sweet sight and sound, is a pleasure which we leave untouched to the reader's enjoyment, as we must leave a thousand other pleasures in the poem. Here at last that much suffering reader will find Dante's greatness manifest, and not his greatness only, but his grace, his simplicity, and his affection. Here he will find strength matched with wonderful sweetness, and dignity with quaintness—Dante of the thirteenth century and Dante of eternity. There has been no attempt to add to or take from this lofty presence. Opening the book we stand face to face with the poet, and when his voice ceases we may well marvel if he has not sung to us in his own Tuscan. "I suppose," said Blake, when questioned of the language used by the spirit of a great poet in converse with him, "I suppose that he spoke in his native tongue, but it sounded to me like the most noble English."

NEW BIBLICAL DICTIONARIES.[*]

THE first work named below is to be comprised in six volumes. It will undoubtedly be the most complete and popular depository of the knowledge which it aims to reduce under one alphabet. Its wide range can, without quoting from its prospectus, be best indicated, perhaps, by a selection from the vocabulary of the volume before us. We meet, then, *Abbé*, *Abelard*, *Abraham's bosom*, *Abraham a Sancta Clara*, *Absalom's tomb*, *abyss*, *afternoon*, *Alexandrian Library*, *Apollo*, *appearances of Christ*, *Areopagus*, *ass of Balaam*, *Augustine* (*St*), *auricular confession*, *auto da fé*; *Bacon* (*Francis*), *Bartholomew's Day*, *Baxter* (*Richard*), *Beautiful Gate*, *behemoth*, *Belgium*, *Benedict IX.*, *benefit of clergy*, *Bentham* (*Jeremy*), *Bible Societies of Great Britain*, *bloody sweat*, *bondage in Egypt*, *bowing at the name of Jesus*, *bowing towards the East*, *Brazil*, *Buddhism*, *Bull* (*papal*), *bulrush*, *Byles* (*Mather*), *by-word*, *Bzowski*. The catholicity of the work appears also in its mention of Joseph S. Buckminster along with that of Lyman Beecher, and in giving a separate title to the *African* M. E. Church.

It is an ungrateful as it is (and partly because it is) a comparatively easy task to point out errors in so laborious a compilation; while at the same time it is quite impossible to criticise profoundly what, as the preface states, is contained in no single dictionary in the English or in any other language. Let us begin, therefore, by praising the design of the book, and the industry of its editors in collating, rewriting, and composing the various articles. More than half those in the Biblical department "are wholly original, and nearly all contain important new matter." "The articles on the several Christian denominations have either been prepared by ministers belonging to them, or have been submitted to such ministers for examination and correction." To this add the very important service of sifting for the student's reference the bibliography of each topic—a tedious and delicate undertaking, for which, however, the fairness and erudition of the editors are a sufficient guaranty. As far as practicable, the sources from which the dictionary is chiefly derived are acknowledged with due credit. In the list occurs Herzog's *Real-Encyklopädie*, German edition, a very full authority in matters of theology. The preface, however, alludes to the Rev. Dr. Bomberger's translation, which was begun in 1856, but suspended during the war, and which the editors hope may be resumed and completed. They do not mention its remarkable lack of typographical and scholarly accuracy, but we may assert of it that, in some of its parts, scarcely one Hebrew word in ten is correctly printed, and we are almost tempted to think that Drs. McClintock and Strong have borrowed from this quarter some of the errors in the same language which mar their work. We know the difficulty of being accurate even with the modern languages, but Hebrew surely is nothing if not faultless.

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[*] "Cyclopædia of Biblical, Theological, and Ecclesiastical Literature. Prepared by the Rev. John M'Clintock, D.D., and James Strong, S.T.D." Vol. I.—A, B. New York: Harper & Bros.

"American Edition of Dr. William Smith's Dictionary of the Bible. Revised and Edited by Prof. H. B. Hackett, D.D., with the co-operation of Mr. Ezra Abbot, A.M., Assistant Librarian of Harvard University." Parts I., II. New York: Hurd & Houghton. Sold only by subscription.

Take the first page, fifth title, for example. In *Aaron*, the first two Hebrew vowels are transposed, the shorter coming before the longer. On the second page, title "Aaron, Acharon," in the word *torah*, law, the long *a* is wanting. Under the following title, *tephiloth*, prayers, is made to end in *ch* instead of *th*. Page 27, title "Abrabanel," the words translated by *Early Prophets* are printed in the English order, instead of the usual inversion of the substantive and adjective in Hebrew; and, finally, the last Hebrew word under the same title has two errors in it. All these, it may be confessed, are slight, especially to one conversant with the language. But what, to return to the title already quoted on page 2, shall be said of "Aaron, Acharon?" Will it not be supposed that the second name is a synonym for the same person, as Shakspere for Shakespeare, or else an additional name? The comma and the following capital letter would certainly justify this inference. But *acharon* is simply Hebrew for *ultimus*, the last; just as we write "Pliny *the younger*," and the French "Dumas *fils*." The same remark applies to the following title, but with double force, because here we have "Aaron, Ariscon, *or* Harishon"—apparently three synonyms. *Harishon* stands for *priscus*, the ancient or first. *Ariscon* is probably a Gallicized form of the German rendering of *harishon*, viz., *harischon*. Both or neither should have been given. If either, we ought also to have under "Marcus Aurelius" the French form of "Marc-Aurèle." In this case the error seems to be one of simple transfer, but is the less excusable because it is superficial, and would naturally have attracted attention in the proof-reading.

The Greek, so far as we have examined, is very correct; the German not always. French accents are so commonly neglected by writers and printers that we should be hypercritical to note their occasional omission here.

Uniformity was not to be expected, perhaps never is, in a work absorbing or employing without concert the knowledge of great numbers of writers, destitute of even the bond of the same race or language. We have already afforded a glimpse of this. Confirmation is so easy that we shall not dwell upon it. "Bohemia" has annexed to it several mediæval and Old German synonyms; "Austria" has none. But the national name for Bohemia (Czechia) is not enumerated. The Magyar form of "Attila" is said to be Atzel; it should be Etele, a very slight change from the original.

As for the "Church and national statistics" which are contained in this volume, the value of them is exceedingly questionable on general principles; and when one attempts to give the number of sectarians not only in thousands but in hundreds and tens and even units, he is certainly figuring beyond his or anybody's knowledge. In the table to accompany the article on Austria, we find that there is *one* Greek in Austria above the Enns, *one* Unitarian, and *one* religionist who cannot be classified! It is a pity the name of each has not been preserved. But there are other remarkable numerical coincidences in these same columns. In Venetia, the Greeks and the Protestants of the Augsburg Confession are alike reckoned at 81; and there is throughout Austria a wonderful parallel between the Unitarians and the unclassified sects. In Croatia and Slavonia, Transylvania, and the Military Frontier, they each number 31, 48,040, and 4, respectively! We hope we shall not be deemed irreverent for saying that this reminds us of one of Mr. Lincoln's stories—about the drunken fellow in court who heard the clerk read the indictment, "did steal, take, and carry away, ten boars, ten sows, ten shoats, and ten pigs," and exclaimed: "Well, that is the most equally divided gang of hogs I ever did hear tell of."

We come now to criticise the illustrations. Of those purely pictorial or topographical there can be little complaint. They are generally, not always (see the "wild boar," p. 839), an aid to the text, and the only question is whether they are worth the space they occupy. Of the maps, there can in our opinion be no question. They could not, unless they were sewed in by themselves, be of any practical value, but to let them displace reading matter is to make light of the embarrassment of choice which the editors must surely have felt in their compiling. Here, for instance, are maps of North and South America and Asia, occupying more than two and a half pages, and as worthless and unnecessary as maps could well be. On p. 551 a map of Austria is "thrown in." It embraces Northern Italy as far as the Ticino, regardless of the great cessions of 1859 and 1866, and is crowded most illegibly with names of all degrees of importance. The misspelling is dreadful; there are other cases as bad as *Rzochow* for *Rzeszow*. Once in a while the word "modern" is prefixed to the country thus misrepresented, but the intelligent reader will not be deceived. In justice to the publishers it must be surmised that the maps were not made for this work. In the succeeding volumes we advise the editors to waste no more of their precious space in a vain attempt to supersede the atlas. They include enough already to supplant many dozens of works which the average student can never hope to own or even examine, but which he could never reconcile himself to doing without. Spite of errors evitable and inevitable, this cyclopædia is undoubtedly the most useful yet constructed either here or in Europe. It is both creditable in its design and execution and timely in its appearance, and may be recommended, if not without reserve at least without hesitation, as having no rival.

The American edition of Dr. Smith's Bible Dictionary appears in monthly parts, which are expected to number thirty in all. As the original work is perfectly well known, we need not speak of its merits; in comparison with the cyclopædia just noticed, it is of course narrower in scope, and in fact is not bodily but essentially, in all its principal titles, a constituent part of it. The American editors have not sought to change its proper character, but only to improve and supplement it. Thus, they embody the appendix with the text, verify anew the Scripture references, multiply the cross-references, explain, as far as possible, the signification of Hebrew and Greek names, and readjust their accentuation, carry out more thoroughly the plan of the original to present "the corresponding forms in the Hebrew, Greek, and Vulgate, together with the variations in the two great manuscripts of the Septuagint," add fresh illustrations from recent books of travel, explain now obsolete words or phrases in the English Bible, insert new topics, and, finally, do fuller justice to the names and works of American scholars. These must all be admitted to be important improvements.

Of Part II., before us, we can say that the American notes are numerous, copious, very erudite, and entirely worthy of the original work—which all scholars know is saying a great deal. Also numerous and valuable, though less so than the notes, are the inserted articles, of which *Armory*, *Aser*, *Ashtaroth*, *Baali*, etc., are samples. The print and illustrations are fine indeed, the former uncommonly correct, especially for a reprint, and admirably so in foreign words, of whatever language. As the proof-reading was Mr. Abbot's particular charge, it is right that he should be named in this connection and high praise awarded him. Not that there are no errors; but to show how few, we annex the only ones we have detected after closely examining every Hebrew word in these 112 pages. There are others which are but seeming errors, and are attributable to the paleness of the ink. Only one occurs in the American addenda, viz., to the title "Aphrah," in which *aphar* is rendered "ashes" instead of "dust." "Ashes" is *epher* (with *aleph*); cf. *aphar vaepher*, dust and ashes. In the reprinted text, title "Ark of the Covenant," *mitzad aron* is not exactly quoted. "In the side of the ark" would be *mitzad haaron*. And again, *eben shethiyah*, "stone of drinking," is hardly correct; probably related to *shath* (pl. *shathoth*), pillar, corner-stone. Title "Arms:" Sion is not "a corruption of *shirjon*," as is suggested, but of *sirjon* (Jer. xlvi. 4 and li. 3—an omitted form). Title "Asaph:" *chezeh*, seer, should read *chozeh*. Title "Ashes:" there is a slight misprint, which we need not specify, in *tapuah*. Title "Asmodeus:" *deshire* should be printed *deshide*. Title "Avim:" for *chavvi*, Hivite, read *chivvi*. Title "Baal:" for *chamon* read *hamon*.

Critical and Social Essays. Reprinted from THE NATION. 12mo. (New York: Leypoldt & Holt.)—Of the merits of this book it does not become us to speak; typographically it is everything that could be desired. It will in some small measure replace, for recent subscribers to THE NATION, the back volumes of the paper. The following is the table of contents:—1. The Glut in the Fiction-Market; 2. Critics and Criticism; 3. Clergymen's Salaries; 4. Popularizing Science; 5. The Good Old Times; 6. Why We have No Saturday Reviews; 7. Tinkering Hymns; 8. American Ministers Abroad; 9. Horse-Racing; 10. Some of our Social Philosophers; 11. Waste; 12. Dress and its Critics; 13. The Social Influence of the National Debt; 14. Hints for Fourth of July Orations; 15. American Reputations in England; 16. The European and American Order of Thought; 17. Roads; 18. Pews; 19. A Connecticut Village; 20. Voyages and Travels; 21. Verse-Making; 22. Something about Monuments; 23. Our Love of Luxury; 24. A Plea for Culture; 25. Curiosities of Longevity.

Dime Chess Instructor. Miron J. Hazeltine. (New York: Beadle & Co.)—This thin little paper-covered volume is sufficiently illustrated with diagrams, and is written with a clearness that a good many more pretentious works do not display. We cheerfully recommend it to beginners in what Mr. Hazeltine may be allowed to call "the most elegant and elevating and intellectual pastime ever invented by man to delight his fellows;" for Mr. Hazeltine is, as he might say himself, "a worshipping priest at the shrine of the Goddess Caissa;" in other words, chess editor of the New York *Clipper*, and enthusiasm becomes him. He has plenty of knowledge also, as well as zeal, and has put enough of it into these eighty pages to make any faithful student of them a very fair player.

Half-tints. (New York: D. Appleton & Co.)—This is a group of short papers on various topics of society, some light (very) and some serious. The hotel, its luxuries and its extortions; fashion, its selfishness, its conjugal falsity, and its poodles; the stock and the gold exchange, their vicissitudes and frauds; the doctors and their solemn professional hypocrisies and schemes; the clergyman with his tenderness for the taste and conscience of Dives and fondness for the millinery of pulpit and parlor—these are among the themes. The author's style is generally crisp, abounding in figures, and in exaggerations not a few; occasional freshness amid much commonplace; and in spite of much affectation in expression, frequent misuse of words.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION *should be addressed to the Editor.*

ANOTHER MUDDLE IN THE RECONSTRUCTION PROCESS.

SOME of the generals commanding at the South being in doubt either as to the extent of their powers under the Reconstruction act or as to the mode in which they should exercise them, have solicited advice from Washington, and the President—we may be sure nothing loath—has called on Mr. Stanbery, the Attorney-General, to furnish an "opinion" on the subject. The opinion was laid before the public in the morning papers on Monday last. A few people, probably, will read it; but for the benefit of those who will not read it, its tenor and effect may be described sufficiently by saying that it denies to all military commanders at the South the right to do anything beyond "protecting persons in their rights of person and property, suppressing insurrection, disorder, and violence, and punishing or causing to be punished all disturbers of the public peace or criminals." Consequently, according to Mr. Stanbery, no commanding officer has any right to remove any judge or mayor or governor, or interfere with the process of any civil or criminal court, or with the operation of any laws actually on the statute-book, or with the obligation of any existing and lawful contract, or, in fact, to meddle in any way with the working of the State governments at the South any more than at the North, except in so far as may be plainly necessary to repress violence or insurrection or disorder. All these things, however, Generals Sickles, Pope, and Sheridan have done; and should the President act on Mr. Stanbery's opinion, Mayor Monroe, Judge Abell, and Governor Wells would be put back in their places; the military commanders would thus be humiliated, besides being shorn of nearly all their authority, in the eyes of the Southern population; every obnoxious act of theirs, however just or necessary, would be met by an appeal to the President, and the appeal would be supported by clouds of political intriguers, and by the time a decision was reached it would have lost all its value. In fact, during this most important period, when the new State organization is preparing and the negro population being called into political life, the States lately in revolt would, as long as acts of physical violence or outrage did not occur in such numbers as to furnish fair ground for military interference, remain as completely in the hands of the old government as if the Reconstruction act had never been passed.

Now, everybody knows that, whatever the act may say, this is not what Congress intended, and nobody was better satisfied of it than Mr. Johnson himself. In his message vetoing the bill he claimed for the military commanders all the powers under it which they have been lately exercising and which Mr. Stanbery now denies them—a circumstance which has set many people asking who wrote the message, or at all events who supplied the law for it. When it appeared, the popular impression was that the rough outline, at least, of the scene of horrors which Mr. Johnson predicted in it as likely to be witnessed under the operation of the new law was supplied by Mr. Stanbery, the same gentleman who now shows that it is one of the most harmless acts that Congress has ever passed. *Then*, it was neither more nor less than the establishment at the South of military despotism pure and simple, without a single mitigating feature. *Now*, it appears it is simply an authorization to military men to act as police in aid of the local authorities, and to try men for criminal offences in the absurdly improbable contingency that the local courts should refuse to exercise or make any show of exercising their authority. Certainly, if Mr. Stanbery's present construction of the law be correct, somebody cut a very ridiculous figure last spring when the act was vetoed; but whether it was Mr. Johnson or his advisers, of course we have no means of knowing.

The question now is, What is to be done or will be done? It is but just to Mr. Johnson to say that he did not call for the opinion for his own guidance, and, therefore, its appearance is no indication that he wishes to put any construction on the law different from the one he put on it last spring. But then there is some danger that, now that it has appeared, he may act on it. He is under no obligation to do so. The opinion of the Attorney-General is no more binding on him or on anybody than the opinion of any other lawyer off the bench. It expresses Mr. Stanbery's own views, ably and clearly stated no doubt, and very likely quite correct; but it in no way alters the President's duties or responsibilities. He has already declared, as solemnly as a man can, that he considers the law unconstitutional. We have little doubt that Mr. Stanbery also thinks it unconstitutional—utterly, wildly unconstitutional. Upon that point not a shadow of doubt, we venture to say, has ever crossed the minds of either of them. They have both accepted it not as a measure which Congress had a right to pass, or which it was well for it to pass, but as an evil for which there was no earthly remedy. Mr. Johnson well understood that its faithful execution was not expected or required of him; that it was the intention of Congress that this should be left to generals selected by General Grant; and, in fact, it was well known when the session closed that the President's meddling in any matter not purely one of routine would be the signal for his impeachment. The two houses went home leaving this penalty hanging over his head *in terrorem*. Therefore he is under no moral obligation to interfere with the action of the generals in the South in any way, unless they should commit violations of substantial justice. He does not owe it to his own dignity to do so, nor yet to the interests of society. Nothing, everybody will confess, would be gained by the reversal of the action of Generals Pope and Sheridan except a triumph for one of the local factions, while the passions of the North would be once more roused by it, to subside heaven knows when.

Is he under any legal obligation to interfere, even supposing the Attorney-General's interpretation be the true one, and the President accepts it in its full extent? None whatever. Mr. Stanbery shows by a citation from the judgment of the Supreme Court in dismissing the Mississippi bill that the duty imposed on the President by the Reconstruction act and the supplemental act, as regards the supervision of the military commanders at the South, "is in no just sense ministerial. It is purely executive and political." Now, when the President fails or refuses to perform "an executive or political act" there is only one remedy. Congress can impeach him, but no other power on earth can call him to account. Therefore, if he should put Mr. Stanbery's opinion in his pigeon-hole, and let the military commanders alone, so long as their action really hastens the end which everybody has now in view—the speedy and satisfactory restoration of the Southern States to their old places in the Union—he would have nothing to fear from any quarter. Of the wisdom of silence and self-control there is apparently not much in his composition; but, if there be one particle, he has now such a chance of showing it as has never before offered itself.

We shall probably hear a great deal of the danger to constitutional liberty of allowing even an unconstitutional law to be disregarded by military officers; but the fact is that it is to the use of arguments of this kind by persons of influence and authority that we owe most of the violations of constitutional forms which have taken place during the last six years. What is dangerous and what is not dangerous as a precedent is something on which no two men will agree, and about which nobody's opinion is worth much. What is certain is that the majority of the Northern people is determined to have justice done at the South, and to prevent all secessionists of high degree, and all knaves and charlatans of whatever degree, from in any way guiding or controlling the process of reconstruction; that it does not particularly care whether this be done with or without the forms of law; and that the less this determination is checked or resisted, the sooner will that abnormal state of things which is now exciting alarm pass away and be forgotten. The real enemies of constitutional government are those who, with their "quiddits, their quillets, and their cases," are trying to stay the execution of the national will.

We cannot conclude without calling attention to Mr. Thaddeus Stevens's letter, in which he cries out for an extra session of Congress to mend what he admits to be the defects in the Reconstruction act, exposed by Mr. Stanbery. There is a lesson in what has happened which Mr. Stevens, old and experienced as he is, we think might very well learn, and that is the mischievousness of the habit, in which he more than anybody else indulges, of checking and stifling debate on important measures. If the Reconstruction act had been fully discussed, nobody would have been the worse of it; more time would have been given for consideration, the objections of its enemies would have brought out its defects, and its friends would have had an opportunity of perfecting it before it passed from their hands. But in order that an enormous majority might enjoy the paltry pleasure of crushing a feeble and insignificant opposition, the bill was hurried through, and when passed it was found that it had provided no machinery for its own execution. A supplemental bill was then passed, and now both together, on being taken to pieces by an acute lawyer, are found to confer in terms no more authority on commanding officers in conquered territory than a commanding officer in Massachusetts might very safely and becomingly be permitted to exercise. The "previous question" has here carried its friends almost to the last ditch of absurdity and confusion.

WENDELL PHILLIPS AMONG THE PRECEDENTS.

THERE are few men in the country better qualified by nature to make valuable contributions to the political thought of the day than Wendell Phillips, but he has ever since he became a party politician chosen for some inscrutable reason merely to follow the march of the Republican party from a great height in the air, as a kind of vulture to scare the more mindless, cowardly, and laggard Radicals into a show of eagerness and activity. Those of them who do little or no thinking for themselves often get confused and begin to hesitate in their advance, but they no sooner hear his remorseless scream over their heads than they make the most frantic and pitiable efforts to get to the extreme front as the only place in which they are sure of safety from his claws and beak. He enjoys scaring them immensely, and it is amusing to watch him in clear weather making his swoops at them, and them trying to dodge him. But he has devoted himself so long to this kind of sport that he appears to have lost all fitness for anything else. He seems to feel now that his influence is mainly dependent on his keeping on the wing, and he very seldom ventures down to the solid ground of facts and arguments. Up in the sky, with his epigrams and his sarcasms and his epithets and his invectives in his talons, he is a superb and formidable object, but when he touches the earth he is, like all other big birds, so awkward on his feet, and finds it so difficult to rise again, that an active boy with a stick could knock him over.

Last week he came down with a heavy flop in *The Anti-Slavery Standard*, of which paper he is what is called an "editorial contributor;" and where should he light but in a cluster of historical precedents, and here, as might be expected, he is an easy prey to the most unskilful fowler. After laying down the grand rule that the object of punishment should be prevention and not vengeance, he says:

> "Confiscation of estates, especially landed estates, comes clearly within this rule. It has always been the most efficient and the least objectionable method of introducing any great social change. The Norman conquest of England was secured and made complete by a large measure of confiscation. The French Revolution achieved almost all that was really valuable in its results by breaking up and distributing the great landed estates. This killed aristocracy in France. In our own Revolution, Toryism was rooted up by confiscating the estates of the old Colonial Refugees. Land is the usual basis of government; the class that holds it must, in the long run, give tone and character to the Administration."

About the propriety of imitating in the United States in the nineteenth century the policy of the Norman filibusters in England in the tenth century there is little for a sensible man to say. But we must call Mr. Phillips's attention to Julius Cæsar's manner of subduing Gaul, and the Peloponnesian ravages in Attica in the first three years of the war, as also not unworthy the attention of gentlemen engaged in the work of "introducing any great social change." Classical precedents, we can assure him, will make twice as much impression on Congress as mediæval ones; but in any case we protest against any citation of the Norman method of dealing with England, unless accompanied with an account of the English method of "introducing great social changes" into Ireland. That Mr. Phillips should not have mentioned the case of Ireland, which is the most brilliant and crucial example in history of the value of confiscation as a social or political agent, shows of what intellectual dishonesty even the boldest advocates of the plan can be guilty.

What he says about the French Revolution is, however, a still better illustration of either the carelessness or unscrupulousness—and one is, in cases like the present, just as bad as the other—of the men who are trying to persuade an ignorant and newly-liberated race that there is nothing inexpedient or immoral in their using their votes to take away their neighbor's property, as long as they pretend that their "object" is "prevention and not vengeance," and trying to persuade the Northern people to use against a third of their own countrymen one of the worst weapons of the feudal armory, a weapon poisoned to the hilt, and which no government has ever wielded without making ten enemies for the one it destroyed, and without breeding hates which take ages to ripen and decay.

The French Revolution did *not* achieve any political or social result worth mention by the breaking up of the great landed estates. Only a few of the great estates were broken up, and the number of landholders in France was hardly at all increased by it. Nothing that was valuable in the Revolution was brought about by the confiscation of property except the overthrow of the church establishment, and the church property, large as it was, was politically a bagatelle. All this may be found fully set out, with facts and figures and dates, in the works of Turgot and Necker and Arthur Young, and, though last not least, in M. de Tocqueville's "L'Ancien Régime et la Revolution," books with which all "pedlers of confiscation" would do well just now to make themselves acquainted, and they are, no doubt, all in Mr. Phillips's library. If he will look into the best known of them—M. de Tocqueville's—which has been translated and widely circulated, he will find the following on this very subject:

> "It has been commonly believed that the subdivision of farms began with and was caused by the Revolution. All kinds of evidence establish the very reverse. Twenty years before the outbreak, agricultural societies deplored the subdivision of farm lands. About the same period Turgot declared that the division of estates was so general that a property barely sufficient to maintain a family was often parcelled out among five or six children, who were consequently unable to support themselves by agriculture alone. A few years later, Necker observed that the number of small rural estates had become immense. . . . I have myself taken infinite pains to reconstruct the *Cadastres*, so to speak, of the old *régime*, and I have occasionally succeeded. The law of 1790, imposing a land tax, devolved upon each parish the duty of preparing a schedule of the land within its limits. Most of these schedules have disappeared. I have, however, discovered them in some villages, and I find on comparing them with our modern rolls that the number of landed proprietors was formerly one-half, and sometimes two-thirds, of what it now is—a surprising fact, as the total population of France has since that time increased more than twenty-five per cent. Then as now a sort of mania for the acquisition of land pervaded the rural population. A judicious contemporary observer notes that land is selling above its value, owing to the rage of the peasantry to become landholders. All the savings of the lower classes, which in other countries are lodged in private hands or invested in public securities, are used for the purchase of land in France."

Arthur Young, speaking of the infinite subdivision of land amongst the peasantry, estimated that they had amongst them *one-half the landed property in the kingdom*. "I had no idea," he says, "of such a state of things."

> "It is, then, a vulgar error," continues M. de Tocqueville, "to suppose that the subdivision of property in France dates from the Revolution. It began much further back. It is true that the Revolution was the means of bringing into the market the church property, and many of the estates of the nobility; but it will be found on an examination of the sales, a task which I have occasionally had patience to perform, that the bulk of these lands passed into the hands of persons who held land already—so that no great increase in the number of land-owners can have taken place. They were already, to use the ambitious but accurate expression of M. Necker, 'immensely numerous.'"

It thus appears that the most valuable results of the Revolution in France were achieved not by spoliation, but by the abolition of feudal privileges, by stripping the noblesse, already terribly impoverished and almost a landless class, of all exemptions and all rights which other people did not possess, by, in short, making all men equal before the law—and we cordially recommend the trial of this plan for a few years at the South. There is about as much prospect of great estates surviving with free society and free industry rising around them and beating against them in South Carolina as in New York. Some of the largest estates in this State were held at the Revolution not by Tories, but by patriots, but where are the estates now, and where is the former political influence of the families which owned them? Nearly all the large landholders in America, in fact, were faithful to the cause of independence. The Tory landholders who were "rooted out" by confiscation would not have made a military company, and the division of their property amongst loyal men has had no effect whatever on the national fortunes either by way of prevention or cure.

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CONSTITUTIONAL REFORMS.

SUGGESTIONS for the benefit of the Constitutional Convention now sitting at Albany have been made by several gentlemen whose views are entitled to respect. We do not know of any, however, which cover the ground more fully than those made by Professor Lieber and Mr. David Dudley Field, each of whom has issued a pamphlet on the subject well worthy of public consideration.

We should have liked either of these pamphlets better if it had had some of the features of the other. Professor Lieber confines himself to suggestions upon particular points of the constitution, giving his reasons for every change which he recommends. Mr. Field has prepared a complete draft of a constitution, without stating his reasons for proposing changes, except in two or three instances. This plan, combined with notes explanatory of changes, would certainly be the best mode of setting before the convention and the public the reforms thought desirable.

Both gentlemen agree in recommending the abolition of the elective judiciary, the increase of executive power and responsibility, and the abolition of distinctions on account of color. They disagree entirely upon the question of state sovereignty, Professor Lieber desiring the total repudiation of that idea, and Mr. Field recommending its assertion in explicit terms, subject to the limitations imposed by the national sovereignty within its proper jurisdiction. They also evidently differ in their opinions as to the degree to which an increase in the numbers of the Legislature would discourage bribery, although the number mentioned by each is about the same. Professor Lieber has no faith in the virtue of large numbers, and urges that the lower House should not *exceed* 300 members. Mr. Field proposes a system which he calculates would lead to the return of about 300, and plainly regards the increase over the present number (128) as a point of importance.

The constitution framed by Mr. Field has some general features of decided merit, which well deserve the consideration of the convention, quite irrespective of the details of its filling up. The first thing which will strike the eye of any one familiar with the existing constitutions of the various States is the great superiority of this paper over them all in respect to its classification and arrangement. In the New York constitution of 1846 scarcely any one subject is fully disposed of in one place, and, of course, there is much useless repetition. Mr. Field has sought to bring every branch of a single subject under a single head, so that the reader, having found a section relating to the powers of the Legislature, for example, may be confident that his eye is resting upon every line which bears upon that point. In one or two instances, it seems to us as if he had failed to put a section in its proper place: thus, section 101, prescribing an oath of office, appears to belong to the neighborhood of section 18, defining the different branches of government; and sections 102 and 104 should follow immediately after section 17, as they all relate to elections. These, however, are exceptional instances of an error which, in all other constitutions, is the rule instead of the exception. The value of an orderly arrangement of subjects in a statute of any kind is commonly under-estimated. To our mind, it is a matter of great importance. A proper classification brings to light a multitude of anomalies and contradictions which, for want of it, have in many cases gone uncorrected for centuries. And if it is valuable in any statute, it must be peculiarly so in the fundamental law of a great commonwealth.

Some of the declarations contained in this plan of a constitution are new to this State, but very desirable for the purpose of establishing correct principles. Thus it is declared that "a constitution is the supreme law, for all times and circumstances, in war as in peace" (§ 10); that a change in the form of government works no change in the laws or obligations of the State (§ 11); and that the writ of *habeas corpus* can be suspended only by the Legislature (§ 65).

Mr. Field recommends a plan for the representation of minorities, allowing 2,500 electors in any part of the State to choose a member of the lower House. This would accomplish part of the end desired; but would certainly fail to relieve voters from the incubus of "regular nominations." For it is obvious that it would require a very nice calculation to determine when a candidate had received 2,500 votes, while every vote beyond that number would be wasted upon him. At the first election many electors might vote independently; but the almost certain result would be that in several cases eight or ten thousand would vote for some prominent man, and thus lose three members to their party in each case. The party that was well drilled and so divided its vote that no candidate received less than 2,500, and none more than 3,000 votes, would infallibly secure a majority in the Legislature.

Thus, supposing the Republicans to poll 370,000 votes and the Democrats 360,000, and ten Republican candidates to receive through popular enthusiasm 10,000 votes each, while the rest of the Republicans and all the Democrats received an average of 2,700 votes each, the result would be as follows: 10 Republicans, at 10,000 votes each, 100,000; 100 Republicans, at 2,700 votes each, 270,000; 133 Democrats, at 2,700 votes each, 360,000. Thus, with a majority of 10,000 against them on the popular vote, the Democrats would have 23 majority in the Legislature. The consequence would be that at the next election the Republican electors would not dare to risk voting for any man not appointed to their respective districts, which would be parcelled out by the State committee in such manner as to ensure a vote of not less than 2,500, nor more than 3,000 in each.

We are heartily in favor of any system which will accomplish the end proposed by Mr. Field, viz., the representation of minorities all over the State, and the uprooting of the caucus system; but, after much reflection, we are convinced that either the plan of Mr. Hare must be followed, providing for the disposition of all surplus votes, so that none are wasted, or else a more localized system must be accepted. We perfectly understand the objections to Mr. Hare's system as too complicated for practical use, especially where elections are by ballot. We think that a scheme may be devised which will attain the object not quite so perfectly, but nearly enough, and yet not be so complex as Mr. Hare's plan. But we cannot enlarge upon this now.

The judicial system proposed by Mr. Field consists of a Supreme Court of seven judges, and of such inferior courts as the Legislature may establish, with abundant precautions to secure the independence of all judges. We quite agree with him in thinking that the details of the system should be left to the Legislature.

Many important suggestions are contained in brief paragraphs, such, for example, as a prohibition of legislative lobbying, a requirement that all laws affecting corporations shall be general, a prohibition of banks of issue under State laws, stringent provisions for keeping up the militia, etc., which we cannot now notice. We do not observe, however, any declaration that the grants of the State may be rescinded by it, which is indispensable to prevent evasion of the clause making grants of corporate franchises revocable, as recent experience has shown.

Professor Lieber opens with the subject of pardons, which he thinks should be granted by a board instead of by a single officer. Undoubtedly the governor has too much upon his hands to enable him to attend properly to this department of his duty, but we cannot help questioning the expediency of dividing this responsibility among a number of persons. We do not doubt that the governor would gladly turn over this duty to others, but it does not follow that the public interest would be best served in that way. Nor do we think that the general influence of pardons is bad. With the arguments of Professor Lieber in favor of a broad distinction between the pardon of a man who is found to be innocent and that of one who was guilty, but has repented, we heartily concur. But it seems to us a matter for ordinary legislation, and it would be enough for the convention to leave all these matters under the control of the Legislature.

To female suffrage Professor Lieber is strongly opposed, but his statement of the argument in its favor does not seem to us fair, nor his own argument in opposition forcible. It is the universal custom of respectable men in this country to take their wives and sisters to public meetings. It is only the rough and brutalized classes who think it necessary to leave women at home on such occasions. We fancy Professor Lieber has never been to a Republican meeting in Cooper Institute or the Brooklyn Academy of Music, or he would not ask such a question. And in the rural districts it often happens that women outnumber men at political meetings.

On some other points we should be disposed to controvert the doctrines of both Professor Lieber and Mr. Field, but both have done such a good work in publishing their views, and thus furnishing valuable material for public discussion, that we forbear further criticism upon matters of detail. Few services can be rendered to the public of more value than the expression of ideas upon such important questions by men of intellect and experience.

LOOKING BEFORE AND AFTER.

In his "Man with a Broken Ear" Edmond About makes some pretty good fun by showing us a soldier of the First Empire surrounded by the men and institutions of the Second, and by bringing the ideas of 1806 embodied in his person into collision with the ideas of 1860. To get the desired force of contrast the author was obliged to feign that his colonel had spent half a century in death. So he employed very amusingly the scientific theory of desiccation which has been put in practice in the case of literal worms, but of which we metaphorical worms have never yet had the benefit. For no doubt had the colonel been one of living men he would have been engaged with more or less success in assimilating himself to the new order of things as it evolved itself from the old. To be an out-and-out conservative one must get into the grave, and, to speak in a figure, for the dubious jewel consistency it is the undertaker only who makes the safe casket.

Colonel Fougas is an entertaining but we cannot call him an extremely reasonable creature. He shares with M. Victor Hugo and several others of his countrymen a desire to hasten the day when Europe shall be one nation, of which the capital shall be magnificent France; the telegraph, the railroad, the percussion cap seem to him admirably adapted for facilitating the war upon Albion and the march of the French armies upon Moscow, Berlin, and Vienna; the gas could then be used for the illumination of Paris; finally, he commits suicide—a stupid thing for a man to do who does not live in his own day. We cannot imagine that such would be the upshot of the experiment if we, for instance, could be mummified and brought to life again among our descendants in the fourth and fifth generations. The mere gratification of natural curiosity would make the new life at least as valuable as this one, and, we should suppose, much more interesting. Doubtless we should experience some disappointment; still, if one were not wedded to one's own convictions of what ought to be and would make proper allowances, reflecting that his new contemporaries were the posterity of his old ones, he might surely be happy enough in pursuing his investigations and find occupation for a lifetime. Questions innumerable suggest themselves to which it would then be possible to get an answer, as, for example, Will mathematics pass wholly out of the metaphysical stage and will metaphysics approach the region of demonstration? Will the tunnel supposed to exist under the Hoosac Mountain be brought to light? Will democracy repudiate the Salic law? How will an Amazonian army conduct a long war in Utah? Will the Mormon slaves then come inside our lines as intelligent and despised contrabands or will they help to build earthworks and insult the invading force? In those days will a day's work be seven hours? Will there be any intemperance in Maine? Will the school committees of Massachusetts concede to babes in arms all the rights of adult belligerents? Who will be the last Yankee? Will there be any pope in Rome? Will there be any white man's government in the South, or will Wendell Phillips Perry walk arm-in-arm down King Street with Governor Small? What will be the fuel in use in 1950? How long will it take you to go into the country, to Walrussia, say, in an Andrews aëreon, and will the "aëreon lungs" take the place of the "railway spine?" Will there be a science of medicine in that age or will the allopathic gallipot still blacken the homœopathic vial? What will then be the average duration of human life, and, by the way, may a desiccated man expect to live as long as a fresh one? Will they study the Latin language in the University of Michigan, or will they translate the language of animals into the universal tongue? Will they spell phonetically? Whose great-grandson will begin Mr. Bancroft's "History of the United States" at the formation of the Federal Constitution and finish it?

Man is above all things a knowing being; he would not live his life over again; but surely any of us, to answer these questions, or other ones, would consent to be revived and would faithfully promise our desiccator to live out all our permitted days.

Nay, for our own part, if we could imagine the desiccation theory carried out on the most gigantic scale, so that the world at various stages of its development had been laid aside dry, but capable of general resurrection, we could then imagine ourselves willing, in the interest of our improvement in science, to go backward, to retrograde into any of its bygone ages, and live out the remainder of our allotted life. It looks at first blush like an unpromising period for such an experiment; but no doubt a good deal of pleasure ought to be got out of even that æon when, according to Professor Huxley, our "probable progenitor was a vertebrate of amphibious habits, scaly, with two wings, several fins, and a tail of considerable length, and shaped like the tail of a large snake."

How delightful it would certainly be, after mastering Mr. Herbert Spencer's law of evolution, to retire just a few centuries into the dim past—whose dimness would disappear as one went on—and see for one's self how, in the historic times of our race, the incoherent, indefinite homogeneity changed gradually into that coherent, indefinite heterogeneity of which we also, each of us in his humble way, form a certain part. If one knew nothing of the science of this age, or of its theology and of its philosophy no more than is found in Mr. Spencer's law, it would be a fascinating existence merely to observe the sprouting of the unconscious seeds of the stately growths in commerce, in law, in politics, in every familiar field of human cultivation which we to-day have around us. And when one got tired of life, for after all one would be human, suicide would be not in the least necessary; one would only have to turn a first class prophet, and be put to death with instant speed.

Think of walking up (A.D. 1200), to a gentleman in metal, whose house, conveniently situated near a river, and where several roads meet, should be of stone, with a ditch round it, and telling him that for all he was a baron so bold he was the germ of a Wall Street broker, a railroad director, and a divorce lawyer. The prophet, no doubt, would have his neck tied to his ankles, and be immediately given to the carp in the moat; or both his eyes would be put out, and he would be escorted to a cell on the same floor with the toothless Jew supposed to possess personal property; or any lord baron would break his pate with a buffet of his fist. Yet we suppose that one phase of this baron's character has come to its fuller development in the gentlemen in Nassau Street who advertise in the New York *Herald* their readiness to succor distressed dames and poor captive knights. And as for his way of accumulating wealth, they that make "a corner" in "Erie" or "Harlem" represent that side of the old robber's character with great exactness. A recollection by the wretched prophet of one or two of Mr. Parton's admirable biographies of business men would assist him to see that the baron's method of growing rich—namely, making himself master of several lines of travel, treating the wayfarer as if he were a Californian passenger, religiously abstaining from ensuring the property of the caitiff Jew, making it his rule always to carry his point, delighting in horses and the rest—are in all essential particulars carried out by the commercial lords who in our time have no fondness for the things of prophecy.

And one might stand a good chance of getting one's head knocked against the wayside cross if he were to inform the young peripatetic minstrel, with the long yellow hair, that in centuries to come from the effervescent brain of his lineal successor should proceed the foam of the "eloquent lecture," and the stale tipple of small poems. Who knows, perhaps even the despised Hebrew might make shift to jump the length of his chain and smite the prophet who should inform him that one of his characteristics, the natural odor which formed so valid a reason for murdering him, should be carried to an extreme of perfection satisfactory to the New York *World* by a black barbarian Ethiop.

We dare say the brethren of the monastery in that vicinage would have been harsh in their behavior to their teacher; they might have burnt him or bricked him into a wall when told that the law of evolution would assuredly give their transcribing and illuminating of manuscripts to the Bradstreet or Riverside or University press, their doling of charity to the overseers of the poor, their bell-ringing to lay sextons, their meads and gardens and vineyards to secular uses, their cure of souls to heretics and schismatics on small salaries—payable in paper, with few flagons of wine for their stomach's sake or their often infirmities—their instruction of the country people, by bawling great moral ideas into their ears, to the able editors.

The king would surely hang him for such a prediction as that, in 1867, Mr. Johnson would make a sufficient shepherd for a larger flock with thicker fleeces than any boasted by our forefathers or their contemporaries anywhere. The hind would fell him with his mattock for a prophecy that his sons should seek to live without monk or baron or sovereign lord, and that as representatives of him there should stand men of the highest as well as of the lowest power.

This field is limitless. We make a free gift of these hints to whatever philosophic student likes to pursue the subject. If he pursues it far enough he will be, among other things, the wisest of historians and not the most foolish of men. Any worshipper of the past will be more foolish, and to be the wisest of historians is something.

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ENGLAND.

LONDON, May 30, 1867.

SINCE my last letter two great events have taken place. The Derby has been run, and the conditions of the franchise have been finally settled. The first mentioned always takes precedence of all other business in England, and I therefore give it the first place here. You will, indeed, care little, I should imagine, to hear the name and breeding of the winner; to be told how he broke a blood-vessel, and was supposed to be "knocked out" in the betting; how he "came" again, but was still at 50 to 1 on starting; and how his winning took the sporting world by surprise, and shook the reputation of innumerable prophets. Are not such things written at full length in *Bell's Life*, and *The Field*, and innumerable sporting gazettes and journals and chronicles, to which I must refer those specially interested? The race, however, has called the attention even of those who, like myself, scarcely know a horse from a donkey to the present position of the turf in England. The winner being a complete outsider, some enormous bets were lost and won. His owner is generally said to have won close upon £200,000, and other gentlemen are mentioned as winning over £100,000. The losses, it appears, were more equally distributed; but it is reported—I know not with what truth—that the Marquis of Hastings has lost over £150,000. What is, perhaps, even more significant, the jockey of the winning horse received from the owner £8,000 or £9,000 as a present for doing his duty. It is easy to see what all this implies. If it is worth while to give a jockey for winning a single race a sum which most barristers or physicians or clergymen would be glad to save after years of hard labor, and that for merely doing what will bring him, at any rate, great advancement in his own business, it is evident that it would be worth other people's while to pay him something for losing. The decision of the race depends entirely upon the honesty of the jockey; upon the decision of the race depend sums equal to the fortunes of a rich man, and, moreover, very often the credit of a noble family; and the jockey is tempted by sums large enough to raise him at a bound from a menial to an independent position. It is only necessary to add, in order to estimate the average strength of his principles, that a jockey is a man employed about horses. The result of this may easily be foreseen. If our noblemen and gentry do not actually do dishonorable things on the turf, their success depends upon persons who are quite ready and strongly tempted to be dishonorable. They are, whether voluntarily or not, partners with rogues; and one cannot but remember a certain proverb about touching pitch. Moreover, between actual cheating and very sharp practice there are innumerable and very delicate shades. Actually to sell a race is, of course, as bad as to pick a pocket; but, then, there are all kinds of ways of deceiving the public more or less without actually selling. There are innumerable devices for bringing a horse forwards in the betting or throwing him back, and for indirectly enabling his owner to attain the desired result of "getting his money on;" that is, making a satisfactory set of bets. The practice has been reduced to a system, with an appropriate phraseology which would swell our established dictionaries, and has generated a code of ethics equally appropriate and equally unintelligible to the outside world. To decide what is fair and what is not fair in horse-racing is a task to which only experts in the science are equal. To others, it sometimes seems that the difference between right and wrong on the turf is much like the difference in commerce between picking pockets, swindling, and "financiering;" one is cheating with gloves and the other without.

Of course we still talk the appropriate slang about the love of sport which is so characteristic of Englishmen, and the improvement of our noble breed of horses. But, as a matter of fact, the turf is as much an organized system of gambling as the *rouge et noir* of German watering-places. There are, doubtless, many men who take an honest interest in the horses and care more about the sport than the money. But many of those who attend most regularly know no more about horses than the gambler does about the balls whose course determines his winning or losing. One of the greatest winners of late years was said never even to look at a race or a horse. There are, in short, two parties. The regular book-makers simply lay the odds against the horses, because the odds, on an average, are always too small; the public back their own favorites, because every man fancies that he is sharp enough to pick out the winner, and, as the book-makers support themselves at the expense of the public, it is evident that the public is not so sharp as it thinks. I need only add that all the most consummate cheats and blackguards in the country have a natural gravitation towards the turf, as being a rather gentlemanlike, or at least aristocratic, way of winning money by their wits without capital or character. And it will easily be understood that the disreputable element is tending to swamp the honorable men who still take an interest in horse-racing. Lord Derby, Lord Palmerston, and many other men of high character have kept race-horses; but few men take to it systematically without losing both in reputation and money. There has been a certain outburst of indignation on the present scandal, but, of course, there is not much hope of purifying the profession; the only hope being that the honest men may retire and leave the rogues to prey upon each other. I am sorry to see that the Prince of Wales has, in the elegant language of the sporting papers, "dropped a lot of money on the Oaks," as it will not tend to improve his position; however, a little propensity to sport will not hurt his popularity.

I now turn to the Reform bill, which seems to have pretty certain prospects of success. The redistribution of seats remains to be settled, but the franchise has got through the committee. The ultimate result is that every householder who pays his rates will have a vote, and that every lodger whose lodgings are valued at ten pounds a year will also have a vote. Between the two there will be a very considerable increase of our constituencies, and possibly a perceptible stride to democracy. It is a far larger measure than Mr. Gladstone ventured to propose last year, when the Tory gentlemen accused him of going straight to the "Americanization," which in their mouths is equivalent to "diabolization" (excuse the word and the compliment), of the country. However, they will allow Mr. Disraeli to steal the horse when Mr. Gladstone may not look over the hedge, and the deed has been done without even a protest, except from Mr. Lowe. In the character of a faithful Abdiel, he made one of his forcible speeches the other night, and appealed vigorously to the country gentlemen not to throw away their position and privileges for nothing. They had, he told them, been led gradually up to the obnoxious measure as a man leads a skittish horse up to an obstacle and allows him to smell at it until he has gradually become accustomed to what once frightened him out of his wits. Mr. Disraeli fenced round the appalling object with all kinds of provisions intended for safeguards against democracy; as his party gradually became familiar with the name of household suffrage, he dropped them one by one, until they were ready to swallow the naked proposition which, if at first revealed, would have shocked them beyond bearing. His skill has been beyond praise and beyond expectation. He has substantially acted the same part as Sir Robert Peel when, as the leader of the Tory party, he granted Roman Catholics emancipation and free trade, which he had so long bitterly opposed when demanded by the Liberals. But Mr. Disraeli has done it more skilfully, for all the time that he was really making a concession, he affected to be carrying out his own principles; he has abandoned the position, boasting all the time of his consistency, and has somehow persuaded all his party, with a few exceptions, to go bodily over to the enemy's camp by declaring that the enemy were really coming to them. It is marvellously clever of Mr. Disraeli, and marvellously stupid of his followers; but I doubt whether it will be referred to hereafter as a very noble specimen of political morality. However, the radicals are quite content to receive Mr. Disraeli's concessions, and to allow him to call them obvious corollaries from his own principles. The Whig ex-ministers, whose game has been taken out of their hands, are not quite so gratified at the change.

I hope that this may be almost the last time that I shall have to refer to a question which has been treated on both sides with a singular want of earnestness, but which has come to an unexpectedly favorable result. There are still a few rocks ahead, but there is every prospect that they will be successfully circumvented.

During the last debates two subjects have been discussed which may be mentioned, because they are likely to obtain more notice hereafter. Mr Mill brought them both before the House, and was the only man who could have obtained a respectful hearing for them; for although country gentlemen still sneer at him as a "philosopher," a term which they apparently conceive to be one of reproach and to indicate a total unfitness for anything in this world, his great reputation is sufficient to force them to listen respectfully, to say nothing of the interest of his speeches. He moved, in the first place, the enfranchisement of all women who are disqualified by their sex alone. The debate which followed was very poor, consisting chiefly of the rather coarse and very stupid jokes by which any such proposal is certain to be assailed; but the motion was only rejected by 180 or 190 to 73. The minority was far more numerous than any one had expected, including several Conservatives, and I think that it indicates that the advocates of women's rights will, before long, make themselves heard in the reformed Parliament. Again, last night Mr. Mill moved the consideration of Mr. Hare's scheme of representation. Of course, there was not the smallest chance of its adoption, but it was received with a decent amount of attention, especially by Lord Cranbourne, a man of ability, though of bigoted Conservative principles. Of this, too, we shall doubtless hear more, though I confess that I by no means share the enthusiasm with which Mr. Mill and some of his devoted followers regard it.

There was a good deal of excitement here for a few days as to the fate of the Fenian leaders. The Government—pushed on, doubtless, by the bitter spirit of the dominant landlord party in Ireland—made up its mind to hang one or two of them, and announced its intention positively. There was a general cry of indignation from the newspapers—even the Tory *Standard* admitting the impolicy after a grudging fashion—and a deputation of seventy members from the House of Commons at last succeeded in extorting a more humane course from the Government. I am glad that we are to be spared the disgrace of a political execution, but we have been unpleasantly near it.

Fine Arts.

THE POST-OFFICE COMPETITION.

THE Commissioners appointed by Congress to procure a design for a new post-office and court-house to be erected in the City Hall park have received the competitive designs for which they advertised a few months since, have duly exhibited them to such persons as they chose to invite, and are by this time, we presume, endeavoring to come to a decision with regard to their respective merits.

The history of this undertaking is interesting not only to those who are directly concerned in it, but all who have at heart the welfare of this great city. In THE NATION of April 4, some remarks were made about the terms and conditions offered to competing architects, and comparison was drawn with the proceedings of the British Government in similar undertakings. But the work of the commission did not commence with the issuing of the official invitation. As early as January 28 of the present year, the commissioners—who had doubtless heard how the architects had turned their backs upon the commissioners for building a new State Capitol at Albany and the officers entrusted with the erection of buildings for the War Department at Washington—thought they would begin operations by asking the architects what they had better do in order to get the best building. They accordingly inserted a preliminary advertisement in the papers to that effect. The course adopted by them seemed to be a very sensible one, and was regarded by all who took an interest in the matter as a token that this commission, at least, would avoid the blunders which had characterized the performances of the Albany commissioners and have since resulted in an utter failure to get a suitable design for the State Capitol. How many answers they received, we do not know; but, one at least, was made through the newspapers, the same medium through which the commissioners had asked for advice. It was a reply framed at a respectable meeting of architects in this city, and was signed by nearly every architect of position practising in New York.

It would naturally be supposed that an answer from such a source would be just what the commissioners wanted, supposing them to be in earnest. But it is very clear that they did not want any advice at all, for the advertisement for plans which soon appeared showed that they had not accepted a single important suggestion contained in the architects' letter. This was as surprising as that they should have asked for advice in the first place, and it became evident that the commissioners, who had at first been alarmed lest they should fail to get the co-operation of good architects, now seemed disposed to set them at defiance. Outside parties, on good terms with the commissioners, talked about "self-conceited architects dictating" what should be done, etc., and it was very clear that the commissioners relied upon the tempting bait offered in the fourteen prizes to allure enough seceders to their party to make the company respectable. It was too much to expect that a commission constituted as this one is would adopt any radical reforms in their mode of procedure. They were evidently so much alarmed at their own temerity in taking one step forward that they immediately took two backward.

The official advertisement was duly published, offering a great number of prizes and giving particular injunctions that "the drawings must be to a uniform scale, without color," that "all unnecessary and inappropriate ornamentation must be avoided," and that "the first story might be estimated for iron or marble, or both," etc. The commissioners returned to their private business, and confidently waited for the coming in of the drawings, while all the leading architects were supposed to be working night and day, neglecting their regular business in the desperate race for the great "job" or the prizes.

We now come to the result: Fifty-two designs have been sent in, the authors of which stand in awful suspense, while the architects who stood aloof are being roundly abused for letting slip such a splendid chance to gain immortality.

Knowing all the circumstances, the result is not surprising. There are as least ten designs which it is safe to say are not by architects at all, but by ambitious school-boys, mechanics, and engineers; while as many more are doubtless by architects' draughtsmen, who make pretty drawings but have not the knowledge or experience requisite to execute a design in brick, stone, and iron. About ten of them are by architects of average ability, and the ground-plans and arrangement of these are such as will fulfill the requirements of the committee. But when we come to the matter of artistic treatment, we find three only that are worthy of mention.

The designs are all numbered, and it is supposed that none of the authors are known; but three days have been sufficient to show the absurdity of attempting to have an anonymous competition. During the last day the names of authors were almost as freely used in discussing the merits of the designs as the numbers that had been affixed to them.

It is a hopeless task to attempt to influence the decision of the committee, and, in fact, we take little interest in it, believing that no one of the architects represented by these drawings will eventually be employed to carry out his design. Rumor already points out Nos. 16, 17, and 18—it matters not which of the three, for they are all from one office—as the favorite designs. If engineering and wire-pulling are of any avail, one of these will be the elect. The influence of the press has been privately solicited for these designs, and we will, for our part, freely give them all the notoriety that they ask for. But an opinion on their merits would not be a flattering one; so we withhold it.

If the committee have the capacity to understand plans, or will condescend to ask some one who is conversant with drawings to explain them, they will doubtless select one of good arrangement; but it is hopeless to expect them to make any intelligent decision as to the artistic merits of any that have been offered to them.

It would be waste of time to enter into a discussion of the designs. There are many beautiful drawings, as such, and much talent has been wasted in working up worthless designs. The facts of this whole business, generally stated, are these: Some people think that architects are a set of beggars who will take up any offer that is thrown to them. The Post-office Commissioners, being blessed with the same idea, have thrown out their bait, and doubtless feel flattered that they have caught many splendid designs. They have a number of very pretty pictures, few of which are of any value. But they could have got as many by offering half the money. Business is now very dull, and there are always plenty of designers who are in need of money, and have plenty of time to spare which they are ready to expend with the hope of any remuneration, however small. But we apprehend that what the commissioners want is a building, and to build it it is necessary to have an architect with capacity to design and ability to construct. That they have designs from few of such architects is evident from the fact that so many have held aloof from the competition. We could name at least twenty of the most prominent members of the profession in this city who have taken no notice of the commissioners' offer, and that they have not been induced to send in plans is the fault of the commissioners alone. It is not mean or selfish, as some people think, for them to refuse their contributions. Architects are business men as well as artists; and men of business, as we believe the commissioners are, must realize that to get their goods it is necessary to pay the value of them. If they want first-class architects to enter their competition for a first-class building, they must offer terms which will be acceptable. We doubt not but that capable men stand ready to offer designs as soon as they are satisfied that the proper compensation will be given and full justice will be done in rendering the decision. One thing essential for the commissioners to do is to get full power from the next Congress to employ an architect and commence work, which now they cannot do. Congress should then appoint competent jurors to serve with the commissioners until the design is determined—men with technical knowledge of the art of building and the nature of architectural drawing. It would then be worth while for architects to spend some time in preparing competition drawings, and a building might be built which would at least be creditable to the commissioners and the city. The blind course which they are now following will only end in the erection of another monstrosity worse, perhaps, than our new Court-house. The only hope now seems to be in the check which the authorities at Washington may put upon them. But judging by the blunders committed in trying to get designs for the War Department building, there seems to be little to hope for from that quarter.

W.

Correspondence.

A WORD ON THE GOVERNMENT OF CITIES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

The Nation remarked the other day that "New York is not, in the old sense of the word, a municipality," but "simply the great market-place of the State." This remark, which is equally true of most of our large cities, brings clearly before us the characteristic which distinguishes our modern municipalities from those of history; at the same time it contains a sufficient explanation of the failure of our system of city government, and a sufficient justification for having the city governed by the State, if this is the only way to obtain an honest and efficient administration. Probably, however, it would be conceded that if a good local government could be had it would be better still, and that anything which should develop for the city a truly municipal character would be likely to aid in this.

Our private corporations and other associations are as much distinguished for integrity and efficiency as our public administration for corruption and mismanagement. De Tocqueville long ago called attention to the powerful workings of the principle of association among our people, and this national characteristic has strengthened rather than diminished since his day. Our people combine themselves in every conceivable way, for every conceivable purpose, and these purposes are accomplished promptly and economically. What, then, is the reason that when we combine for the highest of all public ends, not as voluntary associations, but backed up by the power of the whole community, we fail so completely? Is it not because the immediate personal interest is wanting which gives to the town governments of New England as it gave to the democracies of ancient and mediæval history their peculiar efficiency?

Unless it is in some way possible to revive the *spirit* of municipality, and excite in this great conglomeration that we call a city some degree of that feeling of community which must make the life of any self-governing body, there is probably no escape for misgovernment except by calling in the aid of the State. So far, our city governments have failed to call out that sense of community which springs up of itself in small towns and in the wider concerns of State and nation. It is true the most constant and immediate interests of daily life are in question, but the responsibility is so distant—it is so much a matter of petty and undignified detail—and the individual is so lost out of sight in the huge mass, that the feeling of personality does not have room to grow up.

It would seem, therefore, that the best means of obtaining the desired end would be by some organism which should be able to appeal to the personal interests and affections of the individual in its parts, since the whole fails to attract these. This is indeed precisely what the present system aims at in the subdivision of the city into wards. But wards do not accomplish the object, for the reason that they are purely arbitrary divisions, like congressional districts, and like these shifting—shifting, that is, not by a change of boundaries, but by incessant changes of residence. The relation of the individual to the ward is even less vital and immediate than to the city.

We fall back, therefore, on voluntary, self-organized associations, such as already exist and carry on a large part of the life of the community. Out of these combinations of the several trades, professions, and industries of the city it might be possible to create such an organism as should call out the personal interest of all citizens, and bring it to bear upon matters touching the welfare of the whole. That worthless class of the community which does not live by industry, and has no claim to be considered in any scheme of city government, would find itself shut out by the very terms of the organization; while, as the bodies under consideration are governed entirely without reference to partisan or theological considerations, the whole matter would be removed from party politics.

If it is thought advisable to have two chambers in the city government, I would suggest that the upper body—very small—should be elected according to the plan of personal representation; the larger body to be composed of representatives of the various industries, the Chamber of Commerce, the bar, the trades unions, etc.; the mayor to be chosen by this legislature.

Another point, not immediately connected with this that precedes, but of great importance in itself, is the power of the voters in a city over the public expenditure. The details of national affairs must be managed by representative bodies; but many of the details of local administration may legitimately be submitted to the vote of the people after full discussion. This is the life of the New England town system. It might be engrafted upon the system of city government by providing that certain questions—all, for instance, involving a certain amount of expenditure—should be voted upon, yes or no, by the people of the city, provision being made for a full discussion of them beforehand under the auspices of the city magistrates.

Marcel.

COLLEGE DEGREES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: What do you mean by "the democratic principle of giving the same degree on graduation to the highest and lowest scholars?" etc. Surely this is not the rule at our colleges, *e.g.*, at Yale the valedictorian certainly does not take "the same degree" as the student who has no "appointment" at all. *If* Harvard has abolished college honors, I suspect it is the only leading college that has done so. Our college honors are not sufficiently valued or sufficiently prominent, but I suspect this is quite as much the fault of the public and the students themselves as the "faculties." Nor is this the natural meaning of your paragraph, which, as it stands, would convey to a foreigner, for instance, quite a wrong impression.

Yours very truly, B.

[Our correspondent evidently mistakes the common though technical use of the word "degree" in the article in question. It *is* customary in most if not all of our American colleges to allow a certain number of the best scholars—generally one-third or one-half of each class—to declaim in public on Commencement Day certain essays, varying in length and in name with the class-rank of the student. It is also customary at Harvard to print upon the commencement programme a schedule showing the percentage of the maximum number of marks assigned for the course which has been obtained by each student in the first half of the graduating class. The system which we expressed a hope to see inaugurated is that of giving at the final examination several *different* diplomas, according to the relative merit of the students as shown by the final examinations. This seems to be a natural, not to say a necessary, consequence of an elective system of study, such as that proposed at Cambridge.—Ed. Nation.]

HONOR TO WHOM HONOR.

To the Editor of The Nation:

The oration commended by The Nation of June 13 to W. Gilmore Simms, "who has preserved so much verse for us that helps us to understand the Southern country," must be "laid at the door" of a genuine Yankee. Its author, who is the son of a most worthy Congregational clergyman of New Hampshire, graduated twice or thrice at different New England colleges *before* his class; raised funds at one time by personating a priest and confessing the workmen on the line of the Western Railway, and has shown his genius in various ways.

After the publication of his oration he proved himself a true Southerner by challenging a Western editor to mortal combat for speaking disrespectfully of his effort. The challenge was accepted; the combatants were to meet on the western slope of the Rocky Mountains. Tenney should read his oration *at* the editor; who, if he survived, would reply with an editorial. I do not know that either party has been heard from since, and it may well be feared that it proved fatal to both.

But Southern orators have enough to bear without being burdened with that oration.

C. C. C. P.

New Marlboro', Mass., June 14, 1867.

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The Week.

MR. JOHNSON has declared his intention of acting on Mr. Stanbery's interpretation of the Reconstruction acts, and in order to divide the responsibility has published the minutes of the Cabinet meeting at which he formed this determination, together with the votes of the different officers of the Government. Mr. Stanton appears as a minority of one throughout the discussion, thus proving, what many people have at times been disposed to doubt, that he has been throughout the late controversy a firm adherent of Congress. How under these circumstances he has been enabled to keep his place is a mystery still to be explained, but, whatever the explanation of it, his having kept it is probably creditable to the President. Mr. Stanton's influence has perhaps not been great, and it is not unlikely that it was the fear that a change in the War Department would be looked upon as indicative of an intention to appeal to force which prevented his removal long ago; but in any case his appearance at the council board to oppose both his chief and his colleagues shows that Mr. Johnson has preserved throughout the crisis some shreds of moderation. The record of Mr. Stanton's votes at the late meeting would have been of greater value if it had also contained his reasons. Those of the majority are, of course, furnished by Mr. Stanbery, and the country would have been the better of having a man of Mr. Stanton's weight state at length why he, had he been in Mr. Johnson's place, would have paid no attention to the Attorney-General's opinion.

A JULY session is now inevitable and necessary. The majority in Congress, after trying heroically to draw and pass a bill that would virtually sweep the existing State governments out of existence and lodge the supreme authority, under the Commander-in-Chief, in the hands of the district commanders, succeeded in passing a bill that left the State governments just where they were, and gave the district commanders hardly any authority whatever which is not possessed by the commanding officer on Governor's Island. This exploit was sufficiently remarkable; but they achieved one more remarkable than this, for they persuaded Andrew Johnson that the bill they had passed was one of the most frightful laws that ever emanated from a legislative body; that it put the whole South under the soldier's iron heel, and made each Federal general a pasha, and a pasha, too, unchecked by the fear of his master's bowstring. The poor President, under the influence of this hallucination, sat down and wrote in "lewd prose" a gorgeous and thrilling veto, in which he showed that the bill aimed at a clean sweep of constitutional government, and would establish a brutal despotism, and would leave good Americans nothing to live for. In fact, the deception was complete. If the business of Congress was to play practical jokes on Andrew Johnson, the majority of last session would deserve the thanks of the country. As they have higher aims, however, they are going to meet again and try their hands once more. We hope this time they will make the job complete and put every inch of the South securely in the hands of Federal officers, so that their will shall be law, and the only law, until the work of reconstruction has been done in the manner prescribed by Congress. We think, moreover, a very good use of military power would be the transportation of Governor Perry and all other obstructives to some bright little isle, there to remain, without pen, ink, or paper, till the South is back in the Union. The question before the South just now is not how to conduct a constitutional government, but how to create one; and all attempts to limit the powers of the military officers by constitutional precedents and doctrines is as absurd as to insist on the architect of the new State capitol taking *Cushing's Manual* for his guide in drawing the plans. People will readily forgive Congressmen for their blundering if in the coming session they will confine themselves to a rectification of their blundering in the matter of reconstruction; but the fact that gold began to rise as soon as it appeared that they were to meet in July is a striking indication of the want of public confidence in their discretion and self-control. The hot weather will, however, probably limit debate and curb zeal, and we shall see the reconstruction machine once more in good working order by the first of August.

THE President's journey to Boston has been singularly uneventful. In this city he saw few people, and those few were mostly persons on whom he had official claims for attention. At various cities along the road he received the ordinary civilities. The only outburst of enthusiasm came from Mrs. D. C. Peck, of Bridgeport, Connecticut, who handed him at the station a gushing note and a bouquet. The Masonic celebration in Boston, at which he assisted, appears to have been showy and impressive, but the reports in the daily papers are of such a character that nobody who was not present can tell much about it. Even the New York *Times*, which usually keeps its more excitable reporters tied up, seems to have let one loose on this occasion, and he proved nearly a match for some of *The Tribune's* wildest and most untamable. He reports the Masonic temple at Boston as bearing the same relation to Masonry that the Cathedral of Fribourg and the Ducal Palace at Venice bear to the "religious sentiment," but what this means it would take a "Resident Commissioner," as *The Tribune* calls its emissaries in Europe, to explain. The chandelier reminded him "of the regions where storm and sunshine thrust their splintery forms through the everlasting snows," and the Knights Templars in procession recalled to his softened fancy the "craftsmen" parading "the *Via Sacra* after the Acropolis at Eleusis was completed;" while their white aprons struck him as "more honorable than the Roman eagle!" We recommend *The Times* to make a "Resident Commissioner" of this gentleman. He is thrown away on provincial home jobs.

Apparently the President's tour has given much satisfaction to the President and more pleasure to the citizens of Massachusetts than was expected. Something of the civility paid him was paid to the Masonic brother, and a good deal of it to the high official, and probably some part of it to the man, but it was all civility. No cities but Philadelphia and Worcester, we believe, treated the visitor with lack of courtesy. The speeches by Governor Bullock and the mayors were not very cordial, to be sure, but, considering the President's feelings and forgetting those of the rest of us, they were better than no speeches at all. The President's were empty, and without other evidence would prove pretty well that he had assistance in producing his messages. They are very poor speeches. Mr. Seward did on one occasion put a little life into his utterances. Some hisses mingling with the applause when he was called out at Boston seem to have stung him, and he rebuked Massachusetts for keeping North Carolina out of the Union, and prophesied that the thing could not long be done. But in comparison with the equal want of dignity shown in the Secretary's telegram to Farragut, the spitefulness of the speech is pleasant rather than otherwise. But it is not to be forgotten that within the last two years or so Mr. Seward has gone through enough to account for a good deal of what in his manners is not fitting.

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Sheridan was not ordered unconditionally to extend the time for registration, but was told to extend the time if he had no good reasons to the contrary. He had such reasons; and to one of them force has since been added by Sickles, who asks Senator Wilson for a great deal more money to complete the business of reconstruction in the Carolinas. The large additional expense constitutes one of Sheridan's reasons for not keeping the registrars at work; that there are no more people to be registered is another reason; that Louisiana has had as much time as the other district commanders have given is another reason. These are enough. Sheridan is not content, however, till he has told General Grant what he thinks of the Attorney-General's decision, and he adds, with a bluntness that it is not very hard to forgive, "I regret that I should have to differ with the President, but it must be recollected that I have been ordered to execute a law to which the President has been in bitter antagonism," which truth embodies a very excellent reason for Sheridan's doing all that he has done; but perhaps any very cogent reason for saying just this it would be vain to seek outside of Sheridan's own impetuous disposition. James B. Steedman, we see, has telegraphed to the President that "Sheridan must be at once removed." For those who know the two generals, the simple statement of this fact will be sufficient without comment.

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The Ohio Republicans have gone decidedly ahead of their position of a year ago. One of the resolutions passed at their State Convention on Wednesday week places the party "on the simple and broad platform of impartial manhood suffrage." There is now before the people an amendment to the State constitution which provides that negroes may vote, and we begin to think its ratification may be expected. At all events, the Republican party in Ohio must be held to have purged itself with due form of the heresy of last year, and the defeat of the measure, if it is defeated, will lie at the door of the Democrats, who, if they do defeat it, will no doubt turn round as one man, from Texas to Maine, and insist on being told why the Radicals, who pretend to love the nigger, don't enfranchise him at the North as well as at the South. We shall be disappointed if New York does not follow the example of her Western neighbor, and at any rate manhood suffrage throughout the North cannot be very long delayed, it having become one of the things which everybody thinks must be done quickly before the other party does it.

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We are not of those who pretend to a clear idea of the extent of Indian hostilities at the West or of the prospect of a speedy repression of them. The published telegrams abound in stories of "battles" and "massacres," some of which have been proved to be, in plain language, diabolical inventions. The despatches from the civil officials are filled with apprehension and with censure of the War Department; those from the military commanders seem to depreciate the danger—which is what we might expect from both parties. But it is painful to observe that all the ferocity displayed proceeds from the civilians, with Gov. Hunt at their head. Indeed, what some of the good people of Denver indignantly denounced as calumny in Hepworth Dixon's account of white scalping, is shown to be no calumny at this juncture. Not always, we do believe, do the far Westerners hold the life of an Indian in as much contempt as the Southerner once held the negro's, but in the hot blood caused by his depredations and violence the savage must not expect mercy, and does not, though we wish for the American reputation he might expect to be put to death in a Christian manner. He is not, however, so much to be pitied as those who, by warfare with him, are brought down to the same level of brutality; and for the sake of the generation that is educated into familiarity with this bloodshed, of which nobody may boast, it is to be hoped the miserable conflict may soon terminate.

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The new minister to Mexico, Marcus Otterburg, or, as some of his friends or enemies now style him, the "Marquis d'Otterbourg," is a German of the Jewish persuasion, who came to this country a very young man, in 1852, with very few acquired advantages. He is a native of Landau, and we presume had not at that time given much attention to diplomacy, as he began life in his adopted country by opening a small cigar store at Milwaukee. In this business he failed miserably, and was pursued with some vindictiveness by angry creditors. He then, we believe, acted as treasurer for an itinerant theatrical company, of which his wife was one of the stars, and then betook himself to journalism. In this field he figured as advertising agent, and collector of "personal items," for a small German paper in Milwaukee, in which capacity he earned the gratitude of some prominent Republican politicians, and his claims for a small clerkship were urged earnestly by them on Mr. Lincoln. He was appointed Consul to Mexico as a compromise, was well received by Maximilian, but found one thousand dollars a year too small a sum with which to cut a respectable figure in court circles, and, like a sensible man, resigned. Mr. Seward insisted on his remaining at his post, however, and now, we suppose as a reward of his constancy, has made him minister. For all of this Mr. Otterburg is in no way to blame, but we think the public will agree with us in thinking that the country has not got so hard beset for public servants that it is forced to draw upon the ranks of the German-Jewish immigration whenever it wants diplomatists for posts requiring unusual tact, discretion, and training.

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Senator Wade's speech in Kansas, on the relations of capital and labor, about which there has been so much talk, and in which he hinted mysteriously that something might be done by legislation to promote a more equal distribution of property, has very little importance, except as an indication of the embarrassment of the position in which some gentlemen will find themselves when the Reconstruction controversy is over. There is, of course, no way in which inequality in property can be prevented except by having an equal division of goods every ten years or thereabouts, and the probabilities are that not more than one or at most two such divisions would be necessary, as after that time those who remained within reach of Mr. Wade's legislation would have so little to divide that it would hardly pay to carry the law into effect. The energetic, industrious, sagacious, and frugal have an unbrotherly way of getting rich faster than the slothful, the lazy, the stupid, ignorant, and drunken, and, what is worse, they have an odious fondness for keeping the fruits of their own toil for themselves and their children. Unhappily, too, there is no country in the world in which this class of persons is so large as in this, and we greatly fear that, as soon as they saw Mr. Wade and his shiftless protégés proposing to go shares in their goods or chattels, they would either take arms and put him and them out of the reach of want, or they would take themselves out of the country. In either case the new *régime* would be short-lived and full of misery. The desire which afflicts people who want property to be fairly divided by law, and of which Mr. Wade now shows symptoms, is one of the oldest in the world, and the best known, though its forms are various. Its origin is always the same—the inbred desire of men of all races to have plenty to eat and drink and wear with little or no labor. In the ancient world it showed itself in plunder and in slavery, which is simply a disguised form of plunder—a more roundabout way of living on the results of other people's industry. In modern times it takes a much milder form, is called "charity," and the "brotherhood of man," and the "rights of the poor," etc., and breaks out in proposals for communistic legislation. The workmen of the European continent, and particularly of France, had a bad attack of it about twenty years ago, but they are rapidly recovering from it. It seems to have stealthily crossed the ocean, and is now showing itself as an epidemic in some localities amongst us. Congressmen, doubtless owing to their exhausting labors and protracted vigils, seem to be peculiarly liable to it, and we are afraid it will make terrible ravages both in the Senate and House, but particularly in the House, during the next two or three years. Like cholera, it fastens most readily on those who have no steady and healthful occupation for their minds and bodies, a fact which suggest strongly the necessity of providing some manly and invigorating employment for the national legislature after the negro suffrage and the woman suffrage shall have been disposed of. One of the worst symptoms has already exhibited itself in Mr. Wade's case, namely, the strongly expressed wish of the patient to keep "in advance" of the rest of mankind on all possible questions. Cases have occurred in which the victim has been thrown into severe convulsions by the belief that the rest of the public were catching up with him, or that he had reached the last extreme and could go no further.

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A WRITER in the Wilmington *Commercial* argues the duty of Congress to take Delaware in hand and provide her with a republican form of government, under the well-known clause of the Constitution which Mr. Sumner thinks available for imposing negro suffrage on the North, and which the writer would also employ for correcting the unequal apportionment of political power in Delaware. His difficulty, and it is that of all those who have sought to give vitality to the clause in question, is that no State can be shown to have a less republican form of government now than when it took part in framing and adopting the Constitution, which thereupon became the certificate of its republicanism; whereas all the seaboard slave States, Delaware included, are, by the abolition of slavery, nearer the ideal republic than ever. But such an act of Congress as would satisfy the minority of legal voters in Delaware, though it might make the Union homogeneous, would not content everybody, nor would it settle the definition of a "republican form of government." There will be plenty of women and not a few men to assert that we have still only sham republics, so long as sex is a condition of the suffrage. It will do no harm if the discussion continue a little longer, so that, when our ideas of "equality" and "right" are fixed, we may amend or interpret the Constitution once and for all.

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IT is interesting to know that Mr. C. L. Vallandigham never said the Northern troops should march over his dead body; that he never was the man to say there would be no war; that he opposed the war as waged by the South and as waged by the North; that during the war his crime was that he loved the old Federal Republic, not wisely, we would add, but too well. Like Swinburne's hero, he would have had the object of his affection remain uncured of her leprosy for fear that when healed she would decline to receive his addresses. Also he is very like the British regulars at the battle of Monmouth, who are said to have lived a long time after they were killed. The last tears were shed over poor Mr. Vallandigham's political tomb many months ago, yet here he is writing political letters as if it were incumbent on him to commit political suicide. It is to a Mr. Clay that Mr. Vallandigham writes his letters; and his object in writing is to deny the truth of certain injurious statements made by Senator Wilson. His only apology, he says, for noticing anything that comes from such a source, is that Mr. Wilson is the successor in the Senate of Daniel Webster, and has recently "experienced religion." We do not observe that Mr. Wilson has answered him, and this ought to persuade Mr. Vallandigham to lie down and be quiet. No one knows better than Mr. Wilson who in the political field is quick and who is dead.

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THE continued retirement of the Queen, and her refusal to represent the kingdom, either in entertaining foreign potentates or London society, although she has now mourned her husband five years, continue to excite much criticism and dissatisfaction in England. The matter has been a good deal commented on already, but the London *Times* has lately ventured on more plain speech than any English newspaper has ever before ventured to address to an English sovereign. It warns her that the prolonged absence of the monarch from the public eye will gradually familiarize the people with the idea that the nation can get on very well without a monarch, and that if she persists in her present course she is not at all unlikely to leave the throne to her son in a damaged condition, and that what renders the experiment all the more dangerous just now is the immense change in the composition of the governing classes which the reform bill now passing will effect. Unfortunately, too, the Prince of Wales's character and pursuits are not of a nature to reconcile the country to his mother's seclusion. He has all the marks and tokens of what is called a "fast man," and does not conceal the fact that even the most trifling duties of his position bore him horribly. A century ago this might have passed without danger. In those days kings were sacred animals whom nations maintained fat and sleek, as the Egyptians did their two bulls, as indispensable to the national existence and happiness. But those days have passed away. There is still enough love of form and ceremonial left in the Old World to reconcile people to paying large salaries to kings and queens for keeping them up, but it would be highly dangerous for any monarch to persist long in doing what Victoria is now doing—drawing the salary without doing the work. Mr. Bagehot's remarkable book on the English Constitution contains a striking passage, to which the present crisis in England gives additional point, showing the influence which the growth of strictly matter-of-fact, utilitarian political communities in America and Australia exerts, and is likely to exert, in sapping the old European reverence for royalty, and he hints at the possibility of the English king passing before long silently away, and leaving the nation governed, as now, by a Parliament electing its own leader. What renders the matter all the more interesting is the gradual decline of the House of Lords, which has dwindled with tremendous rapidity in the course of half a century into a venerable form. The average attendance of peers is about five, and their political influence is about in the ratio of their industry. They are indolent, incompetent, and as a body perishing before the rationalism of the age. The creation of life peers which Lord Palmerston attempted ten years ago would have revived them, but they would none of it. It is proposed to save them from the reformed House of Commons by abolishing proxies, making a quorum necessary to the transaction of business. At present two peers may constitute the House of Lords; but it is very unlikely that any remedy would now avail. Their disease is organic, not functional. When Burke, in his magnificent burst at the close of his Warren Hastings speech, prayed that their lordships "might long stand as an ornament of virtue, and a security for virtue, the terror of tyrants, the refuge of an afflicted nation, a sacred temple for the perpetual residence of an inviolable justice," he little thought that in seventy-four years they would be within an inch of perishing from the most ignoble of all diseases—laziness.

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IT appears it was the Rothschilds who agreed to lend the 600,000 francs to the Italian Government on church property, and afterwards backed out of the agreement, and then threatened vengeance if their proceedings were exposed. The Italian Ministry, nothing daunted, however, have exposed it, and hinted, amidst the cheers of the Chamber, at an appeal to the courts. A new convention has now been concluded with Messrs. Erlanger and Fould, and the money will accordingly be forthcoming. The rumors of a possible *coup d'état* which have been long floating about have been indignantly denied. The King is a trifle too Catholic for the tastes of his people, but of his loyalty to the constitution there is, his friends say, no question. Just at present he is occupied in getting his sons married. The projected marriage of Prince Humbert with the Archduchess Matilda, the daughter of the victor of Custozza, and the granddaughter of the more famous Archduke Charles, has failed through the untimely death of the lady, who perished in her own drawing-room, in the midst of her friends and attendants, in the bloom of youth and health, of treading on a lucifer match.

Notes.

LITERARY.

“Byron,” the book written by “the Guiccioli,” latterly known as the Marquise de Boissy, which is issued in Paris, is to be republished in this country by Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt, who announce it. The same house have received some of the sheets of an interesting work of which they may be called the American publishers, though it forms one of Tauchnitz’s new series of English translations of German authors. The author in this case is one not known to American readers, Fritz Reuter, and the book is called “In the Year Thirteen.” Reuter has a great German reputation as a humorous writer in both prose and verse. In the days when there was a German Milton, a German Plato, a German Voltaire, and it was the fashion to christen German authors with foreign names, Reuter would probably have been called the German Burns. “In the Year Thirteen” and some if not all others of his works are composed in a dialect—Platt-Deutsch—which bears about the same relation to literary German that Lowland Scotch bears to literary English. Mr. C. L. Lewes, son of Mr. G. H. Lewes, is the translator, and his difficult task—for to many Germans the dialect above-mentioned is unintelligible—has apparently been well done. Another book about to be issued by Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt is Spooner’s “Biographical History of the Fine Arts.” This work is well known, and in this new edition appears in a handsomer and stouter outside dress than it has ever worn before. It is printed from the plates formerly owned by Mr. G. P. Putnam, and now in the hands of Mr. J. Bouton.——Mr. W. J. Widdleton will this fall add to his reprint of “The Amenities of Literature” and “The Curiosities of Literature” two books which will complete the set of the elder Disraeli’s works, namely, a volume of “Miscellanies” and “The Quarrels and Calamities of Authors.”——Among the works announced by Messrs. A. Simpson & Co. are “Poems,” by F. S. Cozzens (author of the “Sparrowgrass Papers”); Lord Strangford’s translation of poems from the Portuguese of Louis de Camoens; a translation of Dr. Max Parchappe’s “Galileo: his Life, his Discoveries, and his Works;” “A Treatise on Melancholy,” from the French of Dr. E. Du Vivier; and “Geology for General Readers,” by David Page, F.R.S.E.——Harper & Brothers announce a reprint of Miss Strickland’s abridged “Queens of England;” of the same author’s “Foundling Willie;” and of Dr. Smith’s “Smaller History of England.”——Mr. W. V. Spencer, of Boston, will shortly publish two little books for children—“Gerty and May,” and “Aunt Zelpeth’s Baby.”——Mr. Loring, of Boston, announces that by an arrangement with Miss Florence Marryatt, her forthcoming novel will be published simultaneously in Boston and London, and also announces a reprint of a successful new novel, entitled “The Roua Pass.”

—The Rev. Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler has been censured for letting himself be photographed while in the act, or, at any rate, while in the attitude of pronouncing the benediction or of offering prayer, and has been defended as having done no more than comply with the solicitations of some of his parishioners who wanted a picture of him in an attitude in which they like to see him. A defence at least as good as this, and perhaps better, would be to plead the example of the Right Rev. Samuel Wilberforce, D.D. That dignitary of the English Church has likewise been photographed in a posture usually reserved for the place of worship. And in his case the photographer was able to do what Sydney Smith suggested to the artist who painted Moore—namely, to throw into the portrait an expression of hostility to the church as by law established. The bishop was so depicted as to make known to the beholder his views upon “these Ritchelist ways;” his attitude was that of a Roman Catholic bishop imparting a blessing. This photograph was engraved by Messrs. Hatchard & Co., and figured in the front of a pamphlet published by that house, whereupon the photographer applied for an injunction to restrain Messrs. Hatchard & Co. from selling the picture, and was favorably answered by the judge.

—A Doctor Leger, a Frenchman by birth, who once lived in this city, and who had lived in many cities at one time and another, turned up as a mesmerizer in London in 1849 or 1850. He was not then a believer in phrenology, but afterwards became such, and after making several important improvements in the newly-invented magnetoscope, he applied that instrument to phrenological investigations. We get some account of Dr. Leger, his instrument and his method, in an English book entitled “Notes and Studies in the Philosophy of Animal Magnetism and Spiritualism,” by J. Ashburner, M.D. The instrument we will not attempt to describe. Doctor Leger applied it, with remarkable results, if we may believe Dr. Ashburner, to the heads of criminals and great men, and we regret sincerely that the latter gentleman was inconsiderate enough to get a touch of the gout, and so make it impossible that he should continue the experiments of his friend, who has been for some time dead. The instrument, it appears, can only be handled with good scientific results by a man in good condition; its requirements are very severe indeed. “As a general rule,” says Dr. Ashburner, “all persons who adopt the pernicious habit of smoking lose the inestimable faculty of perceiving the refinements of high mental and moral perceptions, and none of them can manipulate the magnetoscope.” But we fancy that Dr. Ashburner does not habitually restrain himself rigidly in the matter of expression and weigh his words with exactness. In other parts of his book he insinuates that “the whole College of Physicians is tinctured with the silly sin of self-glorification.” And again he says: “Our stolid cavillers in England are not worth a moment’s thought.” And once more: “Faraday, worse than ignorant of the great interests of science.” And yet once more: “The wretched intriguer who was the author of ‘A Psychological Enquiry,’” etc., etc. Be that as it may, this is his statement of Dr. Leger’s practice, and some of its results: Leger wished to apply mathematical laws to human motive; he had, in his magnetoscope, the means of doing so, for phrenology shows that the human head may be mapped out into thirty-six bumps, which are the outward signs of organs, which are the generators or seats of motives, and the doctor discovered that by the magnetoscope can be measured the magnetic force of each organ—the instrument being tremulously alive to the least manifestation of this force, and the organs being active or otherwise in accordance with the abundance or deficiency of the supply of it. Dr. Leger took 5 as the figure expressing the average force of each organ of the brain. Five times 36, then, or 180, represents the power of brain possessed by nine out of ten men that one meets on the streets. Irish servant-girls, by the way, were found by Dr. Leger to have no more of a head-piece, so to speak, than is represented by 130 or 140. But Macaulay, according to the magnetoscope—we do not know when he submitted himself to it—had a brain force of 310; a disguised person, who, we are told, used to carry an umbrella in a peculiar manner, and did not wish his name to be known, was marked 320; Lord Ellesmere gets credit for no less than 350; Earl Stanhope for 308; Robert Owen for 314. We are sure that Professors Fowler & Wells are making a great mistake in not importing a magnetoscope, and the republication of the book is quite in their line, we should think. It is to be had of Scribner, Welford & Co.

—Other late English books imported by the same firm are: “Ireland and her Churches,” by James Godkin; “The Keys of St. Peter,” by Ernest de Bunsen; Edward Dicey’s “Month in Russia during the Marriage of the Czarevitch,” which is adorned by photographic portraits of the Grand Duke and his bride; “Pompeii: its History, Buildings, and Antiquities,” well and profusely illustrated, by T. H. Dyer; the laudatory “Life of Eyre,” by the Mr. Hume who has become the laughing-stock of the critics; “Religious Life in England,” by Alphonse Esquiros; Tupper’s “Third Series,” which, by the way, is not yet announced for republication in this country; “A Secret Nook in the Jura,” a new novel by Ruffini; “Astronomy Without Mathematics,” by E. B. Dennison; James Cranstoun’s translation of Catullus; and “The Oxford Reformers of 1498,” by Frederic Seebohm. The reformers who form the subject of the last-mentioned volume are Erasmus, Sir Thomas More, and John Colet, who is best known as the founder of St. Paul’s School in London. But Colet, in 1496 and in Oxford, was a sufficiently “liberal Christian” to speak in his lectures of the Mosaic account of the creation as “a most useful and a most wise poetic figment.” Radulphus, a friend of Colet’s, had been lecturing on the dark places of the Book of Genesis, and had begun his explanations with the words of Lamech in the fourth chapter, as if there were no dark places before that one. Colet began with the beginning. He thought "nothing could be more like nights than these Mosaic days." The lectures, which embraced other topics than the Book of Genesis—as, for instance, the theory of verbal inspiration, the union of the two natures in Christ—were delivered by Colet after his return from Italy, where, it is probable, he had fallen under the influence of Savonarola, and were attended by great crowds. Erasmus and More held towards him the relation first of pupils and afterwards of dear friends. The book is well described by its title. The men of whom it treats were, like Wycliffe, reformers before the Reformation, and this excellent account of them not only gives honor to whom honor is due, and from whom it has been, to some extent, withheld, but assists the student to understand how the Reformation came.

—The best late book of travels must be "Cathay, and the Way Thither." It is a compilation of lazy men's delights, being a collection of mediæval notices of China and of the road to that region through the territories of the Great Cham and Prester John, and also by the way of the sea. Whenever translation was necessary, it was done by Colonel Henry Yule, C.B., formerly of the Royal Engineers (Bengal), who has edited the work with great care and knowledge. It is not yet imported to this country, we believe, but we see it noticed in the English papers. They learn from it that in the thirteenth century, when King Haiton of Armenia paid a visit to China, the Chinese gentlemen were very much surprised to hear that outside the central flowery kingdom there were women who had the use of their reason, like men! Also it appears that in 1050 A.D. Pi Shing made movable types of terra-cotta; in 904, printing from stone was invented by some other Chinaman; and block-printing the Chinese had invented in 581 A.D. In the reign of Hientsung (806–821 A.D.) there was a great scarcity of copper, and the emperor, borrowing the idea from the merchants, who had had it no one knows how long, issued paper money, which, however, soon depreciated tremendously in value. Leather money had been in use in the empire so early as 119 B.C. Before the Christian era the Chinese had discovered the use of coal as fuel, and ages before the Western nations thought of them they built ships with water-tight compartments, and used to navigate them by the aid of the mariner's compass. They have long made use of portraits in the identification of criminals; and there is no telling how many of our so-called modern inventions and discoveries we shall not find, as we become better acquainted with this remarkable country, to have been anticipated by a people who after all were not so very far wrong when they called the rest of the world "outside barbarians." Other works that we see advertised are "Meals for the Million," by Cor Fydd, who seems qualified to shine in Loring's library, for she arranges one hundred and twenty-five dinners for heads of families with incomes ranging from £100 to £250 a year; G. Routledge & Sons publish "the cheapest 'Boswell's Life of Johnson' ever issued;" W. Michael Rossetti is author of "Fine Art, chiefly Contemporary;" "A Visit to American Schools and Colleges" is by Sophia Jex Blake; "The Social and Political Dependence of Women" is by an anonymous author, who, the *Echoes from the Clubs* says, "is certainly a man," meaning that it is good; "Shipwrecks of Faith" is by Archbishop Trench; and "The Heroes of Crampton" is by a J. G. Holland. One would say it was by our J. G. Holland, for thus the advertisement begins: "Fiction, though much abused and persistently traduced by those who do not comprehend its true mission, has always been a favorite mode of conveying truth, and has for its support the highest sanctions of Christianity. The author of the Christian system spoke evermore in parables," etc., etc.

—Mr. Schulze-Delitsch is not a government partisan. Only the other day, in the Prussian Chamber, he denounced the illegal conduct of a minister who had undertaken to fill vacancies in the judiciary. But the Prussian Government cannot be insensible to the deputy's arduous and indefatigable efforts to assure peace and prosperity to the kingdom by improving the condition of the laboring classes, notably by consumers' and other co-operative societies. They have, it is reported, and we hope truly, recommended Mr. Schulze to the favor of the French Government in awarding the Exposition prize of 100,000 francs for services like those which have rendered him so honorably famous. A Mr. Dolfus is spoken of as his rival.

—Ex-Finance Minister Scialoja received lately from Naples a letter informing him that the writer had just composed a play entitled "The Ecclesiastical Patrimony," which was crammed with abuse of M. Scialoja, and altogether so recommended itself to a scandal-loving public that the author had had no difficulty in finding an *impresario* who would give 3,000 francs for the copyright. But the honest dramatist, so he said of himself, was not so mercenary that he could not give the preference to M. Scialoja. "Send me, then," he adds, "the 3,000 francs, or I shall consider myself free of every engagement towards you."

—The English tract-distributors, who are making a harvest at the Exposition, have been subjected to not a little ridicule, which some of their friends think might well have been reserved for a pamphlet published in Paris by Moronval frères, rue Galande, and styled "The Poor Folks' Physician; or, Collection of prayers and supplications, precious against toothache, cuts, rheumatics, fevers, scurf, colic, burns, low spirits, etc." One of the simplest remedies set forth is that contained in the "prayer for the speedy cure of colic," to wit:

> "Put the middle finger of the right hand on the pain, and say: 'Mary, who art Mary or colic passion, who art between my liver and my heart, between my spleen and my lungs'—stop at the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, and say three *paters* and three *aves*, and mention the name of the person, saying: 'God has cured thee, Amen!' "

—The Academy of Bibliophiles in Paris is about to publish beautiful and complete editions of the best French poets and prose writers. Already it has issued, under the editorial supervision of M. Louis Lacour, and with Jouaust for printer, an edition of Régnier, the sixteenth-century satirist, which is spoken of in the highest terms for its typographical finish and textual accuracy. Laid paper, new type, archaic titles and ornaments, are employed to make the book distinguished above ordinary publications. The number of copies struck off is generally not more than the number of subscribers, as is the custom in this country in similar cases.

EDUCATIONAL.

WASHINGTON COLLEGE, in Virginia, to which the Confederate General Lee began to devote his energies after the close of the rebellion, has just issued a catalogue and circular for 1867, which is much more interesting than ordinary college circulars. Among the instructors, in addition to the distinguished chief, are the names of R. L. McCulloch, whose flight from Columbia College is not yet forgotten, and Colonel W. P. Johnston, one of the personal staff of Jefferson Davis. The number of students enrolled is 399, of whom 139 are Virginians, five hail from Northern States, and the rest are from different portions of the South. The courses of study are elective, usually occupying three years. The allusions to "the seasons of unpleasantness" which have interfered with the college progress since 1861 are not rare. Among them is a severe reference to General Hunter, "under whose eyes the college that bore the name and enjoyed the munificence of George Washington was sacked." On the other hand, words of praise commemorate the students of 1861 "who joined the immortal Jackson at Winchester," and "earned from their illustrious commander the designation of more than brave young men." President Lee, we are told, "devotes himself exclusively to the duties of his office, occupying a room in the college buildings to which the students have at all times free access."

—In the House of Commons, on June 5, an interesting discussion took place on Mr. Ewart's bill providing that at both Oxford and Cambridge Universities "any person may be matriculated without being entered as a member of any college or hall, and may, if he shall think fit, join himself to any college or hall, with the consent of the head thereof, but without being obliged to reside within the same; and every person so matriculated shall in all respects and for all intents and purposes be and be considered as a member of the University, and upon joining any college or hall shall in all respects and for all intents and purposes be and be considered as a member thereof."

The bill and the motion to pass it to a second reading were supported by Mr. Ewart, Mr. Neate, Mr. Evans, Mr. Lowe, Mr. Gladstone, and others. Mr. Beresford Hope, Sir W. Heathcote, and Mr. Hardy were the chief speakers on the other side. On the one hand, it was contended that the proposed change was merely a return to that university system which existed down to the time of Archbishop Laud, and which has since been supplanted by the colleges; that their proper dignity would be restored to the professors; that a great boon would be given to poor scholars, for whom the college expenses are an insuperable barrier; that no longer as now, owing to the insufficiency of accommodation, would the worst colleges be filled at the expense of the best; that the competition for endowments and scholarships would not be limited as now to the comparatively small class that can afford to enter college and pay their way through; that the proportion of students to the population of the country would be greater, as it ought to be; and that much more attention would be paid to practical instruction, in such branches as agricultural chemistry, geology, engineering, etc. Mr. Gladstone incidentally asserted that never, since Oxford became a university, had it done so little for the poorer classes, and had so small a fraction of the clergy, the medical and the legal professions been educated there and at Cambridge. He also strongly censured, as connected with the question of cheap living and cheap education, the six months' vacation at Oxford.

To this it was replied that in the order of things the colleges, being latest, were an advance upon the old university, and that consequently Mr. Ewart's bill was reactionary, that it precipitated the colleges into untried ways, made no provision for discipline, took away the opportunity for close friendships, was so loosely worded as even to admit women, and after all obstructed the action of a highly respectable committee within the universities, who had been engaged for two years in studying the same or similar changes. The feeling of caste was also inferrible, though it received no offensive expression.

It has been acutely observed that the English people, even when pursuing a reform, turn with confidence to the past and demand instruction of history rather than of philosophy; and this debate affords a good illustration of this trait. "Englishmen," said Mr. Beresford Hope, "dislike irritating and teasing legislation." The result was that the vote stood: for the second reading, 164—against it, 150; and the bill was ordered to be referred to a select committee. Meantime the expenses of college life at Oxford continue to be £100 in place of £50; and Cambridge can show but 1,900 undergraduates against 3,000 or 4,000 at Berlin.

LEA'S HISTORY OF SACERDOTAL CELIBACY.*

AFTER a conflict lasting for ages, and at times convulsing Christendom, the celibacy of the clergy became an established feature in the constitution of the Latin Church. The Greek Church still permits the marriage of the lower orders of the clergy; deacons and presbyters retain the wives which they may have previous to ordination, while bishops, being recruited from the ranks of the regular or monastic clergy, are held to their vows and remain unmarried. This diversity is one of the points of contention between the Greek and Roman Churches. To trace the origin of priestly celibacy, the operation of the causes that promoted it, the vicissitudes of the long battle between the friends and the opposers of the practice, and its effect on the character and the influence of the Church, is a task which requires vast research. The numerous polemical works, Catholic and Protestant, especially in the period of the Reformation, are of course rich in material and in references which facilitate enquiry. The learned collection of Calixt—*De conjugio clericorum*—and the more recent work of Carové, are deserving of special mention. But the most important historical treatise on the subject has been the copious and erudite work of the brothers Theiner (Altenburg, 1828), a work of about the same compass as that of Mr. Lea, and the product of thorough and conscientious investigation. It must be remembered that the materials for a history of celibacy lie buried in the writings of the fathers and schoolmen, in the doings of synods and the decrees of popes and bishops, in the mediæval chronicles, in the civil legislation of all European countries, and in a hundred other obscure mines which the student must patiently explore. In truth, he can hardly qualify himself to write a full history of this single practice without at the same time performing the labor requisite to qualify himself to write a complete history of the Church—at least of the Church in the mediæval period. We do not exaggerate the merits of Mr. Lea's book when we say that it is evidently founded on a remarkably wide and profound examination of the original sources of information, its arrangement is lucid, and the spirit that pervades it is in the main just and philosophical. The learned author travels over the entire ground from the Apostolic age to the quarrel of Pius IX. with the Italian Government. Though he does not wander from his proper theme, he drops incidentally much curious and instructive information respecting the Church and society in the course of the extended period which he has occasion to traverse. One has only to turn to the chapters which describe the Hildebrandian reform and the conflict that ensued between the papacy and the empire, to convince himself of the author's ample erudition and of his general fitness for the task which he has undertaken. Altogether, the work is an extremely creditable addition to the literature of church history, and may challenge comparison with the best monographs which the German scholarship of our day has produced in this department.

Having expressed our warm appreciation of the excellence of Mr. Lea's work, we wish to offer a few critical suggestions upon several points which have attracted our notice in perusing it. We cannot concur in the literal interpretation which the author is inclined to give to Matt. xix. 12. The metaphorical sense is better fitted to the context, and is supported by examples of a similar use of the phrase by the rabbis. So the references in Meyer's Commentary *ad loc.*—1 Tim. iii. 2, 12, and Titus i. 6—are designed, according to Mr. Lea's opinion (p. 23) "to exclude those among the Gentiles who indulged in the prevalent system of concubinage, or who among the Jews had fallen into the sin of polygamy." This understanding of the phrase, "husband of one wife," has the support of some of the ancient expositors; but it is proved to be incorrect, in our judgment, by the corresponding phrase in 1 Tim. v. 9, where the widow who is "taken into the number"—either of deaconesses or of pious women supported by the charities of the Church—must have been "the wife of one man." That is to say—as the supposition of polyandry is out of the question—she must have been married but once. Out of accommodation probably to heathen prejudices, second marriages were made a barrier in the way of advancement to certain offices in the Church. It was a temporary recommendation or mandate, but it was not without its influence on subsequent ecclesiastical customs. In a note on p. 29, the *Explicationes* is quoted as a production of Justin Martyr; but that work is without doubt spurious. This circumstance, however, does not seriously affect the statements in the text with which the reference is connected. We read on p. 35 of Basilides, the Gnostic heresiarch, that he "honored the passions as emanating from the Creator, and taught that their impulses were to be allowed." We are not aware of any good reason for ranking Basilides in this category, although the work of Hippolytus has of late cast so much new light upon his system. The later Basilideans degenerated from the purity of the founder of the school. Mr. Lea supposes that the old British Church, which preceded Saxon Christianity, maintained the practice of celibacy. Some of his arguments are worthy of attention. Yet St. Patrick himself was the son of a deacon and the grandson of a presbyter. Gieseler, who gives an opposite opinion to that of Mr. Lea on this question, says that "the Irish Clement defended the marriage of a bishop as late as the eighth century" (Gieseler's Ch. Hist., Am. ed., I. 531 n.) Many English as well as Continental writers have fallen into various errors concerning the old Celtic Christianity of Britain, one of which is the identifying of the British Christians with the Asiatic party of Quarto-decimani. Christianity was probably carried over from Gaul into Britain; and in this case, whatever Oriental peculiarities were found in the old British Church must have been derived indirectly. In speaking of the Council of Constance (pp. 386, 387), Mr. Lea speculates as to the causes of the failure to effect the reforms which had been projected, and which were confessed to be imperatively required. He does not, however, state distinctly the real ground of the disappointment, which was that the advocates of reform were beguiled into the election of a pope as a preliminary measure, and that when the election was once effected, Martin V. himself and the Papal party skilfully prevented the consummation of the reformatory efforts.

In unfolding the origin of celibacy, it might have been well for the author to discriminate more sharply between Brahminical and Manichean asceticism and that asceticism which early arose and spread in the Christian Church. There is a fundamental difference. The Oriental asceticism rested on a theological dualism, whereas everything of that sort was cast out as a heresy from the Church, and the asceticism of Christians sprang from the antagonism of flesh and spirit—from the struggle which the law of Christ required his followers to maintain against the overgrown propensities and appetites of human nature. Moreover, when the Gospel was first preached, unchastity prevailed to a most frightful extent in the Græco-

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* "An Historical Sketch of Sacerdotal Celibacy in the Christian Church. By Henry C. Lea." J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia. 1867. 8vo.

Roman world. The early conference of the apostles (see Acts xv.) mentions fornication as prohibited to the Gentile converts, placing it on the list among things indifferent, as the eating of blood and of things strangled. The reason was that fornication was almost reckoned by the heathen among the *adiaphora*, so prevalent was the vice and so little disgrace did it bring. Asceticism arose in the Church as a part and fruit of an energetic protest against an all-pervading sensuality. The reaction naturally led to an extravagance.

Although the work before us is marked by candor and a spirit of moderation, yet the reader would, perhaps, gather from it a more unfavorable impression of the character of the Middle Ages and of mediæval religion than a comprehensive view would justify. There was not only a vast amount of devotion in "the ages of faith;" there was also a vast amount of conscientiousness and of earnest endeavor to live a truly Christian life. The careful reader will find evidences of this fact in the continual resistance to abuses and the reiterated enterprises of reform, the record of which is given on the pages of this history. Whatever may be said of the motives underlying the custom of celibacy as it arose and finally became a law in the Latin Church, no fair-minded reader of Mr. Lea's work will doubt that it has been productive of immeasurably more evil than good. Experience has proved that even where purity of life has existed among a celibate clergy, they have often suffered greatly from a loss of that education of the human affections which the family is adapted to afford. The temper of ecclesiastics would have been less hard if they had dwelt in the sunshine of pleasant homes. Worse than this is the immorality to which this enforced custom has led, and which it has not unfrequently been thought to palliate, if not excuse. It is a most significant fact that in various countries and at different periods the laity have preferred to see the priest, if not married, yet permanently connected with a female without the sanction of the marriage tie. They have desired this as a safeguard for their wives and daughters. Celibacy doubtless contributed to the independence of the Church, and aided the Papal power in building up that compact, well-organized hierarchy which brought so great blessings, along with great evils, upon European society in the ages of transition from barbarism to modern civilization. But this feature of mediæval Christianity is destined to pass away with the mistaken views that engendered it. The calmly reasoned, deeply learned, and dispassionate history of Mr. Lea will do its part in producing this wholesome result. It deserves an honorable place among the standard works in the province of historical theology.

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MAGAZINES FOR JULY.

The Galaxy has fallen into sensational ways. The July number, long before it was issued, was advertised and "paragraphed" as containing "an article by Horace Greeley" and "an article on Ritualism by the Reverend Morgan Dix," a gentleman who is supposed to be as High Church in his views as almost any clergyman in this High Church Diocese, and who, it was inferred, might have something to say on the topic above-mentioned that would disgust some people, amuse others, delight others, and in some way or another stir the feelings of all. But the articles about which so much noise was made are of the stupidest kind. Mr. Greeley, in exactly three pages, commits himself fearlessly to the assertion that "The Fruits of the War" are the abolition of slavery, the restoration of the Union, the disappearance of the theory of secession and of the apprehension of future civil war. One might set a figure-four trap in the City Hall Park, and not catch a newsboy who has not at his tongue's end everything which Mr. Greeley has written for *The Galaxy*, and which the editors of that magazine have published with such a flourish of trumpets. As for Mr. Dix, one thinks, as one reads his article, that he would like to say and could say a great deal more about "Ritualism" than he has chosen to say in this utterance. With what we regard as uncandidness, he has written a good many pages on the upholstery aspect of the new movement, and has said nothing of that vital principle of it which, if it is not what attracts the most of those who are called Ritualists, is certainly what rouses the hostility before which the movement will sooner or later turn out powerless. Such Ritualism as he talks about is not the Ritualism which it is worth while to regard. But there is a Ritualism that it is worth while to regard.

The two novels, Mrs. Harding Davis's and Mrs. Edwards's, are still going on in *The Galaxy*, and there is the usual variety of light reading. This number contains two illustrations, one a very lifelike little picture by Gaston Fay, which has been much hurt in the printing by injury to the eyes of the figure; the other, a picture by C. C. Griswold, which fails to convey the idea of the two verses it was meant to illustrate.

In *Hours at Home* there is as good a paper on "Walrussia" as we have read since Mr. Seward acquired that region. Our new fellow-citizens appear to be not a very engaging set. The Indians among them are described as bloodthirsty and cruel, and we should say that the Esquimaux will bear a great deal of civilization. It is customary for the youthful Tchoutki or Esquimaux to remain unweaned till he is five years old, and it is added that he has been known to borrow a chew of tobacco and then go to take the breast. By the way, if he is deformed, he is very likely killed soon after he is born. When he grows up—and he grows to a height of between five feet one inch and five feet ten—he may have as many wives as he can support, and probably will think none too much of any of them. Our fellow-citizen, Matonabbee, for instance, is represented as saying that women were made for labor, that they can haul or carry twice as much as a man, and that the expense of keeping one can be kept at a very low figure, because being always the cook the mere licking of her fingers is an ample subsistence for her. These people live in deerskin tents in the summer season, and in semi-subterranean drift-wood huts in the winter. Skins furnish them not only their summer habitations, but their leggings, their tunics, their hoods, and their boots. Of the intestines of the seal or whale they make their windows, and also their one musical instrument, a sort of drum; and their diet is, of course, continually meat and fish. As for personal appearance, they are short, with a light yellowish-brown complexion, which, however, darkens with age, dirt, grease, weather-stains, and the process of tattooing. "They are robust, muscular, and active, their chief strength being in the back." Their height, as we have seen, is not so very dwarfish; their faces wear a good-natured expression, and the women are said not to be ill-looking when young, but to be miserable objects when old, as might, indeed, be inferred from their habit of wearing lip-rings, from the decay of teeth, to which all Esquimaux are liable, and from the expressed sentiments of Matonabbee above-mentioned. They are modest before and shameless after marriage, and are encouraged by their husbands in violating the marriage vow. The intellectual capacity of the race is small; it is doubtful if they can count above six. As for religion, they seem to believe in a future existence, for they say that when a man dies his body sleeps and his soul goes underground to feed on stones, mosquitoes, and roots; they think that earth, air, and sea are full of invisible spirits, and, in general, they are given over to senseless superstitions, and their natural science is quite on an equality with their theology. Mr. Snow estimates the whole number of Esquimaux and allied tribes of supposed Tartar origin to be no greater than twenty-five hundred.

The latest of Dr. Bushnell's essays, "On the Moral Uses of Dark Things," is entitled "Of Oblivion, or Dead History," and contains some fresh thought and many passages in Dr. Bushnell's best manner—forcible, flowing, and, if suggestive of the pulpit, suggestive of a sort of pulpit eloquence of which it is to be wished there were much more than there is. Some of the thought, too, is fresh as well as forcibly expressed. This passage following is to be quoted not so much for its matter as for its expression, and no doubt it is a specimen of energy of expression somewhat too unrestrained. Nor will the thought command assent:

> "John, the apostle, had Mary, the mother, with him, we know not how many years, and she told the story over, how tenderly, how many times. He was getting old, too, when he wrote his gospel, and old men are proverbially garrulous; and yet he says not one word of the infancy, or gives any faintest allusion to Mary's conversations. No; he has something great to record here, and something which can be fitly honored only in a few bold strokes of narrative, such as will even make the story idealize itself more vividly than words can describe it. Why should he pile it with cargoes of circumstance, when the world itself could not contain the books, and Christ himself would be written out of his divinity, by an itemizing gospel that proposes to enhance his record?"

Other articles in this magazine are an instructive outline of Dr. Döllinger's oration on "The Universities of Europe" (J. F. Hurst); "The Last of My Panama Pets," which is by Mr. C. H. Webb, and is light and entertaining; a tourist's article on the Homes of Charles Dickens, Florence Nightingale, and Charlotte Brontë (John D. Sherwood); "Abyssinia and its Border Lands" (Professor E. P. Evans); Honoré de Balzac, a well-written but brief and sketchy article (Miss V. W. Johnson); "Carl Ritter," by Professor Schele De Vere; an interesting description of Modern Athens (Professor W. S. Tyler); and "God in History" (Professor E. A. Lawrence).

In *The Catholic World* a writer on "The Indissolubility of Marriage" proves to his own (celibate?) satisfaction that Christianity admits of divorce for no cause but one; and that, after divorce even for that cause, adultery is committed if either the innocent or the guilty party marry again. Not to give the argument a wider scope than the writer has given it, we remark merely that the Protestant moralists, who, without exception, we believe, dissent from his view, do not, as he does, base their conclusions on a distortion of the language of Scripture.

Another writer in the same magazine urges the convening of church congresses, meetings of the clergy and laity, like those which since 1848 have been repeatedly held in European countries. There is need enough of such gatherings, he thinks; it is not easy to find an architect who knows more about building a Catholic church than about building a Mohammedan mosque; it is common enough to see a priest clad in Roman vestments celebrating mass at a Gothic altar, furnished with Byzantine candlesticks and crucifix, and adorned with a miscellaneous job lot of French artificial flowers; Catholic institutions of learning in this country are much inferior to the Protestant colleges, except in the matter of teaching the dead languages; there is not one Catholic daily paper in the United States; and the Church is making such rapid advances in America that the clergy need the help and encouragement of the laity, and this can best be got by holding congresses. The work done by these bodies, then, is various. Last year's congress held in Malines, for example, besides discussing an indefinite number of humanitarian and religious themes, passed judgment on seventy-six musical compositions, and awarded to one of them, which was thought to be the best mass, a prize of a thousand francs; the same sum is to be given by this year's congress for the best architectural design for a church; the Malines and other Belgian congresses have given a great impetus to religious journalism in Belgium; the German congresses are now considering a project for a grand Catholic university.

In a critical examination of the works of Adelaide Anne Procter, the poetry of that very pleasing writer, who set down too diffusely, in very smooth verses, a good many melancholic thoughts and a good many pretty ones, is treated of by an over-enthusiastic admirer; "The Souls of Animals" is full of stories, good, but old; good enough, we suppose, and old enough certainly, is everything in "The Catholic Church and Modern Art;" Guettée's "Papacy Schismatic" is to be made the theme of a series of articles, for its reviewer considers it a fair specimen of the works written against the Romish Church, and says that it contains all that schismatics have first and last alleged against her. For the rest, we may say that this month's *Catholic World* has a greater number of original articles than we have seen in any previous number of the magazine, and that they are all readable, though none of them can be called very valuable nor of a high degree of purely literary excellence.

In *The Atlantic Monthly* the most noticeable article, and noticeable mainly because it is almost the only one not pleasant, is Mazzini's discourse on "The Religious Side of The Italian Question." When a man, being asked why he does not go back to his country and work as hard as he can to put his ideal into fact, brings out his rhetoric and informs us that "Italy is a religion," we feel a desire almost irresistible to tell him what *he* is, and to cease pitying him for having A. C. Swinburne for his laureate. The article is a revelation in the ordinarily eloquent way of the conceit and impracticability of the typical talking reformer, and has its usual effect of petrifying the reader into a stonier Philistine than he was before.

As to "The Guardian Angel," neither we nor Dr. Holmes have anything new to say. Mr. Howells is at his very best in his article entitled "At Padua." The world of American literature is discovering not slowly what a genuine gain it has made in the advent of this writer, whose work is marked by exquisite, if not the most exquisite, taste, by humor lighter and more cheerful than Hawthorne's, more refined and subtle than Irving's, and in no way imitative, by much critical acumen and by considerable force of thought. His articles, and this is the best of him, steadily grow better, or so it seems to the reader. Mr. E. E. Hale is satirical upon Boston—and, not to offend the Bostonians, we will pronounce him more satirical on other cities nearer the periphery of the universe—in a readable essay, not readable merely because it is satirical, which is entitled "My Visit to Sybaris." Hawthorne's "English Note-Books," excerpts from which are soon to be published in a book, have begun to do duty in the publishers' magazine. They repay study, and the reader may be glad that he gets them in short lessons before he gets them in a volume. Hawthorne's mild disregard—contempt is far too strong a word—for the poet of Helvellyn, is very evident in these passages from his diary.

"An Artist's Dream" is by Colonel Higginson. We find nothing in it, and more than that one feels all the time as if he were going to find something, and something unpleasant. But nothing unpleasant is found; only there is suggested a weakly morbidness in one who delights in these fine-drawn torturing improbabilities. The true poverty of "Poor Richard" and his probable wretchedness begin to grow plain to the reader of Mr. James's elaborate study of character. But surely Richard, if not too subtle, does talk too lucidly in explication of subtleties. Evidently, however, plenty of a literary conscience and the consequent labor go into Mr. James's novel, and we dissent with diffidence. "Dr. Molke," if it is true, is good. "A Struggle for Life" is not true, but is good in its way, which is the way of the ingenious and "magaziny" tale. "The Piano in America" is Mr. Parton's, and is nearly the dullest thing from his pen we have ever seen. We except an article on "Presidential Nominations," which he has just contributed to the new *New Jersey Magazine*, and which is considerably more perfunctory than this on the piano.

The poetry of the July *Atlantic* is by Lowell, Whittier, and Alice Cary. Miss Cary has hardly ever written with more vagueness, or more of the sweet pastoral simplicity which is her charm, than in the verses in "Mona's Mother." Mr. Whittier's "Freedom in Brazil" is excellent in rhyme and rhythm, and is fine moral eloquence. Mr. Lowell's "Ember Picture" is a picture, and would not be out of place in an expurgated gallery of Heine, if we could imagine that painter good and happy.

About *Harper's* for July we have room to say little, and we believe almost nothing requires to be said. "The Dodge Club" is really funny; "Our New Northwest" is an illustrated article about Russian America; "The Great Show at Paris" is a well enough written letter, apparently by an artist; and for the rest there is little love this month, a good deal of patriotism, and, we are happy to say, no poetry.

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NOTES ON THE NEW EDITION OF WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY.

NO. XVI.

[In making up from my notes the article on etymologies and definitions of words beginning with the letter B, the following remarks on the origin of the word *battledoor* were accidentally omitted:]

Battledoor, supposed by editors of Webster to be "corrupt. from the Spanish *batallador*, a great combatant," etc.

This derivation is contrary both to philological and to historical probability. There is no such analogy of meaning between the two words as to render it more than barely possible that the English noun should have been taken from the Spanish, and such a deduction is not to be admitted without some better evidence than mere similarity of sound. As a point of historical etymology, the question has a certain importance, because, if the proposed derivation be accepted, we must ascribe to the Spanish language an influence in the formation of our vocabulary at a period when the Peninsular dialects have been hitherto supposed to have contributed little or nothing to it, except possibly in certain special nomenclatures not connected with the domestic life and amusements of England.

In the "Promptorium Parvulorum," compiled in 1440, Way's edition, p. 27, we find: "BATYLDOURE, or wasshynge betylle. *Feretorium;*" in a pictorial vocabulary printed from a MS. of the fifteenth century in "National Antiquities," Vol. I., p. 269, "*Hoc feratorium, hoc pecten*, a batylledore;" and in Palsgrave (A.D. 1530), p. 197, "Batyldore, *battover a lessive.*" The M. L. *feritorium* was a paddle-shaped stick or baton for beating clothes in washing—a practice still followed on the Continent—and Palsgrave's *battoir à lessive* means the same thing. *Pecten* was what is now called the *sley* of a loom (A.-S. *slæ*, from *slean*, to beat), a contrivance for *beating* the wool of the web together while weaving. There is no reasonable doubt that the *battledoor* used with the shuttlecock, as well as in other games, took its name from the *battledore, beater*, or *batler* (see Halliwell) of the washerwoman, the form of both implements being the same. We find the word in its modern sense as early as the time of Florio, who, in his Italian dictionary, 1611, ascribes to *paletta*, among other meanings, that of "*a batledur* to play at tennis or shuttlecocks."

The immediate source of the word is probably the Provençal *batedor* (see Raynourd) or *batadouiro* (see Azais), the former of which is used in the general sense of *beater* and in various more specific applications, and the latter is defined "palette de bois avec laquelle on bat le linge pour le laver." These forms explain the introduction of the *d* into the last syllable—a rare process in English etymology—but we must look elsewhere for the *l*, which seems equally out of place in a word derived from the French verb *battre*. The implement in question has a great variety of names in the French dialects most nearly connected with English, and several of those which contain the letter *l* are apparently diminutives from the Latin *baculus*. Others, however, with the same liquid, are evidently from *battre*, or from a Mediæval Latin derivative of the same original root. Halliwell gives us O. English forms *batler, batlet, battling-staff*, and *battleton*. We find in Med. Latin *batillum, batlitorium;* and an intermediate form, *batillatorium*, may easily be supposed, if a direct Latin origin be preferred. In any event, the French and Latin sources suggested furnish a more probable derivation for *battledoor* than a word so remote in origin and signification as the Sp. *batallador*.

Halliwell quotes Miege as saying that *battledore* "was formerly a term for a horn-book," but he gives no citation. A better authority for an analogous use of the word is the sturdy Quaker apostle, George Fox, who published in 1650 a curious volume, entitled "A Battle Door for Teachers and Professors to learn Plural and Singular," in which the word occurs a number of times. The editors of Webster give the sense of horn-book on the authority of Halliwell, but do not attempt to explain its origin in this application, which is, however, not very obscure. In the early days of modern philology, *janua*, a door or gate, was a not uncommon title for grammars and other treatises on language. Thus, in 1631 Comenius published the first edition of a "Janua Linguarum reserata," an introduction to the study of five languages, which had great success, and was often reprinted; and Anchoran adopted a similar title for his philological work, "Porta Linguarum Trilinguis Reserata et Aperta;" or, as he translates it in the English edition of 1663, "The Gate of Tongves Vnlocked." In French, *battant* is a leaf of a folding or double door, and *porte à deux battants* is a folding door, or door with two leaves. *Battle-door* is the English translation of this name, and means a door, a *janua* or gate, which, having two leaves, affords a wider and easier entrance than a common door of one leaf, and thus serves as a convenient introduction to knowledge. The word in this sense is quite different from *battle-door,* a palette or bat, and George Fox, by writing the two components separately, *battle door,* showed that he understood the meaning and etymology of a term which modern lexicographers have not been able to make out.

The foregoing remarks, which may perhaps be thought trivial observations on a trivial subject, connect themselves with considerations of higher philological interest and importance, because the history of the mediæval and modern growth and development of the radical from which *battre, beat,* and *battledoor* are derived, furnishes abundant illustration of an etymological process in the evolution of language from expressive germs which we have not many opportunities of observing upon so wide a scale.

The root in question, whatever may have been its primary origin, form, and significance, probably appears in the Greek *πάταγος* and *πατάσσω*, and certainly in the rarely used Latin verb *batuo,* as well as in the Anglo-Saxon *beatan.* But inasmuch as the Greeks, the Latins, and the Anglo-Saxons had other words to express the various special modifications of meaning involved in the generic notion *to beat,* they did not find it necessary to form a numerous progeny of derivatives and compounds from this particular root. *Batuo* does indeed occur in a very small number of passages in approved Latin authors, but it was not a classical word, and evidently belonged to the *lingua rustica* or vulgar dialect of ancient Latium. This, like other unwritten dialects, doubtless had a very limited vocabulary, and of course as the uses and applications of language became multiplied and diversified among those who spoke the dialect, its generic terms were obliged to do double and even tenfold duty. The conquests of Rome carried the *lingua rustica* wherever her soldiery was stationed, and *batuo* hence became an established word in all the colonies of the Roman Empire. Its character as a word of generic signification adapted it to a great variety of uses in the multifarious new conditions of Roman colonial life, and numerous derivatives and compounds were formed from it in all the countries to which the Romans transplanted their laws, institutions, and popular speech. Thus a root, which had remained almost sterile for uncounted centuries, throwing up only a very few slender offshoots, became suddenly productive in the Middle Ages, and the humble radical *bat,* probably in its origin a mere imitative utterance, now counts a forest of descendants, which have spread themselves through the whole territory of Romance as well as English philology. This process of multiplication, diversification, and diffusion has taken place within the historical period, and existing literary monuments enable us to trace the annals of this family of words with a certainty and minuteness of which historical etymology affords not many instances.

Cabochon.—When a precious stone, whose crystalline angles have been rounded off by rolling in water or other accidental attrition, is polished without being cut into facets, it is said to be cut *en cabochon,* a word derived from Fr. *caboche,* a head or lump. As this form is particularly suited to show off to advantage certain colored gems—the opal, for example—such stones are often reduced to the *cabochon* form, though found in comparatively regular shapes. This is not strictly an English word, but we have no other to express the idea, and as it is constantly used among English dealers in gems, it is entitled to a place in English dictionaries.

Calash.—The Italian *calare,* to let down, as applicable to a carriage with a top which can be lowered or raised at pleasure, is *primâ facie* a probable etymology for this word in both its meanings. Its real derivation is purely a historical question, and a mere resemblance between *calash* and a Slavonic word signifying not specifically a carriage with a movable top, but, generally, any wheel carriage, is not sufficient evidence of relationship beween the two.

Caliber.—The derivation from "*qua libra,* of what pound, what weight," is unsupported by historical evidence, and is of very slight philological probability. The word first appears in Spanish, and the Arabic *galab,* a mould for casting, a pattern, a model or standard, is in all likelihood the true source of *caliber.*

Caii Julii Cæsaris Commentarii de Bello Gallico. With Explanatory Notes by George Stuart, A.M., Professor of the Latin Language in the Central High School of Philadelphia. (Philadelphia: Eldridge & Brother. 1867.)—This is, we are informed, the first of a series of Greek and Latin text-books to be published by the Messrs. Eldridge under the name of "Chase and Stuart's Classical Series." In external form and typography it is superior to most American school-books; in other respects we are sorry to find less improvement than we had hoped. In striving to avoid encumbering the work with matter which should more properly be found in books of reference, the editor seems to us to have gone too far the other way, and to have omitted much that is really indispensable. The life of Cæsar prefixed is meagre and unsatisfactory; the map of Gaul small and incomplete. We should have been glad, also, to have seen a brief but accurate argument of the contents of each book given at the beginning; a running chronology at the top of each page; a brief chronological table at the end of the text, followed by a short historical introduction; a diagram illustrating the crucial passage in Lib. IV. cap. xvii., is almost indispensable to making the passage intelligible to the majority of school boys. The interpretation of difficult passages and the explanation of constructions given in the notes are, for the most part, as they should be, brief, intelligible, and correct. We have specified the defects of the book more at length than we should otherwise have done, in the hope that the gentlemen who have in charge the remaining books of the series will consider somewhat more carefully the peculiar requirements of text-books in a country like our own, where books of reference, beyond the most ordinary grammars and dictionaries, are, except in cities, extremely rare, and for boys at school almost unattainable.

Recent Republications.—Scribner, Welford & Co. offer in one small volume, which yet is too large, an epitome of Miss Agnes Strickland's "Lives of the Queens of England," a work which in its original form made something like six octavo volumes. The abridgment is done by Miss Strickland herself, and is done "for the use of schools and families." For anything we can see, all the unreliability of the six volumes is got without diminution into the one, and the youthful student will have to read about as many better books in correction of this as in correction of those. It will not, however, go into many schools or families in this country.

The third edition of a book published by T. N. Kurtz, of Baltimore, and James Miller, of New York, we could, we think, describe better than by copying its title-page, but its title-page may pass for an account of it: "Gleanings from the Harvest Fields of Literature. A Melange of Excerpta, Curious, Humorous, and Instructive. Collated by C. C. Bombaugh, A.M., M.D. 'So she gleaned in the field until even, and beat out that she had gleaned; and it was about an ephah of barley.'—Ruth ii. 17. 'I have here only made a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own but the string that ties them.'—Montaigne." "The string that ties them" is that all are in a sense literary curiosities—specimens of acrostics, for example; of alliteration; of church-yard literature; of difficult versification; of conformity of sense to sound; of inscriptions on bills, fly-leaves, inns, clocks, wedding-rings, window-panes; of anachronisms of Shakespeare; of macaronic verse; of Persian poetry, puzzles, Puritan peculiarities, and so on, and so on, almost without limit.

Mr. G. P. Putnam's "Excursion Papers" carries one to the chief cities of the continent of Europe, the Holy Land, the West Indies, the Pacific, the home of Evangeline, and the home of Elijah Pogram. Mr. Curtis is the only author whose hand we detect, and that is plainly visible in the opening paper: "Newport in Winter." It affords an interesting and in some respects curious parallel with Mr. Higginson's "Oldport in Winter," the one being the impressions of a transient visitor out of season, the other those of a recent settler who has summered and wintered the gay watering-place and the decayed town. Between the two the reader gets a very just idea of Newport, and even a local knowledge that will serve him should he ever go there. Of the other papers it may be said that they are all readable, and contain a good deal of trustworthy information. Mr. John Banvard's voyage down the Mississippi on a drift-log is the most remarkable "excursion" described in these covers. A part of this edition, we may remark by the way, is bound in paper only, and this, together with the title, "Railway Classics," may induce some to attach but a transient importance to the series, as if it were only to be read in the cars and left on the seat when the station is reached. But it has features that entitle it to permanent preservation, and the volumes in cloth would ornament the shelves of any library.

With the twelfth volume Messrs. Little, Brown & Co. complete their reprint of the works of Burke—an edition which lacks nothing in respect of good workmanship, typographical or editorial. There may have been elsewhere other as handsome editions as this, but the present publishers are more solicitous to say that they have spared no pains to make this more accurate than any, indeed as accurate as possible, and that they have reasonably succeeded in so doing. We believe that the fact is as stated, and those who own these volumes may justly congratulate themselves on possessing the very best edition of Burke in the English language.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION *should be addressed to the Editor.*

FUTURE POLITICAL ISSUES.

No one can doubt that the political issues of the war will soon pass away, unless revived by the folly of those who assume to be the especial friends of the South. There can be no dispute over negro slavery when negro suffrage is an accomplished fact. Nor will those who were loudest in opposition to the admission of the negro to political privileges venture upon any practical effort to take from him the ballot which he has gained in spite of them. Doubtless, in a few isolated States, a blind and stupid party will take pride in delaying the application of the principle of equality to their own States, but this cannot defeat its final triumph, nor give rise to a national contest. But in conceding that these issues, which have occupied so much of our own thought, and which have absorbed our energies in the past, must pass away, we by no means admit that the party which has maintained the side of universal liberty in the contest so nearly over must also pass into obscurity. Parties live long upon the tradition of past achievements—longer, in many cases, than is good for the country or even for themselves; for a party is better dead than moribund. The Whig party of England held power for seventy years upon the credit of 1688, and even yet, although reduced to a mere shadow, has the largest share of the government by virtue of its past history. The Tories retained power uninterruptedly for fifteen years after their triumphant conclusion of the war against Napoleon. So in this country the Democratic party has lived through blunders, incapacity, and corruption of the most amazing kind, solely upon its traditions of past glories; and to-day the great embarrassment of its managers is, that while its present organization is too offensive to the loyal spirit of the country to warrant the hope of winning a majority to its side, the party name constitutes so much of its strength with its present adherents that an abandonment of that name would probably disband the party.

We see no reason for supposing that the Republican party will prove an exception to this general rule. It has achieved a military success as complete as and more marvellous than the triumph of England over Napoleon, which gave the Tories a long lease of power. It has enfranchised a larger proportion of the Southern people than the Whig party of England did of its people in 1832. The strength of the hold which it has thus acquired upon the new voters is proved at every Southern election; and there are as yet no serious indications of its power being diminished at the North. It cannot calculate upon a blind and unconditional support; but it has every reason to expect that it will command the grateful and affectionate adherence, within reasonable limits, of vast masses of men who look upon it as the instrument of their own elevation or the preservation of a system dear to them as their own lives.

Some questions, over which there is just now much clamor, are not of sufficient importance to have a permanent or general effect upon politics. Thus the eight-hour delusion, which is being made use of quite extensively by desperate politicians, will speedily expend its force in a few still-born statutes. Probably nine-tenths of the real workers of the country have no interest in an eight-hour law; and even the classes who are deceived by their addle-pated leaders into relying upon it as a means of their elevation, will speedily be disgusted with its results, if they succeed in putting it in force. Nor will any of the other schemes for interference with property or business raise any permanent political issue. A community in which property is so widely spread as it is in our Northern States cannot be led into any hare-brained plans for its redistribution. The laborer who has saved one hundred dollars is too tenacious of that to be willing to divide it with his penniless neighbor, in the hope of getting a larger share in the general division. The South contains a much greater proportion of destitute people, and therefore such visionary schemes may for a while be popular there; but the colored people are beginning to accumulate property under equal laws, and will lose all interest in confiscation as soon as they have homes of their own, however small and mean. While severely censuring those who strive to delude the negro with the hope of plundering his late master, we are not apprehensive that any such efforts can be successful.

The issues arising out of temperance and Sunday laws are merely local; and though they may be controlling in New York, yet they will be settled there without affecting national politics very materially.

The reconstruction of the South will not be completed, even under the most favorable circumstances, until the spring of 1868; and until that is accomplished, its completion will be the chief political consideration with the people. Even after the restoration of the Southern States to the full privileges of the Union, there must be a period of anxiety for the successful working of the new machinery which will tend to unite the Republican party, and thus to prolong its power.

Financial questions must, however, absorb a larger share of attention in the future than they have in the past. The amount to be raised by taxation is so large as to require a degree of wisdom in the mode of assessment which has never before been called for, and which is consequently not to be found among our legislators. The public mind is uneducated on these points, and the people, seeking blindly for relief from burdens which oppress them, are for a time at the mercy of charlatans, who offer remedies which seem to promise instant relief, but which really aggravate the disease. The hard lessons of experience will soon make us all wiser, and we shall learn that the possession of long rivers, great mountains, vast prairies, and free institutions does not liberate us from the laws of political economy, as thousands of well-meaning men now firmly believe that it does. By-and-by they will discover that water runs down hill in America just as much as in Europe.

Now, there is no absolute necessity for drawing party lines upon financial issues. For years to come there will be so much doubt as to the stability of the new order of things in the South as to make it the duty of all good men to co-operate in guaranteeing equal rights, in maintaining justice, and in promoting education. In most of the Southern States, if not in all, the numerical power of the colored race will steadily diminish, by reason of the increase of white immigration, hitherto kept out by slavery and its concomitants. The colored people must rise in intelligence with a rapidity unequalled by any other liberated race in order to counteract their loss of the influence of mere numbers. That they are capable of doing this, we believe; but the work to be done by and among them is immense, and requires all the moral influence and material aid which the North can give. It might be seriously retarded if the National Government should fall into unfriendly hands. For this purpose the Republican party ought to keep itself in power, and if it acts wisely it can do so. But it must be tolerant of differences of opinion upon minor points, however important they may be. It has no right to construct a platform upon which a large minority of its members cannot stand. It has no right to deny nominations to men who are preferred by the people, and against whom no objection is made except that upon some question of revenue, currency, or local legislation they differ from the party managers. This is the natural tendency of all triumphant parties, and it is one of the principal reasons why they fall asunder. It is a moral impossibility to find a hundred intelligent men whose views coincide upon every political issue; and parties, which organize by millions, must inevitably contain an endless diversity of views.

Nor is it upon mere party grounds that we desire to see toleration upon the subjects we have mentioned. These subjects will be more impartially discussed, and the popular verdict upon them will be more likely to be just, if they are not made the grounds of party divisions. Neither will either party feel bound upon its accession to power to reverse the financial policy of the preceding administration, as it otherwise would; and thus the stability of commercial arrangements would not depend upon the maintenance of any party. In proportion, therefore, to the certainty of justice which either side to these controversies feels, should be its anxiety to keep its dogmas out of mere partisan politics.

If, however, the managers of the Republican party, elated with success and over-influenced by special interests, should insist upon conformity to their financial views as a test of party fidelity, they will certainly destroy its supremacy. For by virtue of the very intelligence, education, and morality of its members, of which the party is so justly proud, it necessarily includes within itself a multitude of conflicting opinions, deliberately formed and conscientiously adhered to by men who will not suffer dictation. We suppose that a party caucus at Washington would decide in favor of an inflation of the currency; but if it should proceed to rule out of the party all who refused to endorse that opinion, it would lose almost every Eastern State.

Party ties hang more loosely than they formerly did. Twenty years ago a majority of ten thousand was enough to determine the political character of a State for years. Now majorities of thirty to fifty thousand are no guaranty of permanence. The defeated party is not disheartened; the successful party cannot venture to relax its efforts. A greater responsibility, therefore, rests upon party managers to avoid needless tests, and to abstain from attempts to drive men as intelligent as themselves and more independent.

CLASSES IN POLITICS.

Before the war it would have been difficult to point, in the Northern States at least, to a single indication, except the steady growth of large manufactories worked by hired laborers, that the great curse of the Old World—the division of society into classes—was likely to befall us here or affect American politics. But this growth was not rapid enough to warrant the apprehension that the general progress of society and the abundance of land would not suffice to counteract any tendency to the formation of permanent social divisions. The great development given to manufactures, however, by the high tariff, and the premium on gold, and the powerful stimulus given to immigration by the consequent demand for labor, have done more within the last five years, we venture to assert, towards reproducing in many of the States the most marked features of European society, than all other influences combined had done during the previous twenty years. Everybody acknowledges that in New England, for instance, the old state of society, the equality, the general intelligence, the perfect community of feeling, are fast vanishing. The cities are now peopling with artisans living almost from hand to mouth, and great capitalists are employing whole armies of persons, from whom, no matter how good their intentions, they are of necessity separated by a wide social gulf. Moreover, the American mechanics who were bred under the ancient régime, and to whom classes and class feeling are as novel as detestable, are daily abandoning the Eastern States and seeking new homes in the West, because they cannot accept the position assigned them in the new order of things—the position of inferiority and dependence and isolation, into which the newly-arrived foreigners pass as a matter of course, without desiring or, for a while at least, expecting anything better.

Now, classes once formed, the growth and development and appearance in politics of class feeling is a matter of course. We have the first expression of it in the eight-hour agitation. This agitation has owed the success it has achieved to the formation in nearly every State of a powerful party composed of voters who deliberately adopted as the motive of their political action the theory that the national issues which divided the great political parties, such as the terms of reconstruction, the regulation of the suffrage, the tariff and the currency, or the foreign policy of the Government, either did not concern them at all, or only concerned them in a minor degree, and who determined that they would support whichever party, no matter what its general aims might be, was willing to go farthest in the legal regulation of the relations between employer and employed. Accordingly, we have seen in nearly every State Democrats and Republicans bidding for their support by rampant professions of willingness to do whatever the "working-man" might require of them. It is true that the measure of success yet achieved by the movement has been very trifling. Its leaders have been simple enough to accept acts of the legislature which really give them nothing they did not possess before, but in this we confess we can see nothing very reassuring, as it shows that these leaders have not only learnt the secret of their power, but are very gullible. Of course the laws of trade are stronger than acts of the legislature, and so is the practical good sense of the community. Therefore we need not fear that the delusion that working-men profit as much by eight as by ten hours' labor will last very long; but we do fear that the collapse of the delusion will not put a stop to class action in politics. We may depend upon it we shall hear of it again in our party struggles. When "one of our grandest public men," as *The Independent* calls Mr. Wade, can find nothing better to do than harangue on the inequality of fortunes as an evil which legislation can possibly rectify in a country in which large fortunes are almost always prizes of industry or economy or sagacity, we may be sure there will be plenty of voters always found to treat poverty and hard work as great political abuses.

Besides the "working-man's" party, there has grown up since the war an Irish party, or, more strictly speaking, a Fenian party, which is the worst and most dangerous of all, as it contains the most ignorant and least civilized elements of the population. It is true that before the war the Irish vote was a matter of considerable importance to politicians, and strenuous efforts were made to secure it by any sort of compliances that might be necessary. But the Irish of that day, to do them justice, were not exacting, and they were comparatively a feeble body. They sought nothing beyond equality and easy admission to citizenship, and as much broad flattery of their national peculiarities and broad abuse of England as orators in and out of Congress might find it convenient to utter. The highest ambition of the Irish voter at that time was to be absorbed in the ranks of the Democratic party, and to act with it on great questions simply as an American citizen. He was almost always a supporter of slavery because he feared the negro would come North and take his work from him, and he was, of course, in favor of the largest extension of the rights of man, of the largest possible number of officers and elections; but in his political acts he got rid, as far as possible, of all marks of foreign origin.

Latterly, however, the Irish have received powerful reinforcements from home, and although they opposed the war bitterly at the polls, they rendered considerable service in the field. Before it closed they had formed a distinctly Irish party, the object of which is to keep alive amongst Irish settlers in this country the feeling that they belong to a separate nationality, and have and ought to have hopes, aims, and interests apart from the rest of the community, and that the main value of American citizenship consists in the means it affords of securing either aid or impunity for the organization on American soil of hostile expeditions against a foreign power. To mark the character of the organization, too, still more distinctly, the form of a political party has been thrown aside and that of a separate political community assumed—a sort of *imperium in imperio*, with an executive head, a legislature, administrative bureaux, an army, and a treasury, and machinery for raising revenue. Of course an organization of this kind in this age and in this country would speedily perish of its own folly and absurdity if it were met with calm good sense by the rest of the nation. But it has not been so met, and is not likely to be. The House of Representatives at once went to work to assist the leaders in keeping up the delusion by bills and resolutions, while a portion of the press, and a very influential portion, has also lent aid. The New York *Tribune*, which has been for twenty-five years the organ of what is most moral, high-minded, truthful, and religious in the community, and which acquired almost all its influence by its attacks on political time-serving, humbug, and dishonesty, and which for years was never weary of exposing the way in which the Democratic party played on the ignorance of the Irish voters, at once recognized the Fenian organization as a natural, proper, and valuable political entity, capable of making war and peace, and likely to dismember the British Empire.

It reported the Fenian campaigns with the greatest care and approbation, and violently assailed the President for obeying his oath of office by preventing the irruption of large bands of marauders into Canada. The result was that when an attempt was made to bring the leaders to justice they defied the Government, browbeat the United States judges, and drove the District Attorney into an abandonment of the prosecution. More than this, they have in this city, strange as it may sound, actually succeeded in securing for their Church the position of an established church all but in name. Out of over $100,000 voted from the city taxes in aid of various religious bodies last year, all but about $5,000 were given to the Catholic Church; and, in addition to this, a grant of a block of land worth one million dollars, in the most valuable part of the city, at a nominal rate for a term of one hundred years. To suppose that with these evidences of their power before their eyes the Fenians will speedily cease to act as a foreign party, or will any longer allow themselves to be influenced in their political action by American questions solely, would be to suppose them both enlightened and disinterested to a degree which we know they are far from having attained, and which no body of men in history similarly circumstanced have ever attained. They already, in all parts of the country in which they are to be found in large numbers, are able to secure practical impunity for almost any crime.

We were in hopes that when the emancipation of the negroes was achieved, when every legal distinction between them and men of other races had been abolished, and when the ballot had been put into their hands, all good and intelligent men, both North and South, would have united in trying to put their color for ever out of sight, to make them feel, and make others feel, that they had no interests apart from the rest of the community, that their political action ought to be guided by reference to the good of the nation at large, and that the race of life had to be run and its prizes won by them just as by white men, and that the true way to break down the social prejudice against them, and make it seem wicked and absurd, was to show that in freedom they were as capable of getting rich, of being as eloquent, learned, and accomplished, as the whites, and that all their friends would, therefore, put all their energies into furnishing them with the means of education and into enforcing the laws for the protection of their rights.

Far from this, however, a considerable body of Radicals are just now occupied in getting up a distinct negro party at the South, and is actually soliciting subscriptions for that purpose—a party based solely on color, whose mission it will be to remind the nation incessantly that the blacks are a class apart, with separate interests and aims, whose conduct ought not to be guided by the motives which act on the whites, and who are not only justified in using, but bound to use, their votes in so working on the greed or ambition or other base passions of party politicians as to extort from them honors or privileges for negroes which negroes could not otherwise receive. The confiscation of white men's lands is accordingly laid before them as the first political job they have to do, and they are assured that this is necessary to their elevation and happiness. More than this, they are assured that not only would this not be robbery, but that it would be a piece of statesmanship for which there are many historical precedents. The fact is that there is no class of prosperous farmers in the civilized world who have obtained their lands by any such process, that the reason why small landholders in various countries are happy and prosperous is, that their lands were honestly acquired and are industriously cultivated; that no confiscation on a great scale has ever taken place which did not result in ages of misery and confusion, and that the only approach to a precedent for the scheme now recommended as a panacea for negro ills is Baron Stein's reforms in Prussia. But these bore no sort of resemblance to the Phillips-Stevens plan. He did not confiscate; he simply gave the tenant farmers fixity of tenure in the farms they already held, converting all the landlord's claims into a fixed rent-charge. If this kind of teaching should prove successful—and we still hope the good sense of the negroes will defeat it—we should then, in addition to the working-men's party and the Irish party, have a black party, all three being bent on the promotion of their own interests at whatever cost, and all three putting their votes up to sale at every great election, and leading ambitious politicians into follies of which the worst exploits of the great political deceivers of the present day afford but a very imperfect idea.

WHO OWNS AN AUTHOR'S IDEAS ?

A LETTER from Mr. Merriam, the publisher of "Webster's Dictionary," has been published in *The Springfield Republican*, arguing against the justice and expediency of an international copyright, apropos of the recent discussion of the compensation received by Charles Dickens from American publishers. A corrected copy of the letter has been sent us, we presume by the author, and we infer from this that he invites an answer to his arguments, and considers them, as we have no doubt they are, a good statement of the case of those publishers who are opposed to being compelled by law to pay foreign authors for the privilege of reprinting their books. We are very sorry that we have not space for the reproduction of the whole letter, but we shall endeavor not to misstate its positions in commenting upon them.

The first is that in refusing to pay English authors for their copyright American publishers simply do what English publishers do. Mr. Merriam says he has for thirty years published a series of English law-books, and has never paid a cent for the privilege ; but, on the other hand, the English have gone on for the same period reissuing "Webster's Dictionary," a far more valuable work, and have refused all compensation to the author or his family or his publishers. The other day Mr. Merriam tried to sell the plates of an abridgment of the quarto to a London publisher, but was coolly told that a set could be manufactured in London for half the price. All this is, no doubt, valuable as a statement of facts, but as an argument against a copyright treaty, it is worthless. Reciprocity in stealing does not make theft any the less objectionable on the score either of expediency or morality. The same argument might have been set up by the inhabitants of the English and Scotch border in the sixteenth century against the interference of the two parliaments with their mutual raids. It would have doubtless been easy for any English cattle-lifter to show that there were as many cows carried off one side of the line as the other ; but then one of the objects of government is to provide either by treaty or legislation better protection for property than is to be found in the liberty of each citizen to rob those who rob him. We do not put either American or English publishers on a level with caterans or cattle-lifters, but if authors have any property in their works other than what is created by local law, the conduct of those who republish their books without their consent can only be defended by taking a chapter or two out of the cateran's or cattle-lifter's code.

Have authors any such property ? Is their right to print and publish their ideas the same in its essence as their right to the possession of their land or houses, or is copyright merely a privilege conferred by local law for the encouragement of literary talent and industry, and which no foreigner is bound to regard ? This is, after all, the main question ; and whether the American or English publishers who reprint foreign books without compensating the writers are or are not guilty of wrong-doing, depends on how it is answered. Let us hear what Mr. Merriam says on this point :

> "What are the true grounds for a claim for an international copyright ?—for the question finally resolves itself into this, since the foreign author does not assume the attitude of a beggar. It is said an author has a natural, perfect, perpetual, and inalienable—but by his own act—right to the coinage of his own brain, as fully as the mechanical workman to the product of his own hands ; that no publisher, therefore, foreign or domestic, has any moral right to issue his work but by a special arrangement with the author, and on such terms, if at all, as he may prescribe. I deny the premise, and the conclusion therefore fails. It is true that while his manuscript is in his own possession he may do what he will with his own. As Peter said to Ananias about the piece of ground, 'While it remained, was it not thine own ?' But when he publishes, he parts with his exclusive ownership, and gives it to the public under a contract with that public which for the benefit thus received secures to him in return certain valuable unexclusive rights and enjoyments, and extends over him the shield of its protective law. In other words, literary property is the creature of law. If it were not so, if the author's property in his work is founded in natural right, then is he entitled to the exclusive enjoyment not only in all lands, but through all time, and the descendants or heirs of Shakespeare and Milton and Chaucer, and David even, as well as the living Dickens and Longfellow, may claim perpetual toll on the continued published writings of those immortal men. But no copyright legislation of any nation that I ever heard of accords this exclusive enjoyment but for a fixed and limited period. If, then, it may be limited as to time, it may also as to territory, and finally, as an international question, resolves itself into one of policy and expediency, precisely, in regard to literary wares, like the question of free trade or a dutiable commodity, in the hardware or woollens or silks of Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds, or Lyons. Why should the British author or the British public, with strange inconsistency, clamor for free trade in the one and demand a high protective duty in the other ? Let them take either horn, but not gore us with both."

When we began to read the foregoing paragraph, we imagined that Mr. Merriam was going to prove to us that the author's property in his works was *not* founded in natural right. But he contents himself with "denying the premise," and the reason he gives for denying it is that he has never heard of any legislation in which this natural right was recognized, and this he evidently considers a *reductio ad absurdum*. There are, however, a good many very good natural rights which legislators have never, or only very recently, recognized. We maintain that copyright is a natural right ; that legislation does not create it, that the absence of legislation cannot destroy it, that honest men are just as much bound to respect it as any other right for which legislators have been too careless or too ignorant to provide protection ; and we maintain, moreover, that no moral distinction of any value for legislative purposes has ever been pointed out between a man's property in his horse and a man's right of printing and selling the expression of his ideas, except the vastly greater deprivation which would be suffered by the community from the dearness of ideas than from the dearness of horses. The only reason for imposing any restriction on Longfellow or Thackeray in the disposition of their copyrights is the very reason which has prompted all governments to regulate the disposition of all other kinds of property. I am not permitted to tie up my personal property in perpetuity because perpetuities are considered injurious to the community at large, and my copyright ceases after a certain period because a perpetual monopoly of it would, it is believed, do my fellow-men more harm than it would do me or my descendants good; but my right to the enjoyment of it for a period sufficient to compensate me for my labor in producing the book is as unquestionable as my right to my bank stock or specie.

How it is that ordinary minds have always found so much difficulty in perceiving the true nature of an author's claim to the exclusive reproduction of his works is not, we think, very difficult to explain. Property in anything apart from possession is an abstract idea. It requires some education and some imagination to grasp it. To the savage, property in a thing and possession of it are inseparable. In his eyes, possession lost, property is lost. In fact, odd as it may sound, for the thorough and ready comprehension of legal ideas nothing is more necessary than a cultivated imagination. There is very little doubt that ignorance promotes crime mainly through its damaging influence on this faculty. The ignorant man robs and murders more readily than the educated man, because he has greater difficulty in picturing to himself the consequences of his crime and the feelings or relations of his victim. To make an ignorant or uncultivated man thoroughly recognize property in a thing, therefore, you have to show him the owner in actual corporeal possession of it. Uses and trusts, for instance, were the product of high civilization; a barbarian could not be made to understand them. Now there is no species of property so intangible, delicate, and so dissociated outwardly from actual possession, as an author's or inventor's or designer's property in his ideas, and, therefore, there is no species of property which has had so much difficulty in securing recognition from legislators, and of the sanctity of which it is so hard to persuade the ordinary run of men. They understand readily, as Mr. Merriam does, an author's property in his manuscript so long as he has it in his hands, or an inventor's property in his invention as long as he keeps his model locked up in his closet, but that either should continue to be the owner of the ideas and have the right of following them after they have floated out in the world, and sell the right to embody them at a distance in machinery or ornamentation or books, they have great difficulty in comprehending at all.

Accordingly, we find that, at the bottom of the copyright legislation of nearly every country, there lies a desire rather to encourage authors to write than to do them justice. A temporary monopoly is conferred on them in order to stimulate them to the full use of their powers. We see, too, in the most highly civilized countries, plenty of men of good character and standing, who would sooner die than steal a watch or forge a bill of exchange, even if all the legal penalties of those offences were suspended, and who will yet have no hesitation whatever in stealing a book or an invention and making a fortune out of it, if the unhappy author or inventor should have neglected the legal formalities necessary to protect it, and will drive him from their door with contumely if he ask for a share in their profits, although they know that it has cost him years of toil and privation, and though it may be a marvel of ingenuity and may be capable of changing the face of a continent or the fortunes of a nation. In fact, an inventor who does not know how to surround the results of his labor with the necessary legal guards is treated very much as a helpless traveller is apt to be treated by a gang of Bedouins. Everybody who can turn his wares to account proceeds to plunder him without mercy or scruple, and, for so doing, does not suffer in the least in the opinion of his neighbors. Authors fare rather better, and this for two reasons, partly because the temptation to steal an invention, out of which a fortune may perhaps be made in a year, is greater than the temptation to steal a book, from which the most that can generally be expected is a small addition to the publisher's income; and secondly, because publishers are a more cultivated body of men than manufacturers or machinists. But even some of them often treat the laws of morality in this matter as figments of the literary imagination, and will tell an author, the sale of whose thoughts is enriching them, that inasmuch as he is not a countryman of theirs, or as there is no act of Congress or Parliament recognizing his right to the fruits of his toil, they will give him nothing, and think him a ninny for expecting anything.

To show what depths of absurdity have been reached in the search of some support for this monstrous position, we may mention here that a Western philosopher named Kroeger has actually propounded the doctrine that no foreigner has in any country any moral claim to protection for either life, freedom, or property, much less to copyright. Hear him, in the St. Louis *Republican*:

> "If a foreigner or Englishman travels abroad—say in France—his life freedom, and property is respected, not as rights guaranteed by France, but because reasons of expediency and courtesy urge France to protect all strangers from countries in which French travellers may be likely to require the same courtesy. If a war should break out between both countries, or even if their friendship should cool off, this courtesy would diminish in an equal degree or cease altogether."

On this theory, when King Khamrasi plunders and eats all the strangers who enter Unyoro, he acts in his strict right. Louis Napoleon, therefore, refrains from cutting off the heads of the Americans in Paris, and dressing the Empress and the Court ladies in their diamonds and cashmere shawls, not because the Americans have any right to better treatment, but because he is a well-bred man.

The most singular portion of Mr. Merriam's position, however—and it is not his only—has still to be noticed. He acknowledges an author's property in his manuscript, but denies him any natural right to the exclusive reproduction of what it contains. We have already tried to account for this doctrine by ascribing it to deficiency of imagination. But its economical absurdity is not visible at first sight. A book in manuscript in an author's possession has no economical value whatever. It is so much waste paper, worth perhaps seven cents a pound Therefore a legislator or political economist can hardly be said to be in any manner concerned about it. *De minimis non curat Prætor*. The author's title to it is not worth discussing, and when Mr. Merriam concedes it, he simply trifles with us. When we talk of books as property, and therefore as articles of commerce, as things which can be bought and sold and pledged, and the title to which is a subject for the consideration of the legislator or economist or honest man, we mean the ideas, and the particular mode of expressing them which the book contains. It is to get at these that the book is bought; it is these which furnish the inducement for publishing the manuscript, and without these it is not a marketable commodity, or, in other words, has no value in use, and hardly any value in exchange. Property in a book does not mean property in two or three pounds of paper; it means the right to multiply the manuscript, or, in other words, the combination of words and signs to be found on the manuscript. This is a commodity; this has value; by this money may be made; this is worth stealing; so that what Mr. Merriam really maintains is that the very act of bringing a certain thing to market deprives the owner of the exclusive right to sell it; that, in short, the very and the only step which gives the author's work economical value gives everybody else the right to fall on him and plunder him. What would Mr. Merriam think of telling a farmer that his wheat was his own as long as it lay in his barn, but if he threshed it out and offered it for sale it became thereupon the property of mankind? What befogs Mr. Merriam, as well as many other good men, on this point, is the circumstance—morally utterly unimportant—that the book can be reproduced at any distance from the author and without his assistance. But no matter how many editions of a book may be published, it is still the author's labor, and not the printer's, which gives each of them all its value. If you could take out of each printed copy of a work what the author has contributed to it, it would bear about the same relation to the commodity which the public seek that a dead carcase would bear to the living horse. The author's connection with his book differs from other kinds of property, in short, not in essence, but in incidents; it is less apparent, but not less real.

Why, it will be asked, have not authors and inventors asserted their rights, and forced governments to protect their interests, as other classes of the community have? There are several answers to this, but we can only stop to mention the principal one—and that is the recent growth of the class. It is only within the memory of men now living that authorship can be said to have become a profession, or that property in books has been worth thinking about or legislating about. It is still a precarious profession, its most successful members are rarely wholly dependent on it, and the distance between the grades is so great that there is little unity of feeling amongst them, and consequently concert of action, so that the growth of what politicians would call an "author's interest" has been almost impossible. But we feel satisfied that now that successful books have become so enormously valuable, now that the copyright of a first-class history or novel, even as copyright now is, is worth a fortune, it will be difficult to maintain much longer the code of morality about authors' rights of which Mr. Merriam has made himself the expounder, or to prevent the assimilation in the moral sense as well as in the legislation of all civilized countries of literary property to other property. Mr. Merriam concludes his letter by opposing an international copyright on the simple ground of expediency—inasmuch as, owing to the greater number of readers in America than in England, America gains more for the present by stealing from English authors than England can for the present gain by stealing from American authors. This mode of justifying stealing reminds us of the excuse made by the Earl of Kildare for burning the Cathedral of Cashel, that he thought the Archbishop was inside. You commit a wrong and offer as a justification what is in reality an aggravation—that you have the advantage of your victim in strength and skill.

We have only been able to speak here of the moral basis of literary property. Of the expediency of respecting it we hope to speak hereafter.

MAURICE SAND'S SKETCH OF AMERICAN GIRLS.

OUR readers may remember that we attempted some time ago to give them an idea of a study of American life and manners made by M. Maurice Sand in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and called "Miss Mary." When we took leave of the hero and heroine, M. de Montaret, the young French engineer, and Miss Mary Sewell, the young New York lady, the daughter of the wealthy and respectable New York banker and speculator, she had just presented him with a ring and, to his great astonishment, had declared herself engaged to him, and they were kissing on the track of the railroad at Cleveland until interrupted by the approach of a locomotive. M. Sand's position in the French literary world, and still more the position of the periodical which publishes his tale, are such that it would be hardly respectful to pass hastily by any picture of American society which they may present for our edification, and although most Americans probably think they know American society pretty well, there is always something to be learnt from the observations of an agreeable foreign traveller. We therefore propose not to follow "Miss Mary" to the end, but to give some further glimpses of the world in which M. Sand describes her as living.

Miss Mary accompanied her father and lover on their second trip to the great iron mines at Lake Superior, in which Mr. Sewell and M. de Montaret were interested, and there had a variety of adventures with Indians and rival explorers, and were followed secretly by Miss Arabella Williams, the opera singer and chorister of Grace Church, who was madly jealous of Miss Mary. During their stay at the mines, however, an Indian chief named Wakontchaka fell in love with Arabella, and Naissa, a beautiful Indian squaw, fell in love with M. Montaret, and, after much heart-burning, intriguing, and one or two attempts at assassination, they all returned to New York after having secured some capital property at the mines.

They were hardly at home when the rapacious Sewell—true American father that he was—gets Montaret to settle his own share of the mining property on Miss Mary, and actually cheats the unsuspicious Frenchman into the belief that this is Miss Mary's "dot." Money, however, is not the only object of Sewell's desires. He is also capable of loving woman in a coarse, violent, eager way; so he falls in love with Arabella Williams, who, partly from a desire to get at his money and partly from a desire to get into the position of a stepmother to Miss Mary, so as to wreak vengeance on her more effectually, accepts his advances. They become engaged. Sewell takes a gorgeous house for Arabella at "Glen Cow," where she and her mother live in barbarous luxury on his money pending the nuptials, and waited on by an Irish girl of great beauty named Fanny, whom the cunning Sewell has engaged to serve as a spy on the conduct of his betrothed. M. de Montaret's feelings as he watches these performances may be imagined but cannot be described.

About this time M. de Montaret is taking a walk one evening at the lower end of Broadway, when whom should he see on the Battery but Wakontchaka, the Indian chief, covered with feathers and war paint, and armed to the teeth, addressing a large crowd in French, an obliging gentleman who happened to be present translating the speech, which was received with great applause. Montaret interrupted it, and carried the Indian off to his hotel, where the latter explained to him that he had come on from Lake Superior on foot, through the snow, simply to see Arabella Williams, for love of whom he was suffering tortures under which the bravest pale-face would succumb. He accordingly went to the Academy of Music that very night to hear her sing; and although the appearance of an Indian chief in the parquet, in full costume, with a double-barrelled rifle in his hand, excited a little surprise at first, the performance went on as usual, Wakontchaka, however, standing on his seat and testifying his admiration of Arabella's singing and general appearance in a manner natural to his wild but simple nature, in spite of the efforts of Montaret's devoted black valet, Telemachus by name, to get the untutored savage to sit down and conduct himself with propriety. Things came to a crisis, however, when Arabella, at the close of the act, began to withdraw from the stage. The chief crossed the parquet, over the heads of the audience, in three bounds, smashed the musical instruments in the orchestra, lighted on the stage, and, with a yell of love and admiration, proposed to Arabella to sing and dance with him before the pale-faces. Arabella took refuge in her box and barred the door. Wakontchaka, overcome, says the chronicler, with love and whiskey, was demanding admission, when the manager, Mr. Sewell, and six policemen made their appearance on the scene, and "invited" the chief to stop his noise and quit the place. The only answer made by the son of the forest to this coarse appeal was to draw his tomahawk and proceed to break the door open. The policemen thereupon flung themselves upon him, but, being slippery and lightly clad, he glided from their hands like a serpent and ran to the end of the lobby, cocked his rifle, shot a policeman, and made his escape to M. de Montaret's hotel, and to him he told the story in the high-epic fashion in which he always conversed. Montaret was naturally alarmed, washed Wakontchaka's face, put a pair of pantaloons, an overcoat, and a hat on him, led him stealthily to Harlem, where he put him in the train for the north, with his rifle wrapped up in a buffalo robe, and a purse in the pocket of the pantaloons. So far all was well, but the last thing Wakontchaka said clearly indicated that he expected Montaret to marry Naissa, his cousin, "the pretty squaw."

Now, Mr. Sewell was not a man of much delicacy of feeling, and did not, of course, care much about having his *fiancée* figuring in the opera, but having her chased off the stage by a Red Indian was a little too much even for his hardened nature, so he paid twenty thousand dollars to the manager to release Arabella from her engagement, and made her retire to "Glen Cow." Here in selfish and voluptuous ease she brooded over her plans of vengeance on Miss Mary and Montaret, the latter of whom she still madly loved. In the spring they all went back once more to the mines, taking with them a great army of workmen, but found that in the interval a rival company had taken possession of the mines and was working them. Miss Mary, fierce and implacable, brave and reckless of bloodshed, as American girls usually are, wants to attack the intruders at once; so does her father, who thirsts for dividends; and it is with the greatest difficulty that Montaret and his uncle, an old missionary priest, manage to keep the peace. Anything to equal the villany of their rivals has never been witnessed, except perhaps the rage and rancor of Mr. Sewell. In an interview with the opposite party Miss Sewell interrupted the negotiations by drawing a little revolver which she carried in her pocket, and the result was a volley from the enemy, one ball going through the folds of her petticoat. Her father had soon after to go to Lansing to procure evidence of his title from the State authorities. Miss Mary refused to accompany him, as she had perceived Naissa the squaw's growing attachment for Montaret, and stayed behind to keep an eye on them, evidently having little faith in the Frenchman's fidelity. She remained, therefore, as the guest of the doctor of the mines, and looked sharply after her lover and the squaw.

Meantime Arabella Williams was far from being satisfied with her rural retreat at "Glen Cow." Jealousy and *ennui* combined to make that peaceful abode perfectly insupportable to her, and as she cared nothing about Mr. Sewell, she determined to make one more effort to carry off M. de Montaret from her hated rival. She accordingly packed her trunks and started for Lake Superior, with the lovely but perfidious Fanny, a cook, maître de hotel, coachman, and carriage and horses. When near the mines she lost her way in the woods, and, as one might expect, was captured by her lover, the Indian chief Wakontchaka, who carried her off three days' journey out of her route, and lodged her in an abandoned house belonging to a defunct mining corporation, and pressed his suit with all a savage's ardor and impetuosity. She devised various plans for escaping—one was to ride on horseback for her health and bolt when opportunity served, but the wary Wakontchaka penetrated her design and killed every horse belonging to the tribe. After this she was followed whenever she walked abroad by the chief's two sisters and twenty picked squaws of inferior condition, so that escape was hopeless.

She now set to work to weave an infernal plot for the destruction of her rival, the hated Miss Mary. Wakontchaka, of course, knew that Montaret was engaged to Miss Mary, but he also knew that the lovely squaw Naissa was enamored of the same gentleman, and as he himself loved Montaret also for having given him a rifle and a new suit of clothes, and helped him out of his scrape at the Academy of Music, he was naturally anxious that he should marry into his family and not into the pale-face Sewell connection. On these mingled feelings of his simple savage heart did the wily Arabella play. She got him to approach the mines with his young men and herself, with the view of kidnapping Miss Mary. The braves reached the scene just as the Montaret party were going to make an armed attack on the entrenched camp of their enemies; and when the chief and his band arrived on the field of battle they found Miss Mary on horseback in front of the line cheering on the miners to the assault, and her vindictive parent, whose thirst for vengeance was only equalled by his thirst for gold, lurking behind logs, and taking sly shots with his rifle at such of the opposite party as were special objects of his hate. With the assistance of the Indians, who charged with loud cheers, very much in the same way as the Zouaves, the position was easily carried, but the slaughter was horrible. Montaret, outraged by the part his *fiancée* had taken in the fray, dragged her from her horse and carried her to the rear, with bitter reproaches. She, deeply moved, admitted to him that her conduct had been strange and unbecoming, but confessed that she had charged in the forefront of the battle in the hope that a friendly bullet would end her days, her life having become perfectly insupportable through her jealousy of the lovely squaw Naissa.

Mr. Sewell's behavior after the fight was deplorable. Instead of seeking to bring the criminals who had been captured to justice, he offered to let off the guiltiest of them all for one hundred thousand dollars, and made the wretch sign a note for that amount on the spot. This caused Montaret's cup to flow over. He determined to break off his engagement and cut the Sewell connection on the spot, and sought an interview with Mr. Sewell for that purpose. But the miserable papa, true Yankee as he was, refused to release him from his engagement with his daughter, unless he made an assignment to him of all his (Montaret's) interest in the mines; but this done, he declared the match broken off, in a voice tremulous with joyful emotion. That very night Miss Mary is carried off by Wakontchaka and his band, and is closely followed by Montaret, in whom a reaction has set in. On the arrival of the young lady at Wakontchaka's headquarters, Arabella Williams earnestly entreats the chief to tie her up and torture her, an incident which may give one an idea of the terrible nature of the passion of jealousy as it shows itself in the breasts of New York musicians. Wakontchaka, however, refuses, though he attempts some moral torture, by tying Mary to a tree and driving tomahawks and knives into the wood close to her face; but she, with the undaunted courage and fortitude peculiar to young women in this country, never winks or begs for mercy.

Want of space prevents us, of course, following the story through all its details. Wakontchaka found out that Arabella Williams was going to marry Mr. Sewell, was transported with fury and flung her into a lake, and, when she attempted to scramble ashore, brained her with a tomahawk. On hearing of her death and seeing her mangled and repulsive remains, Mr. Sewell died of apoplexy, after having formally forbidden his daughter to marry Montaret. The young couple, who were now reconciled, returned to New York together, and got married on their arrival, but found that Arabella had spent all Mr. Sewell's money, and that the bride was penniless. So they went to work, and were very happy together.

Some people may think it wildly improbable that a young New York girl, whose character was at bottom very good, should behave in this odd way: "chaff" a strange Frenchman on a ferry-boat, walk up Broadway arm-in-arm with him after midnight, make declarations of love to him, give him a ring and kiss him in the middle of a railroad track, be furiously jealous of another young woman and insult her in public, be so alarmed by the affection of a young Sioux squaw for the man of her choice as to seek death in a border "muss," and bear a shower of Indian tomahawks without flinching. But those who do only display their own ignorance. That all this is very natural M. Sand explains in the following passage, which he puts into the mouth of his heroine. Her lover was having "an explanation" with her and reproaching her for her ferocity, cruelty, and hard-heartedness. Said she:

> "Have you reflected on what you are saying, Henri? Have you not yourself already justified me, in saying that we live here in a world still half-savage? When foreigners see us pretty and stylish in our great cities, they are astonished that they should find us freer and bolder than seems useful or graceful; but look at our position; look at those forests which shut out the horizon, and remember that they cover immeasurable space. Those blue horizons, all wooded, all uncultivated, all alike, all wild, all filled with the same obstacles and the same perils! It is nevertheless into these terrible solitudes that we have to follow our husbands and our fathers; it is thither you yourself have led your *fiancée*; it is thence the civilized world is condemned to draw its resources and renew the elements of its existence. Can you severely blame a romantic young girl who, in her dreams of the future, had cherished the thought of taking the place of all else to her husband in this austere wilderness, in order not to prove an embarrassment to him in his march, to guarantee the security of his home in his absence, and, in fine, to dispute with robbers and savages and wild beasts the spouse of her bosom and the children of her womb? No, it is impossible; you cannot have spoken advisedly," etc., etc.

The freedom and independence of the young ladies of our Eastern cities, which have puzzled so many travellers, are now accounted for. These qualities are acquired in training for Indian fights, bear-hunts, and mining "scrimmages" in the far West, in the settlement and reclamation of which fashionable women, of course, bear a prominent part. M. Sand's *forte* is evidently "insight," and we trust the *Revue* will keep him at work on American subjects.

PARIS GOSSIP.

Paris, June 7, 1867.

A conspicuous feature of the motley throng now filling the Exhibition and the thoroughfares of Paris is the deputation of the "Free-shooters" of the Vosges, 1,500 strong, who have come hither to see the Exhibition and to present their homage to the Prince Imperial, whom they have made their honorary president; a fine, sturdy, active set of men, in blouses, full trousers, and gaiters of unbleached linen, with pointed grey hats, surmounted by a bunch of cock's feathers and scarlet ribbons. They are lodged gratis in a vast building put up by the committee for facilitating the visits of workmen to the Exhibition, in the immediate neighborhood of the Champ de Mars, have been reviewed on the open ground of the Trocadero by the little Prince, arrayed in the uniform of the corps, and again by the Emperor in the Place du Carrousel, and dined and fêted to their hearts' content. Their appearance and manœuvring have excited such admiration that the Parisians are asking why such a corps should not be created in every department of France—forgetting that the institution has come down from the days when the Vosges were German, and is essentially German and not French in its spirit, as in its origin and organization.

The *bona fide* Strauss and his unrivalled band are giving, before returning to Vienna, a series of concerts that are abundantly justifying their high reputation, and completely eclipsing the performances not only of the so-called "Strauss orchestra" of this city, but even of the famous Waldteufel band, which during the last two "seasons" had come to be considered as the *ne plus ultra* of dance-music. The true Strauss divides his concerts into two parts, giving the first half of the evening to the choicest classical productions of the great German composers, rendered with inconceivable perfection under the leadership of the accomplished chapel-master of the Austrian Kaiser, and the second half, under his own leadership, to the bewitching dances which have made his father's name and his own so famous.

Joachim and Sivori have both been delighting their admirers. Each of these great artists, so unquestionably at the head of the violinists of our day, has his group of fantastic admirers ready to exalt its idol at the expense of his rival; but the mere lover of art would find it difficult to pronounce for either at the expense of the other. Nothing can exceed the large, magnificent mastery of his instrument which enables Joachim to draw forth the rich, round volume of tone that distinguishes his playing, and to render with equal perfection all the varied effects of the most sublime compositions of the immortal masters, as, on the other hand, nothing can be more exquisite than the melodious discourse of Sivori's bow, appealing in turn to every fibre of the listener's soul, rendering every emotion, and calling up with electric vividness all the images, the souvenirs, the aspirations it may be the magician's pleasure to evoke.

Madame Szarvody (Wilhelmina Clauss) is also here—in the quality of the tone she draws from the piano, and in her passionate and poetic mastery of that instrument, almost as splendidly apart from other pianists as are the two great artists just referred to from the other votaries of the violin. As for the operas, theatres, circuses, and other places of amusement more or less artistic, they are crammed night after night, those most in favor being unable to find accommodations for the crowds that apply for admission, and all of them making profits to an extent absolutely without parallel in their annals. Among other candidates for the contents of the public pocket, attracted hither by the great gathering of the present summer, is a conjuror of unknown origin who claims to be Chinese, and who, admitted a few days ago to give a specimen of his cunning to a select score or so of the members of the International Club, seems to have left those gentlemen in a state of doubt as to whether they had not become in watching his performances the victims of some sort of hallucination. Among other inexplicable feats performed by this new rival of the Boscos and Andersons was his apparent swallowing of eggs, glass balls, etc., which objects he presently drew forth seemingly from his mouth, one after the other, and this in a parlor, with no table or other screen before him, after which he seemed to plunge a large sword down his throat until only half of the weapon was visible, placed an iron ring weighing several pounds round the hilt, thus, as it were, forcing the sword down into his body until only ring and hilt remained in sight, took off the ring, fixed to the hilt a pistol furnished with a hollow appendage for receiving it, fired off the pistol, and drew forth the sword, as all the spectators would swear, were not the thing impossible, from his throat

One of the favorite attractions here is the new "boxing exhibition" which takes place daily at the Jardin Mabille, where the champions of the French ring, Roberts, Pons, Jacob, Merigrac, Gras, Hamel, and Staat, show off their "play" in the midst of an admiring crowd. The fact of such a spectacle being not only tolerated but enthusiastically patronized by the Parisians, who have hitherto been so loud in their denunciations of prize-fighting as a peculiarly English vice, is rather startling, especially as we are now informed that the South of France—whence all these heroes hail—is the conservator of the "pure traditions of gladiatorial art," and that the wrestlers of the Jardin Mabille are the lineal descendants and exact imitators of the athletes of the Coliseum. Such is the acceptance which has greeted these votaries of classic "sport" that it is gravely proposed to challenge the rest of the world to a grand international wrestling match.

The admirers of the Polish patriot, poet, and philosopher, Adam Mickiewicz, driven from his chair of literature in the College of Kowno for having joined the Society of the Philarèthes, which incurred the suspicion of the Russian Government, have just inaugurated a monument to his memory in the cemetery of Montmorency, where the Polish colony of Paris are accustomed to bury their dead. Prince Galitzin having obtained his recall from exile, attached him to his household; but his chivalric poem of *Konrad Walenrod*, published in 1828, having largely contributed to the Polish rising of 1830, the fiery poet established himself in Paris, where he published his terrible patriotic poems called "Old Men" and "Book of the Pilgrims," which paint with such harrowing fidelity the sufferings of his unhappy nation, and a brilliant picture of life in Poland, published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, under the title of *Monsieur Thadée*. Appointed in 1840 to the chair of Slavonic literature in the Collége de France, Mickiewicz, unable to repress the ardor of his national and republican convictions, gradually transformed his professorial chair into a political tribune, and thus drew upon himself the displeasure of the French Government, which deprived him of his post, which was given to Michelet, while Mickiewicz was consoled for his deposition by being made librarian of the Arsenal. In 1855, the French Government having sent him on a scientific mission to the East, he was seized with cholera in Constantinople and brought back to Paris a corpse. The Poles regard the great poet and *savant* as one of their noblest martyrs, and the inauguration of the monument to his memory was the occasion of a general gathering of the colony here resident. In curious contrast with such a life is that of the Baron James, head of the great house of Rothschild, who has just given a déjeûner of more than royal splendor to the King and Queen of the Belgians, at his château of Ferrières, which is not only one of the most magnificent residences of Europe, but is filled with art-treasures scarcely equalled even by the richest state collections, and contains, among other costly gatherings, a pheasantry not to be matched on this planet, and for which the old money-king has just purchased, for the pretty little sum of 2,750 frs., a peacock-pheasant, a bird so rare that only one other—the female in the Zoölogical Garden at Antwerp—has ever been imported into Europe.

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